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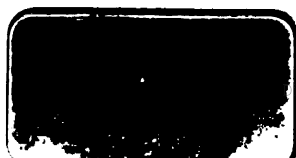
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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XLVII.

## BALANCING THE BOOKS.—A TALE OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Of all the changes that seasons and elements work on the fair face of nature, I know none so complete and so sudden, as that wrought by a snow-fall at night. The last glimpse which we caught yesterday evening of the world without us, as the grey-headed butler closed the shutters and drew the curtains, exhibited to us the lawn of Castle Slingsby, still dressed in the robes of nature, worn out and faded as they were. The long, coarse grass, rotted by the rains, and blanched by the wind, waved in the whistling blast of the evening, while, in another place, a rich sheltered nook continued still to make a very respectable show of green, struggling on through the assaults of winter, that it might be able to meet the next spring with an appearance of healthfulness and verdure, just as we see some old *beaux* about town, making themselves up, and taking all manner of care of themselves, that they may come out strong for the next campaign. More distant still, we caught a peep of the rich, brown mould of the ploughed field, through which the blade of the young corn had not yet come up, and beyond the next hedge lay the yet unbroken ridges, yellow since the preceding autumn; and, at the other side, were the sheep-pastures, with the grass cropt down short and bare, with here and there a spot round which the sheep were gathered, covered with the green food which the providence of the farmer had treasured up for the time when "the earth giveth not her increase." The dreariness of winter, too, was chequered by the unfolding green of the various tribes of the fir-trees that still kept up a look of cheeriness and comfort—Mark Tapleys in their own way, coming out jolly under their trials. How warm and lusty they looked amid the sapless poles and bare branches of ash, and elm, and beech-tree. The holly, and the myrtles, too, how snug they looked in their lowly estate, never envying their lordly neighbours, when the blast went by and shook their proud heads, and stripped them of their glory. A leaf or two still lingered in seared brightness upon the oak and copper-beech; shrivelled and red, it twisted upon its stem, and with the next blast fell twirling to the ground amongst its dead companions. Beyond all, and closing in the landscape, as we took our last look at it, stood the far-away blue hills, standing out sharply against the frosty sky. But when the shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn, and we sat in the early night round the blazing hearth, we took little note of what the north-west wind, and the dull, cloudy heavens, were working for us without. When we looked out the next morning, through the same windows, how changed was the scene of the day before! The dimmed sun struggled vainly to pierce the heavy clouds from which the thick snow fell like a white mist, contracting the view on every side. The varied hues of earth, the changeful face of nature, light and shadow, cloud and sunshine, all were hidden from the eye. It would seem as though during the night Nature had died, and morning's light beheld her arrayed, by unseen spirits, in her pallid death-shroud. Trackless snows lay on all around, concealing pasture, and fallow, and tillage, covering alike with its white mantle green shrubs and bare branches, and the indiscriminating grave does alike the aged dead and him who falls in the vigour of his manhood.

"Snowed up, by Jupiter!" cried old Jonathan Freke. "There'll be nothing

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for it I guess, to-day, but cheroots and one's feet on the hobs. Saul, do you know how to make jin-sling or cocktail?—capital things in cold weather."

"No," said Saul; "but Mrs. Sampson is famous for cherry-bounce. Well, Abigail, there's an end to your projected pilgrimage to the fairy-well."

"And for my walk to Carrigbawn," said I.

"Just the day for the newspapers, or a page of Horace," said Professor Chubble, who, of course, affected classicality. "Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum."

"Or for a story," said I, remembering the Professor's talent that way.

"Yes, provided you tell it," retorted he, somewhat maliciously.

"A challenge, a challenge!" said Uncle Saul; "the Professor is entitled to call upon you."

"Well," said I, "I accept the challenge. Give me till noon."

"Agreed."

When noon came, the wind had shifted to the east, the sun broke through the sky, and scattering the humid clouds, shone down brightly on the world's vast and dreary expanse, all white, yet sublime and solemn in its monotony with the hills, standing close around, like white-robed giants. So we all went out for a walk, and, by common consent, I obtained a respite till evening. When the candles were lighted, and we drew round the fire, we all filled our glasses, and I told them this story—

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE ERROR IN THE TOT.

"THERE'S something in those figures that I can't make out at all," said Goggles, giving his wig a poke that set it all awry.

"The devil's in them!" said Kennedy impatiently.

"I don't know as to that, sir," replied the clerk, who never admitted anything in an account that was not capable of arithmetical demonstration, and not knowing the precise numerical value of Satan, on the debit side of a merchant's books (I don't think he even knew "the number of the beast"), he contented himself with saying, "I don't know that, sir; but whatever it be, I'll find it out, with the blessing of God, before I go to bed to-night."

And so he drew down his spectacles once more upon his nose, and fell to work at the rebellious figures, muttering indistinctly to himself in the process of "totting;" while Kennedy, tilting backwards the high stool upon which he sat, till his shoulders rested against the wall behind him, began swinging his pendant legs to and fro. At first the movement was rapid and impatient, but by degrees it became slow and regular. One would say it had a tranquillising effect upon the man; for after a little he laid his right hand upon his chin, supporting the elbow with his left palm, and turning his eyes towards the ceiling, with a sigh, he gave himself up to some reverie or another.

While the merchant is musing, and the clerk is at his "tot," let us look

at the picture before us. We shall have time enough to take in all the principal objects, and mark the lights and shades, before Goggles is half-way down that long page of three columns—pounds, shillings, and pence.

You see a square room, not over lofty, and rather dingy. There is a bluish-grey paper, veined and marked into squares in the pattern, to imitate marble; its continuity is sadly marred by the insertion of a large iron safe in the wall, shelves, filled with account-books, a sheet almanack, and several *filasses* suspended from nails, upon which are invoices, bills of lading, and such other papers as form the decoration of a merchant's office; against the wall, opposite the fireplace, stands an antique bureau, with drawers beneath and a slanting top, while an old-fashioned leather-bottomed chair flanks it at either side. There is a large, high, double-desk, one end of which is set close to the window; upon the top of it are two heavy brass candlesticks, the lights from which (for it is night) throw a partial illumination over the apartment, and bring out the two men, who are sitting one at each side of the desk, in strong relief. The face of the merchant is upturned, and so it catches all the light; we can read that face as we would read a book. The forehead is broad, and goes sheer up like a wall, till it meets the black hair, now somewhat grizzled; dark hazel eyes, full

of restless light, that bespeak a quick, irascible temper; the crow's-feet are gathering around the outward angles of the eye-lids, and the sallow jaws show a wrinkle or two; but the man has a good full chest and muscular limbs. You may affirm that the world has not gone altogether wrong with him, though, perhaps, he has had his cares, too, that have scattered the white in his hair, and traced the wrinkle on his face, ere he had passed his fortieth year. And this is Laurence Kennedy, a thriving export merchant in this our good city of Dublin, such as export merchants were sixty years ago. And now look at his *vis-a-vis*. What a mannikin it is! The little fellow, as he sits perched on that high office-stool, in his suit of rusty black, looks more like a jackdaw than a reasonable specimen of the genus "*homo*." His face is bent down over his book, but you can see enough of it to perceive that it bears a strong affinity in colour to the tallow candle just near it. There, however, the resemblance ceases; the face has none of the smoothness of the candle, for it is diced all over with deep pits, which the smallpox had distributed with a lavish and impartial hand upon every feature. His weak, grey, fringeless eyes are protected with a pair of horn-framed green spectacles, the bow of which is cushioned with a wrapping of green worsted; and as he was never seen without these (it was even said that they mounted guard upon his nose while he slept), Robert Goggin had acquired the *sobriquet* of "Bob Goggles," with his equals, shortened into "Goggles," by his intimate friends and superiors. But who could take upon himself to pronounce upon the age of Goggles. In good faith, you could not venture within a score years of it. He might be under thirty—he might be over sixty. The lean body, and wiry, thin limbs gave you no clue; they would suit equally a hobbleddeboy, whose carcase was not yet filled up, or an old man, who was in process of shrivelling: then you looked in vain to the face—that cuticle of dead parchment showed no flush of young healthy blood, reddening beneath its surface, no wrinkle or seam of years, where, in a few weeks, Disease had done the work of Time, in the way of ruggedness: there were no whiskers—it might be that they had not come yet, it might be that they had passed away, uprooted by the blight

of the variola: then, as a forlorn hope, you looked at his head; there you were as much at fault as ever, the skull was covered with a bay wig. No doubt, if you chucked off the wig you would find a bald head underneath: but what of that?—the hair of the head might have shared the fate of the whiskers, and so you may as well give the matter up, or rather come to the conclusion that Bob Goggles is, like all unmarried ladies, just no age in particular. Nevertheless, Bob Goggles has a certain definite age, capable of being expressed by figures, as he would himself demonstrate, and was born upon a particular day and year, more than sixty years before the night upon which we are now looking at him; and for over thirty of those sixty years has he sat upon that self-same stool, in that self-same counting-house—first as clerk to old William Kennedy, and latterly as clerk to Laurence, his son, all that time looking neither younger nor older than he does at this present moment. And there is nobody now who can tell whether he ever looked younger, and nobody can yet divine whether he will ever look older; for they who tended him in infancy, and sported with him in childhood, are all passed away; and they who shall stretch out his little limbs, when they are stiffening in death, and gather round him upon the wake-night—God knows who they are—at all events they are not here to answer the question.

And so Kennedy went on thinking, and Goggles went on totting; and all was silent around them, save the ticking of the clock in the hall outside, or the bubbling sound of the bright gas-jet, which now and then streamed out from the seacoal fire, for 'twas a cold, hard wintry night, and the snow had been falling all the day. At length the tones of the neighbouring clock-bell of St. Nicholas's Church rang out ten peals. The sounds seemed to break the thread of the merchant's thoughts; he hitched himself from the wall, brought the stool again upon its four legs, and, reaching down a folio from the shelf near him, he opened it at a particular page, upon the top of which was written—"Laurence Kennedy in account with M—— L——."

"Goggles, how do you make out my account with M—— L——? Look at the entry, will you?"

Goggles made a deprecating move-

ment with his hand, while he continued his tot. When he had got safe through the column of figures, he paused, and, turning back a few pages, found the required entry.

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds in the four per cents., and five hundred in Grand Canals."

"All right," said the merchant. "Did you bring out the interest?"

"Yes; on the stock to this, 31st of December. The canals will give no dividend."

"We'll sell them out, Goggles, and debit myself with the loss. I shouldn't have laid out trust moneys in such security."

"It's no great matter," said the clerk. "I fear you'll never be called to give any account of principal or interest."

"God knows, Goggles—God knows. Ten years—ten long years last midsummer since I placed that money to that account, and all that time I have turned it to the best advantage; and there it is now, nearly doubled, and no one to claim it. Oh, how heavily that sum weighs down upon my heart, like lead. Oh, that I had never retained it! Oh, how gladly would I render it back this night, and so balance this black account, and wipe it from my books and from my conscience; but it may not be—I fear it may not be."

Goggles laid down his pen gently, and elevated the spectacles from his nose till they rested on his forehead, as a knight of old would throw up the visor of his helmet—'twas a trick he had, when he was about saying or doing anything emphatic—a symbolical intimation that he was going to use some other organ than his eyes.

"You must not take it so much to heart, sir—indeed you must not. You have done all that man could do to set things right. Have you not advertised everywhere?—have you not had half the world searched? 'Tis the will of God, sir; there's no use struggling against the will of God."

"The will of God!" repeated Kennedy, bitterly. "No; not the will of God, but the will of my own hasty, ungovernable temper, that resisted the will of God—that sent her forth a beggar, and defrauded her of her right; when the will of God, had I done it, would have made me just, at all events, ay, and merciful and tender-hearted. Ay, I thrust her out, and she went forth an exile, with

my curse upon her—a curse that has returned upon myself tenfold into my bosom. That curse has blighted my hearth, and swept away all my little ones—all but that one poor fragile child; so like *her*, too, that God leaves her to upbraid me with her gentle uncomplaining face. That curse withers my heart through life, and will weigh upon my soul in the hour of death—weighing it down with the curse of Cain—the curse of that blood that crieth to God out of the ground!"

The merchant buried his face in his hands, and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. After a moment's silence Goggles gently ventured a word or two of consolation.

"You judge yourself too severely, dear sir; God knows you do. If you withheld the money, you withheld only what no law could compel you to give. Hasty you were, no doubt, and harsh if you will, but no murderer, neither in thought nor in deed; neither in the sight of God or man."

Kennedy raised his head, and looked fixedly and sadly upon the face of the little man.

"When I refused her the pittance that should have been her's—when I swore that I would never see or speak to *him* again, she took from her pocket her bible—her Protestant bible—and, sobbing and weeping, she read these words to me:—

"*'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him;'* and then she laid her hand upon me with such solemn and most earnest deprecation, that I shuddered though I did not yield, and she read again:—

"*'But whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.'*

"I remember every word, for they burnt into my brain; but I grew obdurate and incensed, and again I swore, that he or his should never dwell beneath the same roof with me."

"It was wrong of you, indeed, sir, and not what you would have done if you gave your passion time to cool down; but you have repented long and sincerely—you are no murderer, sir. There will be no such debit against you when the books are made up at the great account."

The merchant shook his head mournfully.

"Tell me, when the Santiago sailed on that luckless voyage from St. Domingo, did she not go down at sea three days after she left the harbour?"

Goggles bowed his head in assent, but was silent—Kennedy continued—

"Did not the ship's register, that was picked up weeks afterwards, tell that amongst the passengers were a poor woman and her child, huddled away somewhere in the fore-cabin, bound for her native land? Was it not her name that I read, till I thought my eyes would burst from their sockets, as I looked at the characters? She and her babe perished!—went down, down into that wild desolate ocean—no hand to succour her; no voice to comfort her; with the thought of me and my heartlessness coming, it may be, between her and her prayers to God, and troubling her last moments. Tell me, I say, would she have been in that ship but for me? Would she have found that dreadful grave but for me? No, no; she would not. I am her murderer, indeed!"

Little Goggles' philosophy was neither very deep nor very extensive; he scarce knew what to say in answer to this unwonted burst of passionate remorse. He mounted up into his brain, and searched for some fine casuistical reasoning that might stand to him in the emergency, but in vain—there was nothing of the sort there; then he dived down into the bottom of his heart, and found something there, which the instinct of love told him was true, though his reason did not come to test it; and so he brought it up and laid it before Kennedy, in his own simple manner.

"I'm not scholar enough, sir, to contradict your arguments; but I know in my heart you are no murderer. The great and merciful God that brought all these things to pass without your knowledge or design, will not hold you accountable either for the leak in the ship, or the storm on the sea; he will judge you by the intentions of your heart, which are within your own control, and not by the events that are in his own hands to shape. Do you think, sir, that the priest or the Levite would have been guilty of the death of the poor traveller, if he had perished of his wounds before the good Samaritan came up to relieve him?"

The words of the clerk were words of comfort to his master. They put the matter to him in a light that he was

not in the habit of viewing it in. A quick and excitable temperament acting upon a morbid conscience, had induced him, as he brooded from day to day, and from year to year, over this most hasty and intemperate act of his life, to deepen its hue to his own mind, till at length, when tidings of the loss of the Santiago reached him some years previously, the shock was so great that his judgment, on this point, became quite warped; and the conviction that he was the murderer of one whom he had, indeed, treated harshly, settled down into the confirmed monomania of his life. Still, this ray of comfort shone in upon him, and calmed him for a moment. A gust of wind was then heard without, and the muffled sound of the heavy snow-shower falling upon the windows, diverted the thoughts of the two men from the subject which had absorbed them.

"What a wild night it is to close the year with," said Kennedy.

"God help the houseless and the homeless in such a night," said Goggles.

"Amen, Goggles. And now, I'll leave you for a while and go up stairs; 'twill do me good. Meantime, go over to the fire, old fellow, and make yourself comfortable. I'll send you down something warm to help you to find out that error in the tot; and when you have found it let me know, and then we'll balance our books for the old year."

So saying, the merchant rose from his seat and passed from the apartment. Goggles listened to each heavy tread of his master, as he ascended the staircase; then he heard him closing the door of the room overhead, and stepping across the floor that sounded hollowly beneath his feet. When all was still, the little fellow hopped off his stool, and going over to the fireplace, he gave the coals a modest, timid poke, as though he were taking an unwonted liberty with them: they were of a hot and hasty nature, like their master (and were nothing the worse of that, let me tell you, being coals and not Christians), and so they resisted the assault, gentle as it was, and forthwith broke out into a blaze, and flung their heat at the assailant. Goggles took this retaliation with great complacency, and spread out his cold fingers to receive the first advances; then he rubbed his hands together, and after a little he drew one of the old-fashioned chairs to the fireplace, and

taking the account-book from the desk, he sat down cosily before the grate, and with his little feet on the fender

and the folio on his knees, fell once more to work to find out the error in the tot.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MISSING FIGURE.

A WILD and dreary night was that 31st of December, 179—. It seemed as if the dying year struggled hard for life to the last. All day long, like poor old Lear, it blustered and raged over its lost empire. All day long, a strong nor-west wind blew keen and biting, and the leaden snow-clouds rose thick from the horizon, till they overspread the whole face of heaven, and dimmed the light of the sun that had risen, red and dull, upon the frosty morning. And then, ere noon, the thick, large snow-flakes came down, drifting, with the wind, blindingly into the faces of those who traversed the streets, and lying upon window-panes till they well nigh shut out the dimmed light of day from those within. All day long the snow fell and drifted till, towards night-fall, the streets were covered with a deep, white carpet, over which, now and then, a carriage rolled, with a dull, muffled sound; and on the leeward foot-ways the snow lay piled so deeply that they who passed along were forced to wade half-knee deep through the mass. But when the night fell, the poor old year had well nigh worn out all his strength; the wind blew but in fitful gusts—the snow-showers were intermittent—the clouds broke up, and through them, as they scudded over the face of heaven, beamed, with her face of placid, heavenly beauty, the moon nearly at her full. Down she looked, sweetly and soothingly, upon that outstretched dying old year, even as sweet Cordelia looked upon the poor old king, “when the great rage was cured in him.” And now it is night, wild and dreary, in this our city of Dublin.

There is no more striking feature of desolation than a city at night, after a heavy fall of snow. No stir, no sound, no life within her. She lies, like a fair, wan corpse in her shroud of snow; her only death-watchers, the silent heavens—her only wake-lights, the moon or stars. Marts, where the din and bustle of commerce resounded through the day; homesteads that rang with a thousand sweet domestic sounds; doors that poured out their living inmates upon

the haunts of life; windows that gleamed with light, as the living eye with “speculation”—all now closed, silent, dark, and dead—so that one looks upwards for relief to heaven from this oppressive sense of death. Oh! glorious and wonderful works of God! Oh, “beauty and mystery” of stars! Ye never sleep or slumber; ever wakeful like the eye of God; ever, like him, present though unseen; like him, near us, indeed, though hidden in the daytime of brightness and prosperity, but revealing yourselves to light and cheer us in the hour of darkness and trial!

“Bedad, Tim Regan, ’tis the bitterest night that ever I seen, God bless it. I’m as cowl as a frog in a spring-well.”

“You may say that, Casey,” said Regan, poking his head out of his box, as a badger might out of a hole, and then drawing it back again. “I never got such a starving in my born days.”

The interlocutors stood at the corner of Trinity-street and College-green. He who first spoke was wrapped up in an ample coat of grey frieze; round his neck was a red worsted comforter, which covered his chin and mouth, while his head was comfortably enveloped in a white cotton nightcap surmounted by a round hat, the former drawn down in front, almost to his eyes, and leaving only these organs and a red nose exposed to the weather. The cuffs of his coat were brought together, so as to protect, as with a muff, his hands from the cold; his right arm clasped close to his breast a long pole, with a pike and a hook at the end of it, contrived equally to arrest those who fled from the nocturnal authority, as to assail those who resisted it, and a rattle was stuck in the belt that surrounded his waist. Close to where he stood was a box, or, as it was familiarly termed in the slang of the day, a “bulk,” secured against the wall of the house, and so formed, that the sides and roof, which closed by day, opened out and afforded a shelter from the weather by night. Within this the other speaker was ensconced,

in a similar attire to his companion, while his pike lay against the side of the watch-box. These two worthies constituted part of the civic guard of Dublin, to whom the fortunes of the town were nightly committed. They were, for the most part, superannuated servants or followers of the Lords Mayor, and other great functionaries of Dublin, who thus provided for them at the public expense; and as they were able to do little, they did it accordingly with all their hearts. As peaceful men, they felt it their duty to set a good example to their fellow-citizens; and, therefore, made it a point to sleep through the night, the only interruption to which excellent practice arose from the necessity, somewhat unreasonably imposed upon them, of crying the hours. This annoyance was, however, greatly diminished by an arrangement amongst themselves, whereby one of their number kept the watch each hour, while the rest betook themselves to repose with such earnestness, that to "sleep as sound as a watchman" became a proverb to express a state of the most profound somnolency. It was now Casey's hour of watching; and as his period of vigil was nearly ended, he had waked up the sleeping Regan a short time before the moment when we first made their acquaintance. In a moment Regan turned out of his den, and the two old men, with slow and drowsy step, proceeded on their beat towards the College, chatting as they went along. If a Pythagorean had just then seen them, in their gray attire and white polls, as they gossiped with one another, he might have fancied that the souls of the geese that saved the Capitol had migrated into the bodies of these old fellows; and that, true to the instinct of their nature, they still cackled and waddled over the sleeping city. And now upon the ear of night the clock of the old Post Office pealed forth the hour of eleven. More distinctly, and in deeper tones, the record of Time's flight was taken up by the bells of Christ Church; then the neighbouring Church of St. Nicholas Within the Walls gave its notes of warning; next the chiming tongues of St. Patrick's bells spoke the message; and, ere these had ceased, the far-away voice of the bell-clock of Madame Stevens' Hospital took up the challenge; and so from one to the other these chroniclers of old Time passed

the fleeting hour upon his way, till they had fairly sent him out of the city, through the silent parks, and along the sweet valley of the Liffey. And onward, onward went that flying hour, staying but a moment with each, on his westward journey, ever irrevocable to those he had passed.

Meantime, the city watchmen were not idle. Though all other thieves might steal without challenge or interruption during the hours of night, they took good care that the great thief, Time, should not filch even one hour from the world without an outcry. "Pa-a-st e-le-ven!" sung out Casey, with all the power of his lungs. "Pa-a-st e-le-ven!" repeated Regan, taking for a moment the short pipe from his mouth, with whose fumes he was comforting himself. "Pa-a-st eleven!" was echoed along the snowy streets, throughout the city, from bulk to bulk, as nightcapped heads were thrust out. Many a lightly-sleeping maiden was waked from her pleasant dream. Many a sleepless sick man, tossing on his bed of fever, heard that vociferation, and gave his malediction to the senseless noise that came so suddenly upon him, making his heart beat and his brow throb with pain. Many a housebreaker and night-prowler laughed as he heard the clamour, for he knew that in five minutes more most of those conservators of the city would be snoring in their boxes, and that the few who were on their beats would be as unconscious as somnambulists.

Just then the voices of some drunken revellers, trolling a snatch of a drinking-song, broke upon the repose into which the city was again settling down, after the clamorous interruption of the watchmen. The sounds came from near the northern wing of the College, then some words of parley and altercation, mixed with laughter, followed, and the next moment the shrill cry of a woman's voice pierced the air. The cry was that of one seemingly in distress; and so piteous and appealing was its tone, that the two watchmen ran forward to the spot with the best speed they could command.

"Them's the College-boys at their devilment, I'll be bound," said Regan, dashing the red tobacco from his pipe, and grasping his pike valiantly.

"Like enough," responded Casey; "there's neither peace or quiet night or day through the means of 'em. One



would think they might be tired for once, after the pelting of snowballs they gave the Ormond boys this evening. Lord save us! do you hear that again?" as another shriek smote on the air; "hurry, man, or there'll be murder."

In an other moment they were at the place whence the sounds proceeded. Close to the railings of the College were three young men, dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, with hair in exquisite buckle and profusely powdered. They were evidently gentlemen, with which character it was not then deemed inconsistent to be in the state of most unequivocal drunkenness in which these youths were. Two of them were linked together, with their backs to the railings, laughing heartily at the third who, with his arm round the waist of a woman, was addressing her with an air of maudlin gallantry, and with as much gravity as his drunkenness enabled him to command. He had just concluded some speech, in which the words "Incomparable paragon of loveliness—beautiful Venus—divinely frigid Diana"—and a profusion of eternal devotion, were alone intelligible. The woman struggled hard for freedom.

"Oh, sir, if you be a gentleman, as you look to be, for the love of God suffer me to pass. You would not surely molest an unprotected woman?"

"Molest! Madam, upon my honour, and 'fore Gad, you may depend on me. I only want to protect you from these wild young fellows. This, you see, madam, is Buck O'Reilly, and this is Fagan, one of 'the Mohawks;' and with his disengaged hand he essayed an introduction of his two compotators. "Fagan, my dear madam, is one of the most desperate Mohawks in existence," he continued in a confidential whisper.

The two others broke out into an uproarious fit of laughter.

"Bravo, Lucas! Go it, my Cherokee! Pray don't mind us! We're in no hurry, you know—quite at your service."

"Hands off, hands off, sir!" said Regan, pushing in between the men. "Let go the woman; don't you see she has no mind for your civilities?"

"Down with the Charlie; pink the cursed old bulkey," cried the Buck and the Mohawk, endeavouring to disengage their swords from the scabbards.

"Be quiet, be quiet, gentlemen," said Casey, who saw that he had to deal with men too drunk to make any effective resistance, "unless you want to spend the night in the watchhouse."

The two men rushed furiously at Casey. The Buck came to the ground before he reached his opponent, while the Mohawk pitched heavily, like a log, into the old watchman, well nigh bearing him down by his drunken weight. Meantime, Lucas, releasing the woman, attacked Regan, who, valiantly springing his rattle, received the enemy with his pike-handle grasped in both his hands. From all quarters watchmen came hobbling up, springing their rattles till the air was filled with the discordant creaking. The three gentlemen were speedily reduced, and surrounded by twice as many watchmen.

"I say, Charlie, my old fellow," said Lucas, who seemed to be less *game* than his companions, "'twas all a mistake, you see. I thought the lady was a particular friend of mine, and I was only going to take care of her home; so here's something for your trouble;" and he slipped a crown into Regan's ready hand.

"That's just what I was thinking, your honour, when I made bould to set you right. A real gentleman is always ready to listen to reason;" and he gave a significant look to his fellows, intimating that matters were adjusted in the way in which watchmen always found it their account to settle them with all but poor rogues who had no money in their pockets.

"And a real gentleman is always ready to make up to a poor fellow for breaking his ribs," said Casey, groaning with the affectation of internal suffering.

This appeal was responded to by the Mohawk, who, considering it complimentary to his personal prowess to have *smashed* the Charlie, was disposed to be generous. And so the three *gentlemen* staggered onwards, heaven knows whither; and the watchmen went off, no doubt to drink; and the half-dozen homeless, miserable wretches who, on that bleak winter's night, were the spectators of the scene, wandered away; but the woman, where was she? No one looked for her—no one thought of her—no one had seen her since she was freed from the arm of the drunken "Cherokee."

The moon broke out from the rag-

ged clouds that scudded across her orb, and shone with full splendour upon the outspread city that lay beneath her. There in that area, wherein were congregated all the memorials of the genius, the eloquence, the patriotism, the learning of Ireland, the beams of the full moon shone down in her cold glory. Shining far away in the eastern heavens, she left the façade of Trinity College in deep shadow—a shadow that projected far into “the Green,” the outlines of the central pile and pavilions of the University. But the light struck clear and strong upon the beautiful mass of buildings that formed the northern side of College-green. One by one, the graceful shafts of those Ionic pillars of pure white marble rose from their bases, casting their shadows into the circular colonnade that ran round the eastern side of the mass. To the south, a deep recess formed a courtyard, along three sides of which the colonnade was continued. A portion of this was left in darkness, but the moonbeams flooded over the roof, and fell upon the façade that fronted the east, and lit it up in a grand and solemn lustre, while the partial rays glinted upon the southern front, and brought out, between the shadows of the columns, the principal entrance to the building. And the whole pile rose upon the sight, massive, colossal, vast and symmetrical—a building, whose exterior may challenge competition with the finest structures of Greece and Italy—within whose walls were heard the voices of the most eloquent men of their age—Grattan and Flood, Plunket and Bushe—men who have made for Irish oratory and Irish genius a name throughout the world. Such was the Irish House of Parliament at the close of the last century! The *genius loci* has long since fled from the spot, and the spirit of commerce has fixed her empire in those halls which once resounded with the eloquence of the senator, and echoed the wit and brilliant sallies of the orator. A mighty change, indeed; but let him who mourns over the altered destinies of our land remember that Ireland's strength lies in a thorough and hearty union with her elder sister, in a participation of all her greatness, and a generous and earnest emulation of her in all the arts that elevate a nation, and raise a people in the estimation of mankind.

Upon the steps of the western colonnade of the Parliament House sat one in whose heart rose no thoughts of the beauty and the glory around her. Full of sorrow, indeed, were the meditations of her mind—home memories, before which an angry spirit stood, forbidding her heart's access, even as the cherubim stood with flaming sword between Paradise and our first parents—thoughts of those beloved in childhood, cherished in youth—estranged ere that youth had well-nigh passed—where were they now?—would they receive her?—would they love her as in the days of old? As she pondered over these things, the woman groaned in her anguish, and cried aloud—

“Be thou not far from me, O Lord, my strength, haste thee to help me.”

With the prayer on her lips, she raised her eyes to heaven.

“Mistress, you're a stranger in Dublin, I'm thinking. If I can be of any assistance to you, you're heartily welcome to my services.”

He who addressed her was the watchman that rescued her from the drunken “Cherokee.”

“I am, indeed, a stranger,” said the woman, “and would gladly accept your kindness. Will you give me your protection to Nicholas-street?”

“'Tis beyond my beat a long way,” said Regan, “howsoever, I'll not leave you to walk the streets alone so far this hour of night. So come along, in the name of God.”

The woman arose and moved forward. The watchman walked by her side respectfully. There was that about her that showed him she was one who, poor though she seemed, knew no degradation beyond that of poverty. And so they passed along the silent and snow-covered footway, down through Dame-street, and up Cork-hill, by the Gate of the Castle, and along the Castle-street, passing by the Rose Tavern, still a thriving establishment, and, not many years previously, the resort of many of the distinguished social and political clubs of the city. Then they entered the Skinnarow, a narrow street which has since been made wide and spacious, under the name of Christchurch-place. Then it was not much over seventeen feet in breadth; but, though mean in appearance, it was the residence of many of the wealthiest jewellers and goldsmiths of the city. At its south-

western extremity stood a massive building of hewn stone, two stories high. The moon's light shone slantingly upon its front, and displayed two antique figures in robes and periwigs—this was the Tholsel—round which they turned into Nicholas-street, lying in the shadow of the night, for the moonbeams shining from the east could not find their way into it, and the dim and flickering oil-lamp shed but a faint and partial light around.

"Now mistress," said Regan, "you're in Nicholas-street. There is the church, and farther on is Kennedy-court. What house are you seeking?"

The woman hesitated for a moment. She seemed to be struggling with some feelings that ultimately got the better of her. At length she said, with some embarrassment—

"I will not trespass on you any farther. I can now find the house I want. I am very thankful for your kindness. I wish I could show my gratitude as fully as I feel it."

She held forth in her hand a silver coin. The old watchman shook his head, and said—

"No, no, mistress. I can afford to do a good turn for nothing; besides

that drunken young scapegrace paid me well enough already on your account. I have a wife myself, and daughters too, for that matter; and for their sakes I can help a friendless woman, and so good night, and God protect you. I must hurry back to be on my beat to sing out 'all's well' when the inspector goes his rounds."

Then the watchman retraced his steps, and was soon out of sight round the corner of the Tholsel. The woman passed on rapidly a few paces, then she stopped at a doorway on the left side of the street. A projecting oil-lamp burned muddily over the heavy stone pediment, and gave her light enough to see a massive brass-knocker. She lifted it hurriedly, and knocked with a trembling hand. The sound reverberated through the still air, and smote upon her heart with a sudden shock. A thousand memories were evoked by that sound. Hopes, fears, doubts, agonies crowded upon her; they were too much for a frame weakened by illness, and nerves shaken by the events of the evening; and, ere her summons was answered, she sank down unconscious in the snow that lay upon the steps.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TOT SET RIGHT.

WHEN she who had wandered through the midnight snows and sunk on the cold door steps, opened her eyes, and became once again conscious, she was as one waking from a long dream. Years, occupied by that dream, vanished, and she gazed around on familiar objects. The room and its quaint orderly furniture were those of her childhood. There was the curtained window at which she had stood by day, the bright cheery hearth at which she had sat by night. The chimney-glass in its antique frame, with the peacock's feathers at each side. The old clock ticked upon the mantelpiece. The green parrot swung upon his hoop in the gilded cage. And, kneeling beside her, one chafed her temples, and kissed her cold hands, with all the gentle kindness which it is the blessed gift of woman alone to minister. And there, too, bent over her, one whose eyes were full of awe and wonder, of unutterable love and tenderness, of joy and sorrow, hope and doubt, strangely blended.

"Are you my own dear Mary, alive

and in the flesh? or are you her blessed spirit come to summon me to my last dread account? Speak, in the name of God's own mother, I adjure you."

"Laurence, dear Laurence, I am your own sister Mary. God has spared me life to come back and throw myself upon your love."

The man smote his breast with his open palms, and heaved a mighty sigh: 'twas the heaving of a heart that cast off for ever a load that was dragging it down to the grave.

"Then I am no murderer! O Lord, I thank thee;" and flinging himself down on his knees beside the couch, he kissed her poor, pale forehead and her cold lips again and again, and wept and laughed by turns, while that gentle sister clasped his head in her wasted hands, and soothed him, and blest him, and wept with him; till at last the other woman, fearing that the excitement would injure both, rose up, and with quiet, yet firm restraint, drew the man away.

"Dear husband, you must compose yourself, for *her* sake as well as for your own. See how weak and faint she is, you will surely injure her. Come," and she led him to a chair apart, and then returned as quietly as before to the suffering one, and busied herself again in tending her, saying little, but doing all things needful. And the man looked on the while wonderingly and musingly, yet not daring to speak, keeping closed the flood-gates of his feelings lest they should break out again, and overwhelm him. And, after a little time, they were all more composed and tranquil, and Mary spoke for a time in a low voice with Mrs. Kennedy, and then she arose and tasted, in thankfulness, of the food that was set before her, and drank of the old Spanish wine, which her father had loved, and would give to her, as a child, on festive occasions. And then they sat by the fireside, that long-severed, long-estranged brother and sister, her hand in his hand, her head upon his breast. And the quiet, gentle wife, she had stolen noiselessly away out of the room, leaving the two together, while they poured out their hearts in mutual explanations.

"Yes; dear Mary, from the hour when I snatched my hand from you, as you supplicated me upon your knees, and I passed out through that door, with reproaches on my lips and bitterness in my heart, I have known no peace. Ere one week had passed, I sought for you at *his* lodgings, everywhere, but you were not to be found; you were both gone, nobody knew whither."

"We left the country the day after that bitter parting. Why should we stay where we were outcasts and beggars?"

"I sought for you everywhere; I advertised in the papers here and in England. I made inquiries through my correspondents abroad, but in vain; no answer, no clue, and yet you must have seen them, Mary. Was this well done, sister?—you were not used to have an unrelenting spirit."

"Yes; I did see what you put in the papers copied into a foreign journal; and oh! dear Laurence, God knows how my heart yearned towards you; but *he* would not suffer me to reply. The wounds you had inflicted on his pride and honour were still rankling. You had called him, he told me, a beggar and an adventurer. You accused

him of abusing your confidence and hospitality; of clandestinely seducing your sister's affections; of making a base and ungrateful return for your bounty. What bounty, save the money that he earned by his own honest toil!—oh! brother, brother! you know not the man you so accused."

The woman raised her head from where it had been resting, and a flush spread over her pallid face. It might have been anger, it might have been but pride; whatever was its cause, it soon passed away. That meek soul had been too severely schooled by the world's trials, too deeply taught by God's chastisements, to cherish the one or the other emotion; and so she laid her head once again lovingly upon her brother's breast.

"I did all that you say, Mary, nor do I now seek to justify it altogether; but when you judge my conduct, do not forget how sorely I was tried—tried in all that was dearest to my heart, my affections, my religion, my pride, my name."

The woman shook her head mournfully, but made no reply. It might be that she knew how her brother had felt all these things, though she could not admit that they should have tried him so severely.

"Bear with me for a little while, dear sister," he continued, "while for once I lay bare before you my heart and my motives. Even should it pain you, still you will not deny me the opportunity of pleading my own cause. When I shall have done this, my lips shall be closed on the subject for ever. Condemn me then as you will. God knows you cannot condemn me as much as my own conscience does."

"Of all his children, you and I alone were left to our dear father. How he loved you, you know well; but he loved you not more dearly than I did, when on his death-bed he commended you to my care. I watched over you, Mary, more as a father would do than a brother. You were the light of my home, and the pride of my heart, and I sought for no other companion while I had you, no other mistress for my house. And so passed on many a happy year till you were a full grown woman; and then came the shadow over our bright life."

The merchant paused as if half afraid to proceed; at length he took courage and resumed.

"One morning I received from a

Bourdeaux correspondent a letter requesting my good offices in favour of a French Protestant who had been forced to leave his native land. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the bearer of that letter. 'Twas Joseph Le Maistre. I pitied him; for I hated in my heart all persecution for conscience sake. My house was opened to him; I procured him tuitions as a teacher of languages, and I suffered him to make you perfect in the knowledge of his native tongue. Oh! Mary, my own sister! was it honourable, was it generous, that he should creep in between our hearts, that he should rob me of your love—that he should estrange your heart from its duty, and your soul from the religion of your fathers. And yet all this he did, Mary; and I suspected nothing of it, till one and the same day I learned that you were a Protestant, and the wife of Le Maistre."

"All this my husband did, Laurence; yet was he neither ungenerous nor dishonourable. If there be cause for blame, and I do not deny it, let that blame rest where it should, upon me. My love for my dear husband I have never for a moment repented; in my changed faith, I humbly rejoice. I do not, and I never did, justify my marriage without your knowledge; *he* would have had it otherwise, but I overruled him; for I knew your quick temper and your strong attachment to your faith, and I feared that you would prevent our union. Dearly have we paid the penalty, when you sent me forth fortuneless upon the world; I know you had the right legally to do so, for my portion was made subject to my marrying with your consent."

"And every farthing of that portion I placed to your credit, and will account to you honestly for it and all its fruits."

"Oh! brother, this is indeed being more than just—it is generous, generous and good as my own dear brother was wont to be in our young days. This will enable us all to be independent, will save us from the sharp pang and degradation of poverty—*him* and my child."

Kennedy started involuntarily. Up to this moment he had not thought of the existence of Joseph Le Maistre; somehow he had concluded that he was dead.

"He, your husband! Did he not die before you left St. Domingo? His name was not amongst those in the registry of the Santiago."

"He was not in the Santiago. He had sailed a week before in a vessel bound for Barbadoes, where he had friends on whose aid he relied. There we were to meet him when the Santiago touched on her voyage to Europe. I will not relate to you the terrors of that dreadful night, when our ship went down so suddenly that the sleepers were awakened to rush on deck and find their graves in the sea; nor how, as I sank with the vessel in the seething waters that sucked us downwards, with my arms round my child, I thought of you, brother, and prayed God to forgive us both."

The merchant groaned; he called to mind the picture that his distempered fancy drew of that awful scene, and how different it was from the reality. The woman continued:

"Some friendly hand threw me a rope. I seized it, and was drawn, with my child, into a small boat. There were but two men in it. All that dreadful night we drifted about; and when the light of the morning broke, they discovered a ship not a mile distant. One of the men took my shawl, and raising it up on an oar, signalled the vessel. After some time she perceived us, and in half-an-hour more we were on board, and in safety. We were landed at St. Lucia, and I contrived from that to make my way to Barbadoes, and found my husband. There we remained many years, and at last we have sought my native city; for I had a strong belief that God would not will that we should be thus estranged for ever. And I said I would seek you once again, and humble myself before you, my own dear brother."

"Nay, dear sister, not so; you shall not humble yourself to me, for I, too, have erred; but you shall lie in my heart as closely as you did before. When you left me, Mary, my house was lonely, and I sought one to solace me in my sorrow, and such a one I found in my dear wife, your old playmate, Hester. She will be to you as a sister, and you shall share our home—you and your little one."

"Laurence, there is *one* whom you do not name. I share no home and no heart in which he also is not a sharer. Whither he goes, I go. His people shall be my people, as his God is my God."

The woman paused, and looked anxiously at her brother for a reply; but no reply came. His brow grew

dark. The evil spirit was upon him—that spirit of anger against the husband of his sister, which years of suffering had not subdued. He rose hastily from his seat, and paced the room with rapid steps. Oh! poor, frail, human nature—the slave of sin and passion! with all the light that shines upon you from above, still loving the darkness; with the voice of God speaking to you everywhere and in everything, still closing your ear as the deaf adder; with countless unseen pitying angels around you, ever striving to bear you in their hands, and raise you heavenward, still grovelling in the dust. There, in that man's heart, was then going on one of those mysterious spiritual battles which, from the first hour of the first man's fall till the last hour of the last man's life, have been, and shall be, waged—the good and the evil striving for the mastery, as Michael and the Devil contended for the body of Moses. And the battle is fierce, and the fortune of the fight shifts and wavers, but at last 'tis over, and the evil angels are masters of the human battle-field for a season, and enter in, and possess it.

Kennedy stopped short before her.

"I wronged you, and I am ready to make all reparation, sister, in my power to you. Him I never wronged, but he has sorely wronged me. Let us be as we are, strangers for ever. I swore that it should be so. Shall I break my solemn oath?"

Mary Le Maistre rose from her seat, pale as death, yet composed as one who had taken a fixed resolve.

"Laurence Kennedy, for the last time, farewell! Your hasty and violent temper I knew well, and I did not cease to love you, even when that temper wrought me sorrow and suffering; but I did not know till now that you had so unforgiving a spirit. To-night I left my husband without his knowledge, while he slept after a heavy day of toil, and alone in this cold winter's night, I sought your house—with what hopes it is idle now to say. Well, well, these hopes have failed me. I will return to my husband, and we will pray that you may never plead in vain for that forgiveness which you refused to another."

She moved towards the door, but Kennedy stepped between it and her.

"Mary, Mary, for the love of God do not leave me!"

"The love of God! What do you

know of the love of God, or how do you dare to appeal to it? God loves the vilest soul that sins against him, and pardons him. That love is not in you, Laurence Kennedy. 'If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.'"

The words fell upon the ear of Kennedy with a terrible and solemn force, and pierced his heart as it were with a sword. The memory of that scene years ago, when last they stood together in that very room, even as they did now, face to face, came vividly before him; and the words which she had then spoken sounded again as distinctly in his ears as they did that day—an awful denunciation and appeal to God against him. Once more the life-battle is renewed in his soul, and the word of God, quick and sharp as a two-edged sword, drives back the evil angels till they have but one stronghold left.

"My oath—my solemn oath!" cried the man, perplexed and in agony. "If I had not taken that oath—"

"Think you, Laurence Kennedy, that you can plead that oath against Christ's command to love your brother, when you and that brother shall stand, at the last day, before his judgment-seat? Look round and answer me that question."

Mechanically he turned his head in the direction to which she pointed. There stood the man of whom they spoke, as if summoned by some mysterious power to confront him now in the presence of an unseen God, as he should yet do before his visible judge. A slight, small man, on whose delicate face the lines of sorrow were prematurely traced, with a dull, languid eye, from which all the playful light of bygone days had vanished. There was no pride now in that form, somewhat bent with a habitual stoop; and as Kennedy looked at him, he could have fancied that half-a-century had past over that man since last they met. He stood meekly, yet with a manly and composed dignity, just within the doorway, awaiting the advance of his wife's brother. Kennedy stood irresolute and motionless—the battle rages within him—the stronghold of pride and long-cherished anger is sore assailed, but is not yet taken.

"Dear husband," said his wife, in her quiet yet constraining accents, "Mr. Le Maistre has come with me from his lodging this wild winter night

to see you. Will you not receive and welcome him—Mary's husband, Laurence?"

The little girl, who had accompanied her father, when she heard the name, stepped softly up and looked into her uncle's face, with a sweet smile and a look of childish wonder, and touching his hand said—

"Are you my Uncle Laurence, that papa taught me to name in my prayers night and morning?"

The battle is won, the stronghold is carried, and the evil ones are driven from it for ever. Out of the mouth of the babe has God ordained the strength that gave the victory. Kennedy raised the little one in his arms and kissed her, and then setting her gently down, held out his hand to Le Maistre—

"Come in, brother Le Maistre; come in and sit down with us. With my whole heart I make you welcome."

The women wept silently, but the child shouted gleefully and clapped her hands. She was fresher from heaven than they, and her spiritual sensations were yet akin to those of the angels; like them, she rejoiced over the sinner that had repented.

After a little time, the door was opened, and a head thrust hesitatingly into the room.

"What the devil is wrong now?" asked Kennedy impatiently.

He felt half-ashamed that any one except those around him should witness his emotion.

"There's nothing wrong now, sir, but all's right; and it was not the devil at all, but a figure that was left out in the last entry in your own private account, and so I put it down to your credit; and all's right now, and the books balance to a farthing."

"Come in, Goggles—come in, old fellow; all is right, thank God, in my accounts with the whole world. See, here are old friends; won't you wish them a happy new year?"

Goggles obeyed the summons, and

walked up to the fireplace, where they were all sitting.

"Lord save us! who's this at all? Blessed Virgin! it cannot be! Yes, but it is. Ah, dear Miss Mary—I beg your pardon, Mistress Le Maistre. Is it possible?—alive, alive as sure as two and two's four. Mr. Le Maistre, I'm proud to see you once again: Ah, sir, you've been at the *multiplication table*, I see, since you left us;" and the old man gave a low chuckle as he looked at the child.

Goggles was a wag in a small way, but his *jeux d'esprit* and figures were always arithmetical.

"Ay, and a great addition to their happiness, Goggles," said his master, humouring the old man's foible.

"He! he! he! Very true, sir. Thank God, there's an end to the *long division*, at all events."

"Sit down, old friend; you shall share in my joy as you have known my sorrow. Come, drink the health of our friends here in a glass of wine, and wish them a happy new year."

As he spoke, the bells of St. Patrick's Church rang out a jocund peal upon the night. The old year had passed away—passed with all its sins and its sorrows, all its good and its evil—passed away from Time into Eternity—gone to be written up in God's register, against the last day of accounting, when Time itself shall be no more. And one bright entry will appear under the head of that old year of 179—, the record of pride subdued, of anger overcome by love, of estranged hearts united; and whatever sins were registered in the page of that year against any of those who then sat lovingly together at its close, I well believe that the earnest repentance of that last half-hour will be availing with a merciful Judge, and that the finger of God's love will set that repentance and sorrow and suffering against the pride and enmity and anger, and so balance that account at the great day of reckoning.

"That's all true, Mr. Slingsby, I make no doubt," said the Professor in his own dry way.

"As true, Mr. Chubble," I replied, "as that your friend Dick Woodenspoon is married, and that he fired at the shoemaker in France."

"Hem! I thought as much."

"I don't care a pipstopper," said old Freke, "whether it be true or not. It has put us over an hour pleasantly enough."

"A very good criticism," said Uncle Saul.

"And one," I added, "whose spirit I recommend to all critics, from those of the quarterly reviews to the penny newspapers."

## THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. X.

JAMES KENNEY—MISS EDGEWORTH—LADY MORGAN—LADY CLARKE—LORD VALENTIA—TYRONE POWER—LORD GLENGALL—LORD LANESBOROUGH—REV. EDWARD GROVES—SIR MARTIN ARCHER BREE—FREDERIC EDWARD JONES.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EYAGRIVUS.

Few writers for the stage, in modern times, have been more successful than JAMES KENNEY, who almost rivals O'Keeffe in the numerical amount of his dramas, while he exceeds that rich humorist in variety of style. Tragedy, play, comedy, opera, farce, interlude, and melodrama, alternately employed his pen, which was seldom idle for forty years, during which long period he produced as many different pieces, the greater number of which are eminently attractive, and still keep the stage with undiminished popularity. It would be difficult to parallel him with any other author who has written so much and failed so seldom. Without the powerful or commanding originality by which a few greater names are distinguished, he is always fresh and agreeable, and cannot be classed as a copyist of any preceding school.

James Kenney was born in Ireland, about the year 1780. His family, on the male side, were genuine Hibernians for multiplied generations. His father filled, for many years, the situation of manager of Boodle's Club, in St. James's-street, of which he was also, in part, proprietor and institutor, and was well known and respected in the sporting world. The son, while yet a youth, being intended for a mercantile life, was placed in the banking-house of Messrs. Herries, Farquhar and Co.; and there (although not in the most congenial soil), in common with other young men of his own grade, imbibed a taste for the muses, and figured in private theatricals. His first acknowledged literary attempt appears to have been a small volume, published in 1803, entitled "Society, a Poem, in two parts, with Other Poems." The object was to set forth an agreeable antidote to the rhapsodical declamations of Zimmermann, and other disciples of that mystical school, in praise of solitude, by picturing, in strong

contrast, the pleasures and blessings of social intercourse. The work, as an indication of promise, was not without considerable merit, but has long been forgotten, and its very limited circulation naturally and fortunately induced the author to cultivate a much happier talent for dramatic composition. He wrote a farce, called *Raising the Wind*, for the amateurs already alluded to, and acted Jeremy Diddler himself, preceded by Shylock.

The rapturous applause with which this celebrated farce was received, and the urgent advice of his coadjutors in the representation, induced him to offer it to the managers of Covent Garden, by whom it was immediately accepted. The production took place on the 5th of November, 1803, which proved an important epoch in the life of the writer. *Raising the Wind* ran thirty-eight nights without interruption, and still retains its place on the acting list as one of the best pieces of the class in the English language. Perhaps no farce has ever been repeated so often, in so many theatres, public and private, and none is more likely to enjoy a lasting immortality. On the night when it was first acted there was great attraction at Covent Garden. The performances commenced with *The Fair Penitent*, revived on that occasion for the combined talents of Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, and George Frederic Cooke. A tragedy thus supported, and a crowded house, were almost certain heralds of success to a new farce of any pretensions. The original cast of *Raising the Wind* was as follows:—Jeremy Diddler, Lewis; Fainwood, Simmonds; Sam, a Yorkshireman, Emery; Plainway, Blanchard; Miss Laurelia Durable, an old maid, Mrs. Davenport; Peggy, daughter to Plainway, Mrs. Beverley. The acting was excellent throughout; that of Lewis, Emery, and Simmonds, inimitable. No suc-



ceeding Jeremy Diddler ever came up to the original, although every executive light comedian has added to his reputation by personating the scheming hero, whose name has become generic to denote a numerous species, not likely to become extinct with the rapidity of modern changes. The character of Diddler is not entirely new on the stage. Lackland in O'Keeffe's *Fontainebleau*, and Sponge in Reynolds's *Cheap Living*, are his theatrical progenitors; but Kenney is entitled to full praise for the skill and neatness with which he has arranged his piece, filled it with life and bustle, and introduced several of those whimsical situations which it is the legitimate province of farce to exhibit.

On the 20th of November, 1804, Kenney's second dramatic effort was ushered in at Drury-lane, under the title of *Matrimony*; a *petite* opera, taken from the "Adolphe et Claire" of Marsollier. The materials are too scanty for an entertainment of two acts, and the piece has since been most judiciously improved by curtailment into one, and by the omission of unnecessary songs. *Matrimony* was almost as successful as *Raising the Wind*, and is still in constant requisition. The contrivance of the plot, as far as respects the bringing the married couple into the same prison, is new and ingenious, but the idea has been somewhat forestalled by Dibdin in the *Jew and the Doctor*. It will also remind many, of the scenes between Sir Robert and Lady Ramble, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Every One has his Fault*, and Sir Charles and Lady Racket, in Murphy's *Three Weeks after Marriage*. At the beginning of the present century, the companies of the two great London theatres presented an array of ability that would have illustrated with honour the best authors of the Elizabethan era. In a trifling afterpiece, such as *Matrimony*, there were combined the talents of Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Bland, Elliston, Downton, and Jack Johnstone. *Too Many Cooks*, another musical farce, by Kenney, acted at Covent Garden, on the 12th of February, 1805, must be included in the list of the condemned. It was received with some unequivocal marks of disapprobation, and after the third night, was withdrawn by the author. In his title he cut the proverb short, but he might have added the sequel as a commen-

tary on his failure. His next productions more than regained the ground he had lost. *False Alarms, or My Cousin*, a comic opera, in three acts, the music by Braham and King, had a very successful and attractive run of twenty-one nights, at Drury-lane, in the early part of 1807. In this piece the author appears to have trusted entirely to good dramatic music, poetical words for the songs, smart dialogue, humour, incident, and situations; in fine, to have discarded machinery, drums, trumpets, noise, and spectacle, which were then high in the ascendant, and to have aimed at the restoration of a legitimate opera. In this instance he was fortunate; and while he repaid himself amply, brought money to the treasury of the theatre, without previously exhausting a larger sum on scene-painters, machinists, tailors, dressmakers, ovals, processions, elephants, camels, horses, dogs, and monkeys. In *False Alarms* Bannister had a comic song, "Major M'Pherson," which was long chanted in every street by itinerant melodists; and Braham introduced, for the first time, his popular ballad, "Said a Smile to a Tear." True comic opera is a very pleasing form of dramatic composition, and is invariably enjoyed by any audience with intense relish. The sentimental charlatan, Rousseau, says, "*Le plaisir du comique est fondé sur un vice du cœur.*" If this be true, a very large majority of the world are in an awful and hopeless extreme of human depravity.

*Ella Rosenberg*, first performed at Drury-lane, on the 19th of November, 1807, is one of the most agreeable and successful melodramas that the stage possesses. The serious nature of the subject prevented much introduction of those traits of broad humour which are usually looked for in an afterpiece; but what was wanting on the score of farcical effect, was amply compensated by the glow of natural feeling and strong interest which pervades the entire piece. The heroine was originally performed by Mrs. Henry Siddons, one of the most accomplished actresses in her line that ever trod the boards, and who upheld, with undiminished lustre, the distinguished name that she acquired by marriage. Leigh Hunt characterised her style with happy accuracy when he wrote thus, in 1805:—"Her genius is entirely feminine, for

actresses, like queens, lose something of the woman, in proportion as they exhibit the powers of command, and the more rigorous acquirements. Assassinations and bloodshed are as little conducive to female delicacy of effect on the stage, as they were in real life with Christina of Sweden, or Catherine of Russia." He then observes—"The only prevailing fault in this actress is a monotonous delivery. The tones, indeed, are the sweetest in the world, but we should become tired of Apollo's lyre were it always in one key."

The cast of *Ella Rosenberg* included Elliston, Mathews, and Bannister. It ran above forty nights during the first season, and is still constantly acted in all the theatres throughout the kingdom. Du Bois, who was then considered the *Jupiter* *Tonans* of critics, thus delivered his opinion in *The Monthly Mirror* :—

"It will be seen, from the rough outline we have given, that the author rests his hope entirely on interesting incident and situation, which in some scenes were potent beyond anything we have lately beheld. How this operated on the house was very observable, on the encore of a good glee, by King, which the majority of the audience evidently objected to, merely because they could not bear the action of the piece to be interrupted. Mrs. H. Siddons's Ella was full of every beauty of acting, exquisite pathos, and most eloquent and impressive dumb show. The scene where she rushes in as Storm is proceeding to execution, was, by the joint skill of Mrs. H. Siddons and Mr. Bannister, wrought up to the highest perfection of all that is fine and effective in theatrical art. The pleasure of the house on seeing Mr. Bannister return to his professional duties, after a long and severe sickness, was testified by a greeting that must have been most grateful to him. He is introduced singing, 'Begone dull care,' words to which his presence generally compels a prompt and strict obedience. On this occasion, however, his comic powers yielded to a display of that talent in which he has no equal; the man of years, honest, plain, and unsophisticated, with a heart overflowing with affection and kindness. He and Mrs. H. Siddons were the great support of the piece. Mr. Elliston was clever, but his dress and moustachios gave him the look of a cut-throat, the very opposite of his character. The sole attempt at anything comic is in Sigismund Flutermann, personated by

Mathews, whose only humour consists in repeating his name, and talking about a speech which he makes in a blundering manner to the Elector. This is old and weak; nothing could be made of it. *Ella Rosenberg* is, we understand, 'not translated, only taken from the French.' The dialogue throughout has much the smack of French liquor, which probably sparkled a little when in its Gallic flask, but, being poured off into an English decanter, is exceedingly flat. Much as we admire the ingenuity of Mr. Kenney in *Martinez*, and in this piece, we could wish that the author of *Raising the Wind* would not, so unnecessarily, covet his neighbour's goods, but give us more of that happy vein with which he at first entertained us."

It seems as if our author had taken the hint, for, in his next effort, he went back to originality, soaring higher than he had hitherto ventured to ascend, and produced a comedy in five acts, entitled *The World*, which came out at Drury-lane, on the 31st of March, 1808, and had an attractive run of twenty-three nights, throughout the remainder of that season. It was occasionally repeated during the next, until the operations of the company were suspended by the burning of the theatre, on the night of the 24th of March, 1809. Lord Byron speaks harshly of this play in "English Bards," He says:—

"While Kenney's *World* — ah! where is Kenney's wit?"

Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit.\*

The criticism is unjust, and the fact mis-stated. *The World* has not the brilliancy of *The School for Scandal*, or the power of *Maney*; but still it may take place above the average of modern dramas. The great fault lies in the construction of the fourth and fifth acts, which sink exactly where they should rise. The object is to show the folly of a blind submission to the dictates of fashion, and the mischief resulting from too great a fear of "its dread laugh." This is principally exemplified in the character of Echo, a young man from the country, who has deserted the girl of his heart, and comes to town for the purpose of making a figure in the world. With this view, he appears every fool or coxcomb he encounters, until failure of success and better counsel induce him to return to common

\* In the first edition the lines ran—

"While Kenney's *World* just suffer'd to proceed,  
Fascinates the audience very kind indeed."

sense and blighted affection. Cheviot the poet, author, and foundling, living by his wits, is the ostensible hero, but he is rather dull and prosaic, though high-spirited and independent. The incidental characters of Dauntless and Loiter, two idle nonentities, are amusingly drawn; but that of Index is, perhaps, the best in the play. He is an old bachelor, who, without employment, really does more than half the men of business in the world. He is popping in everywhere, knows everybody, and will do everything, because "he has nothing to do." When Jack Bannister retired from the stage, he selected his original part of Echo, with Walter, in *The Children in the Wood*, for his final appearance. This occurred on the 1st of June, 1815, and was the last occasion on which *The World* was revived in London. Hazlitt, in a notice of Bannister's farewell, says:—"The comedy of *The World* is one of the most ingenious and amusing of the modern stage. It has great neatness of dialogue, and considerable originality, as well as spriteliness of character. It is, however, chargeable with a grossness which is common to modern plays; we mean the grossness of fashionable life in the men, and the grossness of fine sentiment in the women." We confess that we are unable to discover this blemish in the dialogue, which is written throughout with ease and elegance. Kenney rarely descends to pun, and where he is equivocal, he is remarkably neat. As, for instance, Echo telling Lady Bloomfield, in an obscure way, that he had been pursued by bailiffs, she observes, mistakingly—"Yes, I know that you literary men are very much run after."

Kenney's next production, a comic opera, called *Oh! this Love, or the Masqueraders*, appeared at the Lyceum, in June, 1810. This proved to be a sad falling off, bitterly disappointing to his friends and the public, and was doomed to total extinction, after a few profitless repetitions which ended with the season. Perhaps he wrote in a hurry, or to order, or disliked his subject, or lent his name to what was not his own; but in either case (except the last) he must have found it difficult to put toge-

ther three acts so utterly vapid and uninteresting.

On the 7th of March, 1812, Kenney's musical afterpiece of *Turn Out*, was acted at the Lyceum Theatre, by the Drury-lane company. It was very successful, commanded twenty-eight repetitions, and still keeps the stage. Dowton and Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs. Davison) acquired much credit in the two principal characters, Restive and Marian Ramsay. Before the close of the same year, another excellent farce, *Love, Law, and Physic*, added considerably to our author's reputation. It ran forty-four nights during the first season (at Covent Garden), and is still constantly acted in the metropolis and provinces. There are many yet living who have seen Liston, Mathews, Emery, Blanchard, and Mrs. Gibbs, in their original characters, and all together. Such acting is not easily forgotten. Hazlitt says of Liston in this farce—"It is hard to say whether the soul of Mr. Liston has passed into Mr. Lubin Log, or that of Mr. Lubin Log into Mr. Liston; but a most wonderful congeniality and mutual good understanding there is between them. A more perfect personation we never witnessed. Moliere would not have wished for a richer representative of his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*."

We cannot say much in praise of the comedy of *Debtor and Creditor*, produced at Covent Garden, on the 20th of April, 1814, which died quietly after eight repetitions, and is principally to be remembered as containing the last original part (Barbara Green) acted by the inimitable daughter of Thalia, Dorothea Jordan. On the 1st of June, in that same year, her musical voice and ringing laugh were heard for the last time on the boards of a London theatre, in the character of Lady Teazle. She took no farewell, and had no intention of then leaving the stage. In little more than two years after, she died in a strange land, deserted, overwhelmed with pecuniary embarrassment, and prematurely hurried to the grave by anguish of mind. The inscription on her tombstone, in the church-yard of St. Cloud, near Paris, fixes her age at fifty;\* but she must have been older,

\* The epitaph, jointly supplied by two friends, runs as follows:—M. S., Dorothea Jordan, Quæ per multos annos, Londini, inque aliis Britanniae Urbibus, scenam egregie ornavit; Lepore comico, vocis suavitate, Puellarum hilarium, alteriusque sexûs moribus, habitu,

seeing that she made her first public appearance under Ryder's management, in Dublin, in 1777, as Phœbe, in *As You Like It*; when, if the record alluded to above be correct, she could only have been in her eleventh year. Boaden, in his "Memoirs," places her birth as far back as 1762, which seems likely to be correct. This would make her fifty-four when she died, and fifteen when she went on the stage. Waterford may feel proud of having been the birthplace of such a brilliant genius.

Her public career was a series of triumphal processions; but in her private life there were some dark, intervening clouds, and the close was melancholy in the extreme. A mound was raised over her humble grave, shadowed by an acacia-tree, and planted at the proper season with cypresses. This was executed with taste, but has since fallen into dilapidation, in the absence of a small sum of money necessary to keep it in repair. The effects which Mrs. Jordan possessed at St. Cloud were taken possession of by the officers of police, and after a certain time put up to auction. The proceeding seems to have been official, in consequence of her dying in France intestate, when it became the duty of the King's solicitor to collect and dispose of her property for the benefit of creditors. Even her personal wardrobe was sold, amidst coarse jibes and vulgar mockery. The fact rests on the evidence of a gentleman who was present. This sad instance is painfully suggestive of a new application of Pope's lines, in his celebrated "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady":—

"What can stone (O ever injur'd shade!  
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid!  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;  
By foreign hands thy humble grave ador'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!"

It has been often said that Mrs. Jordan wrote the farce of *The Spoil'd*

*Child*, which, through her admirable acting in *Little Pickle*, obtained more notoriety than it deserved. But there is stronger reason to suppose that it is the production of Isaac Bickerstaff.

In 1815, Kenney's farce of *The Fortune of War* obtained a run of fifteen nights at Covent Garden. At the commencement of 1817, a drama, founded on some facts which happened in France, in 1687, as recorded in "*Les Causes Célèbres*," was brought out in Paris, with great momentary attraction, under the title of *The Portfolio, or the Family of Anglade*. The managers of Drury-lane and Covent Garden pounced on the novelty simultaneously, and each produced his edition on the same night, February the 1st. Howard Payne and Kenney were the respective adapters. The Covent Garden version (Kenney's) was acted oftener than the other, but neither lived beyond a few nights. It is needless now to discuss the comparative merit of two pieces that have long been forgotten.

In May, 1817, Kenney produced two novelties at Drury-lane, of a very different character, and within a few days of each other. The first, a comedy, in four acts, called *The Touchstone, or the World as it Goes*; the second, a musical farce, in one act, under the whimsical title of *A House out at Windows*. The comedy was scarcely successful, and the farce a failure. The former contained a good hit at pretended esquires, who at that time were as prolific as mushrooms. Cropley, a bailiff, says of one of the characters, "Bless ye, he be turn'd squire." "Squire!" replies Proba. "What do you mean? a bank director, or a strolling player?" In the farce, the greater part of the dialogue was carried on between parties who appear at the windows of a house, and others standing on the stage. The idea was new, but the audience neither understood nor relished it. In Dec., 1817, the comedy of *A Word for the*

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imitandis, nulli secunda: Ad exerceendam eam, quâ tam feliciter versata est artem, ut res egenorum adversas sublevaret, nemo promptior. E vitâ exiit tertio Nonas Julii, 1816, anno nata 50. Mementote.—Lugete. Sacred to the memory of Dorothea Jordan, who, for many years, at London and in the other cities of Britain, was the peculiar ornament of the stage. In comic humour, in sweetness of voice, in acting sprightly girls, and characters of the other sex, she was second to no one. She was always ready to exert her happy talents for the relief of distress. She died, July 5th, 1816, age fifty years. Remember her—moura for her.

*Ladies* obtained only three repetitions. Again, in 1821, Kenney was in the field at the Haymarket, with *Match Breaking, or the Prince's Present*, a drama in three acts. This time he was more fortunate than in his last essays at Drury-lane, for the new comedy proved to be highly attractive, and was often repeated throughout the season. At the same theatre, in the following year, he was equally successful with *John Buzzby, or a Day's Pleasure*. The Haymarket seemed now to become his favorite quarter-deck. On these congenial boards, on the 7th of July, 1823, he launched one of the most popular dramas ever produced — the operatic comedy of *Sweethearts and Wives*, which ran for fifty-one nights, and is still acted at many of the London theatres, and throughout the kingdom, as often as any play that has been written within the last century. The first actors of the principal characters were Madame Vestris, Miss Chester, Miss Love, Terry, F. Vining, and Liston. Liston's Billy Lackaday exhibited that unique buffo in all his glory. Others may have as much humour, but when shall we ever again see such an index as his face? He was a consummate artist, too, who settled all his effects beforehand, and never varied them, although the majority of unsophisticated spectators might easily suppose that he acted carelessly from the impulse of the moment. This very apparent ease is only attained by pre-arranged and laborious study. Herein lie the mystery and mastery of genius — the true *ars celare artem*, that high perfection of practical science, which reaches the end while it conceals the means.

*The Alcaid, or Secrets of Office*, a comic opera, in three acts, appeared at the Haymarket, on the 10th August, 1824. Here again there was great talent employed, the cast including Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Gibbs, W. Farren, Liston, and Harley; but the result was very different from that of *Sweethearts and Wives*. With the close of the season, the Alcaid laid down his office, and has not since resumed it. Neither did he impart to us any secrets beyond two of very common occurrence — namely, that a placeman likes to keep his post, and that officious underlings are ever striving to thrust him out of

it. This opera is overloaded with action. The plot is too slight for the crowd of incidents, which are so huddled on each other, that they work up to a maze of inextricable confusion. Intrigue is the essence of Spanish comedy, and Kenney has here "laid it on with a trowel." The entire *dramatis personæ*, masters and servants, old and young, high and low, seem to have no other object in existence.

Kotzebue's *Count Benyowsky, or the Exiles of Kamschatka*, has twice been attempted on the English stage. First, at Covent Garden, in 1811, translated by Charles Kemble; and again in March, 1828, at Drury-lane, as an operatic play, by Kenney. There was better acting in Kemble's drama than in Kenney's, but neither was sufficiently successful to be called for after the first season. It is difficult to understand why English managers or authors should have selected the subject, which has nothing in it either attractive or agreeable; while it is well spiced with the usual seasoning of German immorality. Kotzebue's vaunted hero is only interesting in poetical fiction. In reality he was little more than a common-place adventurer. A Hungarian, not a Pole, as the German writer represents him; and originally an officer of subordinate rank in the Austrian army. From thence he transferred his sword to the ranks of Poland, contrived to get himself enrolled amongst the nobility of the land, fought against Russia in the struggle for Polish independence, but happened to be taken prisoner, and was exiled to Kamschatka. Contriving to escape from that remote penal colony, he next turned to France, and after many vicissitudes of fortune was sent by the authorities of the country on an undefined expedition to Madagascar. In course of time he revolted from his allegiance to France, attempted to assume the sovereignty of the island, and was slain in action against the French troops, in 1786.

In Kotzebue's play, and in C. Kemble's adaptation, Benyowsky is a married man. Athanasia, the daughter of the governor of Kamschatka, falls in love with him, reveals her passion, and obtains her father's consent to their union. Benyowsky, driven into a corner, is compelled to name the obstacle. Athanasia then declares that she will continue her affection, but

that it shall merge into the sisterly or platonic form. Benyowsky, having first made a prisoner of the governor, effects his escape, with his brethren in conspiracy and captivity, and the infatuated fair one determines to accompany him; but he contrives to leave her fainting in her father's arms, to die of a broken heart, or subside into a new attachment, as time may determine. In Kenney's version the catastrophe is greatly improved, and he has considerably mended the moral tone of the affair, by making the hero a bachelor instead of a Benedict. His play was acted eleven times. The Germans, if we may judge by their dramatists, who are supposed to be the legitimate reflecters of social habits, must have very peculiar notions of domestic economy. In the *Stranger*, according to the arrangement of Kotzebue, Count Waldbourg takes back his "runaway wife," upon contrition, and a promise of better conduct in future. In Goethe's *Stella*, the hero of the piece deserts one wife to marry another, and in due course flies from the second. Both ladies follow in pursuit, meet accidentally at an inn, are drawn by some secret sympathy to each other, swear an eternal friendship, finally recover the truant, and agree most amicably to share him between them.\* As in these days of universal instruction, everybody lectures upon something, why does not some modern transcendentalist of the Kantian school deliver a series of discourses, to show the philosophy upon which these strange phases of national idiosyncrasy may be explained, justified, or reconciled?

In July, 1826, Kenney wrote a farce for the Haymarket, entitled *Thirteen to the Dozen*, in which Liston and John Reeve acted together. It was eminently successful, and although produced so late in the season, ran for twenty-three nights. His next effort, *The Green Room*, a comedy in two acts, brought out at Covent Garden in the October of the same year, although of superior pretensions, was much more coldly received.

*Spring and Autumn*, one of our author's most fortunate pieces, was first acted at the Haymarket, on the 6th of September, 1827. During the remainder of that season it had an uninterrupted run of thirty nights, which was only stopped by the close of the theatre. The attraction continued for several succeeding years.

On the 29th of October, 1827, Poole produced a comedy in three acts, on the same subject, called *The Wealthy Widow*, but it appeared to disadvantage after the recent and superior success of Kenney's. Poole says, in his preface, that Kenney and himself had accidentally adapted the same French piece to the English stage, and that his was written first; but as his brother author and competitor had forestalled him in the representation, he had introduced new characters, and almost entirely re-written his dialogue. Poole's comedy died in infancy,† while his rival's flourished to longevity.

With the opening of the Drury-lane season, in October, 1827, Kenney produced one of his most successful farces, *The Illustrious Stranger*; or *Married and Buried*, written expressly for the talent of Liston. The author had every reason to be satisfied with his chosen protagonist, whose humour had seldom been displayed to more advantage. But though Liston is dead, the *Illustrious Stranger* has found many succeeding representatives. It was said in the bills that this operatic farce was taken from a popular French drama,‡ though the foundation of both may be traced to one of Sinbad's voyages, which had already supplied three dramatic pieces, namely, *Bickerstaff's Burying*, by Mrs. Centlivre, acted at Drury-lane, March 27th, 1710; *Gallic Gratitude*, by Dr. James Solas Dodd (an Irishman), brought out at Covent Garden, April the 30th, 1779; and *Love in a Blaze*, by Captain Atkinson, produced at Crow-street, Dublin, in 1800. About two months before Kenney's farce appeared at Drury-lane, it had been anticipated at the Haymarket by a comic extravaganza, in one act, on the same subject, called

\* See the "Rovers" in the *Anti-Jacobin*, for an admirable parody on this, and much similarly indecent and outrageous absurdity.

† A revived version is now playing by Mr. C. Mathews, at Drury-lane.

‡ A French farce, by Lafont, *Le Naufrage*, with a similar plot, was published as far back as 1710.

*You must be Buried*, in which the Benjamin Bowbell, or Barnaby Boxem, as he was denominated, was personated by John Reeve. But this version does not appear to have been printed, and died quietly, making no sign.

Within six months after the birth of the *Illustrious Stranger* the indefatigable Kenney supplied Drury-lane with a full five-act comedy, under the title of *Forget and Forgive, or a Reacontre in Paris*. This sample was found to be heavy and ineffective, and being withdrawn, after four repetitions, to undergo the salutary discipline of the pruning-knife, came out again in March, 1828, reduced to three acts, and re-christened *Frolics in France*. But there was no inherent vitality, and the attempt at resuscitation proved abortive.

During the following season, Young was regularly engaged at Drury-lane. His great success and attraction in Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Rienzi*, made it desirable to follow up the hit with other original characters. Walker's *Caswallon*, produced on the 12th of January, 1829, was comparatively a failure. On the 21st of February following, Kenney enlisted Young into the hero of his musical play, called *Peter the Great, or the Battle of Pultowa*.\* The title marks the epoch when the action of the drama is supposed to take place. The subject was, as the Yankees say, decidedly "used up;" for the reforming Czar had often figured in scenic representations before, although until now he had never been brought on the boards in actual contact with his great rival, the northern Alexander. The time, too, was unhappily chosen, for Planché's *Charles the Twelfth*, one of the most complete and popular of modern dramas, and admirably acted in every part, had been produced only a few weeks before, and the run was not yet exhausted. *Peter the Great* only commanded six repetitions, and does not appear to have been printed.† But for this comparative failure Kenney made ample

amends on the 4th of May following, by an adaptation of Auber's celebrated opera, *La Muette De Portici*, which was then exciting an unusual commotion amongst the musical and theatrical world of the French metropolis. *Masaniello*, as the English version is called, still retains powerful attraction, and is a standing dish in almost every important theatre throughout the kingdom. The sudden rise, and as sudden fall of the fisherman of Naples, had been often dramatised before, but neither the last French nor English selectors of the subject (Scribe and Kenney) appear to have drawn from any of the previous versions. Fenella, the dumb sister of Masaniello, in whom the interest centres, is entirely a fiction, and a very pleasing one, invented by Scribe for the libretto of Auber's opera, and retained with full prominence in Kenney's adaptation. As far back as 1649, a play was printed, but never acted, entitled, *The Rebellion of Naples, or the Tragedy of Masaniello*. It was said to have been written by a gentleman (T. B.), who was himself an eye-witness of the facts he has dramatised, as they happened at Naples, in 1647. But as he professed to write a true account of the story, he ought not to have introduced unnecessary impossibilities—such as giving the hero a marriageable daughter, for which Masaniello was much too young.

In 1699–1700, D'Urfey printed *The Rise and Fall of Masaniello* in two parts; but it does not appear that he borrowed anything from T. B., neither have we positive evidence to show that the double drama was acted, beyond the circumstance that Penkethman's name is affixed to the prologue to the first part; and Mrs. Rogers, in the epilogue, intimates that she had performed the Duchess of Mataloni. Miss Campion, in the epilogue to the second part, speaks of herself as having represented Fellicia. D'Urfey's two plays combine a monstrous jumble of history and invention, with a disgusting superfluity of murder upon murder most elaborately transacted. He winds

\* The late Mr. Morton was concerned in the authorship of this play.

† Another *Battle of Pultowa*, an adaptation from the French, in two acts, was acted at Covent Garden, on the 23rd of February, 1829, two days after the production of Kenney's at Drury-lane, and obtained a run of fourteen nights. In this, C. Kemble and Warde personated the King and the Czar, in opposition to Cooper and Young, at Drury-lane.

up thus:—"The scene opens, and discovers the trunk of Masaniello, headless and handless, dragged by horses, his head and hands fastened to a pole, with an inscription; and behind these the bodies of Blowzabella and Pedro (his wife and brother) hanging upon gibbets." Do the admirers of the old dramatists include honest Tom D'Urfey amongst the objects of their idolatry? He was a jolly companion, nevertheless, and was much sought after by the best company, for his conversational and vocal abilities. Nay, even crowned heads condescended to admit him to their presence, and to gather amusement from his humour. Charles the Second was more than once observed leaning familiarly on his shoulder, and humming over songs with him. That saturnine gentleman, King William III., was seen to laugh heartily at one of his effusions, and what was still more extraordinary, ordered him a present; and the more convivial Queen Anne gave him fifty guineas for singing a lampoon to her, written expressly to ridicule a most worthy and respectable old lady, the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover. A very entertaining account of D'Urfey will be found in No. 67 of the *Guardian*. He was not an Irishman, as has been sometimes supposed, but descended from an ancient Huguenot family of France, who fled from Rochelle, before it was besieged by Louis the Thirteenth, and took refuge in England.

Tom Walker (as he was familiarly called), the original Macheath, an actor of rare versatility, who excelled in such opposite parts as Bajazet and Falconbridge—in 1724, altered and compressed D'Urfey's two parts of *Masaniello* into one, and brought it out at Lincoln's-inn-Fields with a tolerable show of success, himself enacting the hero. On this occasion his brother comedian, John Leigh, commemorated him in a song of eight stanzas, in which it is said—

"Tom Walker, his creditors meaning to chouse,  
Like an honest, good-natured young fellow,  
Resolv'd all the summer to stay in the house,  
And rehearse by himself *Masaniello*."

From the days of Tom Walker, *Masaniello* slept for nearly a century, until the 17th of February, 1825, when Soane, thinking the fisherman suited to the peculiar powers of Edmund Kean, selected him for that purpose. But

the play was only acted once, and added no credit either to the actor or author. The latter has departed from fact to introduce a love episode, especially objectionable. The *Examiner* said, in a critical notice—"This historical play is little more than a melodrama, attended with a fault, which, from the nature of the story, is very extraordinary—that is to say, a surprising want of action. We have also to deplore a mawkish tissue of feminine interest. Why lower the ruling passion of a man in the situation of Masaniello, by a silly and improbable amour with a woman of quality, and the undesigned assassination of a too tender and prying wife?" About the time that Soane's drama appeared at Drury-lane, another, on the same subject, was exhibited at the Cobourg, written by Milner; and printed without a date; but this, too, has passed into oblivion. It was reserved for the combined talents of Scribe, Auber, and Kenney, to give *Masaniello* a lasting position on the stage. In a preface to a subsequent production, Kenney states that he received not a single shilling in remuneration for a play which, during a hundred representations, had filled the treasury of the theatre.

In 1831, he was invited, by the then management of Drury-lane, to furnish an adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, which had been strongly pressed upon them as a highly effective play. He produced, in consequence, *The Pledge, or Castilian Honour*; but the result disappointed all parties. Either the dramatic strength of Victor Hugo has been over-rated by his admirers, or is not transfusible into a foreign language. Other experiments have been tried from the same source, but none have met with more than very modified success. Kenney's version of *Hernani* is ably executed. The play pleased, but did not attract, although well acted, and lauded in the papers. The author, in an indignant preface, complains that the parsimony of the managers (Captain Polhill and Alexander Lee), together with much unnecessary delay, and some underhand, hostile agency, destroyed every chance that might have operated in his favour. The extract is amusing and instructive. He says:—

"Any reader who may happen to proceed to my fifth act, either through the four first,



or by a shorter cut, will there find the description of a scene, some of the exuberant magnificence of which may certainly, without much injury to the action, be retrenched. But he will observe that it is a night-scene—that night is its essential feature—that it indicates moonlight—that it is the dispersing of a masquerade—that the dialogue, at almost every line, alludes to its being night, to the rising moon, to a serenade, happy dreams, falling dews, &c. What, then, will be his surprise—and if he be a dramatist, his horror—to hear that only at four o'clock on the day previous to our first representation, I discovered, by accident, that the scene which was to stand for this was a commonplace villa, producing an effect of noonday sunshine. Everybody else having left the theatre, I remonstrated with the carpenter, who told me that it was to no purpose; that the scenes which had been originally prepared for me had been otherwise applied; that they had made the best shift they could; and that their old stock could positively supply nothing nearer to my intentions. By means, however, of the exertions of Mr. Wallack, and Mr. Wilmot, the prompter, this extraordinary negligence was repaired, and a satisfactory scene substituted.

"In the fifth act will also be found allusions, numerous, emphatic, and important, to a black domino; of that act, this black domino is the theme and argument. Black it must be—'black as Erebus.' Mr. Macready required my presence in the wardrobe for my opinion as to some parts of his dress. I attended him, and the points in question being settled, my eye fell upon an isolated domino. It was blue: it does not, therefore, thought I, concern me. An afterthought, however, occurred, on recollection of the sunshine scene. It was as well to inquire. I did so. It was for Mr. Macready in the fifth act. 'For Mr. Macready!' said I. 'There is some mistake in your orders; that is to be a black domino.' 'It is no mistake,' said Mr. Palmer, the keeper of the wardrobe, 'but there is no such thing in the stock.' 'What then?' I rejoined, 'as it is absolutely indispensable; and were it not so, as it is too late to alter my dialogue, could you not hire one?' 'We have strict orders,' added Mr. Palmer, 'to go to no expense for this play.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will spare your half-crown, and send in one from the first masquerade warehouse.' Mr. Palmer concluded by saying, that rather than I should be so treated, he would take that responsibility upon himself. He did so, and at the hazard, it appears, of the manager's displeasure, the black domino was at length provided.

"The risk Mr. Palmer took upon himself in the case of the domino, is not the only favour I owe to that gentleman, he having supplied, from his own private property, the armour worn by my staunch friend Cooper, as the King, who in vain tried to obtain for

his majesty in the earlier scenes even a decent dishabille.

"The term of my perplexities, however, had now arrived, and a critical trial of my patience it proved. Excited prejudice staring me in the front, and impatient zeal for a worthier post trampling hard upon me in the rear, with the laurel prepared for him, and the condemned nightcap for me, I was at length jostled into the presence of my judges, whose verdict soon added another to the many proofs I had received of their unflinching justice and generosity. This verdict was confirmed universally by the press; and even such journals as had been betrayed, I know not how, into sneers at my importunity and presumption in forcing the play upon the theatre, made me in their reports more than amends for their error, of which this statement will, I trust, altogether convince them. I am also bound to thank all the actors for their loyal and brilliant exertions on the day of trial, which banished from my mind every feeling but that of charity for the past, and better hopes for the future."

In this instance, Kenney had good cause for complaint, as authors often have, yea, and managers too, when they are led into the payment of large sums in advance, upon expectations as unsubstantial as the visions conjured up by the magic wand of Prospero. Authors, actors, and managers, incessantly and alternately find fault with and condemn each other. The three estates contrive to produce discords, and live in a perpetual state of antagonism. This form of government is not peculiarly characteristic of the dramatic microcosm, but is equally typical of the larger world, of which the theatre presents a faithfully reflected miniature.

During Madam Vestris's management of the Olympic, Kenney supplied her with three very lively, light pieces, *Fighting by Proxy*, *Dancing for Life*, and *Not a Word*. He also assisted Bunn in *A Good Looking Fellow*, for Drury-lane, and wrote for the same theatre, *The King's Seal*, in conjunction with Mrs. Gore; and one of the many versions of *Dominique the Possessed*. A musical drama, called *Hush!* (a bad name, taken from a worse French one, *Chut!*) completely failed. Finding it so much inferior to what he expected, Kenney himself hissed loudly from the dress circle, where he had taken his post, and declared that he did not think he could have done anything so wretchedly bad. It is not often that an author is so disinterested.

*The Black Domino*, an opera; *Barbara, Macintosh and Co.* (written for Power); *The Magic Bell* (acted at the Lyceum), and *Love Extempore*, must all be considered as rather below than on a level with Kenney's usual mark. In the latter farce, at the Haymarket, David Rees obtained a good and unexpected opportunity in consequence of the retirement of Liston. Like many other authors whose principal estate is derived from the pen, Kenney frequently wasted his talents on uncongenial and unworthy subjects, and wrote at railroad speed, under the pressure of the *res angusta domi*.

When Sheridan Knowles's *John of Procida* was brought out at Covent Garden, in 1840, Kenney furnished the Surrey Theatre with a tragedy on the same subject, entitled *The Sicilian Vespers*,\* in which the leading character was sustained with great reputation by poor Elton, who was lost in the ill-fated steamer *Pegasus*, on a passage from Leith to London. She struck on the Gold Rock, and all on board perished, with the exception of six. The last production of Kenney's pen was a serious drama, entitled *Infatuation*, a *Tale of the French Empire*, which has never been printed, and was only repeated four times. It was written in 1845, to display the peculiar talents of Miss Cushman, then acting at the Princess Theatre. In the foregoing list, we have enumerated forty-one dramas, and it is very possible that some have been omitted.

Kenney died on the 1st of August, 1849, being then in his seventieth year. It is amazing how he lived so long, seeing that his health for a long period had been broken by severe and complicated illness. Amongst other physical afflictions, he suffered cruelly from a nervous affection, which gave his appearance and movements such an air of eccentricity, that more than once he was taken for a deranged patient escaped from an asylum. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft, the author of *The Road to Ruin*, &c., who survived him. By her, he left a family of two sons and four daughters. Mrs. Kenney's father was a French writer and politician of the revolutionary era, of considerable celebrity.—Louis Sébas-

tian Mercier. He is principally remembered by his severe criticisms on Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, contained in a work called "*Essai sur l'art Dramatique*," and by his "*Tableau de Paris*." Mercier was a member of the Convention, sat on the trial of Louis XVI., and voted with the more moderate minority who proposed the imprisonment instead of the execution of their unfortunate monarch.

Kenney had received large sums for his writings, but he was not in flourishing circumstances. His friends, during his last long illness, bestirred themselves to get him up a benefit at Drury-lane. Mrs. Kenney had been preceptress to Lady Palmerston, and through that channel, many of the leading nobility became warmly interested. He died suddenly on the appointed day, but the fact was not made public, and the benefit proceeded. A large sum, amounting to nearly five hundred pounds, was thus secured to the family. As a proof that his faculties were not impaired by either age, illness, or constant exertion, a few days only before his decease, although lying in all the agony of approaching dissolution, on the bed from which he never rose with life, he wrote a poetical address, to be spoken by Mrs. Glover, but she was unable to commit it to memory within the appointed time. His own farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*, was one of the pieces selected for the benefit night; the remainder of the performances consisting of *The Beggar's Opera*, and *The Waterman*.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, and SIDNEY MORGAN, are names which will ever be honourably associated with Irish literature, to which their contributions are as numerous as they are varied and excellent. Both these lively writers, who draw national character with such a truthful pencil, might have been expected to shine with peculiar lustre in the dramatic walk, had they trained their steps to pursue its windings. But their taste and natural bent led them more habitually into different paths. Amongst the published works of Miss Edgeworth, we find two comic dramas, entitled *Love and Law*, and *The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*. Both are exclusively Irish, and it does not appear

\* Mrs. Hemans had selected the subject before either of them. Her play, *The Vespers of Palermo*, appeared at Covent Garden, in 1828.

that they were ever intended or offered for representation. We scarcely think they would have succeeded had the experiment been tried. The Hibernian idiom is infinitely amusing when introduced as an episode; but when it forms the staple of an entire *dramatis personæ*, the peculiar flavour is weakened by repetition, and becomes as tiresome and monotonous as the Scotch variety in Allan Ramsay's northern pastoral. *The Gentle Shepherd*, as originally written, was acted in 1777, at the Haymarket, by an entire Scottish company. They might as well have exhibited in pantomime. A play that requires eighteen pages of glossary could not be otherwise than unintelligible to a London audience. Miss Edgeworth was incapable of writing anything absolutely without merit, but her dramas would not have rendered her name immortal. Lady Morgan, when Miss Owenson, produced a comic opera, entitled *The First Attempt*, or *The Whim of the Moment*, which was performed in Dublin, on the 4th of March, 1807, and attended with great success; but we do not know whether or not it has ever been printed. The music was composed by Tom Cooke. In her subsequent writings we find two volumes of "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life." LADY CLARKE, the sister of Lady Morgan, is the authoress of a comedy called *The Irishwoman*, acted also in Dublin, in 1818, and published by Colburn, in the following year.

The late EARL OF MOUNTNORRIS, who was born in 1769, and died in 1844, was said by his friends to have written a tragedy (when Lord Valentia) full of beauty and sublimity, but more calculated for the closet than for the present stage. We have never heard the name mentioned, nor has the drama ever appeared before the public in any shape. His lordship travelled extensively in Eastern lands, in pursuit of political, geographical, and botanical knowledge, principally to gratify his curiosity, and gave the

result to the world in three volumes, quarto, in 1809, under the title of "Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802-6." This work was much read at the time, and is still referred to as a book of authority.

We have given a full biographical memoir of TYRONE POWER in earlier numbers of this MAGAZINE; it is therefore unnecessary here to repeat what has been already written. We have only to name the dramatic productions which entitle him to a place in the present list. They are five in number—viz., *The Married Lovers*, *St. Patrick's Eve*, *How to Pay the Rent*, *O'Flanagan and the Fairies*,\* and *Paddy Carey*. These were all written to increase his own stock of characters in the line to which he had legitimately succeeded, and are to be estimated rather as well constructed, and effective for acting purposes, than as aspiring to any ambitious pretension in a literary view. The three first are printed. The correct manuscripts of the two last were lost with the owner in the ill-starred President. *Married Lovers* was the least successful. When produced in Dublin, in the summer of 1831, it was coldly welcomed; but as usual, when the curtain fell, Power was called for, to receive the congratulations of the audience, more in his character of actor than author. As he retired bowing, under a volley of applause, a friendly wag in the gallery called out confidentially, in an audible whisper, "Power, don't take that for your benefit!" *St. Patrick's Eve*, as an historical drama, possesses more than ordinary interest.

While reverting to Power, we are reminded of the *Irish Tutor*, so inimitably acted by him, and of the *Groves of Blarney*, with which he inseparably associated LORD GLENGALL's amusing farce. Few modern pieces of this class have enjoyed such enduring popularity, which is likely to continue as long as the stage possesses any actor capable of representing the peculiarities of Irish character with reasonable

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\* Originally dramatised, under the title of *Shawn Long and the Fairies*, from a tale in a periodical, by the late Mr. W. Kertland, a well-known and active citizen of Dublin, who, although not born in Ireland, had become naturalised by long residence. He also wrote an operatic romance, called *The Maid of Snowdon* (music by F. W. Southwell), which was produced, with tolerable success, at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins'-street, Dublin, on the 5th of January, 1838.

excellence. *The Irish Tutor*, which came out at Covent Garden on the 26th November, 1822, was acted above thirty times during that season, the original representative being Charles Connor, who had a rich conception, and an easy vein of natural humour, but he was ungifted with the power of singing, and the deficiency interfered much with his professed walk. The farce had been given by the author to Abbott, when he was joint manager with Farley, at Cheltenham, and was first acted at that idle resort of fashion and valetudinarianism. The subject (as nineteen out of twenty in the modern list are) is from the French; but the character of Dr. O'Toole is, of course, a new and a very happy creation. Before the close of the same season (1822-3), Lord Glengall produced a second farce at Covent Garden, entitled *Cent. per Cent.*, or *the Masquerade*, but the success was very inferior to that which attended the first. It was felt to be too long, and the Irishman, Dr. O'Rafferty (again played by Connor), was not made sufficiently prominent. In the year following, W. Abbott, then manager of the Dublin Theatre, endeavoured to revive *Cent. per Cent.* in the Irish metropolis, but it was scarcely tolerated, and not repeated a second time. In 1829, Lord Glengall brought out, at Drury-lane, a comedy in five acts, called *Follies of Fashion*, which had a run of eleven nights. The plot is slight, but the characters are well contrasted, and the dialogue flows agreeably. Without soaring into wit, it seldom descends to insipidity. The three pieces of the noble earl are printed, and form a respectable volume on the shelves of a dramatic collection.

THE EARL OF LANESBOROUGH (when the Hon. Mr. Butler Danvers) wrote two dramas, *Busy Peter*, a comic interlude, and *The Bohemian, or America* in 1776, a play, in five acts. They were acted in Dublin, the first in 1826, the second in 1833, and were extremely well received. Both were presents from the author to the respective managers, Mr. W. Abbott and Mr. Calcraft—an act of literary disinterestedness on the part of amateur authors much to be commended, and worthy of more general imitation than it has yet received.

On the 23rd of November, 1831, a very remarkable play was produced in

the Dublin theatre, under the title of *The Warden of Galway*. The author's name was not at first announced, but he was known to be the REV. EDWARD GROVES. The subject is historical, and to be found at full length, and authentically related, in Hardiman's history, but has been frightfully travestied by Prince Puckler Muskau, in his legend of travels. The event on which the tragedy is built occurred in the year 1493, and the house is still standing (decorated with a skull and cross-bones) from the window of which the culprit is said to have been suspended. That a father, at the inexorable demand of justice, should sentence his only son to death, and actually execute him with his own hands, is an instance of public duty superseding natural affection, which casts the patriotic stoicism of the elder Brutus completely into the shade. The subject is eminently suited for a tragedy; but many good judges thought that the catastrophe, although softened on the stage, would be found to exceed "salutary terror," and to verge on the repulsive extreme which Horace so emphatically denounces in the supper of Thyestes, and the murder of her children by Medea. The result far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the manager and author. No play was ever more rapturously received, or more unanimously applauded. It filled the theatre for sixteen repetitions; and although supported by the stock company alone, produced a much larger receipt to the treasury than the combined efforts of many leading "stars," who exhibited their radiance on the intervening nights. The fourth representation was for the benefit of the author, under the immediate patronage of Daniel O'Connell, then in the full tide of his power and popularity. The receipts exceeded £400, and at least £60 was excluded from want of room. During a long series of years *The Warden of Galway* continued to be acted occasionally in Dublin, and has been repeated altogether above fifty times. It has never been printed; and a short synopsis of the plot and incidents, closely followed from history in all leading points, may not be unacceptable to many of our readers who are unacquainted with the tragedy, which is not likely to be revived with the changes of theatrical dynasties and generations.

Galway was, at a comparatively early period, a great *entrepôt* for foreign merchants trading to the British Islands.\* These were, for the most part, Spaniards, who, in the fifteenth century, engrossed much of the commerce of western Europe. Their piety induced them to obtain the appointment of a spiritual head of their own, to be chosen by the suffrages, lay and clerical, of thirteen families, called "the Tribes;" all of which are still extant, in lineal succession, except the De Fontes, who are only represented in the female line by the present Sir William de Bathe. Sometimes it has happened that the Warden was also Mayor. The author of the tragedy unites the civil and spiritual titles, not wishing, as we may suppose, to introduce into so deeply serious a play the comic title of the chief of the municipality, which is usually mixed up, upon the stage, with all that is absurd and ludicrous in society, to such an extent that the appellation has become synonymous with heavy and un-intellectual mediocrity. Churchill can find nothing more detractive to say of one of the victims of his satire than that

"Prudent dullness mark'd him for a mayor,"

and Shakspeare makes the chief magistrate of London exclaim, in Henry the Sixth, when roused from his afternoon nap to keep the peace between Duke Humphrey and Cardinal Beaufort:—

"Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!  
I myself fight not once in forty year."

One of the tribes of Galway was, and is still, the family of Lynch. In 1493, Walter Lynch became mayor, and according to the dramatist, Warden of Galway; but in this association of authority fact gives way to fiction. The son and only child of this Walter, Roderick Lynch, and a nephew, named Velasquez, had proceeded to Spain, some time before, on a visit to the father of the latter, and partly to transact with him some important mercantile business. While abroad, Roderick fell into the vices of the nobility of Castile. He gambled, lost, and spent that portion of his father's

fortune which had been entrusted to his care. At length the period for his return arrived, and, accompanied by his ardent friend and cousin, Velasquez, he sailed for home. Previous to their departure, however, the two young men had entered into a mutual compact by which the survivor, in case an accident or fatality should befall either, was to become the heir and executor of the other. During the voyage, Roderick, brooding over his misfortunes, the self-sought ruin of his inheritance, and the dread of certain discovery, grew melancholy and abstracted as the vessel neared the Irish coast. One placid night, when within a few days' sail of Galway, while Velasquez was sitting on the poop, "gazing," as the author eloquently and poetically paints the scene, "in silent transport on the bright theatre of moon, of stars, and sea," Roderick took the helm from the pilot, whom he ordered below. The only persons on deck were the two youths and a servant of Roderick, named Connor, who lay unobserved upon a sail toward the fore-castle; when, on a sudden, Roderick—"no notice given, no word exchanged"—darted upon the unsuspecting Velasquez and plunged him in the deep. The only mortal witness to this foul deed was Connor. On reaching Galway, the first person Connor met after his wife, Evelyn, was Walter Lynch, with the city officers, making proclamation of the installation of the new Warden and Mayor. The terms of the proclamation, which decreed the punishment of any crime upon those who concealed the guilty, produced a terrible impression upon the servant's mind, and he revealed to Father Dominic, a monk, in the presence of his own wife, the horrible secret. The monk narrated the confession thus openly made to the Warden, who had but a little before arranged to marry his returned son to his long betrothed kinswoman, and Walter's ward, Anastasia, on that very day. The father, subduing his natural feelings, and conquering his paternal agony, resolved to discharge his painful duty as guardian of the land. He accused Roderick of the crime, and when the delinquent fenced, and declaimed indignantly, in-

\* Many existing vestiges in this interesting town attest its antiquity and former importance.

stead of meeting the charge with a prompt and simple denial, his strong and clear mind became at once impressed with a conviction of his guilt. The passage is closely and powerfully put without amplification. The monk, shaken by the passionate eloquence of Roderick, exclaims, as the suspected criminal leaves them—

"He must be innocent!

Walter Lynch. I hope so.

Dominic. Hope!

Do you then doubt?

Walter Lynch. He has said much;

But he has not denied it.

Dominic. How! Did he not

Call upon Heaven?

Walter Lynch. But he did not say—No!"

The Warden, then, in due course of law, delivers up his son to justice. At the trial, the monk is unable to appear from sudden illness; and Connor, tortured into madness by the impending fate of his master, becomes incoherent, and unable to substantiate the charge. Roderick confidently, and with an air of injured innocence, demands his release. The Warden, resolved upon elucidating the fact, suddenly rises from the judgment-seat, and announces the approach of Velasquez—whether in spirit or in the flesh does not precisely appear. Roderick, conscience-stricken, and appalled by superstitious terror, acknowledges his guilt, and is condemned and sentenced to be hanged, by his father. This is the dangerous point of the play, for the author has used the existing formula of the law, in similar cases, to the very letter. Yet the most turbulent and excitable gallery in the world was awed into a silence so profound, that a pin might be heard to drop, and as the act-curtain descended, a long-drawn respiration of relief became audible throughout the house. The effect of that scene on the first night will long be remembered by those who were present, and concerned in it. Of the actors who sustained the principal characters, none remain but he who now pens this passing record.

The trial terminates the third act of the play. In the concluding portion, the son appeals in vain to his father's natural feeling and extinct affections. In vain does the lovely Anastasia plead for a commutation of the sentence. To no purpose do the citizens rise in tumult and prevent the public execution. By the stern Warden's command, Roderick is conveyed by a strong guard

to the castle, and hanged from a window in his father's drawing-room. Thus does a magistrate of Galway, towards the end of the fifteenth century, revive the severity and unbending resolve to vindicate the outraged laws, which have immortalised the first Roman consul five hundred years before the Christian era. The dramatist has introduced a poetic termination to his tragedy, which, without weakening the solemnity, adds materially to the interest. It cannot be denied that the language of the play throughout is natural and expressive, rising occasionally into harmonious versification and poetical imagery, while the construction is simple, powerful, and intelligible. The characters are well sustained, although, in the Warden, the principle of *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, is, perhaps, too strongly illustrated. But let it be remembered that this is strictly historical, and not invented.

*The Warden of Galway* has been twice attempted in London, without success, but on neither occasion under auspicious circumstances. First at the Victoria Theatre, then the Cobourg, in 1832, and more recently during the last season of Mr. W. Farren's management at the Olympic. I am still of opinion that, twenty years ago, at either Drury-lane or Covent Garden, the play, well acted, would have made a hit, although, as a matter of course, local influences gave it a peculiar attraction with an Irish audience. But the fifth of a century is more time than enough to revolutionise taste in matters of greater importance than theatrical recreation.

In 1832, the year following the success of *The Warden of Galway*, Mr. Groves produced another tragedy in Dublin, entitled, *Alomprav, or the Hunter of Burmah*. Here again he had recourse to history, but to a country and people less familiar than the chronicles and citizens of Galway. The incidents he selected for his second play occurred in the rival kingdoms of Baggo and Burmah, about the middle of the last century. *Alomprav* was only acted four times, and has never been revived. The author subsequently wrote two melodramatic pieces, one on the subject of the Killarney prince, *O'Donoghue of the Lakes*, the other on the legend of *The Donagh*; also, a third historical tragedy, embodying the adventures and fate of Lord Tho-

mas Fitzgerald, commonly called *Silk-  
en Thomas*, son of Gerald, the great  
Earl of Kildare, who was Lord Deputy  
of Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII.  
None of these three dramas have ever  
been acted.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, the late  
President of the Royal Academy, who  
died on the 9th of August, 1850, was  
born in Dublin in 1769, a year memo-  
rable for the birth of many distin-  
guished men. The friend of Edmund  
Burke, and the *protegé* of Sir Joshua  
Reynolds, we have no occasion here to  
descant on his celebrity as a portrait  
painter, his pretensions as a poet,  
which were admitted by Lord Byron,\*  
while mercilessly lashing nearly all his  
contemporaries; or his eloquence as  
an orator, as demonstrated in his an-  
nual discourses from the presidential  
chair. We have to speak more im-  
mediately of the tragedy of *Alasco*, which  
establishes his title to admission in  
the band of Irish dramatists. From  
the peculiar circumstances connected  
with it, the play is entitled to a special  
notice. *Alasco* was offered, and ac-  
cepted at Covent Garden, in 1823,  
when the author was in his fifty-fourth  
year—rather a late period of life to  
commence a courtship of the dramatic  
muse—and the treatment which the  
votary received did not encourage him  
to repeat his addresses. The principal  
character was intended for Mr. C.  
Kemble. The plot may be briefly de-  
scribed as follows. The scene lies in  
Poland. The principal characters are,  
*Alasco*, a young Polish nobleman;  
Colonel *Walsingham*, an Englishman,  
in the Prussian service; Baron *Hohen-  
dahl*, Governor of a Polish province;  
*Conrad*, foster-brother and friend of  
*Alasco*; *Jerome*, the Prior of an Ab-  
bey; and *Amantha*, *Walsingham*'s  
daughter. The play is written in  
blank verse. Colonel *Walsingham* is  
an ultra-loyalist. He had brought up  
*Alasco* as his son, and anxiously de-  
sired to have him united to *Amantha*;  
but at the opening of the play he  
strongly suspects that *Alasco* wavers in  
his loyalty, and wishes his daughter  
to espouse *Hohendahl*. *Alasco* avows  
that he is privately married to *Aman-  
tha*. *Hohendahl* employs assassins to

murder *Walsingham*, whose life is  
saved by *Alasco*. A plan for an in-  
surrection has been formed, which  
*Alasco* had at first discouraged, but  
when he finds that his countrymen are  
determined to take up arms, in the  
hope of recovering their liberty, he  
thinks it his duty to place himself at  
their head. The insurgents take the  
arsenal, and prepare to assault the  
castle. *Hohendahl* is a man of too  
much courage to shelter himself within  
the walls. He marches out to attack  
the armed peasantry, whom he looks  
on with contempt, is defeated, and  
killed. *Walsingham* arrives with re-  
inforcements, and the insurgents are  
subdued. *Alasco* is taken prisoner,  
and condemned to the scaffold, in  
spite of the entreaties of *Walsingham*.  
*Amantha* stabs herself. *Walsingham*  
enters, with pardon from the king for  
*Alasco*, and amnesty for all. *Aman-  
tha* joins the hands of her father and  
her husband, and dies. *Walsingham*  
is borne off. *Alasco* kills himself, and  
falls on the body of *Amantha*.

There is merit of a superior order,  
both in the construction and writing of  
this play, but there is at the same time  
much ground for objection to those  
who judge the drama by apostolic  
principles. The double suicide is not  
to be justified on christian grounds,  
neither do the laws of tragedy render  
it indispensable. The catastrophe  
might have been reversed, and the  
end wound up happily, without dimi-  
nishing the interest or destroying the  
effect. The burning thirst for stage-  
murder, with which *Voltaire* has so  
justly reproached English taste, has  
considerably cooled down since he  
wrote, and more than ever within the  
last twenty years.

When *Alasco* was presented in due  
form to the Lord Chamberlain's office,  
*George Colman* had lately been ap-  
pointed licenser, and having become  
tenderly sensitive on points of religion  
and political discipline, he objected to  
all insertions of the name of the Deity;  
and ordered the excision of about  
ninety lines, which bore too strongly  
upon fervent aspirations after liberty,  
together with the usual anathemas  
against tyrants, with their abettors,

\* "And here let Shee and Genius take a place,  
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace."

—See ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

satellites, and executioners. It is fortunate that the worthy author of *Broad Grips* was not in place when Knowles's *Virginus* and *William Tell* were offered, or we should have lost or suffered the mutilation of two of our noblest modern dramas. Shee, under indignant feelings, but in temperate and respectful terms, remonstrated with the Duke of Montrose (then Lord Chamberlain), by letter, on the decision of his deputy, saying that the omissions he required would render the work as inconsistent in sense as ridiculous in representation. He concluded by asking his Grace to read the play, and judge for himself. His Grace, as might be expected, declined the invitation, supported his official, and replied as follows:—

"Grosvenor-square, 19th Feb., 1824.

"SIR,—Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion (from the account he has given me of the tragedy called *Alasco*), I do conclude that, at this time, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely for this reason (though it may not strike authors), that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the household to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or not acted at particular times. I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, sir, on the subject; but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, showing that your tragedy has been well considered.—I remain, sir, with esteem, your obedient servant,

"MONTROSE.

"Martin Archer Shee, Esq., &c."

In 1824, Shee published his play, "as excluded from the stage by the authority of the Lord Chamberlain." In this he strained the fact a little, for *Alasco* might still have been performed, and very probably would have succeeded, minus the proscribed passages; but the author acted with more spirit than prudence, and withdrew it altogether, rather than submit to what he considered an arbitrary exercise of power. We subjoin two or three samples of the condemned speeches (printed by the author in Italics), that our readers may form their own judgment as to their value and tendency:—

"What little skill the patriot sword requires,  
Our soul may boast, in midnight vigils school'd;  
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Those deeper tactics, well contriv'd to work  
The mere machine of mercenary war,  
We shall not need, whose hearts are in the fray—  
Who for ourselves, our homes, our country fight,  
And feel in every blow we strike for freedom."

"All who dare dispute the claims of pride,  
Or question the high privilege of oppression."

"Some sland'rous tool of State—  
Some taunting, dull, unmanner'd deputy—  
Some district despot, prompt to play the Tarquin,  
And make his power the pander to his lust,"

"To brook dishonour from a knave in place,"

"No, no! whate'er the colour of his creed,  
The man of honour's orthodox."

"'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression—  
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,  
And self-defence to strike at an usurper."

"Had fear or feeling sway'd against redress  
Of public wrong, man never had been free;  
The thrones of tyrants had been fix'd as fate,  
And slavery seal'd the universal doom."

If such passages as these, uttered in a play by Poles striking for emancipation from the most brutish tyranny that ever enthralled a nation, are to be considered inflammatory, revolutionary, or dangerous, when spoken to a public audience in England—alas for the government and people of our fair country! The thin-skinned licenser imagined a train of gunpowder where none existed. As Lord Grizzle says of Tom Thumb, "he made the giants first, and then he killed them," and lays himself fairly open to the retort, "*qui capit, ille facit*." Had the office existed in the days of good Queen Anne of glorious memory, and Colman been the incumbent, *Cato* would surely have been interdicted, and Booth would never have received the often-commemorated purse of fifty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, "for so ably defending the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator."

Shee's preface, which accompanies *Alasco*, extends to fifty-six pages, and is unnecessarily amplified. He defends himself boldly and eloquently, and retorts with sharp words, but at too great length, on the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy. Neither was there any occasion to step out of his way, and to assert broadly and unjustly that Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa* was made the vehicle of a pointed satire on kings and priests in general; and that Thompson's *Edward and Eleonora* was equal-



ly intended as an instrument of factious hostility against the court and the ministry of the day. He here assumes the office of a judge with no better foundation than idle gossip. The two plays he has named furnished the two most glaring instances of the arbitrary exercise of the Licensing Act which had preceded his own case; but neither of them, according to any reasonable deductions, had in view the object imputed. Even the loyal and conscientious Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," when alluding to the official treatment of these two productions, observes that it is difficult to discover on what grounds they were suppressed. Johnson, it will be remembered, had an intense horror of republicanism, and the spread of democratic principles.

FREDERIC EDWARD JONES, well known and remembered in Dublin as

having been for many years patentee of the Crow-street theatre, is entitled to a passing mention in this record, as author of *The Duke of Burgundy*, a tragi-comic play; and *Tom Jones*, a comedy, adapted from Fielding's celebrated novel—the one produced during the last year of his own management, in 1819; the other at Hawkins'-street, in 1826, under Mr. W. Abbott. Neither lived beyond three nights, and have never been revived. The first was acted because the author, then an absolute monarch, willed it; the second, because he wanted a benefit, and his successor felt happy to oblige him. The first was the most ambitious, as being original, but it was at the same time obscure; while the story of the second, as more familiar, enjoyed the advantage of being generally intelligible.

J. W. C.

#### LOVE IN CURL-PAPERS; A TALE.—PART I.

THERE is an old fable—we would advise none to look it up in Æsop, Pilpay, or Lafontaine—of a worthy autocrat of olden time, who being blessed with an inquiring turn of mind, called together the five hundred sages who adorned his realm, and put to them the following poser—

"If man be nought but a superior animal, tell me, most learned philosophers, in what particular he differs entirely from all the others?"

Five hundred right hands proceeded to stroke five hundred long and hoary beards, and five hundred fore-fingers were applied to the thoughtful wrinkles of five hundred furrowed brows, and for a moment all were deep in thought, while the monarch, delighted at his rivalry of the Sphinx, rubbed his hands in a fever of complacency. At length a hoary septuagenarian made bold to answer—

"Oh! mighty Brother of the Sun, and Father of all the Planets! man speaks."

"So does my pet parrot," replied the monarch, "and so do several asses, Balaam's and yourself among the number. Try again."

Then a pottering old buffer, with a head as white as snow, spoke up—

"Oh! sire, man builds houses and maketh him divers things."

"Beavers build houses and birds make nests," answered the sovereign, rubbing his hands ferociously.

Thereupon an aged philosopher made bold to speak—

"Sire, man hath reason."

"And how knowest thou, sirrah!" cried the king, savagely, "that my pet lap-dog, who whines when I weep, and wags his tail when I laugh, has not as much and more reason than a dotard like thee?"

And he stamped his foot, and swore upon the big diamond in his royal crown, that all should lose their useless heads if they could not devise an answer.

Thereat the five hundred beards trembled with mortal anxiety, and the five hundred brows were knit in profoundest thought. And the monarch stamped his foot, "one!" and a shudder shook the infirm forms of all the assembly. Another stamp, "two!" and they all, with one accord, fell on their knees before his irate majesty.

"Spare us!" cried one, as the foot was descending for the third and fatal time. "Spare us, oh, most intimate friend of the divine moon, and first-

cousin to all the gods, and I will answer your majesty. All animals but man are food for some stronger animal. The king of the forest, when slain by the hunter, becomes a dinner for vultures and jackals; the blood of the unoffending fly is sucked by the spider, and the noble horse is mangled by wolves. But man—who eateth him?"

"No!" roared the monarch in a voice of thunder; "I feed on the people, and ye, vile sons of dogs, have till now been feeding on me. Moreover, all men are food for worms, to say nothing of ghouls, djians, and vampires. But, by the nose of the Prophet, I will tell you where the difference lies. It is this—that when a man is enraged by a parcel of idiots, who call themselves wise men, he has their heads chopped off with a hatchet, and I'll now prove the case to you practically."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that ere ten minutes had elapsed five hundred aged heads, with five hundred hook noses, and five hundred sweeping white beards, were neatly ranged before the throne of the appeased monarch.

It was these words of this blood-thirsty old "Rooshian" (for Turk, which in my younger days was the comprehensive representative of every species of villany, has now become a term of the fondest endearment), which were running loose in my head, as I lay one spring morning in my bed, at a hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. I was thinking how true it is that we all feed on one another. I was gloomily meditating on helpless orphans and miteless widows, whose substances had been sucked up by rascals under the wing of the law—jackals and vultures incarnate in the persons of attorneys and solicitors; of spendthrift lords squandering at Hamburg or Baden the sovereigns they had wrung from starving tenants in Kent and Yorkshire; and—being an author myself—of the villas, and carriages, and dinners revelled in by grinding Sossis, and gained by the labour of other men's brains. It was but a poor consolation that we shall all, publishers and authors, lords and labourers, widows and lawyers, be one day food for those worms, which make no distinction of persons.

It was the carnival at Paris, and I

had been leading what is erroneously 'yclept, a life of gaiety. Never was anything more oppressively lugubrious than the sight of the worldliness of the world during that season in the good city, which they call *le paradis des femmes, le purgatoire des maris et l'enfer des vieilles filles*. My misanthropy had been brought to a climax the night before, by the banquet of a commercial Lucullus, and a *soirée* of small talk and scandal at Lady Harriet Backbiter's. In short, I felt as morbid as Rousseau at the Hermitage, or Byron on the Lisbon packet, and as disgusted with life, and suicidal in feelings, as *le grand Vatel*, when the dinner-bell rang before the turbot had arrived.

I looked out upon the blue sky. "There, at least," I muttered, "is beauty without paint;" and I thought of the Comtesse de B——, in the hands of her maid and *coiffeur*. I saw the green tops of the trees in the Tuileries gardens—"They, at least, require no padding;" and again my thoughts turned to the old Duke of S——, and his confidential tailor. I could bear it no longer, I would get up and throw myself into the arms of Nature.

I rang in vain for my hot water. What! a respectable waiter up before eight—impossible! I sacrificed my chin to my misanthropy, dressed and strolled out.

Paris has been described as often as it has been denounced; but, thanks to excursion-trains and offensive alliances, every one begins to know it too well for scribbling travellers any longer to pay their expenses by describing its charms. We have had Paris at noon, Paris in the afternoon, Paris in the evening, and Paris at night, till we know him as well as white-armed Helen could have known his namesake. But we have never heard of Paris in the morning, undressed, unshaven, uncured, and uncomfortable, for the simple reason that no one has ever been up early enough to see him in that condition. When I speak of morning I mean, of course, the natural morning, which begins with sunrise, for, in point of fact, Paris and London rejoice in many mornings. The morning of those people who lounge in clubs and drive in the Bois-de-Boulogne, begins at mid-day, and, we presume, lasts till

six, since a "morning call" is still made at that hour. The morning of the markets begins at midnight, when, as we don our stiff white neckcloth for some grand festivity, we may hear the heavy rumble of those country carts which supply the city tables with every luxury of the garden and hothouse, from camelias to cabbages. Then, again, in the Quartier St. Antoine morning begins at five; in the Quartier St. Honoré, at ten o'clock; and thus the otherwise short-lived Aurora is civilised into two-thirds of the city's day. The elderly gentleman who views his own portrait, taken when yet in long-clothes, and smiles at its *naïve* simplicity, where now is the dignified expression of a *pater familias*, or the flaxen and silky locks on a crown that has now yielded to the hyacinthan charms of an "invisible head of hair," could not be more astonished at the metamorphosis, than the idler of the Champs Elysees at the appearance of Paris before its morning toilette. The sturdy *gens d'armes*, and the hard-handed workman, whistling as he goes, are the only treaders of a *trottoir* which we are accustomed to see covered by rustling silks or sleek patent-leathers. The early cart has not yet removed those miscellaneous heaps of refuse which form the world of some groping *chiffonnier*, whose constant dream is the discovery of some lost diamond, or mislaid bank-note, amid the rubbish. The smoke of a million hearths has not yet leadened the pure blue of heaven, nor filled the air with that heavy and healthless odour which forever stamps the climate of a city. The gay shops are still closed, and all but the poor and the hardworking are still slumbering away the best hours of the day. There is a melancholy beauty about this unenjoyed freshness, this unheeded sunshine of the day's childhood, which is an excellent cure for dyspeptic morbidness, as I found it; and morning in a city where man's works are, and man himself is not, visible, if less beautiful, is scarcely less interesting, than day dawning on the Righi or the Pyramids. For my part, I felt like a demon set down in the middle of Paradise; I blushed at my own unworthiness of such pure enjoyment as a fresh, unladen breeze, and the sun's smiles through an unpolluted atmosphere. I, so *blazé*, that cham-

pagne was but water to me, and imperial tokay mere small-beer—I, whom the wiles and smiles of all the *coryphées* at the grand opera could not have aroused from insensibility—I, in short, for whom nothing on earth had any longer a charm, save, perhaps, Blind Hookey for "ponies," or a scandalous libel on one's best friend—my spirits rose from "dull and murky" to "fair weather" at once, and I walked on with a bounding step, drinking in the novel pleasure of animal exhilaration.

Mine was not the only step that pressed lightly on the flags. Before me trod a figure which at any other moment would have passed unnoticed. All I saw was the graceful form of a young woman, covered with an old shawl of that speckled pattern which answers in France to our coarse whittle. The bonnet was of black straw, with a single neat but not over-fresh ribbon passed across it, and the whole costume was that of some respectable workwoman. However, whether it were my own unusual good temper, or a certain elegance beneath the humble garb, I felt an anxiety to see the features concealed from me, and followed the shawl and bonnet, as in my younger days I had curiously pursued a cashmere and flounces, often to be disappointed by the face of a negress or the wrinkles of fifty autumns. I soon perceived that the *incognita* was not unaccompanied. A little boy of four years old, with a head of flaxen curls, and a face beaming with the innocence of childhood, ran on before her, and, as she turned down another street, I could hear a voice of ringing music calling to the little truant—"Komm her, Kärlchen!"

She was, then, a German; one, perhaps, of those many industrious Teutons who undergo a voluntary exile from their "Vaterland," attracted by the higher wages of a Paris manufactory. This was a disappointment; for two seasons passed at Berlin and Dresden, and three summers wasted at Hamburg and Baden, had inspired me with a sincere aversion to the heavy and coarse character of those sour-kraut philosophers. Still, the "blue-eyed daughters of the Rhine" found favour in Byron's eyes, and I followed her in silence.

She turned into the Marché St.

Honoré, a collection of dirty sheds, where fish, flesh, and fowl are weighed out in unpolished scales, and bargained for over greasy stalls. Having stopped before one of them, she commenced a lively conversation in good French with a stout market-woman, whose busy face seemed to brighten up as she saw her, as if they were old friends. I delayed at a neighbouring stall, and feigned a deep interest in capons and sucking-pigs, while its loquacious owner ran on in praise of her various commodities.

"Milord must surely admire that duck. There's not a finer in the market; and ducks are scarce just now. Ah! it's those turnips that monsieur thinks of buying;" and she held up the bunch to my unheeding gaze.

I turned a sidelong glance to the next stall, and, horror of horrors! the black straw bonnet concealed nothing but a huge bunch of curl-papers. Curl-papers! and that too of newspaper! Oh! abomination of abominations! Was there ever such a disappointment? Still my interest was not to be wasted. I had seen nothing but the curl-papers, but there might be beauty beyond, and the literary *papillotes* might contain raven locks, which at another hour would be radiant with some substitute for Macassar.

A large bunch of carrots lay a little on one side. Over these I bent with the air of a connoisseur, and waited till the curl-papers turned. They did so at last. Oh! Venus de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, Mary Queen of Scots, and Eugénie, Empress of our noble Allies! ye sovereigns of beauty, hide your diminished heads. The lady of the curl-papers outdoes you all. It was not the features—for they were neither fine nor of Grecian regularity; it was not any one portion of that face which lent it such a sweet beauty. It was the fairness, the freshness, the softness of the whole. The complexion was bright and clear as a summer sun-dawn; the hair (as much as the curl-papers hid not) was of that golden tint which we give to angels; the eyes, mocking heaven in their blueness, had that happy glow which makes us smile in adoration; and the mouth, red and pouting as it was, had yet such character, such glad sweetness, that none could look on it without loving. No wonder the little urchin laughed with very joy when he looked up in that

lovely face. Yet she could not be the mother of that child. She was a mere girl, with all the simple innocence of nineteen upon her face. Oh! she could not, she *must* not be married. Why did I ever believe in the rouged beauty of the Marquise de Bonpoudre, or the jewelled charms of Lady Florence Faithless? Why was I born the heir to four thousand a-year, unencumbered with mortgages, when such simple loveliness is to be found in the workshop? Why did I not wear a blouse and a pair of wooden *sabots*, to be able to woo and win that beauty in a speckled shawl, a black straw bonnet, and—curl-papers?

So I soliloquised as she went from stall to stall, and filled her basket with her day's provisions. At one time the dreadful thought came across me that she might be a *cook*. But, then, if the kitchen contained such graceful beauty, even beef-steaks and suet-dumplings would become ambrosia beneath her fingers. But she *could* not be a cook. High as I hold the culinary art, much as betimes I had worshipped Vatel and Soyer, I could not deem that there was such happiness for rounds of beef and legs of mutton.

The question was at length settled in my mind, when she stopped at last before a flower-stall, and chose and carried off the most tasteful of the *bouquets* there. No cook would buy flowers, at least so I convinced myself—and no cook could have the taste to choose that identical nosegay. Interest was growing deeper as doubts increased. Cook, house-maid, scullery-maid even, whatever she might be, I would follow and—find it out.

She left the market, and I trudged after, at a careful distance, across the Tuileries Gardens. I was too old a hand at this game to run any risk of discovery, had I feared it. I ought to have been born in the land of Don Quixote, where it is deemed but a polite compliment for the stranger, who passes some pair of flashing eyes, or some swaying mantilla, to utter his admiration aloud, as—"Hija del sol!" or "Como grazosa!" I am always in love in the streets with unknown beauties, but too often the long-sought acquaintance breaks the spell after the first few words. I was now, however, so convinced of the genuine modesty of the object of my pursuit, that I would not allow the least chance of

her being offended by my conduct, and I hung back so far in the rear that she left the gardens, arrived on the quay, and turned out of sight, while I was still too far off to overtake her. I therefore ran gently up to the gate by which she had passed out, and reached the quay. What disappointment was mine to find that she had disappeared! Everywhere my eyes sought her in vain. There are no houses here—nothing but the huge pile where kings and emperors have stored luxury for a reckless mob to hurl from the windows. She might have turned through one of the arches of the Tuileries, but that would be returning in the direction she had just come. I determined to leave no stone unturned. I rushed up to the first arch, which is a public thoroughfare, and would have turned under it, had she not met me there face to face.

A well-dressed young Frenchman was by her side.

"If mademoiselle would only believe how beautiful she is," he was saying, with an air of impudent admiration.

"Monsieur, I do not know you. You annoy me by your intrusion. I must request you to leave me," she replied, in a tone of piteous embarrassment.

"But surely mademoiselle will allow me to bear her burden for her; she is quite unfit for such a load," and he laid his hand on her basket.

None but a Frenchman would have possessed the *aplomb* and impudence to sustain the look of haughty indignation with which she drew back at this insult; but he was not in the least abashed. No Parisian believes in the possible virtue of the sex, and he was not likely to change his faith at such a juncture. He was just about to repeat the insult when I stepped forward and thrust him back.

"Sir," I said, in my best French, "your proffered services displease this young lady. I cannot stand by and see her annoyed. I insist upon your retiring."

Our Gallic neighbours, with all their undoubted courage, are the very antipodes of their Irish co-originates. Discretion has at least a large share in all their valour; and where the advantage in view is not very considerable, they will prefer not to risk a brawl. He muttered something about

gratuitous interference, which it was not my cue to attend to, and having, doubtless, a great respect for the *boze Anglais*, bowed, and withdrew.

I turned to the young lady. Her beautiful face was crimson.

"You are free, mademoiselle," I said, in French; "you may rest assured that you will not be further annoyed."

"I am most sincerely obliged to you, sir," she replied in English, with just so much accent as to render Shakespeare's tongue even softer than it is; "you have done me a great service, and I wish I could show my gratitude more palpably than by mere thanks."

I was too confused by her look to answer coherently; but she spared me the trouble, by taking the hand of the child, who had all the while been standing by staring with open eyes of wonder, and left me with a bow and a smile.

By the time I had recovered from my embarrassment, she was already half-way across the Pont-Royal. She had quickened her pace. I could follow securely, and I did so. She passed into the Rue de Lille, and, walking the whole length of it, entered one of the last houses.

My plan was now to sound the porter belonging to the house, but I well knew the difficulty of the enterprise. From Cerberus to St. Peter, door-keepers have been noted for their amiable reception of strangers; but the dragon who guarded the golden apples himself could not have been less agreeable in his manners than the Paris *concierge*. It was therefore with much diffidence that I approached a thin, dark man, who sat, with an habitual scowl, behind the window of his box, fulfilling his difficult functions.

"Would you kindly tell me the name of the person who just entered?"

"It is not my business to give information about the lodgers in this house," was the reply.

"But surely, *Monsieur le Concierge*," said I, laying stress on the "title," "you would not refuse to assist my bad memory to discover a name which I have quite forgotten?"

As I spoke, I slipped a coin into his hand. It had its effect.

"If monsieur merely wishes to refresh his memory, I am sure I cannot refuse to assist him. Does monsieur

mean the lady who came in with a basket and a little boy?"

"Precisely."

"It is a Madame Sherwood, then, on the fourth story above the entresol, the left-hand door."

"Sherwood, ah! just so. She is married, is she not?" How fervently I hoped the answer might be—*No*.

"Yes, and she lives with her husband."

I collected myself.

"And he is an Englishman?"

"Yes, and a teacher of languages, I believe. He gives lessons, if monsieur wishes to take any."

"Thank you, thank you," and I rushed from the house.

I crossed the street, and looked at the windows of the fourth story. There was nothing remarkable about them; so I retraced my steps. As I went I mused. My first thought was of the incognita. That she should be married, and with a child of three or four years, seemed impossible, she was so fresh, so blooming, and had none of that assured manner which wedlock guarantees. How strange! and, I confessed to myself, how disappointing! I still hoped there might be some mistake. I, who had not felt an interest in anything for so long, could not restrain the strong emotions which this new one caused me. After seven years of society's oppression, where every sentiment, every passion even, had been made the slave of the general laws of worldliness, what a novelty would love, real love, be to me. And here was so worthy an object, one to whom my wealth would bring pleasure and ease—one who, if lovely in a black-straw bonnet and an old shawl, would be a queen of beauty in tulle and diamonds. But those I swore she should never wear; for I already chalked out a life of cottage simplicity, beyond the reach of a false world, where every heart was rouged and painted.

Then the name of Sherwood. Where had I heard that name before? I searched the cobwebbed store-rooms of memory. Ah! there it is, in that old chest of school-boy reminiscences. Yes, I had been at Rugby with a Sherwood, but it could scarcely be this one, for I remembered his father had been a large landed proprietor in Shropshire. What memories that name brought back, of

those fresh days of active life, with an unshadowed field of hope before us, where life was subject to the Aladdin's lamp of our wild imaginations, and the rainbow was above in its brightest colours.

I sat down in the Taileries Gardens, for those memories saddened me. Yes, I remembered Sherwood's handsome, honest face, that all liked so much. He was not much of a scholar. He could never remember his quantities, or his Greek verbs; but when there happened to be an English essay, he would write half-a-dozen for his friends, and his own last of all; and his own somehow was always different in every idea, and yet better than all the rest. Then, at times, he would be the leader of all our fun, devising every species of school iniquity, and leading us on with his unfailing tongue and his stronger mind. I remember often how the anomalies of his character astonished me.

My reminiscences might have run on for hours, had not an internal warning reminded me that I had been out for a long time, and not breakfasted. I broke my meditations with the shadows of the past, remembering that

"Man's mind's a mammoth, and the stomach is  
The rock on which it fossils,—"

and returned to the hotel, resolving to call that very afternoon, and discover if the Mr. Sherwood who gave lessons in Paris, was the same Sherwood whose father was one of the richest men in his county. I secretly thought it highly improbable; but the vision of that fair face in curl-papers haunted me, and I determined to risk it.

I wrote a few lines of excuse to that highly-gifted and entertaining mortal, Bob Harrington of the Blues, to whom I had promised to fill the vacant seat behind his superb greys. I have no doubt he did not feel acutely the loss of my society, for I must confess I had little taste left for horseflesh, and was quite ignorant of the general opinion of Old Dan Tucker's merits, or the expectations of the Eccleston filly. In short, if Bob's handsome face and long purse had not, at that period, made him the plaything of "the" Giovionetta, I should scarcely have accepted the invitation. As it was, when four o'clock came, I drove quietly down to the Rue de Lille. For the first time for many a day, I felt my heart beat with a lively

interest as I mounted the stairs—I had not been up so many since my arrival in Paris—and when I got to the “*quatrième audessus de l’entresol*,” I was fairly beat. I leant a moment on the balustrade, and then perceived that the door on the left-hand was ajar. While summoning courage to ring, I was stopped by peals of children’s laughter from a room within. I listened a moment, and could distinctly hear a man’s voice mingled with the higher notes of the little ones.

“That’s right ; pull away, Charlie, my boy. Look at him, Beatrix, he’ll pull off those horrid whiskers in a few minutes, at this rate.”

And then there was another roar of merriment from the little lungs of the children.

I blush to confess that I could never bear children. Intrinsically, I liked them well enough, apart from their mammas and nurses, when I could get one of the “*dear things*” on my knee, and frighten it into convulsions by horrible tales of impossible giants, or making diabolical faces at it. But all the thumbscrews of the Inquisition, all the hardships of St. Simeon Stylites, are nothing compared to “*the children*” at dessert, or “*little petsy-wetsy*,” the image of its dear papa, without tact enough not to slobber over one’s white cravat. Still it would have required the heart of a very Moloch not to have rejoiced with that merry laughter, happy as church-bells on the sea-shore, or the music of the horn at early morning. To me, who for so long had not heard the laugh that springs from real heart’s mirth, when happiness is so burning within that it must needs burst out in that music, which angels love better than sighs and tears—to me this merriment had a new charm.

I rang the bell timidly, but there was no answer—all were too busy to hear. I rang again with the same result, and finding it useless, pushed open the door, and made my way to the room whence all the noise proceeded. I knocked diffidently, but no one heard or heeded me, and I felt half-ashamed to push my hard face into a scene of such bounding happiness. I waited a moment, uncertain what to do, and could scarcely help overhearing them.

“Beatrix,” cried the man’s voice, amid the children’s busy chattering, “do look at little Beaty. She is making the most comical efforts to climb

up on my knees. Do look at her ; I declare she is the exact image of you.”

“She has your horrid black eyes, though,” replied a silvery voice, which I recognised immediately by its slight pretty accent.

“Ah !” replied the deeper tones, “they should have been blue, like the handsome stranger’s who rescued you this morning. Eh ! Beaty ?”

“Your old rule again,” said the other, merrily, “jealous of a flower.”

“Yes, I confess it, jealous of the wind, which kisses you more often than I may do, dear Beatrix. But come, confess that you were thinking of him.”

“Of course I was. Of course I was not trying to remember that verse of your favourite Victor Hugo—

“ *L’enfant  
Est le nom paternel dans un rayon doré.*”

“But seriously, tell me what he is like ?”

Now there was nothing I hated so much as a married couple who were always making love to one another ; but I dreaded too much hearing my portrait drawn by so affectionate a wife, so I slowly opened the door.

There, on the floor of a small room, simply but tastefully furnished, lay a young man, whose face I could hardly see. The boy I had seen in the morning with the incognita was pulling lustily with his little hands at his father’s long whiskers, and screaming with the excitement of that merciful operation. A beautiful little girl of two years was climbing up his knees, with a serious little face, which looked as if the fate of nations lay in the success of the attempt ; and the lady of the curl-papers, no longer with those literary appendages, nor even with flowing tresses, but with bright waves of golden hair braided low upon her neck—no longer with the old gown and the speckled shawl, but in all the grace of a simple French toilette—was sitting with her work on her knees, gazing with a smile at her husband’s face, and he at her’s. Yes, it was her husband, and to my own honour I must say that I forgot my disappointment in admiration of that pleasant picture.

An exclamation told me I was discovered, and in a second the young man had started to his feet. Little Beaty, finally foiled in her important attempt, had rolled softly on the carpet, secure in the plumpness that pro-

tected her tiny limbs. I stood, an intruder, before them.

"I was right," I exclaimed ; "it is, yes, it is Charles Sherwood. What! you don't remember me, your old Rugby friend, Edward A ——?" The next moment we were locked in one another's arms.

"My dear fellow, how jovial it is to see you again. But how in the world did you unearth me?"

"You'll not be jealous if I tell you?"

He opened his dark eyes to the widest. I turned to his wife. Her fair girl's cheek was crimson as a ripe peach.

"I felt certain, monsieur," said that voice which thrilled through me, "that you were really a friend, when you acted in so friendly a manner this morning."

And again the blush ran from cheek to brow, and Sherwood's eye beamed with pleasure as he saw it.

"And you, A ——; you are the handsome stranger that saved Beatrix from the insults of a low Frenchman this morning, who must have been depraved, indeed, to have expected anything but an indignant repulse from *her*, whose very face beams with modesty, like ——?"

She placed her hand over his lips, and then put her arm in his, as he looked at her with the admiration of a lover rather than that of a husband.

"You are right," I replied ; "and as a proof of it, I may confess that I was so struck myself with her loveliness that nothing but that very expression you speak of kept me back from ——"

Poor Beatrix was quite overcome with all these remarks, and implored me to change the conversation.

"Will you believe," she said, in extenuation of herself, "that I have been to market at that hour every day for the last six months, for, otherwise, I think we could scarcely afford to live in Paris, and have never once met with annoyance of any kind. I confess I am vain enough to put my hair in curl-papers and to wear a very old shawl ; but I assure you I think I might dispense with them, if Charles did not force me to do so."

"And, indeed, he is quite right, madame, and would be merely doing his duty if he obliged you to wear a regular mask," I replied ; and I felt it sincerely, as I looked at her radiant

face, in all the blushing beauty of a girl of nineteen, though, of course, she was older.

We ran on for some time on every possible subject, old school-fellows have so much to tell each other. With what joy we went back to every memory of those jovial days when life had such intrinsic pleasure, and the bosom of the boy swelled with high hopes and eagle fancies for the future of the man. Happy were it for many of us if the world had never lopped those young shoots of burning ambition, to replace them by narrow principles and sordid interests. With what glad pleasure we recalled each one of our school friends, and learnt from one or the other what had become of many of them. I found that I was here the chief informant. Sherwood had lived long abroad and lost sight of all his old chums. One wild fellow was now a quiet parson in a small village in Yorkshire. That man Jones, whom we all thought so steady, was now the fastest fellow on the turf. One had joined a regiment which had gone to India ; another had had a dreadful row and was off to the diggings ; while another, poor fellow, was dead of consumption in the Isle of Wight.

"And yourself?" Sherwood asked, when we had gone through the list.

"Am what you see me, though, I fear, scarcely what you knew me," I replied. "You remember that I was an orphan. My majority brought me four thousand a-year and the old place, where I have been but once since I came of age. I have been living all over the world, and seen it all, till I am sick of it. I have not an interest on earth, and I believe, if I could read hearts, scarce a true friend in it but yourself, old fellow."

Sherwood mused.

"I know your complaint," he said, "I once suffered from it myself. Can you guess where I found my cure?"

"Where?"

"Here," he replied, drawing his wife closer to him. "I would have given the world, and all in it, at one time, for six feet of cold earth ; but I believe now, if I received a formal invitation to Paradise, I would not go if Beatrix and the little ones were not asked also."

Again her fair cheek went among the roses of Lancaster.



"I have thought of marriage," I answered, "but in vain. I have seen so much of those insipid damsels who flaunt in white tarlatan, and flirt in pretty nothings behind French fans, that I assure you, madame, 'till to-day I had lost all faith in the worth of womankind. I believed that those of whom one reads in novels—women of character—meet companions for a man who is not wholly a fool, and beings that one can admire as well as love, were all fictions of authors' brains. I have at least discovered one exception, but I know not if I shall ever find a second."

"I think you will," she replied, "and many more, if you seek them where you should. The world spoils us all ; and you must confess that our weaker characters assimilate more easily with it. But dinner," she added, "is on the table—will you try the effect of a change of diet ? You will find ours simple enough, and, if you can dine at so early an hour, you will at least run no risk of that demon that haunts the *blazé*—the gout."

And I did dine with them, on roast mutton and potatoes, and, will you believe it, I never enjoyed a dinner better. A little Norman "*bonne*" waited on us, and proved a pleasant variety after bustling waiters or pompous Mercuries. Mrs. Sherwood's fair hands had helped to cook the roast, and Sherwood's merry hospitality was a sauce that made venison of the "*jigot*."

We did not stay to sip our wine in the dining-room. The children were kissed and kissed again, and sent to bed. Beatrix slipped from the room, and returned, bearing in triumph a

well-crusted bottle, followed by the little maid with glasses and dessert.

"This is a jovial moment, A ———," said Sherwood ; "an old school-fellow is dear as a prodigal son returning, and we must kill the fatted calf to celebrate the occasion. You have had but a meagre dinner, but you shall now be regaled by a bottle of a rare wine, of which you have never perhaps heard. My cellar is not large, for I live like an Arab, mostly on water ; but I have three dozen of this nectar, a bottle of which I produce on every choice occasion. It is grown and made on a little strip of land where, eight years ago, I first saw Beatrix ; and whether that association deludes me or not, I know not, but certes, I believe there is no bottle that could hold a candle to this."

We drew round the fire, the bottle was uncorked, the wine proved excellent, with or without its associations, and as the generous juice warmed our hearts the past flew back to us all.

"In vino veritas," I cried, after some talk ; "this vintage is so good that I would fain know where it lies ?"

"In the happiest corner of the earth to me," said Charles.

"The happiest, but yet once the saddest," said Beatrix.

My curiosity was excited, and I did not rest till I had drawn Sherwood out to tell me the story of his courtship.

"On one condition," he answered, "that you, Beatrix, leave us."

"Let me stay," she said, clinging to him, and looking imploringly into his face. "I, too, have never heard it. I long to hear it, Charles."

"You must promise, then, never to check me, dearest."

"I will."

#### SHERWOOD'S STORY.

I REMEMBER it was about this time on a long summer evening, that I was floating down the Lahn in a little boat. You know the Rhine. You remember that the Lahn runs past Ems into its blue waters a few miles above Coblenz. At the other end of the boat was sitting my bosom friend Dornheim, who, like myself, was a student at Bonn, and with whom I was now wandering away the vacation. There I see him gazing at the blue skies and the vine-covered hills, as we glided past them with the stream ; I see his

honest face, and his long locks of fair hair hanging over his shoulders, crowned with a little purple cap—for he was one of the Pfälzers—as he hummed a joyous student's air.

It was that still hour when the day still lingers on, loth to take leave of earth, and all seems hushed around its death-bed. We were both in a musing humour. I was lying at the bottom of the punt, watching a few stray clouds which, as they sailed down to the west, made the blue sky more deeply blue. They were first black, then, as they

neared the sun, they grew purple, and lastly golden.

"They are like the accidents of our life," I exclaimed to Konrad, who had caught the direction of my eyes from the end of the boat. "How often a broken leg is the introduction to a charming acquaintance, which, perhaps, ends in a happy marriage."

"Nature," said Konrad, dreamily, blowing a long cloud from his meerschau pipe, "is the very mother of types. In all there would seem to be one law, under a thousand varieties, and man's life, perfect as it is in its development and completion, is but the highest form of each thing's duration. Look at this river, beginning in a little spring, and ending in this whirling, rushing, noisy mass of waters, till it joins its existence to that of the stronger Rhine. Look at its rapids and whirlpools, with the long intervals of calm, and its little shallow waters finally lost in the great eternal ocean. Is that no type of many a life? And, oh! what a huge mind is that Creator's who can design these laws, which we, with all our philosophy, can scarcely detect!"

And he blew another cloud, and we both fell to musing again.

"Talking of rapids," said he, suddenly, "we must not forget there is a brave one a little lower down, which we shall have to shoot."

I scarcely heard him. I was absorbed in contemplating the beauty of the scene before me. The dark banks of the river rose at last to a final hill, ere they gave way to the plain and the Rhine beyond. On this hill stood the strong old castle of Lahneck, whose black walls were now purple beneath the evening sun. It was a huge feudal fortress, where once the mailed knight caroused on the produce of those stunted vines that clambered and hung on rocky shelves beneath it (the very wine we are sipping, old fellow), and where now come none but the owl and the artist. There were great streaks that the lichen had yellowed, and great patches that the rain had washed white on its thick dark walls, where the moss and the anemone grew plentifully, and through which a dwarf fir or ash thrust its careless roots. As I gazed on the beauty of the whole scene, with the Rhine hills beyond, and the contrast of the modernised Stolzenfels half-way up their sides, I could not

but feel my heart warm with enthusiasm.

Suddenly there appeared on the top of one of its turrets a white robe, and I called to Dornheim to look at the adventurous maiden who clambered intrepidly so high. Even at that distance we could see her fair face, and her bright hair floating away on the breeze, and we puzzled ourselves to account for her presence there. As the boat glided on, we turned and strained our eyes after her.

"She is the nymph of the castle," said Konrad; "some local Lorlei who still haunts its legendary walls."

"She is looking at us," I cried, "and I can swear she is ——"

Before I could add the epithet, I was hurled from my seat with a sudden jerk, and pitched head-foremost into the river. My eyes closed instinctively, the water rushed down my throat and into my ears, and I was rolled over and over like a porpoise. My first idea was to bid adieu to life, and give way to what seemed an irresistible current; my next to strike out, and, as I rose to the surface, to keep myself there with all my might. In a few minutes I was swimming gallantly to shore, which luckily was close at hand, for I was fearfully encumbered with my clothes, and the current was desperate. I soon perceived that we had shot the rapid a little too easily, and, as I had been standing in the stern of the boat, I was naturally jerked out, while Dornheim, who was sitting in the prow, kept his seat, and was now, after recovering from the surprise of the shock, pulling with all his strength towards me. I reached the bank quite exhausted by the force of the stream, and I shall never forget with what agony I held on by a few weeds, quite unable to climb up, and felt their roots give way beneath my hands, till Konrad came up and relieved me.

The upshot of it all was, that we resolved to give up all idea of returning to Coblenz that evening, to turn into the little inn of the village of Niederlahnstein, which was close by on the banks of the Rhine, to pass a jovial evening with the few thalers chance left in our pockets, and to visit the old castle the next morning, and discover, if possible, its interesting nymph.

"Who knows," said Konrad, "but

this accident may be like one of your clouds?"

The evening was beautifully warm, and thus, when I arrived at the humble inn, with the loyal sign, "*Zur Krone*," I found no difficulty in supping with the slight covering of a blanket, while my dripping garments were being dried at the large kitchen fire of our worthy host. He was a quiet, unassuming Nassauer, whose bright days had closed with the introduction of steam on the Rhine; adversity had come upon him, and actual poverty had followed in her wake. His was a quiet and a broken spirit, and he was so unlike the rubicund hosts whom we students were accustomed to see, that my heart warmed towards him. Still, when our meal was over, I proposed to Dornheim that we should have a bowl in our bedroom, and I should fly to the more decent and certainly more comfortable refuge of "my couch."

Konrad shook his head. "Wait a moment," said he; and, thrusting his arm under that of mine host, he drew him apart, and commenced a solemn conference in an undertone, while important communications and signs of surprise and pleasure evidently passed between them.

"You must not go to bed, Karl," he said, when the interview was over; "I have a treat in store for you when your clothes are dry. You won't blame me now for neglecting the rapid; your accident will turn out like one of your clouds." And he rubbed his hands with the anticipated enjoyment.

"And end in a happy marriage?" I asked.

"*Cela dépend*. That depends on yourself, my dear fellow."

"And who's the nymph?" said I, beginning to be interested; "some *Liebes mädchen*, known to you and mine host? or, perhaps the owner of the white dress we saw fluttering flag-like on the turrets of Lahneck."

"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed Konrad in reply, "that's a good idea. I dare say it will turn out as you say. It never struck me before."

I was quite mystified—a thing to which I was accustomed in Dornheim's dreamy society—and I asked for explanations.

"This is Niederlahnstein," he began, in reply.

"Well—but what of that?"

"Have you never heard of Von Ritter?" he asked.

"Of course you don't mean the man who wrote that extraordinary book?"

"The man who wrote '*Eutopia*,'" said Konrad, drawing himself up with mock gravity, "the first philosopher of Germany, sir."

"But what of him?"

"He is here."

"Well, but I can't marry him," said I, more and more puzzled.

"You would, if you could," said Dornheim, enthusiastically. "You shall know him and love him, as I loved him once, and still do."

"That's all serene," I replied.

"Provided he takes no snuff and smokes only five-and-twenty pipes a-day, and changes his shirt at least once in three weeks, I am prepared to regard him with any amount of philosophic affection, for he will be an exception to the general rule of your professors, my good friend; but I can't see how this is to end in a happy marriage."

Konrad laid his hand on mine, and looked as if about to read me a severe sermon.

"You don't know," he said slowly, "that Professor Von Ritter was once the greatest dandy in Munich—a capital famous for its cooks, its coats, and —. You don't know that the Electress of Bavaria —"

"What did she do to him?" I asked, finding that he hesitated. "Did she admire the pattern of his waistcoats, or have a cast taken of his leg?"

"She did," he replied, dreamily. Then brightening up, he added—"We were great friends at Munich, as far as a boy of eighteen could be the friend of a man of eight-and-forty; and I think his acquaintance would be a real source of pleasure to you. I, at least, must see him to-night. It is two years since I saw him, and I did not know he was here till I heard mine host mention his name. You may as well come with me."

"If the alternative be to sip my *liebfrauenmilch* alone, or, at best, in the company of our sombre host and his sombre reminiscences, I had better go with you. So here goes."

And I began to don the now dry garments, which had been steaming for a couple of hours under the nose of the melancholy innkeeper, as if un-

feelingly to annoy him with the remembrance of that steam which had ruined him.

"I am not much in trim for paying visits," said I, as I arranged my cravat before one of those old-fashioned oval glasses which give such an undue proportion to the prominent feature of the face, as to make a man endowed with anything but the very flattest 'pug' feel horrified at his likeness to the *vignettes* of the Charivari; "but, then, an old philosopher is sure not to be particular even if he be not as blind as Homer."

Konrad smiled mysteriously, in a manner which I could not comprehend, as it seemed to say, "You don't know whom you're going to see;" and we at length sallied forth.

Niederlahnstein is one of those quaint old villages along the Rhine which belong entirely to the middle ages—one of those little communities which sprang up beneath the protecting shade of some feudal castle, and flourished on the trade of that great watery thoroughfare. Its picturesque old houses are built of a dark stone, interspersed with carved rafters of a yet darker wood, and roofed, to all appearance, with a complete thatch of moss and wallflower. It has but a single street, running parallel to the river; but, though simple, it is very picturesque. There is a pleasantness about its very simplicity which is materially enhanced by the honest faces of its rustic denizens peering beneath the low-arched doorways.

We followed the directions given by our host, and turned a little from the street to a small garden, enclosed by a low wall. An old-fashioned house of two stories, completely hidden by the creeping roses that clung in bunches to its walls, stood back, and we now saw a light in one of the windows. The shadow of a coming event was upon me, and I felt a sensation of pleasure which I could not understand as I watched for a moment the yellow light from the window falling on the white roses without. We passed through the little garden, found the house-door open, and, without any announcement of our presence, proceeded quietly to mount a dark, low stone staircase. Dornheim went first, and I soon caught sight of the light streaming through an open door, and managed by means of it to follow him along a narrow passage. Though our steps

made some noise, we were evidently unheard, for we caught the sound of an old man's voice reading the beautiful saying of Him whose words shall never pass away—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father in heaven is perfect." The next moment we stood at the door unperceived. The room was poorly furnished, and surrounded with bookshelves, while the floor, the table, and even the chairs, were covered with huge dusty volumes. On the table was a large lamp, and almost behind it, on an old chair with a high, pointed, and carved back, sat a man, whose handsome face might have been modelled for a bust of Antinous. The high brow asserted command, the large temples were broad with thought, the chiselled nostrils spoke of taste, and the large, soft, brown eyes were fraught with feeling, warmth, enthusiasm, and heart. There was but one defect, and that was a grave one—the mouth, though the lips were beautifully bowed, was spoiled by a projecting chin. This, while it destroyed the beauty, added greatly to the character of the face, and threw light on that of its owner. In that one defect lay all of grossness, all of earthliness and sensuality, all, too, of weakness, that deformed the spiritual perfection of his face and his nature. Without it, he might have been a god, with it he was a man, and even a little lower than a man. As to the rest, sorrow had left its footprints on his cheeks, and laid its silver on his head. There was a slight, a very slight, sinking of the lower lids of his eyes, which gave him the appearance of a man consumed by his sorrows, and yet there was a serenity about his mouth which destroyed that impression. He certainly looked nearer sixty than fifty.

His face had struck me so much, that I had time to study it before I perceived that there was another near it—more pleasing, if scarcely as interesting. Behind the chair, leaning her face on her hand, and reading over her father's shoulder, stood a girl of fifteen or sixteen, though tall, and somehow with an expression too advanced for her years. The face struck me as pretty, but, as I then saw it, certainly not as beautiful. The abundant masses of almost golden hair, so fine and silky by nature that it seemed as if the brush of civilisation had scarcely touched it,

struck me chiefly ; beneath these was a fresh face of rather irregular features, with a very lovely complexion and large blue eyes. The mouth had borrowed in the slightest degree possible the turning of her father's. The lips were thick and pouting, and, though the chin was quite *en règle*, the under lip projected just enough to give a strange expression to an otherwise pleasing face.

It took me scarce three minutes to examine these two faces, though it has taken long to describe them ; and before the investigation was completed Konrad had knocked at the open door, and the two heads raised their eyes in astonishment. I could perceive that the colour left the cheek of the man, and, on the other hand, came into that of the maiden, whose careless youth was not yet the slave of nervous fears.

The next minute, the recognition had taken place, and, with ejaculations of astonishment, the old man had embraced Konrad, *more Germanico*.

"My best friend," said Konrad, placing my hand in that of Von Ritter.

"He would be mine," said the other, "even if he were your worst. Yet how," he continued, still holding my hands, "how much is that sacred name abused. How much is expected of a friend, and how little is accomplished. If you are an honest man, and take unto you some apparently devoted Pylades, who is all eager to serve you to the last drop of his blood, how soon you find the tables are turned. It is first a little affair of a duel, where the friend whose humanity you respected, aims at his adversary's heart and kills him. You are merely obliged to seek an honourable exile, and your 'friend' scarcely thanks you. Then it is to put your name to a little bill, 'quite secure,' he tells you, and when the day comes, you are there and he is off, and you are ruined for your 'friend.' Or it is security for appearance, and your good-hearted 'friend' prefers his own security to yours, and your purse is emptied for him. You may say that a well-chosen friend will generally do as much for you, as you for him ; but how many times it is the honestest man who suffers, duped by the abuse of that sacred epithet. How natural for the less scrupulous to get out of your scrapes, when you have real need of him, by a

polite but stiff note, ending with those often repeated words, 'After duly considering the matter, it would seem more advisable that our acquaintance should cease.' Yes, the word friendship, abused so often before, can there be no longer employed, and your faithful Achates discovers, at the right moment, that you have never been 'on terms of intimacy.' I have known what it is to have friends, and I assure you the experience has made me very Christian, for I can safely say I love my enemies a great deal better."

There was a tone of deep bitterness about these words which I could not then understand, but which lent a deep interest to him. He had all the manner, the tone, and even the dress, though without its freshness, of a man of the world, and, after expecting to find a great deal of beard and philosophy, I was both agreeably and disagreeably disappointed — sorry for the loss of the philosophic aspect, and rejoiced at the sight of a clean shirt. I could not understand how this man, whose face bore more traces of deep feeling than of profound thought, could have been the author of a work which had originated a new school throughout Germany, and had found readers throughout the world.

Meanwhile, it had not escaped me that a more than common greeting was going forward between Konrad and the philosopher's daughter ; and the whole matter was decided in my mind before her father had finished his sermon on the old adage of a "friend in need." It was clear that Konrad had here a deeper interest than the mere affection for an old friend ; his anxiety to come was now explained, and he had brought me, partly out of good-nature, and partly to keep the papa engaged while he flirted with the damsel. I saw it all, and was too fond of my old Pylades to thwart his plans.

When, therefore, the old man led me up, and joining our hands with the old-fashioned courtesy of the South of Germany, said, "My daughter, Beatrix, has two good reasons for liking you, even before she knows you — Firstly, because you are the friend of her —" he hesitated a moment, "her—very old companion ; and, secondly, because you are an Englishman. She admires your country and yourselves far more than Ger-

mans and Germany, which should be, if they are not, nearest to her heart."

"And so they are, papa," said the young girl, drawing herself up with a mock pride. "Do you forget that we are on the banks of the Rhine, the very name of which wakes the love of 'Vaterland' in every German breast? That which I admire in your country, Mr. Sherwood," she blushed a little as she turned to me, "is your constitution, your liberty without license, your constant reform without revolution, and that feature in your character which fits you to receive the unbounded gift of liberty—a gift which is abused in America and France, and would be so, I fear, in Germany, if there were any chance of our being offered it."

I was astonished at this burst of political enthusiasm in so young a girl; and even her father looked on as if he delighted to see how the mind which he had trained himself could use its newly-fledged wings.

"But, my child," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you forget that we can educate the German mind to receive the liberty which will one day be offered it. You forget that nearly a third of the entire population is brought up at the gymnasiums and the universities supported by each government; that it is possible for the professors of these establishments to unite in mingling as much political training as they please with their everyday lectures; that where the object to be gained is so immense, the Jesuitism in this abuse of trust is quite excusable —."

"Yes," she interrupted; "and what follows? Exile for life from the place of one's birth, and the loss of one's little all."

"Child, child!" replied her father, "this it but a small price to pay for such a prize. But," he added suddenly, "this disquisition can scarcely amuse our guests. We must treat them better. Go, child, and prepare us a bowl of Maitrank, and let it be of your best. It is just the kind of evening for it."

Shall I weary you with the long conversations that ensued around that social bowl of Rhenish nectar, which was certainly of your very best, Beatrix. How well I remember the old china basin in which it was served, and which you told me was bought

from a collection in that fine old palace of the Electors of Mayence, the dark red front of which smiles peacefully at the very edge of the Rhine. How well I remember the quaint taste of the wood-roof, which you bathed in just the right proportions in that brisk old Lahnecker. And the subjects we discussed, I could almost tell you every word each of us said, and the tone in which we said them. We went glibly from one topic to another, as those do whose minds are full of rich thought, and like a kaleidoscope, need but a shake to form a new pattern of ideas. Von Ritter spoke little, but well, as if a spell was on his mind. My interest in him was growing deep, and I watched his expression as we talked freely on many subjects. It was the smile of an old man, listening to children's prattle—of a master hearing his disciples dispute—of one who sees all things from a higher watch-tower than the rest of the world—who looks down on the earth as on a globe, a planet, a star.

"And what," he cried, suddenly, "what good chance brought you to Niederlahnstein?"

"Why," replied Konrad, "Fate seems to have set a great importance on our coming, for she took very strong measures to ensure it, and would have even sacrificed the life of Karl here, that I might have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"So you are the authors of all my misery," cried Beatrix, laughing. "How wrong of you, Monsieur Sherwood, to try and drown yourself in that way. I assure you it shocked me awfully. I was sitting on my favourite turret in the castle, reading and thinking—for the place is fitted for both—when I saw a boat floating down the stream. I thought I recognised one of the figures in it, and I stared hard at them, till I saw they were staring at me in return. I was just going down, when I saw you thrown out, and the boat dashed frightfully over the rapid, whirling round and round in a most dangerous manner. I certainly expected you would be drowned, but I had some vague idea that by rushing down and sending assistance I might be in time to save you. To say the truth, I did not reason much on the matter, for I could not stay and look on while any one was drowning; and I determined

to do what I could. I need not tell you that I arrived long after you had reached the inn, as I heard from old Babette, who had seen you pass, and who was congregated with one or two old gossips of the village, with varied accounts of the accident."

"Well," said I, with heartfelt sincerity, "the affair, as it was, was most fortunate; and I would undergo the torments of drowning a hundred times more for the same number of evenings like this. But there is another thing for which I have to thank fate to-day. For the first time in my life, I have discovered that I am really attached to it. A little while back, I hated my existence, and had sundry suicidal feelings, which made me really miserable. Yet to-day, when there was a chance of getting rid of it, I clung to it with obstinacy."

"And why do you hate life?" she asked, quietly, but for the first time evincing an interest in what I said.

"Because," I replied, "life without love, is like night without stars. Love is the only thing that makes life beautiful, or even pleasing. One must have some interest. From God to gold, from the highest to the vilest love, men's hearts range, and each has its interest. But I am so fashioned, that I can but love the Beautiful and the Good, and these exist not upon earth. There are semblances of them, and one is tricked into loving them, only to find that one has been duped, and that one ought to despise what one has had the folly to admire. I, too, have had friends. I knew one man whom I looked upon as the great prophet of the age. His genius knew no limits—his ambitions touched the stars—his goodness oozed out at every moment. And this paragon, who spoke in poetry, and who thought with the golden brain of angels—this second Baptist—what was he, after all? A practised gambler, an habitual black-leg, one whose soul, with all its aspirations, could descend to secreting the ace of diamonds or the knave of spades. What could I do, but laugh at my own dullness, and swear never to have another friend on earth?"

She mused still, when I had done speaking. At last she said—"Do you

remember those verses of your English poetess, Mrs. Butler?—

"Better trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving—  
Than doubt one word, which if believed,  
Had blessed thy life with true believing."

When that night I lay between the well-aired sheets at "The Crown," a cloud of struggling thoughts jostled through my brain.

Somehow, Beatrix was ever the foremost of these fancies. I asked myself, why she had persisted in talking to me, when I purposely engaged the Professor, in order to leave her alone with Konrad. I asked myself, how it was that Konrad took so little notice of her, except at their first greeting, and I strove to explain the affectionate relations of Konrad and Von Ritter.

At length an idea seized me.

"Konrad," I cried across the room—for it was double-bedded—"are you asleep, old boy?"

A grunt responsive assured me that he was still open to a communication.

"What do you say to returning here from Coblenz, and pitching our tents here for a short time. I have long wished to read Philosophy with some one, and Von Ritter is just the man. Then you would have the charms of Fräulein Beatrix, and the time would spin merrily away."

"You are quite on the wrong tack there," returned Konrad, rousing himself, and sitting up. "The cloud, Karl, is for you, not for me. But the idea is capital. I know Von Ritter will be delighted. This is a charming little spot to stay at. Let it be so."

And then the delight of the idea improving on acquaintance, we both jumped out of bed in our nocturnal togas, and danced a North American war-whoop, frightening mine host into fits with our jubilates. What boys we were then!

However, the next night we danced a yet more jovial hornpipe on the same floor, in the same attire. The Professor had assented with alacrity. Beatrix had clapped her white hands in delight at the idea. The steamer had brought ourselves and luggage from Coblenz, and we were finally located in the house of the lugubrious inn-keeper.

## A TRIO OF AMERICAN SAILOR-AUTHORS.

AMERICA has produced three authors, who, having acquired their knowledge of sea-life in a practical manner,\* have written either nautical novels or narratives of the highest degree of excellence. We allude to Fenimore Cooper, R. H. Dana, jun., and Herman Melville, each of whom has written at least one book, which is, in our estimation, decidedly A 1. Our task here happily is not to institute a critical comparison of the respective merits of American and English sea-novelists and writers; but we do not hesitate incidentally to admit that, to say the very least, America worthily rivals us in this department of literature. Taking Cooper, for instance, all in all, we question greatly whether any English author excels him as a sea-novelist. Our two best are Marryat and Michael Scott ("Tom Cringle"), but they are in some respects essentially inferior to Cooper; and although they both have very great distinctive merits of their own, in what shall we deliberately pronounce them superior to the great American? Turn to Dana, and where is the English author, living or dead, who has written a book descriptive of real foremast life worthy to be compared with "Two Years before the Mast?" Again, to select only a single work by Herman Melville, where shall we find an English picture of man-of-war life to rival his marvellous "White-Jacket?" Tastes and opinions of course vary, and there may be, and doubtless are, able and intelligent critics who will dissent from our verdict; but we may be permitted to say that we believe very few works of nautical fiction and narrative (by either English or American authors) exist, with which we are not familiar.

Ere proceeding to consider the peculiar and distinguishing excellencies of our three American sailor-authors, we

would observe that, as regards sea-novels, not one realises our idea of what this species of literature ought to be. A sea-novel, to which we can appeal as a standard by which to judge the general artistic merits of similar compositions, is yet, and will, we fear, long continue to be, a desideratum. In many so-called naval fictions, two-thirds or more of the scenes are described as occurring on shore, and the actors are more frequently landmen than sailors; and even in the very best works of the class we find not a few chapters occupied by scenes and characters which have no connexion whatever with the sea. A genuine sea-story should be evolved afloat from first to last; its descriptions should be confined to the ocean and its coasts—to ships and their management; its characters should exclusively be seamen (unless a fair heroine be introduced on shipboard); its episodes and all its incidental materials should smack of sea-life and adventure—the land, and all that exclusively pertains thereto, should as much as possible be *sunk* and forgotten! But, it will be asked, has a book of this kind yet been written? No, it has not. And if the most eminent naval novelists have not attempted such a performance, does not that prove that they considered the idea one that could not be practically carried out? So at least it would appear, and very successful nautical writers explicitly give their testimony against our theory. For example, Captain Chamier—whose "Ben Brace," and other nautical novels and narratives are, by the way, very little inferior to Marryat's—in his "Life of a Sailor," makes the following remark:—

"The mere evolutions of a ship, the interior arrangements, the nautical expressions, would soon pall on a landman. Even

\* All three, be it observed, have sailed *before the mast*; for although Cooper was six years a midshipman in the United States' navy, he previously made one or more voyages as an ordinary ship-boy in a merchantman. See the autobiography of "Ned Myers," written by his old messmate, Cooper himself. We speak from memory on this point, not having a copy of "Ned Myers" to refer to; and, singularly enough, we read it in the garb of a French translation when on board a foreign vessel years ago, and have never seen it in the original. A cheap English edition has been subsequently issued.



Marryat, who wrote, in my opinion, the very best naval novel ever penned, 'The King's Own,' has found it impossible to keep to nautical scenes; and the author of the 'Post Captain,' a most excellent specimen of nautical life, has wisely painted the beauty of Cassandra, and made most of the interesting scenes occur on shore."

We dissent decidedly from much which our gallant friend here maintains. The evolutions of Cooper's ships, and the "nautical expressions" which he puts in the mouths of his characters, do not pall; the "King's Own" is not the best naval novel that even Marryat himself penned; and as to the "Post Captain," we admit that two or three opening chapters of that very coarsely-written anonymous work are pretty good, but all the rest are unmitigated balderdash; and how it happened that many editions of such a miserable performance found purchasers, is a greater mystery to us than a reel in a bottle was to our venerable great-grandmother. We must not digress further; but we reiterate our firm belief that a nautical fiction strictly written on the plan we have proposed, if by a man of genius, would not merely be the *facile princeps* of its class of literature, but would delight landsmen as much as seamen, and interest all hands to a greater degree than any work written on the mongrel system of alternately describing life at sea and life on shore, which has hitherto prevailed.

According to an American authority, Fenimore Cooper became a naval novelist through the following circumstance. Some literary friends were praising Scott's "Pirate," but Cooper laughed at its pretensions to be regarded as a sea-story, and said that he would undertake to produce a work which landsmen would read and appreciate, and which seamen would admire, for its truthful descriptions of nautical manœuvres, &c. He redeemed his pledge by writing "The Pilot," the best and most popular of all his nautical fictions. The genius of Cooper, both as a sea-novelist and as an unrivalled writer of romances, descriptive of life in the woods and prairies of America, did not, like rich old wine, improve and ripen with age. After he had written less than a dozen works, there was a manifest falling off both in the conception and execution of his stories; and although he inde-

fatigably continued to labour to the last for the entertainment of that public which had once hailed the announcement of a new work by him with eager interest, his most ardent admirers cared less and less for each succeeding effort that he put forth. In justice to his memory, let us observe, that the very high standard which Cooper's own earlier achievements in nautical and other species of fiction had taught us to apply to works of their class, itself operated to his serious disadvantage as regarded the later productions of his pen; for we naturally compared the latter with the former, and the result was decidedly unfavourable. Yet we are bold to say that even the poorest of Cooper's works possesses considerable merit in itself; and had it appeared as the production of a new or of an anonymous writer, might have been better received than as the acknowledged work of an author of illustrious reputation.

Cooper's nautical fictions may be divided into three classes as regards their merit. In the first class we should place the "Pilot" and the "Red Rover;" in the second, the "Two Admirals," the "Waterwitch," and "Jack-o' Lantern;" in the third, "Homeward Bound," "Captain Spike," "Sea Lions," &c. Our task is not to criticise these works in detail, but to consider what are the distinguishing merits of the author, as manifested in a greater or less degree, in his various sea fictions.

The first striking quality of Cooper, is the admirable clearness and accuracy of his descriptions of the manœuvres, &c., of ships. Even a landsman who is ignorant, practically, of such things, must appreciate this, and be enabled to comprehend, at least in a general manner, the object and results of the efforts of seamanship so vividly delineated. We never noted any technical or professional error on Cooper's part, and whatever he himself might be practically, he certainly was a good seaman theoretically.

Secondly—Cooper possessed an absolutely unparalleled faculty of imparting to his ships a species of living interest. He, indeed, makes a vessel "walk the waters like a thing of life;" and the reader gradually feels an absorbing interest in her motions and her fate as an individual craft. We refer to the Ariel in the "Pilot," or to the

rover's ship and the Royal Caroline (in the "Red Rover") as wonderful instances of this peculiar talent.

Thirdly — He is unsurpassed in the power he possesses to invest the ocean itself with attributes of awe-striking sublimity and mystery. His mind, in a word, was intensely poetical, and in his earlier works especially, he revels in fine poetical imagery in connexion with the sea and ships. This is one reason why (as we happen to know) his works are not so popular with practical seamen as Captain Marryat's, for seamen themselves are generally very prosaic, matter-of-fact mortals, and do not regard their profession, nor the ocean, nor ships, in a poetical light. To illustrate some of our preceding observations, we shall here quote a small portion of the magnificently-written description of the chase of the Royal Caroline by the Dolphin, in the "Red Rover." The time is just previous to daybreak :—

"The lucid and fearful-looking mist which for the last quarter of an hour had been gathering in the north-west, was now driving down upon them with the speed of a racehorse. The air had already lost the damp and peculiar feeling of an easterly breeze, and little eddies were beginning to fluster among the masts — precursors of a coming squall. Then a rushing, roaring sound was heard moaning along the ocean, whose surface was first dimpled, next ruffled, and finally covered with one sheet of clear, white, and spotless foam. At the next instant the power of the wind fell full on the inert and labouring Bristol trader. . . . Happy was it for all who had life at risk in that defenceless vessel, that she was not fated to receive the whole weight of the tempest at a blow. The sails fluttered and trembled on their massive yards, bellying and collapsing alternately for a minute, and then the rushing wind swept over them in a hurricane. The Caroline received the blast like a stout and buoyant vessel, yielding readily to its impulse, until her side lay nearly incumbent on the element in which she floated; and then, as if the fearful fabric were conscious of its jeopardy, it seemed to lift its reclining masts again, struggling to work its way heavily through the water."

A yet more powerful picture of the ocean during one of its frequent changes, is given in an earlier part of the same narrative. Cooper himself never penned anything more striking, more poetical, and yet true to nature, than the following grand passage :—

"The dim tracery of the stranger's form had been swallowed by the flood of misty light, which, by this time, rolled along the sea like drifting vapour, semi-pellucid, preternatural, and seemingly tangible. *The ocean itself seemed admonished that a quick and violent change was nigh.* The waves had ceased to break in their former foaming and brilliant crests, but black masses of the water were seen lifting their surly summits against the eastern horizon, no longer relieved by their scintillating brightness, or shedding their own peculiar and lucid atmosphere around them. The breeze, which had been so fresh, and which had even blown, at times, with a force that nearly amounted to a little gale, was lulling and becoming uncertain, as though awed by the more violent power that was gathering along the borders of the sea in the direction of the neighbouring continent. Each moment the eastern puffs of air lost their strength, and became more and more feeble, until, in an incredibly short period, the heavy sails were heard flapping against the masts—a frightful and ominous calm succeeding."

Now, is not the above a piece of splendid descriptive writing? And we can assure our landsmen friends that seamen (and any person of an observant turn, who has had opportunities of beholding and noting the mysterious phenomena of ocean), will bear witness to its perfect truth and fidelity. But of ten thousand spectators of such a scene, would there be one who could describe it in a few lines in such a vivid and masterly manner as our author has done?

Fourthly—Cooper's leading characters among the seamen are, in many instances, highly-finished portraits, drawn by the hand of a great master; and the reader instinctively feels that they are not mere conventional mariners of the melodramatic school, but genuine blue-water salts, who exhibit special individual idiosyncracies in addition to the general characteristics of their class. The two finest and most elaborate portraits in the entire Cooper sea-gallery are Long Tom Coffin in the "Pilot," and Dick Fid in the "Red Rover." In their way, they both are perfect, and quite Shaksperian. They never yet have been equalled in naval fiction, nor do we think they ever will be surpassed.

Cooper's sea-novels have several distinguishing peculiarities besides those we have already pointed out. It is worth observing, that they rarely exhibit anything like an artistic plot—

and we like them none the worse for that—but in nearly every instance their interest is concentrated on a long *chase* (the reader's attention being riveted on one or two ships), and the incidents naturally arise out of this single leading feature, which may be termed Cooper's *forte*, and which he exhibits also in most of his Indian stories. In one work, however, "The Two Admirals," Cooper attempts to "deal with the profession on a large scale," to use his own words, by detailing the manœuvres of fleets. Able as are some of the scenes, we think the experiment a decided failure on the whole, and do not marvel at this, for obvious reasons. Cooper himself seems to have been aware of the dubious nature of his undertaking, and to have had misgivings as to his probable success. He remarks in his preface that "among all the sea-tales that the last twenty years have produced, we know of none in which the evolutions of fleets have formed any material feature. . . . Every writer of romance appears to have carefully abstained from dealing with the profession on a large scale."

And rightly abstained, say we! as, according to our private theory, nautical fiction ought to be legitimately confined to one or two vessels; for to bring whole fleets into action is to trespass unwarrantably on the domain of history, if real events are described, in which case facts are ever preferable to fiction; and it is rather absurd to expect that any reader of proper taste can enjoy an account of the manœuvres and battles of hostile fleets, if wholly imaginary.

The second of our Trio is Dana, the author of "Two Years before the Mast"—a book which alone has made him renowned throughout the world. Well can we recal the intense, the absorbing interest with which we read this work on its first appearance. Our copy is prefaced by extracts from the criticism of the New York "Knickerbocker." One passage we shall introduce here, on account of its poetic truthfulness. "We have ourselves," says old Knickerbocker, "risen from

the discussion of this volume with a new sense of the sublime in nature—with a more enlarged conception of the vastness of the 'grey and melancholy wastes' of ocean which spread around earth's isles and continents, upon which the early dawn breaks and daylight fades alike; where the almost living vessel, swift-sailing, drops in the distant wave the Southern Cross, the Magellan Clouds, the wild and stormy Cape; where, unlike the travel of the land, which at most conquers a narrow horizon after horizon, each succeeding night the homeward ship sinks some celestial constellation in the backward distance, raising another 'landmark of the heavens' in the onward waste of mingled sea and sky." We call that a bit of fine appreciatory criticism.

Dana's book is truly *sui generis*—no "Voice from the Forecastle," no "Sailor's Life at Sea," worthy of the theme, had previously appeared, and none has been published subsequently. The work is, therefore, literally unique. It were hard to say whether landmen or seamen read this extraordinary production with greater avidity. We remember that in Liverpool alone, when the first English reprint—Moxon's edition, we believe—appeared, two thousand copies were sold in a single day, nearly all of which, as we understood, were purchased by seamen. Of course these men bought and read the book with a view to learn what was said of their calling by one of *themselves*, and capital critics they would undoubtedly be! As for landmen, the work was to them a species of revelation—it opened up a novel and hitherto unknown (or, at best, but partially known) profession, and the interest it excited was naturally proportionate. The book is really what its title indicates; and from the sensible, modest, manly preface, to the grave and highly suggestive concluding chapter (a general and exceedingly valuable essay on the condition of seamen, and the mode in which their hard lot may be ameliorated) there is not a single page which does not contain excellent matter. The style of writing is very good in a mere literary sense,

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\* We believe that the only other work of which he is the author is the "Seaman's Manual" (as it is called in the English edition, but in America it is entitled the "Seaman's Friend"), a practical handbook for seamen, and, of course, in a great measure a compilation. We possess a copy of it, and consider it an excellent and valuable work of the kind.

and well adapted to the subject. No one can read half-a-dozen pages without feeling that the narrative is perfectly trustworthy and matter-of-fact. The author, indeed, occasionally dwells rather tediously and verbosely on some details of sea-life—that is, he does so in the estimation of practical seamen, as we can personally vouch—but perhaps these very passages are read with as much or even greater interest than any others by landmen; for we cordially and entirely agree with Dana's own remark in his preface, that "plain matters-of-fact in relation to customs and habits of life new to us, and descriptions of life under new aspects, act upon the inexperienced through the imagination, so that we are hardly aware of our want of technical knowledge. Thousands read the escape of the American frigate through the British channel, and the chase and wreck of the Bristol trader in the Red Rover, and follow the minute nautical manœuvres with breathless interest, who do not know the name of a rope in the ship, and, perhaps, with none the less admiration and enthusiasm for their want of acquaintance with the professional detail." Our experience amply bears out this opinion of Dana.

With little, indeed, that merits censure, or even objection, Dana's work can hardly be overpraised in many respects, for it is a superlatively good one, abounding with deeply interesting and highly instructive information, interspersed with remarks and reflections at once acute, original, suggestive, and intrinsically valuable. It is a book which any man living might, indeed, have been proud to have written. We would willingly say more concerning it, but so enormously has it been circulated, that we presume nearly all our readers must be thoroughly familiar with its animated pages. We would therefore merely make one remark, and that is, we do not think any writer excels Dana in graphic ability to describe nautical scenes with technical accuracy and surprising clearness of minute, yet spirited detail; and in reading any of his vivid pictures of life before the mast, our interest is materially heightened by the knowledge that all is real—all is truly descriptive of what actually happened. As Dana says in his preface, his design was "to present the life of a common

sailor at sea as it really is—the light and the dark together." We have already said that no work of the same kind of equal merit has yet appeared, and we can safely assert that none ever will appear until another young man, who has been as well educated, and possesses as much literary talent as Dana, serves before-the-mast, and favours the world with a vigorous, faithful, and modest narrative of his experience of fore-castle life. We shall gladly hail the advent of Dana the Second!

Herman Melville completes our Trio. A friend has informed us that "Herman Melville" is merely a *nom de plume*, and if so, it is only of a piece with the mystification which this remarkable author dearly loves to indulge in from the first page to the last of his works. We think it highly probable that the majority of our readers are only familiar with his earliest books; but as we have read them all carefully (excepting his last production, "Israel Potter, which is said to be mediocre) we shall briefly refer to their subjects seriatim, ere we consider the general characteristics of his style. His first books were "Omoo" and "Typee," which quite startled and puzzled the reading world. The ablest critics were for some time unable to decide whether the first of these vivid pictures of life in the South Sea Islands was to be regarded as a mere dexterous fiction, or as a narrative of real adventures, described in glowing, picturesque, and romantic language; but when the second work appeared, there could no longer exist any doubt, that although the author was intimately acquainted with the Marquesas and other islands, and might introduce real incidents and real characters, yet that fiction so largely entered into the composition of the books, that they could not be regarded as matter-of-fact narratives. Both these works contain a few opening chapters, descriptive of fore-castle life in whaling-ships, which are exceedingly interesting and striking.

Melville's next work was entitled "Redburn," and professed to be the autobiographical description of a sailor-boy's first voyage across the Atlantic. It contains some clever chapters, but very much of the matter, especially that portion relative to the adventures of the young sailor in Liver-

pool, London, &c., is outrageously improbable, and cannot be read either with pleasure or profit. This abortive work—which neither obtained nor deserved much success—was followed by “Mardi; and a Voyage Thither.” Here we are once more introduced to the lovely and mysterious isles of the vast Pacific, and their half-civilised, or, in some cases, yet heathen and barbarous aborigines. The reader who takes up the book, and reads the first half of volume one, will be delighted and enthralled by the original and exceedingly powerful pictures of sea-life, of a novel and exciting nature, but woful will be his disappointment as he reads on. We hardly know how to characterise the rest of the book. It consists of the wildest, the most improbable, nay, impossible, series of adventures amongst the natives, which would be little better than insane ravings, were it not that we dimly feel conscious that the writer intended to introduce a species of biting, political satire, under grotesque and incredibly extravagant disguises. Moreover, the language is throughout gorgeously poetical, full of energy, replete with the most beautiful metaphors, and crowded with the most brilliant fancies, and majestic and melodiously sonorous sentences. But all the author’s unrivalled powers of diction, all his wealth of fancy, all his exuberance of imagination, all his pathos, vigour, and exquisite graces of style, cannot prevent the judicious reader from laying down the book with a weary sigh, and an inward pang of regret that so much rare and lofty talent has been wilfully wasted on a theme which not anybody can fully understand, and which will inevitably repulse nine readers out of ten, by its total want of human interest and sympathy. It is, in our estimation, one of the saddest, most melancholy, most deplorable, and humiliating perversions of genius of a high order in the English language. Next in order—if we recollect

rightly as to the date of publication—came “White Jacket; or the World in a Man-of-war.” This is, in our opinion, his very best work. He states in the preface that he served a year before-the-mast in the United States frigate, *Neversink*, joining her at a port in the Pacific, where he had been left by—or deserted from, for we do not clearly comprehend which—a whaling-ship, and that the work is the result of his observations on board, &c. We need hardly say that the name *Neversink* is fictitious, but from various incidental statements we can easily learn that the real name of the frigate is the *United States*—the very same ship that captured our English frigate *Macedonian* in the year 1812.\* The *Macedonian*, we believe, is yet retained in the American navy. “White Jacket” is the best picture of life-before-the-mast in a ship of war ever yet given to the world. The style is most excellent—occasionally very eccentric and startling, of course, or it would not be Herman Melville’s, but invariably energetic, manly, and attractive, and not unfrequently noble, eloquent, and deeply impressive. We could point out a good many instances, however, where the author has borrowed remarkable verbal expressions, and even incidents, from nautical books almost unknown to the general reading public (and this he does without a syllable of acknowledgment). Yet more, there are one or two instances where he describes the frigate as being manœuvred in a way that no practical seaman would commend—indeed, in one case of the kind he writes in such a manner as to shake our confidence in his own practical knowledge of seamanship. We strongly suspect that he can handle a pen much better than a marlingspike—but we may be wrong in our conjecture, and shall be glad if such is the case. At any rate, Herman Melville himself assures us that he has sailed before the mast in whalers, and in a man-of-

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\* It was no disgrace to the British flag. The *United States* rated as a 44-gun frigate, but mounted 28 on a broadside, carrying 864lbs.; her tonnage was 1588; her crew 474 men. The *Macedonian* (a new ship) was of 88 guns, having a broadside weight of metal of only 528lbs, and a crew of 254 men, and 85 boys. The *Macedonian* fought most gallantly, and only struck when she had sustained the frightful loss of thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded. Her opponent, in fact, like other American frigates of the time, was just a line-of-battle-ship in disguise!

war, and it is certain that his information on all nautical subjects is most extensive and accurate. 'Take it all in all, "White Jacket" is an astonishing production, and contains much writing of the highest order.

The last work we have to notice is a large one, entitled "The Whale," and it is quite as eccentric and monstrous-ly extravagant in many of its incidents as even "Mardi;" but it is, nevertheless, a very valuable book, on account of the unparalleled mass of information it contains on the subject of the history and capture of the great and terrible cachalot, or sperm-whale. Melville describes himself as having made more than one cruise in a South-sea-whaler; and supposing this to have been the fact, he must nevertheless have laboriously consulted all the books treating in the remotest degree on the habits, natural history, and mode of capturing this animal, which he could obtain, for such an amazing mass of accurate and curious information on the subject of the sperm-whale as is comprised in his three volumes could be found in no other single work—or perhaps in no half-dozen works—in existence. We say this with the greater confidence, because we have written on the sperm-whale ourselves, and have consequently had occasion to consult the best works in which it is described. Yet the great and undeniable merits of Melville's book are obscured and almost neutralised by the astounding quantity of wild, mad passages and entire chapters with which it is interlarded. Those who have not read the work cannot have any conception of the reckless, inconceivable extravagancies to which we allude. Nevertheless, the work is throughout splendidly written, in a literary sense; and some of the early chapters contain what we know to be most truthful and superlatively-excellent sketches of out-of-the-way life and characters in connexion with the American whaling trade.

To give a fair idea of Herman Melville's powerful and striking style, when he condescends to restrain his exuberant imagination, and to write in what we may call his natural mood, we request the reader's attention to a short extract or two which we select from "White Jacket." We must premise that the frigate is overtaken by an awful gale at midnight, when off "the

pitch" of Cape Horn, and is in a position of imminent danger. The boatswain called all hands to take in sail:—

"Springing from our hammocks," says Melville, "we found the frigate leaning over to it so steeply, that it was with difficulty we could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck. Here the scene was awful. The vessel seemed to be sailing on her side. The maindeck guns had several days previously been run in and housed, and the portholes closed; but the lee carronades on the quarterdeck and forecastle were plunging through the sea, which undulated over them in milkwhite billows of foam. With every lurch to leeward, the yard-arm-ends seemed to dip into the sea; while forward, the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts, and drenched the men who were on the foreyard. By this time, the deck was all alive with the whole strength of the ship's company—five hundred men, officers and all—mostly clinging to the weather bulwarks. The occasional phosphorescence of the yeasty sea cast a glare upon their uplifted faces, as a night's fire in a populous city lights up the panic-stricken crowd. . . . The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming, and thundering over and upon the head seas, and, with a horrible wallowing sound, our whole hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wild breath. All the quartermasters, and several of the forecastle-men, were swarming round the double-wheel on the quarterdeck. Some were jumping up and down with their hands on the spokes; for the whole helm and galvanised keel were *fiercely feverish with the life imparted to them by the tempest.*"

The words we have italicised strike us as being intensely poetical, and adapted to convey a vividly truthful idea of the state of a ship desperately battling with a powerful gale. We have ourselves repeatedly noted, when at sea during a gale, how "the whole helm" (by which is meant the rudder, tiller, wheel, steering-barrel, &c.) vibrated in such a manner, that one could judge from that alone of the position of the vessel and the manner in which the seas struck her, and also the manner in which she bore herself; and not only did the helm, but also the whole fabric of the ship, feel "*fiercely feverish with life,*" and almost a sentient thing, conscious of her jeopardy, and of the necessity of bravely struggling with the tempest. The landsman may possibly think we are indulging in wild, fanciful rhapsodies; but we appeal to every seaman who pos-

sesses a spark of sensibility and of imagination, and he will tell you that what Melville has asserted, and what we assert, is literally true, but must be *felt* to be understood.

We must give yet another and more characteristic "taste of the quality," of our favourite—for, with all his faults, we can truly say, "Melville, we love thee still!" We will select our final specimen from the last chapter of "White Jacket." When the frigate draws nigh to port, at the expiry of her long three years' cruise, and strikes soundings "by the deep nine!" the seaman-author thus describes the feelings of himself and messmates:—

"It is night. The meagre moon is in her last quarter—that betokens the end of a cruise that is passing. But the stars look forth in their everlasting brightness—and *that* is the everlasting, glorious Future, for ever beyond us. We maintopmen are all aloft in the top; and round our mast we circle, a brother-band, hand-in-hand, all spliced together. We have reefed the last topsail; trained the last gun; blown the last match; bowed to the last blast; been tranced in the last calm. We have mustered our last round the capstan; been rolled to grog the last time; for the last time swung in our hammocks; for the last time turned out at the sea-gull call of the watch. . . . Hand-in-hand we topmates stand, rocked in our Pisgah-top. And over the starry waves, and broad out into the blandly blue, boundless night, spiced with strange sweets from the long-sought land—the whole long cruise predestinated ours, though often in tempest time we almost refused to believe in that far distant shore —"

But here Melville begins to hold forth in his favourite mystical form, and so we shall break off.

Perhaps we have so far indicated our opinion of the merits and demerits of Herman Melville in the course of the foregoing remarks, that it is hardly necessary to state it in a more general way. Yet, in conclusion, we may sum up our estimate of this singular author in a few short sentences. He is a man

of genius—and we intend this word to be understood in its fullest literal sense—one of rare qualifications too; and we do not think there is any living author who rivals him in his peculiar powers of describing scenes at sea and sea-life in a manner at once poetical, forcible, accurate, and, above all, original. But it is his *style* that is original rather than his *matter*. He has read prodigiously on all nautical subjects—naval history, narratives of voyages and shipwrecks, fictions, &c.—and he never scruples to deftly avail himself of these stores of information. He undoubtedly is an original thinker, and boldly and unreservedly expresses his opinions, often in a way that irresistibly startles and enchains the interest of the reader. He possesses amazing powers of expression—he can be terse, copious, eloquent, brilliant, imaginative, poetical, satirical, pathetic, at will. He is never stupid, never dull; but, alas! he is often mystical and unintelligible—*not* from any inability to express himself, for his writing is pure, manly English, and a child can always understand what he *says*, but the ablest critic cannot always tell what he really *means*; for he at times seems to construct beautiful and melodious sentences only to conceal his thoughts, and irritates his warmest admirers by his provoking, deliberate, wilful indulgence in wild and half-insane conceits and rhapsodies. These observations apply mainly to his latter works, "Mardi" and "The Whale," both of which he seems to have composed in an opium dream; for in no other manner can we understand how they could have been written.

Such is Herman Melville! a man of whom America has reason to be proud, with all his faults; and if he does not eventually rank as one of her greatest giants in literature, it will be owing not to any lack of innate genius, but solely to his own incorrigible perversion of his rare and lofty gifts.

## MISSING CHAPTERS OF IRISH HISTORY.—NO. II.

It is our desire in these chapters to look at Irish affairs with strict impartiality. That is, to take neither a British nor an Irish view of them. We want to contemplate them from a more elevated platform, as they contribute ingredients towards the history of *the empire at large*. A reference to this object will account for the freedom with which we intermingle praise and blame, and explain much which might otherwise seem inconsistent in our occasional estimate of individuals and parties. That it trenches somewhat upon the picturesque effect of the page, we are forced to admit; for partisanship is the colouring matter of history: but the demands of truth ought to be paramount to those of popularity, and we are content to exclude the excitement which can only be secured at the sacrifice of fidelity. Ireland, though still nominally a kingdom, and possessed of a parliament, claimed to be considered, at the time we treat of, no less than now, as an integral part of the British dominions; and, as such, her proper and exclusive interests, so far as they militated against the general welfare of the empire at large, would necessarily have to give place,—and this, not from any arbitrary policy pursued towards her, so much as from a natural tendency, which has always caused, and will ever cause, the greater of unequal parts to maintain its central place, and the lesser to revolve, as it were, about the primary towards which it gravitates, describing an orbit inexplicable unless with reference to the forces which govern its motions. But Ireland had local interests antagonistic to imperial ones. She has so still. These interests naturally take the first place in the minds of Irishmen. England, on the other hand, had — and has — her exclusive views as to Irish affairs. Ireland should have been made to assist the greater country, while she was an inferior, though an independent kingdom. She ought now to bear the heaviest of the burdens which afflict England, for she has been solemnly incorporated with her in that political wedlock which

gives each to the other “for better for worse.” Such would be the language of England. Now, in these hostile—or rival—principles, amidst something which is wrong, there is much that is wholesome and beneficial. It has worked for the general good, this constantly encroaching tendency on the one side, and jealousy of encroachment, on the other. Occasionally inconvenient, and almost disastrous, the spirit of rival nationality has nevertheless preserved, in its action, the due equilibrium, or rather the standard of preponderance, sought to be elevated by the one, and as unduly depressed by the other. Ireland would have been degraded had she not made the struggles, in overcoming which England proved herself able and worthy to hold the supremacy she had acquired.

He who undertakes to sketch, however slightly, the history of a country circumstanced as was Ireland during the period when her political status was less accurately defined than it is now, must accordingly be very careful not to lose sight of these peculiarities in her condition. He must school himself, by rigid self-discipline, into a philosophical comprehensiveness of view, and be ready to extricate himself on every occasion from the network of party influences, which would bind him to one side or the other of a cause in which he is not advocate but judge. There is one advantage gained by such a rule, independent of that highest one of its being the *true* principle, which is this—that it enables him to do justice to *both parties*. Hitherto Irish history has been intensely English, or intensely Irish. Why should it be either? Why not recognise a neutral ground whereon honest investigators of all parties might meet, and excavate the past? Our present experiment is in this domain. We are not afraid to venture upon the hitherto untrodden ground, conscious as we are that we carry forward our humble labours in no grovelling spirit. Let those who think differently test what we have exhumed. Acknowledging that the yield



is scanty, and admitting our inability to do full justice to the subject in the form we are restricted to, we yet present what we have found as *genuine*, and moreover, claim the merit of being the first—or among the first—in the field.

It has been seen\* that immediately after Lord Chancellor Porter's refusal to ratify the appointment of the self-constituted Lords Justices, Capel, the Lord Deputy, died. This event caused a complete alteration in the face of affairs. The Council was called together by writ, as is usual in such an event; but as soon as the question came to be discussed, as to who should have the chief authority until his Majesty's pleasure should be known, it was shewn how completely the Lord Deputy's death had annihilated the interest his intrigues had built up about him. Lord Chancellor Porter was unhesitatingly chosen sole Lord Justice, and left the Council Chamber invested with the full authority of Chief Governor of Ireland†. The change was not the less acceptable for being expected. Rejoicings took place everywhere. The populace seemed lost in a transport of pleasurable excitement. The city wore the aspect of jubilee; and the House of Commons—that House of Commons that had not many months before approached the dead Lord Deputy in the attitude of affectionate adulation—now thought it no act of inconsistency to attend his Excellency the Lord Justice, with their Speaker, to congratulate him, in equally cordial terms, on his accession to the government of the kingdom.‡

The new Governor could not but feel these public demonstrations. But what was most gratifying to him was the sensible effect which the change of things had produced upon the health and spirits of his friend Cox. He rallied at once; and Porter looked to the great satisfaction of having his energetic intellect at his service in the arduous and responsible office he had been called upon to fill.

The whole nation was pleased at the new appointment. The Protestants had by no means realised the benefits they had once anticipated from

the policy of the late government; and an offensive system of official reserve had been carried on, to their exclusion, as well as that of others. The Catholics saw in the defender of what they considered their rights under the treaties of Limerick and Galway, the commencement of impartial government, and hailed the advent of a new state of things with hope and exultation. Porter exhibited true magnanimity in his elevation; by no act, word, or deed, did he suffer it to be seen that he remembered the injuries he had suffered, or the unworthiness of those under whose persecution he had so long smarted.

Parliament had met on the 27th of June. In the House of Lords, the King's commission had been read, appointing Lord Chief Justice Hely their Speaker, "in regard the Chancellor being Lord Deputy was disabled from executing that office." The Houses were then adjourned to the 4th of August.

In the meantime, the King had signified his approbation of the choice of the Privy Council; but he now associated two noblemen with the Chancellor in his office, thereby dividing the power and responsibility, conformably to usage, but leaving in effect the chief authority where it was. Charles, Earl of Mountrath, and Henry, Earl of Drogheda, were named with Sir Charles Porter as Lord Justices, in a patent bearing date the 10th of June, 1696; and a commission was directed to them to continue the Parliament§.

All seemed to promise well for the future. It was confidently anticipated that the fair adjustment of the rights of the parties involved in the events of the war might, under the wise administration of one who had sacrificed so much already to the principle of impartiality, complete the settlement of the country, restore confidence to the public mind, and lay a foundation for such further legislation, in the branches of trade, manufactures, and domestic polity, as would be best calculated to develop the great natural resources of Ireland, now beginning to be widely recognised. In the midst of these hopes Providence again

\* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CCLXXVI.

† Harris's Life of Cox, p. 218.

‡ Comm. Journ. ii. 147.

§ Lodge, Pat. Off.

interposed, and baffled human speculation. On the 8th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Lord Justice Porter, who had been slightly indisposed some days previously, suddenly dropped down dead. All sanguine anticipations were at an end. The government was continued in the hands of his associate justices until the ensuing February, when Henry Earl of Galway was appointed sole Lord Justice. But no act of vigour marked his rule. It was the shadow of a shade. From Capel's death until the year 1701, the government of Ireland was administered wholly in this manner; whence it would seem as if William found it easier to manage that kingdom by the divided and inferior agency of justices, than by viceregal authority. This absence of a formal Court necessarily disables the Irish historian from forming his narrative round any fixed nucleus, and emphatically points to the final extinction of his country's history, should that absence ever become permanent. He is constrained to pass, almost without a glance, over the years which intervene until a personage is placed at the head of affairs sufficiently distinguished to be found noted in the annals of the parent country. We therefore hurry past the period in question, during which the seals, after having been entrusted, *ad interim*, to the hands of three keepers—Sir John Jefferyson, Mr. Justice Coote, and Baron Donelan—were at length committed to John Methuen, afterwards better known as Ambassador to Portugal, and negotiator of the celebrated Treaty of Commerce which goes by his name.

But during this period, so featureless at a first glance, the general mind had been agitated to depths before un-reached, by free thoughts and fearless reasonings upon topics affecting not merely the casual claims or grievances of the moment, but the permanent rights of the Irish nation.

Tranquilly pursuing the secluded paths of philosophical research, William Molyneux had lived, up to the period we have arrived at, rather shunning than courting the notice his great talents and conspicuous merits were gradually drawing upon him. Of fair

descent, easy fortune, and brilliant acquirements, he saw himself chosen to the Parliament of 1692 as member for the city of Dublin, and in 1695, for its University, without displaying any symptoms of ambition corresponding either to his pretensions, or to the public recognition of them. It is possible that the vicissitudes of a troublous period, during which he had fled, an exile, from his country, may have shaken his faith in the stability of political honours; or that the greatest of family bereavements may have removed the main incentive to earthly ambition; or, what is most probable, that both of these causes may have combined with a natural predilection for certain studies to produce a love of that retirement in which they are most genially nursed; but certain it is, that Molyneux, though a conscientious performer of the duties he had taken upon himself in Parliament, stood by and watched the struggles of faction, rather as a spectator than an actor, and even refused a post of trust under government, which might have brought him more prominently forward than he desired.\*

But although he avoided the squabbles of faction, he by no means held aloof from the encounter of constitutional polemics. Enjoying as he did the friendship of John Locke, his mind had become imbued with the principles that daring genius had advocated in his "Treatise on Government;" and, an occasion occurring in which the long-vexed question of the authority of England to bind Ireland by Acts of Parliament arose once more, Molyneux brought the whole powers of his intellect to bear upon it, and, fortified by the encouragement and approval of the great English philosopher, put forth that brief but comprehensive tract, called "The Case of Ireland Stated," which, to the last day of the century, furnishes the staple arguments of the friends of Irish independence.

This treatise we may the more briefly discuss at this time of day, from the circumstance that the Union between the two kingdoms has disengaged the argument from any possible reference to present affairs. The question is no longer a party question,

\* Wills's "Life of Molyneux."

but an historical one. The interest is now not practical, but speculative; for the author has himself bounded the discussion by the precise limits reached at the commencement of this century—namely, the incorporation of the two Parliaments, that of England (or, as it became in the meantime, Great Britain) and of Ireland.

Without stopping to enter systematically into Mr. Molyneux's arguments, we may however point to some of those leading doctrines which, like the body of Ptolemy, have been the longest and most fiercely battled over in later times.

But first it may be necessary to explain, that the Irish Parliament had, up to this period, found increasing difficulty in staving off the encroachments of that of England, which asserted its supremacy in precise proportion to the independent tone assumed by its younger sister. There were two distinct claims set up by Ireland. One was, the right of originating money-bills in the lower House. In ordinary cases, it was not disputed that under the stat. 10 Hen. VII. ch 4, being one of Poynings' Laws, all bills to be brought under the consideration of Parliament should first be certified by the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland to the King in council, who was to sanction or reject these, as the case might be, and send back those he approved of, under the broad seal of England, to be brought in that session, *verbatim et literatim*, and no others. But an exception had been taken to this rule in the case of the supplies, on no better foundation than the right enjoyed by the English House of Commons to originate bills of that nature, which were not to be in any manner interfered with by the Lords, beyond the passing or rejection of them. The King having nothing to do with bills in the English Parliament until they had passed the two Houses, it is plain that where this independence of the Crown did not exist, a privilege peculiar to England, as against the House of Lords, which if adopted in Ireland would interfere with the Royal prerogative, could not be introduced by a mere inference or fancied analogy. The assertion of this right had broken

up Lord Sydney's Parliament in 1692; but the claim was now tacitly abandoned; Lord Capel, as we have seen, having succeeded in inducing the Commons to vote the supplies as certified from England.

This, however, was not the groundwork of Mr. Molyneux's case. The question was one of larger scope, for it involved the whole authority of Parliament, which he maintained possessed an inherent and infeasible independence of its own. The claim he advocated was that of complete exemption from subordination to the English Parliament, which, as he argued, could not constitutionally legislate for the Irish people, *quia non mittunt milites ad Parliamentum*. His argument grew naturally out of Mr. Locke's great position, that a people are not bound by laws made without their consent. But his mode of proof was not derived from the ethics but the history of the case. "Seeing," he says, "that the right which England may pretend to, for binding us by their Acts of Parliament, can be founded only on the imaginary title of conquest, or purchase, or on precedent and matters of record; we shall inquire into the following particulars," &c.\* With a free and nervous pen he runs over the history of the conquest of Ireland, and its subsequent occupation by the English, showing how it was constituted a separate kingdom by the gift of Henry II. to his son John, which condition he maintains it did not lose when the two crowns united on the one head, on the death of John's elder brother, Richard, without issue. He details the origin of parliaments in this country, and, to fortify his case, supports the genuineness of a certain ancient record, called *Modus tenendi Parliamentum*, by Selden, Pryn, and others supposed to be spurious, and which purports to have been transmitted to Ireland by Henry II., "as a direction to hold Parliaments there." He points to the uniform tenor of the Acts, both of the English and Irish Parliament, up to Charles II.'s time, in which no instance can be discovered of a direct assertion of controlling power by the English, or of a clear recognition of it by the Irish Houses; but, on the contrary, proofs

\* P. 8, Ed. 1725.

afforded by the frequent re-enactments of English statutes by the Irish Parliament, that this right, if such there was, was practically impugned. He meets the objection that English Acts comprehend Ireland by general words, by showing that this is a modern doctrine, first introduced in Henry VII.'s time, and revived by Lord Coke; and proceeds to the extreme case of English Acts expressly naming Ireland, of which he asserts there are but three prominent ancient instances, from each of which in turn he extricates his argument, by reference to the nature of the Act, its inoperativeness, and its disputed authority respectively; and then, referring to modern instances, boldly states that it is to these he objects.

The opinions of the learned are next brought under review, amongst which those of Lord Coke, as his authority is highest, are most elaborately controverted. Great ingenuity is shown in this branch of the subject. A lawyer-like subtlety here marks Molyneux's education, which was, for some years, a legal one; and so far detracts from the general effect of the work. But when he rests upon the statute law of both England and Ireland, which expressly and repeatedly recognises the mutual independence of the respective Parliaments, he takes stronger ground, which is reflected in his style.

"And were these statutes," he says, "and all other statutes and acts of the Parliament of England, ratified, confirmed, and adjudged by several Parliaments of Ireland to be of force within this realm, and shall the people of Ireland derive no benefits by these Acts? Are those statutes of force in England only, and can they add no immunity or privilege to the kingdom of Ireland, when they are received there? Can the King and Parliament make acts in England to bind his subjects of Ireland, *without their consent*, and can he make no acts in Ireland *without their consent*, whereby they may receive any privilege or immunity? This were to make the Parliaments of Ireland *wholly illusory and of no effect*. If this be reasonable doctrine, to what end was Poyning's law in Ireland, that makes all the statutes of England before that in force in this kingdom? This might as well have been done, and again undone, when they please, by a single Act of the English Parliament. But let us not make this light of constitutions of kingdoms;—'tis dangerous to those who do it, 'tis grievous to those who suffer it."—pp. 107-8.

These are strong words, coming

from the lips of an Irishman at that day. Nor does he descend from this elevated tone. He adduces the charters and liberties "granted from time to time unto the kingdom of Ireland," and indignantly points to the violation of them implied in the assumption of English parliamentary supremacy. He protests against the claim, as derogatory to the "royal condition and pre-eminence" of a separate and distinct kingdom. He repudiates it, as interfering with the King's prerogative, which does not admit that "the parliament of England should have any co-ordinate power with him to introduce new laws, and repeal old laws established in Ireland:" and denounces it as contrary to authority, reason, and the practice of all former ages.

"What use," he exclaims, "will there be of the parliament of Ireland at any time? If the religion, lives, liberties, fortunes, and estates of the clergy, nobility, and gentry of Ireland may be disposed of without their privacy and consent, what benefit have they of any laws, liberties, or privileges granted unto them by the crown of England? I am loth to give their condition a *hard name*, but I have no other notion of *slavery but being bound by a law to which I do not consent*."—pp. 114, 115.

In such language was it that Molyneux, in his honourable but mistaken zeal, clothed the specious fallacy which has since misled so many equally well-meaning, though less clear-sighted politicians. They forget—what some of those who recollect will not remind them—that it is as unprecedented in the annals of history as it is impossible in the nature of things, that two powers could co-exist perfectly independent of each other, yet indissolubly united. The very fact of compulsory union creates a mutual relation, and leads either to a reciprocal surrender of complete independence, or to a subordination of one power to the other. An *imperium in imperio* practically cannot exist. The supreme authority must be a unity. If it be not, the countries, though united in name, are separate in theory, and will in the end become so in fact. Molyneux's argument led two ways—to a legislative union in one direction, and to a dismemberment of the empire in the other. It does not appear that this excellent man thought so: on the contrary, he upheld, with all the energy of sincerity, the depen-

dence of Ireland on the *Crown* of England; and this as well in right of the grant from Henry II. to his son John, as on the authority of Poyning's law, by which no statutes could be made in Ireland unless certified under the King's hand and the broad seal of England. What he points at as the solecism is, that a people should be bound by laws made without their consent. But the alternative, in his view, does not extend beyond complete legislative independence on one side, and a union on the other. His opinion, indeed, on this latter head, presents a striking contrast to those of the national champions of a later day:—"The people of Ireland," he says, "ought to have their representatives in the parliament of England. And this I believe we should be willing enough to embrace, but it is an happiness we can hardly hope for." The great change in men's minds on this subject at the close of the century arose out of the gradual approximation to that state of complete independence which, in Molyneux's estimate, was compatible with the security of the empire, and from which a legislative amalgamation with the parent—or, as it might then be more justly called, rival country—was as much a descent as, in 1698, it would have been a promotion. Time has exposed the fallacy of Molyneux's reasoning; and the only safe alternative has consequently been adopted. This is, however, a subject which will more properly come under our notice at a later period.

It seems strange, and forms a commentary on the blinding power of inveterate political prejudice, that one so fearlessly ready to do battle in defence of the civil liberties of his country, on the ground of those political maxims he had derived from his great authority, Locke—asserting as they did, the natural rights of the whole human race—never by one allusion or inference touches the case of the Roman Catholics, though they constituted the majority of his countrymen. He may possibly have felt that it was imperative on him to avoid the subject, if he would have his tract produce any effect whatever in the quarter he had designed it for. But the probability is, that, with all his philosophy, his

mind was not sufficiently self-sustaining to resist the influences of his birth, education, and position, and that, as an Irish Protestant, he durst not venture farther than to disapprove—as he strenuously did—of any violation of existing laws and treaties respecting the Papists, while he quieted his conscience as to their further rights by the usual argument of danger to the public weal, if any concessions were granted in that direction.

Molyneux's book came upon both the Irish and the English public by surprise. In doctrine, in argument, in style, it was so superior to anything that had ever emanated from Ireland upon an Irish subject, that men felt a reflected consequence derived from the qualities of their advocate. The lofty tone assumed with England was as flattering to the national pride as the plausibility of the argument was stimulating to its ambition. Everywhere the author was hailed as the champion of a nation's rights, and Molyneux found himself in an instant raised to the summit of popularity, and ranked amongst the benefactors of his country.

The effect in England was very different. In proportion as the flame of independent nationality blazed up in Ireland, did that country exhibit symptoms of alarm. She believed that the doctrines thus popularly disseminated, were the dragon's teeth out of which nothing but mischief could arise. With all her energy, therefore, she set herself to cry down the new opinions, of which, indeed, Molyneux's book was scarcely more than the vivid reflection. In this agitation, the English House of Commons was foremost. We are informed by the Bishop of Derry, that they presented an humble address to the King, wherein they spoke of "the dangerous attempts lately made by some of his subjects in Ireland, to shake off their subjection and dependence upon England, taking also particular notice of the bold and pernicious assertions of this writer."<sup>a</sup> And he adds, that "several dabblers in English law and politics looked upon themselves as called to arms." The first draft of the address was couched in still stronger language. It gave great offence to the Protestant party

in Ireland, which considered this interference as highly unwarrantable and unconstitutional. Plowden makes it a merit in the Irish Catholics of the period, that they made no attempt to repudiate, or even to question, their dependence on the Crown of England. But it may be fairly doubted which this negative loyalty was most the result of feeling, or of total disorganisation and prostration of energy. The scattered remnants of a defeated cause are not the more likely to unite cordially with their conquerors, that they abstain from interfering in their quarrels amongst each other. The snake is torpid till it is warmed. It is not human nature to suppose that the descendants of the ancient possessors of the soil, who had been attacked, betrayed, outraged, and enslaved, could indulge any very strong feelings of kindness towards the race which still deemed it inconsistent with their safety to admit them to the least of the privileges they themselves enjoyed as citizens of a free country. We accordingly dissent, on this head, from Plowden, and refuse to draw any conclusion from the mere fact of an absence of open disaffection on the part of the Catholics within ten years after the surrender of Limerick. The value of negative evidence in such matters is tolerably plainly shewn from the fate of positive protestations in more recent times. The history of the last century, as regards that body, is little more than the constant renewal of pledges and the constant infraction of them. The lesson to be derived from it is this, that no voluntary obligation will ever permanently restrict the aspirations of a section of the community towards the attainment of a participation in the privileges enjoyed by the rest; and that the point at which pledges first become secure, is that at which they first become needless.

The English House of Commons, filled, as we have seen, with surprise and apprehension, appointed a committee to examine and report upon Molyneux's book. On the 22nd of June, 1698, this committee reported the passages containing the dangerous opinions, together with their views as to the causes which had produced these new doctrines. Whereupon the House voted the book a dangerous one, reasserted the subordination and depen-

dence of the kingdom of Ireland, and strongly condemned the recent attempt of the Irish parliament to re-enact an English statute, naming Ireland by express words. An address to the King was prepared and presented; to which his Majesty replied, "That he would take care that what was complained of should be prevented and redressed as the Commons desired."

It was plain from all these proceedings, that England would not allow the principles of the Revolution to take effect in Ireland. The truth is, she could not. To do so would be to neutralise all that had been doing for securing the country, and would inevitably end in a civil war, and the possible break-up of the empire. Such was the natural consequence of the false position in which the two kingdoms stood towards each other; in which everything upon the surface was fictitious and artificial, and everything beneath it studiously kept out of view. To call Ireland a kingdom—the Irish a nation—the Houses of Lords and Commons, with the Viceroy at its head, a parliament—its institutions popular—its people free—in the English sense of these words, was a delusion. To have called it a conquered province, though it manifestly was dealt with as such, would have justified the measures of government at the expense of its safety. The party which, a century later, went such dangerous lengths in the direction of distinct nationality, had this to excuse them, that they took names which they laid lying meaningless in the constitution, and endeavoured to give them vitality and significance; though it must be recollected that they well knew they were never supposed or designed to possess them. The revolutions in England had sharply defined the import of certain words. They had explained the terms King, People, Prerogative, Liberty, beyond the possibility of further misapprehension. Accordingly, when Ireland asked to have them interpreted in her case, the imposition so long practised was exposed. England was driven to say—we have determined on one fixed point, united sovereignty. Reason shows that in order to protect this point from disturbance, there must be either a community of institutions, or a subordination of what is kept distinct. Ireland, as such, never has had,

and cannot have, anything uncontrollably her own. This truth slumbered long—you have awakened it. You have forced us to tell you what *we* always knew, and what *you* ought to have known. You have liberty; but it is the liberty to do, not as *you* please, but as *we* please. And you are happy in possessing the best guarantee for your safety and prosperity, in the name you are not entitled to, and the institutions you do not possess.

It was by such arguments as these that Molyneux was answered, when argument was used—for abuse was much more commonly had recourse to. Two individuals stood prominently out in this encounter—one a barrister, named Attwood; the other a Bristol merchant, of the name of Cary. This latter gentleman boldly maintained from the outset, that the English Government in Ireland was a Colonial one, and that the Parliament was simply a council for the regulation of internal concerns.\* Contrary to expectation, in the contest Cary exhibited powers the man of law could not lay claim to, which gave occasion to the Bishop of Derry to remark, that “the merchant argued like a council-at-law, while the barrister strung his small wares together like a shopkeeper.”† At the same time, with regard to the former polemic, we may perhaps be permitted to form our own opinion as to the qualification of one whose best claim to the confidence of the country whose affairs he meddles in is based on such pretences as are put forward in the following passage:—“I am sure I want not good will to the people of Ireland, and I believe no man *that hath no concern there* can wish them prosperity more than I do.”‡ Considering that the ingenuous politician *had* concern in the rival and (on this occasion) hostile country, the admission is much. A very little argument went, however, a great way. The whole feeling of England was against the claim of Ireland; and the Protestant, or Parliament, party in the latter country were too dependent upon English connexion to press the matter to an open rupture.

Meantime, the man who had stirred

the controversy was himself removed from the scene of strife. Molyneux had never seen Locke. He had, however, confidentially consulted him in the progress of his work; and the feeling of respectful admiration with which he had always regarded the philosopher of the Human Understanding warmed, under the influence of this constant intercourse, into an ardent desire to meet him and enjoy the privilege of his conversation. His constitution had for some time suffered under a painful chronic malady, for which the surgical science of the period afforded no palliative, and within six months after the publication of his tract, even the journey to England was judged too much for him. Nevertheless, his desire to meet Locke overcame the prudential remonstrances of his advisers and friends, and he crossed the channel in the month of July, 1698. The pleasure of this visit was purchased at the expense of his life. He returned to Ireland in September; on the 9th of October his sufferings caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and on the 16th he breathed his last. Of this honourable and distinguished Irishman it is not our province to speak at large; but the man whom Locke “was proud to call his friend” was not given to an ungrateful country. The name of Molyneux has been held in esteem, up to the present time, by Irishmen of every political and religious opinion, for it was unimpeached by a single discreditable imputation, as it was marked by a conspicuous act of fearless and disinterested, if mistaken, patriotism. While his memory was thus consigned to an enduring fame, his book was handed over to the flames of intemperate reprobation. But it was by these clumsy and inappropriate efforts at posthumous persecution that the ideas which could not be burned out gained an added currency and vigour; they rose like incense off the altar of sacrifice, and refused to be dispersed by elements less subtle than themselves.

In the uneventful period which followed the publication and condemnation of Molyneux's book, the policy of the Government, as administered by successive Lords Justices, may be

\* Cary's “Answer to Molyneux,” Ep. Ded.

† Hist. lib. p. 189

‡ Ep. Ded

best gathered, in the almost total silence of direct authority, from the legislative measures these functionaries promoted in Ireland; while the disposition of the English people towards that country may be pretty plainly ascertained by reference to one Act passed in the English Parliament relating to it. It was felt that the success of a particular branch of industry, the woollen manufacture, interfered with English interests. The object was to remedy this evil, not by *encouraging* English manufactures, but by *discouraging* Irish. Something, however, was to be substituted, and accordingly efforts were made to introduce the linen manufacture in the place of that of woollen. In 1697, the Marquis of Winchester and Lord Galway, the Lords Justices, had strongly recommended to Parliament the encouragement of Protestant settlers in the country, with a view to the increased production of this fabric, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes having caused the emigration from France of a body of skilled artisans of the reformed religion, who only needed to be directed towards a settlement, to aid in this industrial reform, now that the destruction of the woollen trade was inevitable.\* Sir Thomas Southwell, following in the steps of Sir Richard Cox,† lent his best assistance to the movement. His pen and purse were unceasingly devoted to promoting the cultivation of flax, and a voluminous correspondence is yet extant testifying to his practical ability and indefatigable industry in these patriotic efforts. To his instrumentality Lisburn is indebted for the settlement there of the father of the modern linen manufacture, Lewis Cromelin, founder of the respectable northern family of that name; and, at a later period, a number of Germans of the Palatinate, who had fled from the miseries

of a war-wasted country, found protection on his estates in the county of Limerick, and in himself a judicious as well as generous patron.‡

In England, Parliament took an early opportunity of manifesting as well its sense of the new Irish doctrine of Parliamentary independence, as its estimate of the King's management of his Irish acquisitions. A commission of inquiry was appointed to examine into the forfeited estates. These estates had been considered by the king, notwithstanding an alleged promise to Parliament,§ a convenient and appropriate fund out of which to recompense and reward those who had made sacrifices or achieved successes in the cause, as well, perhaps, as to confer favours upon his own personal friends. He had accordingly disposed of most of the lands declared the property of the Crown, in extensive grants to his principal adherents. Now, however, that the Whig Ministry had become unpopular, they felt no scruple in making an effort to reinstate themselves in the public favour by a sacrifice of the King's personal feelings and sense of honour. It had been the general opinion from the first, that at least a portion of the Irish forfeitures ought to have been set apart, to reimburse the Exchequer the serious expense incurred in the suppression of the late Irish rebellion, as it was called. This expression of opinion now swelled into an outcry, and the demand on the part of the nation was not only for a portion, but for the whole.

The commissioners, who were seven in number, set about their labours without delay. It was easy to see that the Parliament had secured a majority of them in its interests. They found that the number of persons outlawed in Ireland since the 3d of February, 1688, was 3,921. That the lands forfeited by them amounted to 1,060,792

\* The term is not too strong. The English Parliament having addressed the King on the subject, his Majesty replied, "That he would do all that lay in him to *discourage* the woollen manufacture in Ireland."—English Comm. Journ., 2nd July, 1698.

† Cox was said to be the author of "Thoughts on the Bill for Prohibiting the Exportation of the Woollen Manufacture of Ireland to Foreign Parts."—Harris's "Life of Cox." Wills's do., pp. 18–25. Judge Cotee was another prominent promoter of the linen manufacture.

‡ "Life of Sir Thomas Southwell," in Floyd's Biog. See also the Southwell MSS., in the possession of Messrs. Smith and Foster.

§ The seventh article of impeachment against Lord Somers contained a charge that he did advise, promote, and procure, divers grants of the late forfeited estates in Ireland, in contempt of the *advice* of the Commons of England.—Parl. Hist. vol. iii. p. 151.



acres, worth £211,623 per annum. That some of these lands had been restored to the old proprietors by virtue of the Articles of Limerick and Galway, and by his Majesty's favour, and the reversal of outlawries and Royal pardons obtained (so the Report ran) chiefly by gratifications to such persons as had abused his Majesty's royal bounty and commission. Besides these restitutions, which they did not undertake to interfere with though they thought them to be corruptly procured, they gave an account of seventy-six grants and custodiams, under the great seal of Ireland, valued by them at £1,699,343 14s. Od.,\* exclusive of a grant of no less than 95,000 acres, valued at £26,000 per annum, to Elizabeth Countess of Orkney, being the entire of the private estates of King James.

Out of the seven commissioners it turned out that four were in the interests of Parliament, and three in that of the Crown. These latter wholly repudiated the finding of the report, and refused to sign it. One of them, indeed, Sir Richard Levinge, was charged with having circulated calumnies respecting the motives of the majority, which drew forth a vote of approbation of their conduct upon the inquiry, and led to Levinge's commitment to the Tower. So strenuous was Parliament in supporting its commissioners, that the Commons passed a vote, that they could not even receive any petition concerning the grants, and then proceeded to address the King in strong terms against them. His Majesty, in his reply, stated that inclination and justice had united to induce him to reward those who had been faithful to his cause—an answer which was supposed by the Commons to insinuate a reflection upon their late acts, and accordingly drew forth a resolution to the effect that whoever had advised it had done all he could to create a misunderstanding and jealousy between the king and his people.† Upon the report of the commissioners an Act of Resumption was passed. By

it the estates were vested in thirteen trustees named in the Act, among whom the four commissioners who had signed the Report were included. It contained provisos for exempting certain estates from its operation;‡ but these cases were few; and, as a general rule, all grants of lands, reversions and pensions, made since the year 1688, were rigidly resumed. It may easily be imagined how deeply the passing of this Act must have wounded the already irritated sensibilities of William. With Romney, who had been the first to lay the Crown of England at his feet, Parliament did not dare to interfere; but Keppel and Bentinck, associates of his perils as of his triumphs—having shared the former and contributed to the latter—and De Ginckle, to whose constancy, skill, and courage, was due the final subjugation of the kingdom out of the forfeitures of which he, if any one, might fairly claim his share, were now, in a few sweeping clauses of hostile legislation, deprived of the reward due to services such as no king and no nation had perhaps ever been called upon to recompense. It was with great difficulty William was prevailed on to give his royal sanction to the bill; but, once it was passed, he exhibited no outward signs of his displeasure. A haughty silence at the prorogation of Parliament alone gave tokens that the affront was felt.

The blow, nevertheless, was a sore one to William. He can scarcely be said ever to have completely recovered it. It still further exasperated an irritable temper, and made him moody, morose, and inaccessible; nor was his indignation allayed by the demeanour of the trustees themselves. Constant complaints reached the royal ears of their conduct, as being arbitrary and imperious. Petitions were addressed to him, setting forth, in the strongest terms, that the Act of Resumption had a tendency to injure the Protestant interest, and had been obtained by gross misrepresentations. The whole Privy Council joined in the endeavour

\* Amongst these were grants to the Earl of Romney of 49,517 acres; Earl of Albemarle, 108,683 do.; Lord Woodstock, 135,820 do.; Earl of Athlone, 26,480 do.; Earl of Galway, 36,148 do.

† Smollett, vol. 9, ch. vi. sec. 25.

‡ Amongst these, it is satisfactory to find a grant to the children of the deceased Chancellor, Sir Charles Porter.

to have these grievances laid before his Majesty. When the King communicated the substance of the petitions to the House, it made no hesitation in pronouncing them scandalous, false, and groundless. It must be considered, indeed—though scarcely warranting the use of such epithets—that in whatever manner the trustees acted they were sure, from the nature of their office, to incur the weight of popular odium, which would naturally vent itself in petitions to the King, as his feelings on the subject were tolerably well known, and might be expected to obtain for the petitioners a favourable hearing. Parliament, on the other hand, seemed afterwards to relax a little from its first severity. It not only received petitions for relief, but in some instances granted the prayer of them. The greatest grievance of all seems to have been less clamorously complained of at the time. The whole of the rents of the forfeited estates were expended in maintaining the commission for the two years during which it sat.

Meanwhile, the reign of Lords Justices, which had continued since Lord Capel's death, had been terminated in 1701 by the arrival in Dublin of the Earl of Rochester as Lord Lieutenant.

Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, stands high amongst the statesmen and courtiers of his age. Carefully educated by his father, the historian of the civil wars, and afforded every advantage which the talents and position of that eminent man could offer him, he had acquired, along with the accomplishments of a finished scholar, that consummate address which early initiation in the life of courts is supposed alone qualified to impart. The power of self-command was one of the lessons most successfully mastered by him. He was seldom known to lose this controlling influence over himself, until later years and habits of command re-exposed an original heat of temper, long glossed over by the varnish of state expediency. In Charles the Second's reign he had risen through the gradations of official distinction until he shared the administration of

the kingdom with but two colleagues, Sunderland and Godolphin; and though his known partiality for his brother-in-law, the Duke of York, had caused the Commons of England to glance suspiciously at him at the time of the introduction of the Bill of Exclusion, Charles himself never lost his confidence in him. One of the latest acts of that monarch's life was nominating him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an office which Rochester was only prevented from assuming by the death of the King, whose brother and successor placed the staff of Treasurer for the second time in his hand.

The firmness of Rochester under James has been praised even by his political adversaries. Strenuously opposed to the appointment of Tyrconnell as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was exposed to the more painful difficulty of resisting the King's repeated efforts to induce him to abjure the reformed faith.\* His more pliant brother, Clarendon, yielded, and was ruined. In withstanding this temptation, nobody has ever accused Rochester of having been actuated by a long-sighted policy. The immediate consequence was, that he was compelled to resign his post as Lord Treasurer; though James, who felt ashamed of the result of a controversial encounter between Rochester and his own chaplains, afterwards trusted him with a confidential mission to Holland.†

At the Revolution, although Rochester concurred in several acts during the interregnum, and finally acquiesced in the new settlement, William felt that his sympathies must necessarily have lain with the deposed monarch; and, measuring the individual by the general standard of human nature, long refused to admit him to his counsels.‡ As for Mary, who saw with no other eyes than those of her husband, it needed all the well-meaning officiousness of Burnet to establish one guilty of the crime of being the friend and brother-in-law of her father in his daughter's favour. The use Rochester made of his access to the royal confidence was such as became one thus related to both parties. Having sought and obtained his brother Clarendon's pardon,

\* Lady Theresa Lewis's "Clarendon Gallery," *Descrip. Cat.*, Tit. "Rochester."

† *Biogr. Britann.*, Tit. Hyde.

‡ He was not admitted of the Privy Council till the end of the year 1691.

he set his whole energies to work to effect a reconciliation between the Queen and her sister, the Princess Anne. In this he unfortunately failed—unfortunately for himself as well as for the royal sisters; for while he gained nothing in Mary's estimation by the attempt, it brought upon him, on the side of Anne, the rage of the haughty and jealous favourite, Lady Marlborough, whose influence he had observed and disapproved at an early period, and who, with a woman's quick instinct seeing his estimate of her, became thenceforward his most implacable enemy.

Thus Rochester, perhaps because he committed the worse than crime—the mistake—of being honest, found himself at last excluded from the confidence of every one of his royal connexions. William, after Mary's death, continued to look coldly on him, until, as we are told by Burnet,\* Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, at last removed these jealousies of his. It was through his means that Rochester was once more appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; though even this appointment William had taken steps to revoke some weeks before his death, and would assuredly have done so, had those entrusted with his orders been in as great a hurry to execute them as if no change was impending.† William had no personal regard for Rochester. He used frequently to say that the year in which that nobleman directed his counsels was the most uneasy of his life.

In Singer's collection are to be found the few private documents which throw any light upon Rochester's government of Ireland. They afford a melancholy explanation of the causes which make the period of Irish history under review a blank. Consisting, as they do, of various letters to and from Rochester and the Lords Justices, and from Mr. Vernon to the Lord Lieutenant during his short stay in Ireland (the latter being of a confidential nature), they do not contain one single allusion to the condition of that country, its capabilities, advantages, wants, or resources. In the commu-

nications made by the Lords Justices to him as Lord Lieutenant, when he was in London, and consequently through that channel alone able to know how matters stood in his government, the two topics dwelt on, to the exclusion of all others, are—the embarkation of troops for foreign service from the Irish ports, and the meddling of the Presbyterians in marriages.‡ It is painful thus to see how little the concerns of the bulk of the people entered into the minds of its ruler—or rather, how utterly they were overlooked. Lord Rochester's government, like that of too many of his successors, was *of* Ireland, but *for* England. He was but the conduit through which the heart of that subjugated country was to be drained into the system of Britain, by a fatal process which exhausted the one without enriching the other.

On the 12th of April, 1701, the Lords Justices' letter announces the death of Lord Chief Justice Hely, on circuit, which had just been communicated to them by Mr. Justice Cox, the other judge of assize on the same circuit. Cox had, at the same time, applied for the vacant place; and the Lords Justices state that Baron Donelan had likewise made application to the same effect. They recommend Cox, as senior in standing to Donelan. It appears that their recommendation was attended to, for on the 12th of May they mention the receipt of Rochester's commands, that a patent should be made out in Cox's favour. Harris says that much interest was made with the King for Cox§.

The reduction of the coin was a topic that partially engaged the Lords Justices' attention about this time. They recommended that the standard of the foreign coin then in circulation in Ireland should be reduced to the value it bore in the year 1695, "as his Majesty desired."||

Soon after this, Rochester visited Dublin; but so urgent were his party for his presence in London, that in three months leave was obtained for him to attend Parliament in England. He accordingly quitted Ireland in December, 1701, and never returned.

\* History of His Own Time. Vol. ii., p. 291.

† Burnet, ii. 318; Smollet, 9, 410.

‡ Singer, 404.

§ Singer, 361.

|| Ib. 307.

## LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE.—NO. VI.

RODRIGUEZ LOBO.

Of Francisco Rodriguez Lobo, one of the sweetest and most admired of Portuguese poets, excepting Camoens, scarcely any biographical record remains. His talents were conspicuous and appreciated, but his life was singularly uneventful, retired, and obscure. He was born at Leiria,\* in Estramadura of Portugal, a bishop's see, and formerly a residence of the Portuguese monarchs. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but it was about the middle of the sixteenth century. His father and mother, André Lazaro Lobo, and Donna Joanna Brito Gaviao, were wealthy, and of honourable lineage, and gave their son the best education that his native country afforded. Rodriguez Lobo applied assiduously to his collegiate studies, and eminently distinguished himself by his industry, learning, and abilities. He is said to have possessed an unusual degree of erudition, and to have been skilled in political economy, and in moral philosophy. From his advantages of birth, fortune, education, and intellectual powers, it was expected by his friends that he would easily obtain, and honourably fill, some important office at the court of Lisbon; but he felt the strongest repugnance to public life, for which he considered himself wholly unsuited by temperament and disposition. He loved study, ease, quiet, and independence; and to indulge these predilections he withdrew to a pleasant retreat on the banks of the Tagus, at a small distance from Santarem, where he devoted himself wholly to the service of literature, and where he passed an existence, monotonous indeed, without ambition, without adventure, but blest with affluence and tranquil enjoyment.

At this period Portugal was under a cloud—the crown had fallen from her head, and the sceptre from her hand. She was a vassal to the sove-

reigns of Castile, a subjection odious to the majority of the nation, who always disliked foreigners, but especially hated the Castilians. King Sebastian, with the flower of Lusitanian chivalry and nobility, had fallen in Africa, in the fatal battle of Alcazer-quiver. Cardinal Don Henry, the feeble old man who had succeeded his brave but unfortunate grandnephew, had soon died, and after a struggle, Philip II. of Spain had become the stern and tyrannic master of Portugal. Philip III. ruled in the time of Rodriguez Lobo. The court at Lisbon was no longer a royal but a viceregal court, where foreign influence was paramount. That circumstance might lead us to infer that Lobo's dislike to public life arose from his patriotism—that he would not serve the Aliens. But such inference is contradicted by the fact, that among his writings we find a collection of poems in the romance style, called "*Jornadas*," or *Journeys*, adulations addressed to Philip III., on the visit paid by his Catholic Majesty to his kingdom of Portugal, and the pomp and triumph with which he was received by the illustrious city of Lisbon; a perfectly voluntary act of homage, and rendered, not in his vernacular, but in the Spanish tongue. Lobo had not the spirit of patriotism that filled the breaking heart of Camoens, when, on the fall of the Portuguese monarchy, he exclaimed, "Let me die amid the ruins of my country!" Nor had he the nationality of Ferreira,† who condemned the inclination of his countrymen to make Latin and Spanish the medium of their muse, and stigmatised it as an unfilial insult to the literature of their mother country.

Whatever was the motive of Rodriguez Lobo's flattery of the dominant power, it was not ambition, for his heart was wedded to his happy retreat beside the Tagus, a river whose scenery

\* It is thirty miles south of Coimbra, and sixty miles north of Lisbon.

† See "*Leaves from the Portuguese Olive*,"—No. V., DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CCLXIV., December, 1854.

he passionately loved, and which he has repeatedly celebrated, as Camoens celebrated the Mondego, and Diego Bernardes the Lima. From his beloved retirement he sent forth his writings, which, especially his lyrics, were warmly received both by the general readers and the critics. His versification, in his native language, has a softness, a musical flow, of which it is not possible to convey a just idea in our harsher northern tongue. He was peculiarly a pastoral poet, being imbued with the spirit of a country life. In his bucolics, his fellow-countrymen thought they heard the voices of the rustics, the songs of the birds, and the murmurs of the streams, and beheld the beauty of the landscapes. There is a reality of feeling, tenderness, and delicacy in his effusions, which contain many graceful plays of fancy; even too frequent repetitions of some particular word, instead of offending as tautology, have an air of simplicity and earnestness that is very pleasing. It must be owned that he is often too prolix, and consequently tedious, and that he occasionally betrays a tinge of pedantry; but he is infinitely superior, in correctness of taste, to his brother poets. Even then, so soon after the time of Camoens, Portuguese poetry had begun to incur the censure of mannerism, affectation, and tediousness. And still worse, Thomas Noronha, a versifier of flat jests, degraded the muse by that kind of buffoonery which scruples not to desecrate, "for fun," the most deep, serious, and sacred feelings, events, and sentiments. It engenders a perverted spirit of levity, fatal alike to good taste and good feeling. Occasional playful touches relieve the page, even as lights relieve shade in a painting; but "funny writing" is essentially different—the coarse grimaces of buffoonery bear no resemblance to that which they pretend to imitate, the sparkling smile of refined wit, and the genial laugh of well-bred humour. Noronha's awkward burlesques attained considerable popularity (we must remember that Portugal was no longer free, a circumstance that has always an injurious effect on the genius of a nation), but his success did not seduce the pen of Rodriguez Lobo

from the tender and the earnest; and his pastorals took such hold on the hearts and imaginations of his countrymen, that he has had a host of imitators, none of whom, however, have surpassed him.

The best of his pastoral lyrics are to be found in his rural romance (romance in the prose, not the poetic acceptance of the word), called "*Primavera*," The Spring. But the prose story, if story it can be called, is but the groundwork for the numerous poems which are spread over it, like gems thickly embroidered on a garment of indifferent fabric. "*Primavera*," which has scarcely any plot or incident, being little more than a series of dialogues between shepherds and shepherdesses, is divided into sections, each named after a river in Portugal. It opens with a song describing the progress of a spring day from dawn to night.

#### CANÇION.

Now day is born, beautiful day,  
Prince of the genial spring!  
He comes, proclaim'd by voices gay  
Of loving birds that sing  
Suspended in their airy bowers,  
'Mid branches fragrant with unnumber'd  
flowers.

Aurora, deck'd in newest light,  
The Orient gate flings wide;  
And smiling Flora gives to sight  
Again her meadow's pride,  
Begemm'd with crystal drops that seem  
Like diamonds sparkling in their richest  
gleam.

The sun, still bright'ning, darts his rays  
On silvery stream beneath  
The rocks, while many a ripple plays  
Where murmuring zephyrs breathe,  
And stir the fringing trees that cast  
Their shadows on the current gliding past.

As grows the day more clear, more fair,  
The glorious banks display  
The sylvan beauties cluster'd there—  
The poet's shining bay,  
Tall poplar, hazel's tufted screen,  
Light willow, graceful ash, and elm-trees  
green.

Lis\* calls not now, with accents hoarse,  
To every neighbouring height,  
But smooth beneath its glassy course  
Reveals its pebbles white:  
While rapid fishes glancing show  
Their quivering shadows on the sand below.

\* A small river of Estramadura, which falls into the sea a little to the north of Aviera.

Undimm'd by clouds, now shines the sky,  
 A various-tinted sphere;  
 And many a rustic melody  
 Steals on the charmed ear,  
 From flute and pipe, where shepherds lead  
 Their flocks o'er craggy steep and flowery  
 mead.

Merrily sports the skipping kid  
 Where fresh-sprung herbs allure;  
 The nightingale the boughs amid  
 That shade the fountain pure,  
 Sits at the close of day, and fills  
 Night's ear with plaintive, tender, loving  
 trills.

O'er the still waters shines the moon,  
 (No wind from slumber wakes)  
 Beautiful Queen! she summons soon  
 The brilliant stars, and makes,  
 With them, the night so fair to see,  
 That the vex'd sun doth from their presence  
 flee.

All things have change—to every state  
 Doth steadfast Hope remain  
 To whisper, all shall renovate,  
 And be restor'd again;  
 From Hope thus springs Contentment, blest  
 With balm to soothe Regret and Care to  
 rest.

The gentle rustics in "*Primavera*" frequently propose to each other questions of a somewhat metaphysical nature, to which poetic replies are given according to the different opinions of the speakers, or rather singers. Thus, to the question—"Which is the most perfect love, that which does, or that which does not, cherish hope?"—a shepherd and shepherdess return answers of opposite sentiments—the former as the advocate, the latter as the antagonist of hopeful love:—

THE REPLY OF THE SHEPHERD ARDENIO.

None loves who does not wish full fain:  
 None wishes who no hope will cherish:  
 The heart may love, wish, hope, in vain;  
 For ever seek, and ne'er obtain—  
 But fond aspirings cannot perish.

What if no tree its aid supplies  
 To raise the Ivy upwards springing?  
 On earth the plant supinely lies;  
 It lacketh strength alone to rise;  
 It climbeth not, save closely clinging.

And, haply, thus should Hope deny  
 To Love her firm sustaining power,  
 On its own root must Love rely;  
 And shall it live? or shall it die  
 Unless by fruit, uncrown'd by flower?

The heart that makes not Hope its own,  
 That fair one's favouring smile seeks  
 never,  
 Fails not in perfect Love alone,  
 But what Love is hath never known;  
 Yea, lives unlov'd, unloving ever.

THE REPLY OF THE SHEPHERDESS  
 DIMAREA.

Love that devotes the wishful thought  
 To its own weal and gladness solely;  
 Whose hope is with self-vantage fraught,  
 That is not perfect love—'tis nought  
 But perfect interest, selfish wholly.

True Love no more than loving is:  
 Love is of Love the sole reflection,  
 The aim and end: it needs but this,  
 Thinks not of self, nor hopes for bliss  
 As guerdon of the heart's affection.

True Love on Hope is founded not;  
 No light save Love's its eye allureth;  
 Favour unsought may be its lot;  
 But though unfavour'd and forgot,  
 Its constancy the more endureth.

The heart rul'd by Love's noblest spell,  
 Illum'd by Beauty's ray the brightest,  
 Essays, as equally and well,  
 The arduous, the impossible,  
 As task the easiest and lightest.

He only who Love's strict behest  
 Obeys with loyalty unswerving,  
 Merits at length to find him blest—  
 He who would ask more lenient test,  
 Of smallest boon is undeserving.

These replies are characteristic of the sexes: the answer of the man bears the impress of man's pride; it indicates a consciousness of merit, and a desire of advantage. He feels that something is due to him in return for the compliment of his love, and he would not be without the hope of reward. The female expresses a much higher opinion of the nature of love, which, to be perfect, should be wholly disinterested, self-denying, patient, and loyal. It is generally admitted that examples of pure self-devotion and long endurance, are more common among women than among men—the strongest love in the weaker sex.

Amongst other questions proposed in "*Primavera*," it is asked, "*What connexion is there between love and jealousy?*" which elicits three different answers:—One affirms Jealousy to be the son of Love; another declares them to be brothers: a third shepherd,

Lereno, who is the hero of the romance, asserts that no relationship exists between them.

REPLY OF THE SHEPHERD RISEO.  
For Opportunity of yore,  
Love cherish'd once an am'rous flame ;  
The nymph was won, a son she bore,  
And Jealousy they call'd his name.

In power the equal of his sire,  
In stature greater far than he ;  
Prompt are his words of force and fire—  
Love's Child, in truth, is Jealousy.

Go where he will he seeth much ;  
He cannot fly, weighed down by care ;  
And on his head, where'er we touch,  
We find his mother's lock of hair.

Deception is his food, his joy ;  
He lives, he moves, in Error's dreams :  
While Love looks but a little boy,  
A full-grown youth his offspring seems.

His father he delights to grieve :  
No wonder, then, that men deny  
Love's son the ingrate to believe,  
Since Love doubts his paternity.

REPLY OF EGEBIO.  
Love, Jealousy, unlike are they,  
Though Venus' offspring, brothers twain ;  
And both aspire with despot sway  
O'er the ancestral realm to reign.

But Jealousy, whose nature bore  
His sire, bear Vulcan's seal imprest,  
Took charge of Love, and never more  
Hath left him one short hour of rest.

His lineage by his air we guess ;  
Thence soothly are his parents known :  
A mother bright in loveliness,  
A father to suspicion prone.

Twins are the brothers ; both have set  
Keen heart and hands to mischiefs dire :  
This works with Vulcan's treacherous net,  
That with his ever-glowing fire.

Each hath a different aim and will,  
But both alike in danger dwell ;  
For both are mutual foes—but still  
Together live, inseparable.

Hast thou e'er seen (whoe'er thou be  
That haply wouldst this truth disprove)  
Love separate from Jealousy ?  
Or Jealousy apart from Love ?

REPLY OF LERENO.  
Between these twain is kindred none ;  
No friendly bond their hearts confess :  
Love is of Confidence the son,  
And Jealousy of Wilfulness.

And one is proudly born, howe'er  
Content by times his claims to waive :  
Love's mother was a noble Fair,  
While Jealousy's was but a slave.

And Love o'er Jealousy has power,  
As o'er a slave a master dread :  
Him Love received as bridal dower  
With Beauty when the nymph he wed.

He guides his master on his way—  
But prone to ramble, false is he ;  
Blind Love too ready to betray,  
He tells him more than eyes could see.

He who proud Beauty's sway can tell,  
Who knows how Love his power doth prove,  
He may good service oft compel  
From Jealousy, the slave of Love.

These different replies are much admired by Portuguese readers, for their variety and their fanciful ideas.

As a specimen of the short-line stanzas, called by the Portuguese "Endeixas" (and by the Spaniards "Endechas"), we translate

#### THE LAY FOR LOVERS.

##### "PRIMAVERA."

Who to shepherd maiden  
Would his love avow,  
Must forsake the laden  
Wain, and heavy plough :  
Cease his tilling, weeding,  
Tracing furrows deep ;  
In *her* eyes but needing  
Now to sow and reap.

There, if from love duly  
Spring up other loves,  
Let him labour truly—  
Love his toil approves.  
Lives he ? 'tis to see her,  
Or for her to sigh ;  
If his death can be her  
Weal, for her to die.

Where her hours she spendeth,  
He must linger there ;  
If her sheep she tendeth,  
Be a flock his care.  
Round her he must hover,  
Seek her by the rill,  
In the vale, or over  
Steep and breezy hill.

He the grapes must bring her  
From his early vine ;  
Down from nut-trees fling her  
Clusters full and fine ;  
Offer sylvan present,  
Cull'd on mountain's crown,  
Chestnuts crisp and pleasant  
In their corsets brown.

If his bees on sunny  
Bank of river thrive,  
He must give her honey  
From his choicest hive :  
Nightingales, all song-birds,  
Where he finds them best,  
He must bring, with young birds  
In the parent nest.

Let him, singing sweetly  
While his lambskins graze,  
Carve a distaff neatly  
To deserve her praise.  
He must seek and treasure  
All she doth prefer ;  
He must make his pleasure  
All that pleases *her*.

If she choose e'en duller  
Hue than brown to wear,  
He must think that colour  
Makes her seem more fair.  
Loves she twilight's glooming ?  
Let his heart comply—  
Ask no sun's illuming  
Save her sunbright eye.

All his soul's affections  
Hers must emulate,  
Be but the reflections  
Of *her* love and hate.  
Love ennobles—blessing  
Those who own his sway,  
Who his laws professing,  
Teach them and obey.

The following is the fragment of a

#### CANTIGA.

FROM "PRIMAVERA."

Now the wish'd-for sun is bringing  
Life to day, and tints to earth ;  
Sends the shepherd, gaily singing,  
To his flocks that wait him, forth.  
Now chill night succeeds, and chases  
Golden lustre from the skies ;  
Bright-eyed dawn the night replaces,  
While its radiance glads our eyes ;  
Learn we thus (and not in vain)  
Suns but set to rise again.

One day flies—the rest that follow  
Reach us, but they mocking fleet ;  
Laughing at my hopes so hollow,  
And my visions false, yet sweet.  
Still, how'er my fate may thwart me,  
Unconvinc'd, unchang'd I live ;  
From those dreams I cannot part me  
That such dear delusions give :  
Hoping yet in countless years  
One bright day unstain'd with tears.

A favourite subject with Rodriguez Lobo is a shepherd tending his flock near the sea, watching the vessels with

their snowy sails, and gazing on the rocks and the waves, and drawing from the picture sentiments, similes, and reflections, which he embodies in verse, and sings as romance, cantiga, cancion, or sonnet. As for instance in the following

#### ROMANCE OF LERENO.

Down from this lofty crag I gaze  
Upon the waves' contending shock ;  
The billow there its rage displays,  
Its firmness the opposing rock.

I watch upon the tide afar  
A bark toss'd by the driving wind,  
Whose force Art's proudest works can mar—  
It pictures Fortune to my mind.

How little courage, faith, and will,  
Avail 'gainst hostile Fortune's power !  
Oh ! for firm hopes and strength, to fill  
My heart when perils round me lour.

'Mid changeful gales, through dangers dread,  
I traverse Ocean's trackless realm ;  
The straining sails are fill'd o'erhead,  
Blind is the steersman at the helm.

If on the poop the wild winds rave,  
I drive on rocks or treacherous sand :  
What skill from threat'ned wreck can save ?  
How shall I reach the pleasant land ?

Land vainly sought !—it gives to sight  
A cape that may not doubled be :  
Would I to port return ? the might  
Of adverse breezes baffles me.

I would my weary course were o'er,  
Yet scarce can look for end save this,  
To dash in pieces on the shore,  
Or founder in the deep abyss.

Fond thoughts, sweet hopes ! Oh, far more  
blest  
My bosom had it never known  
Your presence, since in vain possess't,  
To lose you while ye seem'd mine own.

Better a clouded lot to bear,  
Than mourn o'er glories past and gone ;  
Nobler is Patience, soothing care,  
Than Vict'ry's wreath by warriors won.

Sorrows are real, joys are nought  
But shadows that o'er earth are spread ;  
That mock the eager grasp, uncaught,  
And leave no vestige when they're fled.

Perilous voyage ! troubled tide !  
Billows that ceaseless surge and swell !  
Harbour unreach'd and undescried,  
Defiant straits, dark rocks, farewell !



Farewell, rude reef and desert isle,  
Breaker, and shoal, and quicksands drear !  
And syrens to whose voice erewhile  
I gave a pleas'd and willing ear.

Farewell ! I've anchor'd now—in vain  
Fair wind and favouring breeze may blow ;  
They shall not tempt me forth again—  
Enough of Fortune's mood I know.

Rodriguez Lobo has not only embodied his own feelings and sentiments on every suitable occasion in his "*Primavera*," but is also said to have made it the vehicle of covert allusions to various circumstances in his own life, which, from the lapse of time, and the scarcity of records, cannot now be traced or understood. This work, which was dedicated to Donna Juliana de Lara, Countess of Odemira, went through many editions in Lisbon, and was translated into Spanish, and published in Madrid, in 1629.

Encouraged by its success, Lobo wrote a second part, called "*Pastor Peregrino*, or the Wandering Shepherd," in which character Lerenó, the hero of "*Primavera*," reappears, wandering in quest of adventures, and in search of a cure for the sorrows with which, by a strange inconsistency in pastoral writers, their shepherds are so frequently overwhelmed, in a state of life represented by the poets as the most tranquil, happy, and independent. The "*Pastor*," like its first part, is simply a groundwork for lyrics in various measures, and for the expression of sentiment, rather than for the development of incidents. Lerenó, in the course of his wanderings, meets, in a scene of deep seclusion, with an old mountaineer, in whose words Lobo takes occasion to express (in prose, however) his own opinions and feelings, and his mode of life:—

"In my cottage you will find nothing belonging to vanity; there is nothing but what is needful in my pastoral occupation; or if there be anything more, it is but some necessary of life. I live contented, and free from care, for when I wake my thoughts are not fixed on fortune; nor when I sleep, do I dream of the pleasures and possessions that deceive, and of the evils that men choose of their own will. At night, whatever star I see it is mine—for all the stars are propitious to my state of life; and by day the sun appears to me always of the same brightness, for the eyes with which I behold him are free. I have this instrument, to whose music I sing; whenever it is suitable for me

to be gay, I am so, for I sing only to please myself; and when it is otherwise, I care not for it, for I do not sing to rejoice others. When the frost and the snow are on the mountains, there is wood on our hills and fire in our flints to defend me from the cold; when the weather is sultry, I find refreshing coolness under the shade of these trees, and by the side of these fountains. My food is simple, conformable with the simplicity of my life; and my apparel is always of the same colour, for changefulness (even in trifles) is hazardous. The greatest difficulty I have arises from the shepherds around me; each one has his own inclinations, and his own opinions, and I have to stand single with my own against all the rest; but I conduct myself in such a manner that nothing painful results from our intercourse. From the avaricious man I never request anything; neither do I advise him to give to others, nor do I commend him for not giving: thus I neither deceive him nor offend him. To the proud man I display no pride, to avoid contention with him; nor do I assume any with inferiors, for with them it would be useless and misplaced. I do not serve an ungrateful man, in order that he should not make me regret it; or if I do serve him, I remember that, from his evil disposition, I can expect no return for the work which is good in itself. With the talkative man I am silent; to the silent man I speak with circumspection. The violent man I do not exasperate; to the fool I do not strive to impart reason. To the poor man I owe nothing; from the rich man I ask nothing. The vain man I neither flatter nor censure; to the flatterer I give no credence; and thus I live peaceably with all, and no one does me any injury. I speak no bitter truths, and I encourage no degrading friendship. I do not seek for possessions, that others may envy me. In these days, from the three best things in the world, the three worst are produced—from truth, hatred; from social intercourse, contempt; from prosperity, envy. I am what you see me, and what I have told you. I do not wish to appear other than I am, nor to be more than I appear. If you are satisfied with what you have heard, and will come with me, as it is late, I will offer you the hospitality of my cottage; you may enter it without fear, sleep in it without danger, and leave it without regret."

This is intended for the speech of a single-minded and upright rural philosopher, and doubtless many of the maxims are excellent; but it seems to us a little too *poco-curante* and self-engrossed. The portrait is that of a harmless and amiable, but not very useful, member of the human family.

Lerenó does not accept the invitation, preferring to ramble deeper into

the solitude, and to spend the night  
in lonely meditations and in song.  
He personifies his sorrows, and ad-  
dresses to them, as sentient and in-  
telligent, a fanciful expostulation on  
their persecutions and his sufferings,  
endeavours to bring them to reason,  
and asks redress.

#### ROMANCE OF LERENO.\*

FROM THE "PASTOR PERERINO."

Amid these trees so sad and sombre,  
Now dimly veil'd by dark'ning night,  
Where leaves with low and gentle music  
Soft melancholy thoughts invite:

Beside the stream, that rapid flowing,  
Its way through crags and pebbles takes,  
And vocal with its pleasant murmur  
The silent sleep of Nature breaks:

Within the grove, whose light, whose features,  
Whose tints are lost in shadows brown,  
Cast downwards by th' overhanging moun-  
tains,  
That round this deep seclusion frown:

Here let me rest, and ask my sorrows  
(For they can answer prompt and well),  
Have I yet borne your utmost anguish?  
Or can your power past griefs excel?

Would ye my death? can that avail you?—  
Or life?—*what* life will ye to give?  
For this existence, grief embitter'd,  
Doth hourly die, yet dying live.

Long ages hath it seem'd to linger,  
And if for years it lingers still,  
Tis but that Time each joy may banish,  
And deepen and increase each ill.

Two powers, though sightless (one Affection's,  
One Reason's foe doth ever prove),  
Combine, against my life conspiring—  
One Fortune is—the other, Love.

And these to banishment have doom'd me,  
I wander, heedless where I go:  
Alas! I find them still beside me;  
Their wings are swift, my feet are slow.

My Sorrows, if ye fain would slay me,  
Your blows so fast, so fierce to deal  
It needs not; one, the least, the lightest,  
Would task endurance strong as steel.

Against me ye, and Love, and Fortune,  
Are warring in united band:  
No friends, save mine own thoughts, are  
near me;  
How can I, then, still firmly stand?

If ye would live with me, bethink ye  
That with my death must sound your knell;  
For sorrows only last while liveth  
The mortal in whose heart they dwell.

Come, then, some sure remede revealing,  
Some balmy hopes that may sustain  
Your life and mine, while thus I wander  
O'er mountain lone, o'er silent plain.

But what is this!—will ye not answer?  
Another doth for you reply—  
"Tis vain to ask redress from Sorrow,  
As seek from Fortune constancy."

Lobo added to his great pastoral romance a third part, called "O Desengano" (the Disenchanted), or rather, "The Undeceived." It is divided into sections, called "discourses;" and, like the two former parts, contains a great number of lyrics; and the author infused into it a larger amount of his own stores of information than in the two preceding parts of his work. But this sequel does not seem to have been as popular as the "Primavera" or the "Pastor Peregrino;" but the subject had been exhausted, and the tediousness was not relieved by interest or adventure.

Lobo's Eclogues, ten in number, are in a less popular style than his poetic romances and other pastoral lyrics; they are too didactic; the shepherds meet to moralise on some particular virtues and their opposite vices; but these bucolics are pervaded by a rustic simplicity, and a delicacy and gentleness that are very pleasing, and the verse is sweet and fluent. The eclogues are interspersed with various songs, romances, cantigas, &c., one of which we translate for its rustic quaintness. It is sung by a shepherd as an imaginary dialogue between two friends, one reasoning with the other on the inutility of complaining against Fortune:—

#### CANTIGA.

"Find'st thou no cure for pain and dole?  
Be still, and vain complaints forsake."

"Leave me complaint; it is the sole  
Revenge I can on Fortune take."

"Nay, all thy murmurings and sighs  
Strike vainly upon Fortune's ear;  
She cheats, and from her victim flies.  
How think'st thou reason she would hear?"

\* In the original, this romance is without rhyme, having only the assonance of vowels.

Then, save thou art perverse of mood,  
Thy querulous complaints forbear."

"Leave me complaint, my only good,  
All else I yield to Fortune's share."

"But thence what fruit, I'm fain to learn,  
To gather canst thou fondly dream?"

"To chafe her when she doth discern  
How small her greatest boons I deem."

"If all men else her gifts enjoy,  
What can thine accusations do?"

"Her falsehood prove, her arts destroy,  
And show, unmask'd, her visage true."

"She'll say thou'rt envious of the weal  
To others given, to thee denied."

"And I in vengeance will reveal  
How she her favours misapplied."

"What canst thou do to guard thee well,  
And thwart her when she would oppress?"

"To *her* my stern complainings tell,  
And to *myself* my happiness."

How natural is this last distich! How many there are who give themselves the habit of complaining aloud of their ill-fortune, while they secretly confess to themselves that, after all, they still have much to enjoy!

Lobo, beside his incidental lyrics, composed a great number of separate romances (many of them in Spanish), pastorals, sonnets, &c. Among the latter is one on a waterfall, possessing so much beauty that we are anxious to give it as a favourable specimen of the author's powers in sonnet-writing. It is so remarkably well translated in Sismondi's "History of the Literature of the South of Europe," that we take permission to transcribe that translation, believing that the reader would prefer our so doing to giving him the trouble of referring to "Sismondi," or to our presenting him with an inferior version of our own.

#### SONNET ON A WATERFALL.

(TRANSLATED IN "SISMONDI")

"Ye waves, that from yon steep, o'erhanging height,  
Plunge in wild falls to seek the cliffs below,  
Dashing in whirling eddies as ye flow,  
Most beauteous in your strange aerial flight,  
And never weary of your stern delight,  
Waking eternal music as ye go,  
Roving from rock to rock! Yet why bestow  
These charms on scenes so rude and wild, when bright,  
And soft, and flowery meads a gentler way,  
Through sunlit banks, should softly lead you on  
To your far bourne, in some wish'd sea-nymph's caves?  
But, ah! your wanderings, like mine own, betray  
Love's mysteries sad. Our hapless fate is one:  
Unchang'd flow on my thoughts, and headlong rush your waves."

Lobo would have done wisely had he been content to rest his fame solely on the basis of his sonnets, pastorals, and poems of that class. But his desire to imitate Camoens (whom he so nearly approached in his lyrics) unhappily induced him to emulate the "*Lusiad*" by an epic, in which he failed. This work, called "*O'Condestabre de Portugal*" (The Constable of Portugal) was designed to celebrate the Lusitanian hero, Nuno Alvarez Pereira, who, in 1383, bravely assisted the Master of Avis, afterwards John I. (a natural brother of the *then* lately deceased King Ferdinand), to save their country from the threatened yoke of Castile, whose king claimed it as husband

of the only child of Ferdinand, contrary to the constitution of Portugal, which prohibited annexation to a foreign crown under such circumstances. Nuno Pereira, who made many sacrifices for the independence of Portugal, distinguished himself in the great victory at Aljubarrota (to which success he mainly contributed), which defeated Castile, and gave to Portugal a native monarch, brave, wise, and honourable. The epic, though it has some good passages, such as the description of the great battle, and of Pereira in the bosom of his family, is dry and tedious, and is, in fact, but a rhyming biography in twenty cantos. But it is remarkable in one respect,

the choice of the subject at a time when Portugal had actually fallen into the hands of Castile, as though Lobo meant to recommend the examples of Pereira and Don John to his subjugated countrymen, and urge them to another Aljubarrota; and his dedication of his epic to Theodosius Duke of Braganza, to whom the Portuguese secretly looked as their future deliverer, and whose son did, in 1640, expel the Castilians, and reign as John IV., strengthens the conjecture. It was about 1610 that he published the epic. In nine years after, when Philip III. visited Portugal as an unjust and oppressive master, Lobo addressed to him his pompous greetings, the "*Jornadas*," apparently as an antidote to, or an apology for, his "*Constable of Portugal*," which he might fear would otherwise be remembered to his disadvantage when the foreign monarch came so near him as Lisbon.

The Portuguese, after their national calamity at Alcaçerquiver, still fondly hoped that Sebastian was yet living, either a prisoner or a wanderer, and that he would re-appear to free them from the Spaniards. Their hopes were founded on the circumstances that the corpse said to be his was so decomposed by two days exposure to the African sun, and so mutilated and defaced by the trampling of the horses, that it was not recognisable, and that Resende, the King's page, had been heard to say that he *pretended* to recognise it only to draw off the Moors from the pursuit of his master, and that Don Nuno de Mascarenhas had affirmed his having seen him slain, for the same reason; that several persons of credit had seen the King retreating towards the river *after* the time when he had been reported dead by Mascarenhas, and that Don Antonio, Prior de Crato (son of Sebastian's uncle, Don Louis, who, had he been legitimate, would have been next heir) constantly affirmed that the King survived the battle, and his declaration was universally believed. After the death of Sebastian's grand-uncle and successor, the King-Cardinal, Don Henry, when Philip Second, had defeated the Prior de Crato, and seized the Portuguese throne, as descended from King Emmanuel's eldest daughter, two impostors, one after another, pretending to be the missing Sebastian, appeared, collected some follow-

ers, and disturbed the public mind. But their imposture was too gross: they were well known—one as the son of a mason, the other the son of a park-keeper; they were defeated and punished—the first with death, the other with the galleys. But in 1598, twenty years after the defeat at Alcaçerquiver, a Sebastian of a very different order came forward, and *his* claims have never been satisfactorily disproved; in fact, have never been opposed by anything more than the bare assertions of interested antagonists. In the year above-named, a personage attracted public notice in Venice, who was asserted by all the Portuguese there, who had known Don Sebastian, to be that long-lost prince, and who, on being interrogated, declared himself to be so, and requested to be heard by the Venetian senate. He related, that having escaped from the battle, he disguised himself as a Moor, and thus reached Portugal, where he revealed himself to the Cardinal-King; but the latter, desirous of retaining the throne, sought to put him to death, and he was obliged to fly. Not wishing to disturb the peace of Portugal under a native king, he resolved to do penance in obscurity for the rashness by which he had brought so much misery on his realm, and retired to Sicily, where he lived in seclusion. Afterwards he repaired to Venice, where he was recognised by many of his former subjects. The Spanish Ambassador, knowing how distasteful to his master would be the resuscitation of the King of Portugal, denounced the claimant as an impostor, affirmed him to be an apostate monk of Calabria, and accused him of many crimes. The supposed Sebastian was imprisoned, but on his repeated entreaties to be heard, he was brought before the senate and examined no less than twenty-eight times, when he completely refuted the charges brought against him, and gave the senate such clear and minute accounts of transactions between that body and Don Sebastian, which no one but the latter could have known so perfectly, that the senators were thrown into the utmost perplexity. It was remembered that Sebastian had twenty-four natural marks by which he could be recognised, some of which could not be counterfeited—such as one hand much larger than the other, and the

remarkable lip of the house of Austria, of which his mother, Donna Joanna, and his grandmother, Donna Catherine, had been daughters. All these marks were found on the stranger. The proofs he gave of his identity with the lost king were so strong, and the conviction of all the Portuguese who saw him was so unhesitating, that the senate, notwithstanding the urgent representations of the Spanish Ambassador instructed by his court, would not venture to condemn the stranger, but, after two years deliberations, would only consent to command him to leave Venice, and to abandon the title of Don Sebastian. He wished to go to Rome, to discover himself to the Pope, and his adherents disguised him as a Dominican Friar, that he might elude the spies of Spain. In Florence, however, he was arrested by the Grand Duke Ferdinand (Di Medici) from whom he was claimed by Philip of Spain. Ferdinand refused to surrender him to Philip, but sent him on to Orbitello, where he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and was conveyed to Naples (then under the dominion of Spain), and cast into a miserable cell in the Castello del Ovo, where he was left for three days without food, and goaded to the commission of suicide, but he opposed a mild and pious fortitude to his persecutions. The Viceroy of Naples, the Spanish Count de Lemos, who had been ambassador from Philip Second to Don Sebastian, was curious to see the prisoner, who was brought before him. The Count was standing bare-headed, the day being hot. The stranger addressed him, "*Be covered, Count de Lemos!*" so exactly with the majestic tone and manner of the Portuguese King, that the Count was startled and alarmed, and his confusion increased when the stranger related to him circumstantial details of occurrences known only to himself and Sebastian. The captive was sent back to the Castello del Ovo, but the Count de Lemos, who had been deeply affected by the interview, caused him to be treated with kindness and consideration during his (the Count's) life time. But when de Lemos died, his son, who succeeded him as Viceroy, behaved with the utmost rigour to the stranger,

whom he removed to the prison of the Castello Nuovo. In vain the latter urged to be taken to Portugal, where there were so many persons living who could be competent witnesses in the cause. All the favour he could obtain was, to be seen by such persons as interest or curiosity prompted to visit him; and all those, Spaniards, Italians, and Portuguese, left his presence deeply impressed by his dignity, meekness and piety, and fully convinced of his identity.

In vain did the Spanish Government bring forward persons to swear to him as the Calabrian; a woman suborned to claim him as her husband, retracted when confronted with him; pretended brothers and kinsmen did the same; a soldier bribed by a large sum to swear that he was a fellow-Calabrian, and had known the prisoner from boyhood, was seized with remorse, and publicly abjured his perjury. The people of Portugal in vain petitioned that he should be sent to that country for examination — *that* step Philip thought too dangerous; but the anxious people flocked to the churches to pray for the safety and deliverance of the sufferer. The Viceroy of Naples commanded him, on pain of death, to confess himself an imposter, which he firmly and indignantly refused, calling upon heaven to witness his truth. He was consequently treated with the utmost inhumanity, nearly starved for some days, and then whipped through the streets of Naples, a cryer going before him and proclaiming that such was the punishment adjudged by King Philip to a traitorous Calabrian (at which words he always exclaimed, "*that is false*") who assumed the name of Don Sebastian (to which he never failed to reply, "*And Sebastian I am.*") He was then loaded with chains and sent to the galleys, where, for three months, he suffered every kind of barbarity and humiliation that Philip's cruel policy could dictate.

Subsequently he was sent on board a galley to the Spanish Port of St. Lucar,\* frequented by persons of many nations. There, all who saw him were satisfied of his being Sebastian. The French declared it publicly, and several Spaniards ventured to say that the

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\* At the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

persecution of the unfortunate prince would call down vengeance on the head of Philip. The Duke and Duchess of Medina Sidonia, who had been intimately acquainted with Sebastian, went to see the mysterious personage, believing him, however, to be an imposter; but at the first look, both duke and duchess turned away their heads with an air of dismay. He recalled to them some particulars which increased their perplexity; and reminded the duke that Sebastian, at their last interview, had given him a sword, which he said he could identify. The duke sent, by an attendant, for a number of swords, among which the true one was unostentatiously placed; but the stranger selected it without hesitation. He also reminded the duchess that Sebastian had presented her with a ring, but that he did not tell her the secret that Sebastian's name was engraved under the *jewel*. The duchess caused the stone to be taken out, and the name was found, as he had stated; and the noble pair became impressed with a conviction (which, as Spanish subjects, they dared not openly avow) that the unhappy galley-slave was, indeed, Sebastian. The Portuguese beginning loudly to demand his liberation, Philip took alarm, and after sending him to the Sicilian galleys, and then remanding him to St. Lucar, he was finally removed to some secret prison in Castile, and was never heard of more. Assuming him to have been Sebastian (which has never been disproved), what a dreadful vicissitude—what a horrible fate for a king but too brave—what an atonement for his rash expedition to Africa! His fate was even worse (being more deeply degraded, and more prolonged) than that of the peculiarly unhappy Louis XVI.

While anxiety for the recognition of Sebastian was agitating the bosoms of the Portuguese, it does not appear that Rodriguez Lobo, peaceable and apparently timid, ventured openly to avow any share in the public feeling, though he was employed upon his "*Constable of Portugal*" before the professed Sebastian had disappeared from the world.

Other works of Lobo's are, "The History of the Sorrowful Tree," in ninety-six octavo stanzas—an "Auto," or religious play, on the birth of our Lord—an elegy on the robbery of the consecrated Host, committed in the

cathedral of Oporto (a strange subject), and a comedy called "Euphrosyne," which was at first erroneously attributed to another pen.

He was also author of a celebrated prose work called "The Court in the Country, or the Winter Nights," in which a party of friends, assembled in a country house, discuss, in dialogues, the kind of education requisite to form an accomplished man for society. It has been much admired for its gentleman-like sentiments, its stores of knowledge, its sound criticisms, the well-told anecdotes and tales with which it is interspersed, and the excellence of its style and language. Portuguese prose owes as much to Lobo as Portuguese poetry to Camoens; he was the first who attempted to refine his native prose, and give it elegance and eloquence; his "Court in the Country," and his three pastoral romances, had a strong and beneficial influence in improving the prose literature of Portugal.

Notwithstanding the placid and uneventful life which Rodriguez Lobo led, wholly devoted to study, to the Muses, and to Nature, his death was tragical. On a certain day, the date of which is unknown, he took boat at Santarem to proceed to Lisbon down the Tagus, that river of which he was so great a lover. A sudden storm arose, the boat was wrecked, and the poet sunk in the waters, never to rise again in life. His remains were subsequently found and interred in the Chapel das Queimadas, belonging to the Convent of San Francisco, near the spot where his body was washed ashore.

He was generally lamented, as an amiable man and a popular poet; and many poetical tributes were dedicated to his memory. But Thomas Noronha displayed his perverted taste by a *burlesque* sonnet on this melancholy subject, to which, with repulsive levity, he strove to impart an air of ridicule. He wishes (in the sonnet) that the Tagus may lose its golden sands, Apollo's lyre go out of tune, Bacchus' cup be spilled, Venus, "and her bantling" die; and swears by a name too sacred for transcribing on such a subject, that if he can catch that villainous Eolus, the god of the winds, that did the mischief, he will give him a sound thrashing; nay, "by St. Peter, he will even cudgel him to death."

We gladly turn from these absurdi-

ties to a few lines of better feeling and taste inscribed to Lobo's memory (under the name of his hero Lerenó), by a cotemporary poet, in an address to the Tagus :—

ADDRESS TO THE TAGUS.

Tagus! could these sweet numbers breath'd to thee,

By lov'd Lerenó, singing on thy side,  
Have touch'd thee, how couldst thou unpy-  
ing see

His mournful death—'twas in *thy* waves  
he died.

Because he gave *thee* glory, wouldst thou  
give

To *him*, in recompense, a crystal tomb?  
As in his *life* all honour'd didst thou live,  
So in his *death* reproach shall be thy  
doom.

He gave *thee* life of wide-spread fame—and  
thou

Didst cut his Being short—like fell in-  
grate

As thou hast slain, thy fame is blotted  
now :

Yet shalt thou him exalt whose bitter  
fate

Hath been thy deed—his deathless memory  
On thee, as on a silver tablet, graved shall  
be.

M. E. M.

FOOD—DRINKS—DRUGS.

"For heaven's sake put aside that book!" was the advice of a friend who observed upon our table a goodly volume of some 650 pages of close print, labelled *Food and its Adulterations*. "Don't read it if you wish ever to eat, drink, or take physic more." We were not deterred by this kindly warning, but, true to the maternal nature, boldly essayed to know good and evil; and yet we live—eating, drinking, but taking no physic, just as if we knew no more of the horrid secrets of adulteration than is conveyed in the old proverb, which tells man he must eat a peck of dirt before his final conjunction of ashes to ashes. We shall see presently by what deeper draughts of knowledge we were enabled to regain the equanimity which, we must confess, was considerably disturbed by that dangerous thing, a little learning, when we first sipped it from the scanty spring of a volunteer "Sanitary Commission." We now intimate the fact, that one may taste of knowledge, and not die or even languish, because we conceive the subject to be one of very grave public interest, respecting which it is desirable the whole of the people should be well informed. It is true, "death in the pot" is not a novel manifestation of the King of Terrors; for long before Mr. Frederick Accum introduced the subject of adulteration of food to the world by that quaint name, the common and statute law had dealt with it under various heads. The as-  
size of bread and beer, both as to qua-

lity and quantity, was vested in the chief magistrates of cities, probably from the date of their institution; and the offence of changing corn by a miller, and returning bad corn in the stead, has been punishable by indictment from time immemorial. In both these instances, and in many others, countless attempts were made to regulate the evils of pot and pan by legislative acts, apparently with so little encouragement in the result, that the latest legislation has gone well nigh to unfetter the two staffs of English life from all practical securities against their corruption. A considerable excitement was, however, raised and kept up during the years 1851 to 1854, by the publication, in a medical journal, of a large number of reports of microscopical and chemical analyses of various articles of food, drink, and physic; and the subject having attracted the notice of Parliament, it was referred to the consideration of a Committee of the House of Commons during the session of last year. The Committee have reported that they were unable to complete the inquiry entrusted to them within the time at their disposal, and they have recommended the investigation to be renewed in the ensuing session of Parliament. The published evidence, nevertheless, seems to us to be ample; but, as it is probable the recommendation of the Committee will be adopted, the present time may not seem inappropriate to a short digest of the multifarious crude

material upon which the public as well as the Committee may be called upon to found opinions destined to be the basis of legislation.

Our readers must not be frightened when we tell them that abundant evidence of a trustworthy nature has been adduced, to prove that almost every substance whose name is a familiar household word, and many of which a majority of them never heard—in a word “all articles which it will pay to adulterate, whether of food, drink, or drugs,”\* are frequently and extensively the subjects of adulteration. The fact would be scarcely credible upon any testimony, were it not that what must be considered as a plea of confession has been put in by the dealers in those articles, in the mode in which they have dealt with an accusation that, if preferred in a less sweeping manner, would undoubtedly have been repudiated as a libel. In the original investigation, instituted by the proprietor of the *Lancet*—

“The method pursued was this. Two persons, in whom confidence could be reposed, were sent to purchase the articles which it was proposed to take in hand and to analyse. Immediately on each purchase the name and address of the party was placed on the wrapper containing the article bought, with the date and the initials of the person purchasing. The results have been published from time to time, in connexion with the names of the parties from whom the different articles were purchased; if, therefore, there had been any general inaccuracy in the results, it cannot be questioned for a moment but that some of those parties would have proceeded to show any error in the statements made. The statements were made regularly during a period of four years, and involved the publication of the names and addresses of many hundreds of manufacturers and traders.”†

The manufacturers and traders, in truth, treated the whole affair with profound contempt; and therein, we doubt not, they exercised a wise discretion. The fact is, nevertheless, remarkable, and it will be found to throw some light upon the public bearings of the subject that ought not to be disregarded, in considering the possibility and mode of legislative intervention.

The practice of adulteration, as established by many competent witnesses, seems to be readily divisible into two kinds, or forms. In the first, which is the kind most frequently practised, the adulteration consists in the addition of substances of inferior value, in order to increase the weight or bulk of the article sold. It is, in fact, adulteration for profit, and it involves the admixture of various substances required to restore the colour, taste, smell, and other properties of the matter adulterated. It is necessarily practised upon, and by the use of a vast variety of articles whose names are to be found under every letter of the alphabet; but a few examples will show the nature of these practices, which vary in character from simple cheating to a mere accommodation of supply to demand. Foremost in the former category, we find the adulteration of coffee, respecting which Dr. Hassall arrived at the following conclusions, viz:—That of twenty-nine samples of *canister* coffee analysed, the whole were adulterated, twenty-eight of them containing chicory in large proportions, and five being mixed with roasted wheat and substances bearing a close resemblance to mangel-wurzel and acorn; of twenty samples examined later, nineteen were adulterated with chicory, and the chicory itself was adulterated with some red ferruginous earth; of thirty-four samples, purchased as genuine coffee, subsequent to the regulation authorising the sale of mixed chicory and coffee in labelled packages, nine only were genuine, while twenty-five contained various proportions of chicory, in eight of them to the amount of one-third of the whole article.‡ The gist of these statements is corroborated to a considerable extent by Mr. Phillips, the intelligent chief officer of the chemical department of the Board of Inland Revenue, who found a proportion of twelve nine-tenths of the samples of coffee submitted to him for examination, during nearly twelve years, adulterated with chicory, and the adulterating medium itself occasionally adulterated with beans, rye, oats (roasted and ground), caramel, or

\* Reports of Select Committee on Adulteration of Food, &c.—Minutes of Evidence, Question 3.

† Ibid. Q. 9-10.

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‡ Ibid. Q. 16.



burned sugar, red oxide of iron, orange-berries.\* Tea would also seem to be, or rather to have been, extensively subjected to the simple cheating process of addition of spurious substances, adding weight and bulk, with such ancillary manipulation as is required to preserve appearances.

"In tea, as imported (says Mr. Phillips), I have found these substances—gum, indigo, a vegetable yellow, Prussian blue, which is rare; carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and silica. In the tea made up in this country I found many substances—re-dried tea-leaves, other leaves, namely, beech, elm, bastard-plane, fancy oak, and willow, made up to represent green tea with gum, Dutch pink, Prussian blue and indigo, carbonate of magnesia, French chalk, and sulphate of lime. When dried leaves and re-dried tea have been made up to represent black tea, I have found gum just outside the leaf, just coated over with rose pink to give it a bloom. Foreign leaves are broken up very small, and sifted through a sieve of a known size; they are then gathered up by means of gum-water, and rolled up into pieces, sometimes to represent the caper tea, sometimes to represent coarse gunpowder tea; they are then faced over with colouring matter made of the blue and yellow substances I have named, and they are then bloomed by being put into a bag, with a little carbonate of magnesia, French chalk, or sulphate of lime.†

It is remarkable that it is agreed that these frauds are mostly of Chinese origin, and that they are practised chiefly in dealings with green and caper, or black gunpowder teas. Congous and souchongs arrive in England, for the most part, in a genuine state; and it would appear that the manufacture of spurious tea in this country is but a matter of history. It is curious also that, according to Mr. Phillips's belief, it was, like many other malpractices, a Treasury fun-

"I have no reason (said Mr. Phillips) to believe it exists at the present moment. There were two cargoes of tea wrecked about the year 1840 or 1841. The Treasury granted permission to the underwriters to make the best use they could of this cargo of tea. A party connected with the tea trade washed this tea, and re-dried it on a common kiln used for drying malt. This

tea found its way into the market at a reduced price. After the cargo was gone, the trade wanted something to lower the price of their tea, and then re-dried tea-leaves were bought up. It then became a trade for parties to go round to different hotels and large houses, and buy them up at 2d. a pound. The re-dried leaves, however, were not sufficient to furnish the quantity required, and then resort was had to British plants."‡

The indiscreet leniency of the Government in this case seems to have raised a demand for a spurious article, and it was accordingly supplied. The great principle of buying in the cheapest market has its attendant inconveniences, and, applied to the trade in tea, it worked no better abroad than at home, if we may believe the following evidence of Mr. Warrington, the chemical operator of the Apothecaries' Company:—

"When the Company [E. I.] had a monopoly of the supply, and there was as *ad valorem* duty, did they employ tasters and inspectors at the ports?—Yes, they had inspectors at Canton always.

"Do you think we had purer teas at that time than we have had since the trade was thrown open?—There is no question of it.

"Was there no lie tea imported at that time?—Not that I have heard of. I believe it is quite a modern introduction.

"Since the opening of the trade?—Since the demand of the merchant for a cheaper article."§

To use the words of another witness, every substance consumed as food is thus adulterated, more or less. Sugar is rendered bulkier and heavier by additions of potato-flour, tapioca-starch, and all manner of weighty dirt. Bread is made cheaper by admixtures of potatoes; whiter—even that of the League Company—by alum. Lard is but a compound of potato-flour, sal-soda, caustic lime, and salt, in which the adipose matter of the *sus scrofa* is but a secondary ingredient. And so it goes on to the end of a list which it would be unprofitable to cite at length.

The examples we have given of adulteration for profit are instances of simple cheating. There are, however, varieties of this form of adulteration which, being really no more than the

\* Ibid. Q. 2149, *et seq.*

† Ibid. Q. 2355.

‡ Ibid. Q. 2346.

§ Ibid. Q. 2397, *et seq.*

accommodation of the quality of the article sold to the purchasing power of the consumer, cannot properly be included in that infamous category, although some of them have been used as chief *chevaux de bataille* by the anti-adulterators. Thus the reduction of the strength of beer, porter, stout, and gin, by the simple addition of water, though most obnoxious to the English mind, is truly no more than the supplying of a demand for cheap beverages. The preparation of tobacco, too, with sugar, water, or treacle, is not properly an adulteration, but a manufacture of an article in common demand; and in the case of the fragrant weed it is truly remarkable, and we dare say very much opposed to the preconceived opinions of our readers, that scarcely any material adulteration is practised.

At the present moment, according to the belief of Mr. Phillips, the tobacco trade is perfectly free from adulteration;\* and even the acute eye of Dr. Hassall, aided by his best microscopes, could not detect, in the numerous specimens of manufactured tobacco he examined, a single particle of a leaf that did not belong to the genuine family of the weed. Only now and then, at a fair or race-course, did he ever chance upon even a penny cigar of spurious fabric—contrived rather for ornament than use—a mixture of hay and brown paper. But he by no means loses hope of a more fortunate future; there are natural differences in the composition of varieties of the plant, "so considerable and so varied, as to reader it manifest that by imitating its chemical composition, tobacco may be adulterated to a considerable extent, without the possibility of our being able to declare with certainty that it is so adulterated."† The hint will probably be acted upon in due season, and with a zeal proportionate to the folly that regulates the fiscal relations of this important trade. The law, a few years ago, permitted the manufacture of spurious tobacco, until the ingenuity of the trade got in foreign substances to the extent of 70 per cent.‡ Having thus inaugurated the practice of adulteration, the guardians of the public revenue turned right round, and forbade the use of

any substance but water in the home manufacture of tobacco, thereby directing commercial ingenuity away from adulteration and towards smuggling. Sugar, or molasses, is a necessary ingredient in Cavendish, and as its employment within the United Kingdom is forbidden, and easily prevented, the ready-made foreign article, which is subject to a prohibitive duty of 9s. 6d. a-pound, is plentifully smuggled, and can be freely bought in ounces at prices from a third to a half below the amount of custom supposed to be paid upon it. So curious and noteworthy is the perseverance of governments and philanthropists in opposing their own ends and in guiding the natural appetites of the objects of their financial and benevolent care into mischievous and often destructive courses. The ruling passion of those respectable parties prescribes a continual warfare of especial activity against those practices which man, savage or civilised, universally adopts for the solace of his cares, and with the constant result of converting them, by their meddling, into agencies of dire moral and physical evil.

"The pipe, with stem of lily white  
In which so many take delight,"

is laid hold of by Chancellors of the Exchequer as an instrument of taxation, and doubtless a fit one; it is counterblasted by moralists. But the inordinate taxation with which the one hopes to fill the Exchequer, and the other to "cleanse the foul body of the infected world," has no other effect than to poison the fumes inhaled by the smoker, or to teach him, when he takes tobacco, not to reflect tranquilly upon the similitude of his own brief and frail existence in the "ashes, dry and white" of the briefly-burning Indian weed, and in the clay "broken with a touch;" but to spend those contemplative moments in compassing and imagining by what means he may most surely circumvent the exciseman and fill his pouch with honey-dew, or indulge in the illicit pleasure of a genuine Havanna, without violating his conscientious sense of frugality. Well nigh the whole of the male inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland are made smugglers by laws, which do not re-

\* Ibid. Q. 2417.

† Ibid. Q. 61.

‡ Ibid. Q. 2416.

strain smoking, but diminish the revenue. By like restrictions and fetters upon the manufacture and sale of beer and spirits, the population is subjected to a continual process of poisoning, and a numerous class of respectable tradesmen is strongly tempted, almost forced, to the commission of the crimes of fraud and adulteration. In London, at least, and probably in all the large towns of England, it would seem to be certain that tampering with the common beverages of the people is almost universal; and although these practices are to some, perhaps even to a considerable, extent merely, as we have said, the accommodation of supply to the purchasing power of the consumer, by harmless dilution, still there can be no doubt that there is a considerable amount of cheating in the making up of drinks, fairly chargeable against publicans.

All the witnesses agree that the dilution of beer, porter, gin, &c., is balanced by admixtures of substances designed to restore their colour, taste, or apparent strength; but although there is testimony to show that such substances as sulphate of iron (copperas), cocculus indicus, and even exhausted tobacco, have been added to beer with those views, the weight of testimony goes to prove that the ordinary forms of fraud are of a less dangerous character, and that the substances commonly used in adulterating beer are sugar, treacle, salt, grains of paradise, quassia, gentian, camomile-flowers, and coriander-seeds, all harmless in their nature. So likewise, in the making up of gin, the articles used are rarely of a noxious kind, and may more properly be called "flavourings"—their trade-name—than fraudulent adulterations; and, touching our own national beverage, Mr. Phillips tells an anecdote which includes a moral at once reassuring and warning: "A gentleman in the north of Ireland, who drank his fourteen or sixteen glasses of toddy in an evening, became very ill. He would persist in the belief that it contained corrosive sublimate; he sent us up a sample; we examined it, and it was perfectly pure."\* There is, we believe, but little noxious adulteration of any sort practised in Ire-

land; but the fact furnishes no better reason for drinking a pint of whiskey of an evening, than is furnished by the illness of the northern gentleman, for the total prohibition of a cheerful and moderate glass.

The second species of adulteration includes varieties of a kind infinitely more mischievous to the public than any commonly to be found in the category we have just been considering; and yet, strange to say, the mischief is done at the bidding of the consumer. A great number of articles of food are coloured, flavoured, or perfumed, often with noxious, and sometimes with highly poisonous substances, with no intent on the part of the manufacturer or dealer to obtain a fraudulent profit, or even to produce a cheap commodity, but simply because customers will not be contented with the sensible qualities of the unsophisticated article. Instances in point are supplied by pickles, sauces, confectionery, snuff, and, we may add, bread, tea, gin, and many other subjects of the adulteration for profit. Thus the wholesale manufacturers are forced to imbue their pickles and bottled fruits with a strong dose of verdigris before they can insure their sale; and no one will buy essence or paste of anchovies, or lobster, shrimp, or tomato sauces, unless they are reddened with rusty iron clay. Crosse and Blackwell's "practice with pickles for the last thirty-five years has been to use copper vessels in boiling the vinegar; it requires the vegetables to be scalded first, and then they remain in the vinegar two or three days, so that the vinegar takes up a portion of the copper. The same thing is done two or three days afterwards, and is repeated till the vegetables become of a green colour."† It was certainly not the manufacturer's fault that his customers thus chose to eat and drink their own destruction. Mr. Blackwell "often wondered he had no complaints, because, when a gooseberry pie was cut, it appeared an unnatural green." The customers, nevertheless, ate on, and even fashionable London clubs liked their anchovy sauce best when made "bright and handsome looking" by the trituration in every one hundred gallons of it of ten pounds of armenian bole. Nor is

\* Ibid. Q. 2284.

† Ibid. Q. 1563, *et seq.*

the beggar's brat less influenced by the pride of the eye than the most fastidious of cockney epicures. He, too, will have his morsel of ruin splendid with colour, and swallows his lollipop with a contented mind only when it is coloured with red-lead, chrome-yellow, Prussian blue, or green arsenite of copper. The ratifia flavour, dear to both man and child, is sought for though death may be in the single drop of oil of bitter almonds with which it is communicated to sweetmeat or liqueur. People are so anxious to be poisoned, that they will refuse to drink whiskey until it is made into British brandy by the addition of amylic alcohol, a poisonous oily product of the distillation of raw grain. Oxide of lead, and chromate of lead, and bichromate of potash, which are terrible poisons, are commonly met with in snuff,\* their presence being, no doubt, the supply of a demand for an inordinate titillation of the olfactory nerves.

A strong part of the case of the anti-adulterators is that which refers to medicinal drugs, and here the common public opinion is entirely with them. The roguery of druggists and apothecaries has been a standing half-jest for time immemorial, and few doubt that it is well nigh whole earnest. Yet the evidence received by the committee does not, we think, warrant that conclusion, without a large reservation; and we venture to add, that some experience disposes us to concur with those witnesses who deposed to a belief, that in this matter the world is somewhat too censorious. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the market contains a large amount of drugs of various kinds extensively adulterated, both in their crude state as imported, and after they have passed through the hands of the drug grinders. There are in London, it is said, certain "druggists, at least one druggist, who would sell any powder you please at 30s. the cwt.;"† and this feat can, of course, only be accomplished by the machinations of grinders, and the regulated use of the Powder of Post, as the sawdust with which these artists clean their mills is termed. There is, also, the sufficient testimony of Mr. Herring, an eminent drug-merchant,

that scammony is sometimes imported containing from eighty to ninety per cent. of chalk; the effect of which upon the animal economy is directly opposed to that to be expected from the pure drug; and that opium may be brought in divested of every trace of morphia, which is its active principle. Yet it is plain that the ardour of the chase has led the purists into two errors. They have overlooked the distinction between impurities, accidental and incidental, and adulterations; and they have forgotten that a vast number of samples of manufactured drugs are not intended for medical use, and that many of them are consequently sold, designedly and notoriously, impure, as being in that state cheaper, and equally well fitted for the purposes to which they are ordinarily applied. Thus there are, in fact, no such articles of wholesale import as pure scammony or pure opium, for these substances being juicy exudations from incisions in growing plants, they must be more or less liable to accidental admixtures of dust, insects, and other impurities, during the process of hardening; and as the juice of the poppy will dry only to a certain consistence, opium is always purposely stiffened by working it into a mass with such leaves of various kinds as may be at hand. Again, the legitimate existence of pure and impure drugs is recognised in the common use of a distinctive epithet. There are, for example, the sulphuric acid of *commerce*, and the carbonate of soda of *commerce*, and these are sold in the market certainly in an impure, but by no means in a fraudulently adulterated state. They are suited for various uses in the arts, as the phrase goes; and it is the business of the apothecary—who in England, unfortunately, has abjured his proper function—to purify and adapt them for medical use. In doing this, in the case of one of the articles we have chanced to mention, it might become his duty to discover that the drug of commerce was largely impregnated with a deadly poison. Some few years since, it entered into the wise head of the King of Naples to impose an export-duty upon the sulphur which England had been in the habit of obtaining from his volcanic

\* Ibid. Q. 2768.

† Ibid Q. 1480, *et seq.*

realm. It is an ill wind blows nobody good, and a little bit of luck was blown to Ireland by this breeze. Shares in the Cronebane mines forthwith began to look up, for in them abundance of pyrites lay waste, which before long was made to yield sulphur enough to ease the market which Neapolitan cupidity and folly had tightened. But the sulphuric acid or vitriol made from this sulphur contained so much arsenic as to render it altogether unfit for medical use, although it in no way deteriorated it for employment in many arts. The article was certainly impure, but it would be absurd to say that it was adulterated. Nevertheless, this example proves the gravity of the subject; and it is truly a very serious matter that a valuable life might be sacrificed through an English druggist's ignorance of the existence of Cronebane, and of the little episode we have just related. Something infinitely more valuable than life was very near being made away with in that manner, only the other day, when a link in the chain of proof that a gentleman was the murderer of his wife was only broken by the discovery that arsenic, supposed to have been employed in the deadly work, was really a constituent of the accusing doctor's muriatic acid test. We by no means, therefore, wish to make light of this portion of the subject of adulteration, and we hope to have a word or two more to say upon it before we conclude.

But now a question naturally presents itself, as to how it comes, that mortal Englishman survives to tell or to hear thus how

"Death in every form surrounds us."

With poison in every mouthful of necessary food, poison in every appetising condiment, poison in the convivial cup, poison in the medicament trusted to for the restoration of health; it would seem as though the King of Pontus himself must have succumbed under that deadly cumulation. If we were to attach the same degree of credit to the testimony of the purists, touching the general prevalence of the practice of adulteration, as we certainly do to their particular instances

of it, we should be forced to admit, that the mariner with

"Fire on the maintop, fire on the bow,  
Fire on the gundeck, fire down below,"

enjoyed a condition of tranquil and secure existence compared to that of the Londoner girl with poison. If such were the unavoidable conclusion that must be drawn from the facts stated in recent publications on the subject, well might our friend warn us—happy in our provincial ignorance—against perusing them. But we have read them carefully without such a conclusion having been forced upon our mind, and we will shortly impart to our readers some of the grounds of the confidence we have happily regained.

In the first place, then, we find a general unanimity of opinion to exist upon two points—First, that with the exceptions of water and air, it is perfectly possible, nay easy, even in London, to procure every article of food, drink, or physic, pure and good of its kind; and, secondly, that the origin of the evil is cheapness. Adulteration is but a phase of that calico civilisation, a distinctive feature of which is a gaudy preference for motley wear, flimsy but brilliant, instead of plain linsley-woolsey, warm and homely. Both these propositions are deducible from the testimony of all the witnesses, and by some of them they were put directly, with great plainness and force. Thus we find in Dr. Hassall's reports on coffee,\* which contain, we may say, the case for the prosecution, a list of eleven shops at which perfectly genuine ground coffee may be had at fair prices; while he must indeed be a simpleton who would not expect to be cheated at establishments offering a half-pound canister of *café de la flavor Française*, or the true Parisian coffee—a beautiful compound—for sixpence, and no charge for the canister. Indeed this article, although placed in the front of the battle, furnishes the strongest ground for hoping that the demon of adulteration is not altogether so black as he has been painted. Coffee can readily be procured, in small quantities, of pure quality; and when mixed, it is almost exclusively with

\* "Food, and its Adulterations." By Arthur Hill Hassall, Esq., M.D. London: 1855.

chicory, which many consumers, as we think with very bad taste, believe to be an improvement. The home adulteration of tea, we have already shown to be now at a minimum. Mr. Warrington, who has paid very great attention to the subject, says,\* that very nearly the whole of the sophistication of the article takes place abroad, and that it consists chiefly in giving green tea a "face" of glazing and colour, which nature does not give it, in order to suit the capricious taste of English, and still more, of American buyers.† Souchongs and congous invariably arrive in this country in a pure state; and Dr. Hassall himself volunteers to calm the fears of ladies who look for death in the teapot, by assuring them that he has never met with a single instance of the presence of any entire leaf, except tea leaf, in that fountain of maiden meditation.‡ In fact, so far is it from the fact that spurious tea is largely used in the United Kingdom, that, as we learn from Mr. Phillips,§ a large quantity of a commodity of that kind brought into this country from Singapore, could not find a market, and was reshipped to Holland, after having paid the duty on tea, and sold there. The possibility of obtaining genuine beer from the brewer, and, if a sufficient price be paid, from the publican, is not denied by any one; and it is the same with all the other articles of food and drink respecting which information was laid before the Committee. Nor is the case different with respect to drugs. "I may mention," said Mr. Maurice Scanlan, "that I have had a knowledge of most of the drug-houses in London for thirty years and upwards, and I do not believe that any of the large houses lend themselves to any adulteration whatever; and the same thing may be said of a great many of the retailers. There are hundreds of houses in London we may take things from, blindfold."¶ We can confidently assure our readers that Mr. Scanlan is a most competent witness. He was called for the prosecution, but his testimony to the fact that there is no difficulty in procuring sound drugs, is in accordance with that of the best-informed persons who were examined.

There is a like unanimity of opinion with regard to the cause and sign of the evil being cheapness, but by none of the witnesses was it expressed in a more effective manner than by Sir John Gordon, the worthy Mayor of Cork. "I cannot speak positively," he said, "to adulterations; but I know that an article which is sold very cheap must have some kind of fraud practised on it," and "I invariably take it into my head that, when I see an article offered for one-half its intrinsic value, there is something wrong about it."¶ Here, in fact, is exposed the whole secret of fraudulent adulterations, and a great part of the means of safely preventing them. One instance will render the whole matter plain to the meanest capacity:—Common, good opium is worth 20s. a lb.; a refuse opium, naturally bad—for nature is herself an adulterator—and largely mixed with accidental impurities, may be purchased in the market for 4s. Surely the difference of price, if the standard-price were generally known, would be warning enough to the most inexperienced buyer to cleave to the one article and to despise the other. Nor can the manufacturer be very much blamed, *in foro conscientie*, who excused himself for supplying a very bad article for the American market, by reciting the words of his contract, as follows:—"I have an order," said the merchant, "to ship so much blue-pill at such a price; can you produce it?" "I can make you," replied the druggist, "what I dare say will pass." Doubtless it would be better policy in the long run if manufacturers and dealers were to decline making or selling spurious goods; but they will scarcely exhibit that proof of foresight so long as the taste of consumers leads them to prefer the name of a luxury to the reality of a substantial comfort—a starched rag, pervious to the slightest wind, but painted in bright red- and -yellow, to a coarse, ugly, but warm drugget. Indeed the circumstances of the agitation that has been going on upon this subject during the last three or four years, plainly show that, in practising adulteration, the majority of traders are but obeying a hard necessity. They have made

\* "Minutes of Evidence," Q. 482.  
 § Ibid. Q. 2877.

† Ibid. Q. 872.  
 ¶ Ibid. Q. 867.

‡ Ibid. Q. 29.  
 ¶ Ibid. Q. 946-985.

little or no resistance to investigations, often carried on in a manner that could scarcely fail of being hurtful to their feelings, if not injurious to their business. Dr. Normandy, indeed, complains that upon one occasion a baker "used a very offensive expression about his eyes," but to us the only wonder is, that he and his fellows got through their investigation without being frequently rolled in the gutter. It seems to us that the forbearance with which they were received, the assistance frequently given to them in their inquiries, and the frankness and good temper with which the movement has been generally met, speak volumes for the sense, the willingness to deal fairly, if they be permitted, and, we will add, for the honesty of traders, of all kinds and degrees. We own our foregone conclusions did not lead us to expect these results. Throughout the inquiry, we meet with such intimations as these, which we take from the evidence of Mr. Warington and Dr. Normandy:—

"On calling at one of the large tea warehouses, and mentioning what I had observed, they said immediately, 'Have you examined the unglazed tea?' I was very much struck with the term 'unglazed.' I asked them what they meant by 'unglazed tea?' They said, 'we have two kinds of tea in the trade, what is called glazed tea, and unglazed tea.' I said I should very much wish to see a sample of unglazed tea. They then showed me a sample which had no green colour at all; it was of a dull slate colour."\*

"I obtained a letter of introduction to two of the largest druggists in London, and from them I learnt that *cocculus indicus*, foots sugar, liquor ammoniac, and extract of gentian, were constantly sold by them to publicans for the purpose of adulterating beer. Some years ago I saw, standing at the corner of a street, near a public-house, a cart, with the name of some person, 'brewers' druggist,' painted upon it; I think the inference is, if there be brewers' druggists there must be beer-druggers."†

If there be poisoning indicated in such revelations as these, it is assuredly not secret; and, indeed, the adulterous generation seem to be perverse enough to work constantly in the light of day. Among Dr. Hassall's prominent testifications against their evil

deeds are typographical reprints of handbills recommending

"CHINESE

BOTANICAL POWDER,

OR

CHINESE ECONOMIST,

*Used in Eastern Climates for Improving in Strength and Flavour every description of Tea,*

AND

LA VENO BENO,

THE CHINESE TEA IMPROVER;

"The essential part of the leaf of a tree, which grows in the East, and is imported through the East Indies to this country.

"The virtues of the leaf were discovered in the year 1842, and now introduced to the British public, the discoverer first having proved the great utility and efficacy by testimonials from numerous persons of distinction and science.

"It is very strengthening to the nerves—it does not prevent sleep—it is useful on retiring to rest. It is recommended to the debilitated for its pleasant and invigorating qualities, to the aged for its strengthening properties, and to the public generally, for its economy and excellence.

"It will strengthen the voice. It is useful to singers and public speakers.

"A threepenny packet will make one quarter of a pound of tea last as long as half-a-pound."‡

A vast deal of the mystery lies on the surface; and it is further evident, that admixtures of a dangerous character are exceptional, and that the majority of sophistications are innoxious to the health, as well as sparing to the pocket. Arrowroot is mixed with sago, potato, and tapioca starches; butter, with water and salt; cinnamon with cassia; cocoa and chocolate with arrowroot, sugar, chicory; ginger with flour, turmeric, cayenne pepper; marmalade with pulp of apples or turnip; sugar with potato-flour and tapioca starch. This is done mainly because people desire to use, or to seem to use, these and such like articles, who have not the means to pay for them. It is sheer nonsense to say the poor are cheated, when, buying the name of an article and paying a nominal price, they do not get the genuine substance. It transcends the power of human legislation to produce a pound of butter or a potato at less than first cost—that

\* Ibid. Q. 359.

† Ibid. Q. 701.

‡ "Hassall," p. 280.

is work for creative Omnipotence. When an article cannot be produced without a certain expenditure of labour, of course it cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be sold for a sum below the nominal money-representative of that labour; and it necessarily follows, that those who cannot pay that sum, must forego the use of the article, or content themselves with a substitute invested with its name.

Nevertheless, although we concur with such intelligent and experienced men as Messrs. Phillips, Wallington, and Redwood, that there has been a vast amount of exaggeration in the statements of the purists, we are not prepared to deny that an evil does exist, and that, if possible, a remedy should be applied to it. Then comes the consideration of what remedial measures would be right, possible, and effective. Suggestions were made to the Committee of the House of Commons on this point, and there are indications, in their own questions, that some of the members, at least, entertained views, more or less definite, respecting them; but as a body, they have recommended no more than a continuance of the investigation. To our mind, that appears to be altogether unnecessary; and we venture humbly to suggest, that as, in this case, a multitude of counsellors has been consulted, it would be an unwarrantable extension of the proverb to seek safety in a mob. If the Committee be re-appointed in the coming session, we trust its commission will be, simply to consult and report upon the materials for a conclusion already in existence. There is enough in them to exercise their utmost ingenuity and wisdom, if it shall be their desire, as no doubt it will be, to accomplish any good, or to eschew any evil. Signs are not wanting, that some active persons have been "working this movement;"—a Committee has been formed at Wolverhampton, and men have been writing books, and collecting materials for books, and for second editions. The business has been begun in a workmanlike manner, and hints of the line it is to be conducted in are not far to seek. We have observed the course of several of these movements in our time, and we venture to predict, that a plan of a commission to execute the laws for preventing the British people from poisoning themselves unawares, will be

found ready cut-and-dry in some portfolio, perhaps in two or three. There will be comprised in the scheme a chief commissioner—a burly demagogue, or needy cadet of some ruling house,—with two or three *umbræ*, endowed with a talent for silence and sneaking, to form a Board; an active secretary, whose energy and public zeal have burst the bonds of the honest calling to which he was bred; a chemist; a philosopher (histologist, we believe, is the new specific name), who can see through his microscope into the very heart of a millstone; and several scores, perhaps hundreds, of district-inspectors, chosen from among the decayed election-agents of the party in office, and commissioned to prescribe for the nation—

"When men may eat and drink their fill,  
And when be temperate if they will;  
When use, and when abstain from vice,  
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice."

In short, we see reason to fear that a gigantic job is in course of concoction, the working of which—if it could ever be brought to work in England—is to some extent foreshown in the experience of an analogous system in another state; and as an account of this—brief but pointed—happened to fall under our notice in the Berlin correspondence of the *Times* of the 12th of last month, we shall make no apology for applying it to use here:—

"It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no one living in Prussia is at liberty to do the most innocent or even laudable and meritorious action without first obtaining the permission of some authority or other. The police not only meddle with every imaginable thing that a police might be expected to control, but an infinitude of others not usually thought to belong to its province; it not only regulates the safety-valves, water, and steam-cocks of all steam boilers, &c., but also forbids 'persons removing goods in town or country' to carry a looking-glass uncovered through the streets, or along a public highway, for the sun's rays might fall upon it and be reflected into the eyes of some soft-headed horse going by, who might shy at it and perhaps run away. The police regulates the colouring matter to be used in elecampane and lollipops, lest small children, eating too large a quantity of sweet stuff, should get the stomach-ache, and derange the domestic economy; vide the *Staats Anzeiger* of Nov. 11, of this year, which gives an accurate list of all the hurtful and all the innocuous colours that can be used for co-



louring sweetmeats and toys, at the same time warning all manufacturers of the above articles not to offend against a certain penal paragraph of the law 'in this case made and provided,' and also drawing the attention of parents to the inconvenient consequences of children being allowed to suck their toys!"

These last words are suggestive of the proverbial wisdom of teaching grandams to suck eggs; but it would be a mistake to disregard the warning of the Prussian example, as if its being ridiculous would prevent its being followed among ourselves. They laugh who win; and commissioners, philosophers, and inspectors may laugh like undertakers if they can cajole the country into an acceptance of their services. The whole affair would become intolerable in a year or two, and be broken up; but then vested interests would have been created, and the national purse would be drawn upon to compensate or pension the incumbents. In the meantime the agitation of "working the movement," and the temporary bustle of the new-fangled commission, would have spread the knowledge of the theory and practice of adulteration far and near. "The publication of Accum's researches, some years since, as well as of other more recent works treating of the falsifications of food, have clearly been followed by increased adulteration;"\* and so, unquestionably, but in a vastly increased degree, would a governmental stirring of the subject operate for the propagation of fraud.

But, we shall be asked, an evil being admitted to exist, must not something be tried as a remedy? Without admitting the general force of this mode of reasoning, we can reply that, in this particular case, it is possible to attempt to do something that will not be necessarily mischievous, by imposing intolerable restrictions upon trade, or by the creation of a new nest of corruption. There is a part of the work already done by the Board of Inland Revenue, and there would seem to be little difficulty in arranging for charging that department with the duty of doing as much as can safely be undertaken in the matter. There is an efficient staff of chemical officers

under the orders of the Board, and it already interferes directly to save the revenue from loss, and consequentially to prevent the public from being injured by fraudulent adulterations in excisable or customable articles of food and drink. The list embraces a great proportion of the prime necessities of life, and a few simple arrangements would render the machinery applicable to all purposes to which it would be advisable to apply it. It seems to us that the importation of adulterated food, drinks, and drugs would soon cease, if it were made the practice to submit all suspected articles to the examination of the chemical officers, and to deal with such cases as frauds upon the revenue; and there appears every reason to expect that importers would cordially assist in rendering this plan effective. It would clearly be their interest to do so. But, then, supposing that spurious imports could be arrested, how are we to detect and prevent subsequent frauds by wholesale or retail dealers? A reversion to an ancient practice, inconsiderately interfered with, would, we conceive, do a good deal directly towards the end in view, and would point the way towards the accomplishment of all that would be necessary.

We never could see any good reason for abolishing the assize of bread and beer in corporate towns; and we cannot now perceive any difficulty in the way of its restoration. A shadow of it does still remain to the annoyance of the tradesman, and with no advantage to the public. Why should not the substance, which practically benefited both parties, be restored? The poorest purchaser of a loaf can have little difficulty in ascertaining that he has received a proper weight of bread; but few consumers, poor or rich, can form an estimate as to what its price should be. This was fairly done and freely made known under the old system of assize which was, in the particular of price, nothing more than an announcement of the sum at which a pound of sound, pure bread, could be sold, considering the average price of corn, and allowing a fair profit to the baker. It was competent to any one to sell below that figure; but the assize furnished a standard of reference for all, and a test

\* "Hassall," p. 168.

of adulteration impossible to be misunderstood. Cheapness, we have seen, is the great origin of the evil, and the sale of bread, or of any other article, below a price that would cover the cost of its production, and allow a reasonable profit, is better proof than could be given by a college of philosophers, that the commodity has been reduced in value by adulteration. We would remove every shadow of objection from the old system of assize by rendering it merely declaratory. If the consumers were fully and authoritatively informed as to the proper cost of sound bread and beer, they might be safely trusted to give a higher or a lower price for it at their pleasure. A knowledge of the sum at which an honest man could supply the article, would be to them the power of procuring it pure, and the principle might easily be extended to all articles of internal use, and made general. It would only need to construe and digest certain articles in the Prices Current, and to give the result circulation through the medium of the public journals, in order to enable every man in the United Kingdom to inform himself as to the price at which a tradesman could afford to give him a glass of beer, or an ounce of tea, or a gill of vinegar, free from poison, and of standard strength. There would always be a large proportion of tradesmen who would be content with fair profits, and who would feel honesty to be their best policy; while the dishonest competition of Cheap Johns would be effectually exposed. We have seen that even in these worst of times, when no one knows when he may die of a preserved gage or a sugar-plum, there are in the city many more righteous dealers than would have saved Gomorrah; and we have no doubt they would be vastly multiplied if there was constantly in their customers' hands a standard by which he could at least test the possibility of trading honestly. The scope and efficacy of the test would be increased, as we humbly think, to a sufficient extent, if mayors of towns and other local authorities were empowered to refer suspected samples of food or drink to the revenue chemical officers for examination, and to found thereon such proceedings as the common or statute law may warrant. To the staff of the Board of Inland Revenue might also be intrusted the weekly editing of the

Prices Current to which we have alluded; and we have little hesitation in predicting that if these simple measures were adopted, the workers of the movement would shortly discover their occupation to be unprofitable.

We must now return for a moment to the subject of the adulteration of drugs, which possesses some features peculiar to itself. The assize system would not be applicable in this case, nor would it be practicable to use the analytical services of the revenue officers, except in checking spurious importations. But here, too, we can point out a short-cut for the anti-adulterators—they have only to put their London pride in their pockets, and to follow an Irish example. The profession of the apothecary in Ireland is a restricted one: it is open only to men whose knowledge has been tested by examination, after they have passed a sufficient time in practically learning their art. Their proper business is to prepare and compound drugs in accordance with an authoritative standard, and they enjoy a monopoly of the retail trade in the compounding of drugs for medical use. They are responsible for the due discharge of this duty, and being for the most part respectable men, they perform it conscientiously and satisfactorily. They commonly, we have reason to believe, buy their stocks from one or other of those respectable houses with whom one may deal blindfold, and buying in small quantities, they can assure themselves of the purity of each article at a small cost of trouble. Hence it is a rare thing to hear of misadventures with drugs, or of spurious medicines in Ireland. In England, on the other hand, the name of apothecary only exists. The word has lost its original, proper, and, we rejoice to be able to add, its Irish signification. Any man who pleases may undertake to do apothecary's work: he may open a shop, call himself chemist and druggist, and poison her Majesty's subjects, or frustrate the skill of the physician, as chance may direct. Hitherto the title of chemist and druggist might generally be taken to mean, that the person assuming it sold drugs for the use of man and beast, perfumery, and fancy articles, and was not tinctured with the slightest knowledge of chemical science. And although we are ready to admit that the incorporation of the

Pharmaceutical Society has initiated a change for the better, the reproach to a great extent still exists. We venture to say it will not be completely or in any degree effectually removed, until the Irish example shall be followed, and a real, scientific apothecary shall be called into existence, protected by the law, and rendered proportionately responsible to it.

We must now draw to a conclusion. There are parts of the subject we might have dwelt upon more at length, perhaps with advantage. There are others untouched, which we should like to have an opportunity of considering; but we presume so far as to hope that we have done enough to satisfy timid persons that they need not fear to find rat's-bane in their porridge, if they will buy the materials from respectable tradesmen, and be content to pay for

them a reasonable price. We shall, on our own part, be fully satisfied, if we shall see any ground for believing that moderate councils will prevail with the many estimable men who have, from the best motives, joined in forwarding the anti-adulteration movement, so far as to induce them to lend a calm consideration to our views. Much ado has been made, we will not say about nothing; but the play will end well, if Mr. Scholesfield and his fellows of the Committee will take advantage of the excitement to establish the few simple and unobjectionable arrangements to which we have pointed. It will, at the least, be but fair to try them, before embarking in the expenses of a new Commission, at a time when the nation cannot afford to waste a single pound, or to lose the profitable services of a single man.

#### LONGFELLOW'S SONG OF HIAWATHA.

THE development of Anglo-American energy has from the first manifested itself in two distinct directions. Look at the uniform growth of that race: you will find it increasing upwards, and outwards, at once. Upwards, in the centres of civilisation, where it has no room for expansion; outwards, on its confines, where it is free, with nothing but the wilderness beyond. In its capitals, America is struggling against the world. The competition of material and intellectual progress, like a lash with double thong, keeps its crowds up to their labour. It elevates itself, day by day—but it is by the desperation of rivalry. In its forests, the Anglo-American is another man. He has shaken off the trammels, with the costume, of social life. He has set his face, and his soul, Westward. His eyes go out into the desert; and he catches in his whole character somewhat of the reflected hue of the Indian who retires, scowling but majestic, before him.

American letters partake of the analogy we have pointed at. Irving, Emerson, and Hawthorne — Dana, Holmes, and Willis, have worked shoulder to shoulder with the world. We may add Parsons, a poet as yet

little known in this country, though deservedly esteemed in his own. They have toiled, and wrought, and carved out a name for themselves against the whole array of literary rivalry. They entered the lists with the Seven Champions of Christendom, clad in armour like themselves, and broke a lance — nay, a score — upon the shields of the doughtiest knights of conventional renown.

Others have taken another course. With tools whetted at the workshops of refinement, they have separated themselves from their fellows, and walked into the woods. In bidding farewell to the haunts and homes of civilised life, they have made a sacrifice — and they know it. But if they have lost much, they have gained more; and those who follow in their steps will know how to honour the pioneers of literary exploration.

Cooper was one of these literary backwoodsmen. He has cleared a literature from the forest. With an arm inured to manly toil, hath he smitten into the tangled luxuriance of a primeval race, and appropriated what he has reclaimed to everlasting culture. In proportion as the enterprise of the East narrows and

obliterates the wildernesses of the West, will the stores of aboriginal romance contained in the Leatherstocking Tales become more precious and more productive. They will be preserved with the greater jealousy, the more the state of things they represent melts through tradition into legend. But they will, in their preservation, become, like other classics, the study and models of a future age, and perpetuate, in the thousand unforeseen varieties of a national school, scenes and manners that have passed away.

Another explorer of the Western Unknown was Bryant. Contemplative in his wanderings, he has tracked the footsteps of Nature into the recesses of her forests and mountains, and given a voice to the poetry of solitude. "No poet," says a critic of his own country, "has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world." And he adds, "His works are not only American in their subjects and their imagery, but in their spirit. He is a national poet."

But it seems to have been left for Longfellow to push the explorations of his countrymen both into nature and into legendary lore—into the wilderness of space and of tradition—to a limit before unreachd. By one or two of his earlier works he had given indications of what his more matured genius might arrive at. In *Evangeline*, and those lesser hymns of the hunting-grounds, he had fired the bush, as it were, before him, and he can now advance by the light kindled by himself. This is not too much praise, perhaps, to bestow on a poet whom we were quite as ready to censure when, mistaking his course, he followed the dim, mediæval swamp-fire, and for a time lost himself in the Golden Legend.

That he should have recovered the path—we might call it the *trail*—speaks loudly to his credit. Few poets have found their way back to their own vein when they have struck away from it. Longfellow is once more conspicuous, because he is once more American. He may indeed still be natural and pleasing, as he always has been, when he stands alone with his own thoughts, be they caught from what country or clime they may. But he will never continue to be—what he is

now—*original*, unless he abandons, once for all, the moulds of conventionalism, and abjures as thoroughly as he has just done, everything that is not native to him. Such is our general estimate as regards the career of a national poet. Some one or two may be lifted, by transcendent genius, above the necessity of preserving the *couleur locale*; but, as a general rule, it must be adhered to. This it is which points to the distinctive national scenery, character, and traditions of our own country, as the field in which a *genuine Irish poet*—when such shall again appear—will have to seek his inspiration.

The "*Song of Hiawatha*" is founded, as the author tells us, "on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace." Into the Indian song—or Edda—thus derived, have been woven other Indian legends, for which the author acknowledges himself principally indebted to the researches of Mr. Schoolcraft, who has done so much towards preserving these national relics. But, in constructing what bears the outward semblance of a mere fable, it appears to have formed part of the author's design to convey, in the guise of allegory, a further meaning. *Hiawatha*, the hero, is a type of the progress which was alone possible to the savage. The virtues, the powers, the faults, and the absurdities of the red man are depicted in colours as bold as those with which his person is bedaubed. The gentle, artless thing, presiding over the female department of the native wigwam has her representative in *Hiawatha's* wife—*Minnehaha*—"Laughing Water." And the allegory is kept up to the end; for the story concludes with the retreat of the aboriginal hero into the recesses of the westward forests, as soon as the stranger has set foot on the soil he is destined to appropriate to himself with such cool and cruel effrontery.

With sound good sense, Longfellow, instead of aiming at such novelties of versification as Tennyson has been lately experimenting upon, has chosen as his medium of expression a monotonous, rhymeless chant—said to be Finnish—uncouth to the ear at first, but after a time, from its very

monotony, lending a wierd character to the wild tales it accompanies; so that when we get to the end the rythm continues to drone on, like the *bourdon* of a bagpipe, calling for any additional amount of legendary articulation. The vehicle is, no doubt, *as a vehicle*, a good one. That detached passages could be familiarly quoted for their poetic beauty, in such a dress, is scarcely possible. The "song" must be sung out. Hence, it is ridiculous to attempt to do it justice by any selection we can make by way of extract; nor does the constant occurrence and recurrence of jaw-breaking Indian names make the difficulty less. So crude a vocabulary of native sounds needs to be brought up, again and again, and ruminated upon, to be digested at all. All that could be done, the author has done, in translating, as a rule, every word that occurs—thus lessening the awkwardness of the expedient by the constancy of its repetition; so that at last, like lazy schoolboys, we begin to look for the translation wherever we meet the original. But, as we have said, habit alone can reconcile the ear—if it be reconciled—to anything of the kind.

The command of language and imagery displayed by Longfellow in this attempt of his, we are bound to say, is far greater than a superficial reader might imagine. To relieve a long poem, hampered by a monotony of cadence, from a monotony of diction and metaphor, needs all the force and compass of a practised hand. In proportion as the framework is uniform, must the details be varied. To vary these details, without destroying the *simplicity* the scene and characters demand, is a task requiring no ordinary skill. We gladly admit that here the poet has displayed very high powers. He has, it is evident, copious resources at command; but they are resources which point *beyond the work here accomplished*, and give hope and earnest of future achievements of far higher pretension. Originality and vigour are two prognostics of eminence. They represent youth and ambition;—the one indicating the power, the other the will, to rise. But they do not in themselves constitute eminence. The originator in art, who quits his studio for the fields, falls to work upon all he sees—skies, foliage, and foregrounds. He puts in these

with care—the two former with their appropriate delicacy, the last with due force and freedom. He bears home on successive *cartons* the materials he has collected; but the *magnum opus*—the immortal performance—is wrought out of these, and out of more than these. We shall recur to this subject before we have done. Let us take it for granted that "Excelsior" may still prove the exponent, as it has ever been the motto, of the career of the most deservedly popular of American poets.

In the meantime, it is really hopeless to attempt a serious analysis of Hiawatha's song. To be quite grave, will be to appear quite ridiculous. Anything is better than that reviewer and reader should go forward under the influence of different emotions. Abandon we the sublime, then, as we would our travelling-carriage, when we come to a pheasantry or cover-side, and hie we into the thicket in the rough-and-tough, dread-nought, devil-may-care undress of a regular old sportsman.

Notwithstanding all our swagger, we confess it is not without some little trepidation that we cast about for a leading extract—like a first leap—that shall not frighten away our readers once for all. Here is one, from the introduction, a little smoother than the average:—

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken;  
Listen to this Indian legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,

Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
 And are lifted up and strengthened ;—  
 Listen to this simple story,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
 Through the green lanes of the country,  
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
 Over stone walls gray with mosses.  
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
 For a while to muse, and ponder  
 On a half-effaced inscription,  
 Written with little skill of song-craft,  
 Homely phrases, but each letter  
 Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
 Full of all the tender pathos  
 Of the Here and the Hereafter :—  
 Stay and read this rude inscription,  
 Read this Song of Hiawatha !”

Gitche Manito, “the mighty,” “the  
 Master of Life,” descended on the  
 mountains of the Prairie,

“On the Great Red Pipestone quarry,”

and assembled the primitive tribes and  
 nations of the West together. In their  
 presence he formed “a pipe for his ca-  
 pacious mouth,” not like that of Poly-  
 pheme for harmonious, but for fumi-  
 gatory purposes. In short, having  
 constructed his pipe, he filled the bowl  
 though it was with bark of willow, in-  
 stead of those “flowers of soul” so  
 disparagingly called the “weed of Vir-  
 ginia.” He struck a light, and incon-  
 tinently smoked the calumet of peace

“As a signal to the Nations ;”

then, having impressed upon the as-  
 sembled savages the necessity of laying  
 aside their weapons and their war-  
 gear, and turning themselves to the  
 pursuits shadowed forth by the “Puk-  
 wana of the Peace-pipe,” he va-  
 nished in his own smoke, and sent  
 them away, a pacific population, igno-  
 rant of everything in the world except  
 that they needed instruction. Thus  
 we learn that in time of peace alone  
 are the arts of peace sought for and  
 prized.

Gitche Manito sends the people a  
 chief, Hiawatha, to teach them. His  
 birth is on this wise :—Nokomis, the  
 beautiful daughter of the Moon, pro-  
 duces a fair daughter, Wenonah, who  
 is loved and deserted by the West Wind,  
 Mudjokeewis, and who becomes, in her  
 sorrow, mother to Hiawatha, dying  
 immediately after his birth. The hero's  
 childhood is a rough, savage one  
 enough. His grandmother has not

been improved by time ; she inhabits  
 a wigwam “by the shining Big-Sea-  
 Water.”

“There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;  
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
 ‘Hush ! the Naked Bear will get thee !’  
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
 ‘Ewa-yea ! my little owl !  
 Who is this that lights the wigwam ?  
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam !  
 Ewa-yea ! my little owl !’

“When he heard the owls at midnight,  
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 ‘What is that ?’ he cried in terror ;  
 ‘What is that ?’ he said, ‘Nokomis ?’  
 And the good Nokomis answered :  
 ‘That is but the owl and owl,  
 Talking in their native language,  
 Talking, scolding at each other.’

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
 Talked with them whenever he met them,  
 Called them ‘Hiawatha's Chickens.’

Old Nokomis had a friend called  
 Iagoo, “the great boaster,”—“the  
 marvellous story-teller.” This fellow  
 undertook for the sporting education  
 of the young chief. He made a bow  
 for him, and arrows, and strung the  
 bow, and sent him into the forest to  
 slay a roebuck. As the archer passed,  
 the birds—the Opechee, the robin ;  
 the Owaisa, the blue-bird ; and the  
 beasts—the Adjidaume, the squirrel,  
 and the rabbit (whose name, we pre-  
 sume, is suppressed for good reasons),  
 besought him, one and all, not to shoot  
 them.

“But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
 For his thoughts were with the red deer ;  
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
 Leading downward to the river,  
 To the ford across the river,  
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
 There he waited till the deer came,  
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
 And a deer came down the pathway,  
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
 And his heart within him fluttered,  
 Trembled like the leaves above him,  
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
 As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow,  
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
 But the wary roebuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
 Listened with one foot uplifted,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;  
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp, it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
 By the ford across the river;  
 Beat his timid heart no longer,  
 But the heart of Hiawatha  
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted.  
 As he bore the red deer homeward."

This sort of education was not quite in accordance either with the "Church" or the "National" system; nevertheless, it served the turn—it was the bear's lick, which answered best for the cub—the wolf's pap, eminently suited for the wet-nursing of the transatlantic Romulus.

Thus Hiawatha grew; the Nimrod of these wild hunting-grounds—skilled in wood-and-water-craft—learned in old men's lore—a splendid wrestler, runner, swimmer, diver, and climber—a dead shot, and a magnificent bruiser. His mittens, Minjekahwun, and his moccasins, completed, indeed composed, we are led to believe, his costume. When the weather was cold, he added a cloak, made by Nokomis out of the hide of the red deer he had slain—and eaten.

Forth fared this noble, and somewhat formidable savage, prepared to run "wild in woods," without any very fixed idea as to the direction he should take. As luck would have it, though (was it *because*?) warned by his grandmother not to intrude upon the kingdom of the West-Wind, his moccasins bore him railway-pace, "at each stride a mile," into the very region he had been cautioned against—the realm of Mudjekeewis, who, we may recollect, was the lover and betrayer of his deceased mother, Wenonah. Here he found the gay old deceiver, shivering upon the "gusty summits" of the Rocky Mountains, and expecting nothing less than a visit from his son.

"Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
 At the aspect of his father.  
 On the air about him wildly  
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
 Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
 Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Like the star with fiery tresses."

But Hiawatha had a grudge against his parent; and as he had not the benefit of either of the valuable educational institutions we have alluded to, he thought he might indulge in the very natural wish of knocking his father's brains out. Accordingly, having taxed him with his perfidy, he started up,

"And with threatening look and gesture  
 Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
 On the fatal Wawbeck laid it,  
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
 Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
 Hurlled them madly at his father,  
 The remorseful Mudjekeewis."

As it happened, Mudjekeewis was a match for him. He puffed aside the missile, and in his turn attacked his son.

The encounter is Homeric, and, we are bound to say, finely described. The father retreats, stumbling, westward down the mountains for three whole days, during which Hiawatha's moccasins, as well as mittens, Minjekahwun, are kept in constant requisition. He is pursued

"To the door-ways of the West-Wind,  
 To the portals of the Sunset,  
 To the earth's remotest border,  
 Where into the empty spaces  
*Sinks the sun as a flamingo  
 Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
 In the melancholy marshes."*

It ends in the father blessing his son, giving him the prize of valour—and his advice. That is, to go home, and be a good boy.

"Homeward now went Hiawatha;  
 Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
 Pleasant was the air above him,  
 For the bitterness of anger  
 Had departed wholly from him,  
 From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
 From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
 Only once he paused or halted,  
 Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
 Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
 Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
 Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
 Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical as laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the waterfall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dakotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what brains and visions  
Fill the fiery thoughts of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water !"

Like a knight of the Old World, the hero of the New commences his career with penances—he fasts. This is national and appropriate. The carnivorous hunter must first learn the negative accomplishment—to do without his dinner. We cannot find fault with Hiawatha's performance in this respect. Nor does he seem weakened by the discipline—but he has got a lesson ; and no sooner is he released from the inhospitable lodge he is self-confined in, and has proved himself incapable of breaking his parole with himself by lifting the latch of his own door, than he sets about making a canoe, with an eye to fishing. The canoe constructed, he essays an experimental trip, and finally addresses himself to the piscatorial art. But—as if to show how different the sporting adventures of uncivilised life are from those we have been accustomed to hear recounted in the Waltonian world—he has scarcely let down his line when the royal old sturgeon he has in his eye turns the tables on him, and swallows the sportsman instead of the bait ! But Jonah was nothing to him ; for whereas that prophet addressed him-

self from within the fish to penitential observances with a view to escape, our patriarch of the West took the more decided course of belabouring the stomach and adjacent parts of the monster with his mittens, Minjekawun—succeeding in turning the former, and sending its owner staggering through the water. His escape was singular. The fish, after gasping and quivering awhile, found he had to deal with a thoroughly indigestible morsel, and resigned the contest, “drifting landward,

“Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
‘Tis our brother, Hiawatha !’

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns :  
‘O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you, Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers !’

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
Was released my Hiawatha.”

But to follow the adventures of “our Hiawatha” would be to sing the “song” from beginning to end. Enough, that he wooed and won the arrow-maker's daughter, Minnehaha, Laughing Water—wooed her gracefully, in a few words—

“Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !”

was accepted in as few—

“I will follow you, my husband !”

The marriage feast—at which what remained of the sturgeon, Nahma, after



the gulls, was cooked and eaten—gave occasion meet to the gentle Chibiabos to “sing his song of love and longing;” to the handsome Pau-Puk-keewis to exhibit his feats of dancing, his head adorned with swan’s-down plumes, his heels garnished with foxes’ tails, a feather fan in one hand and a pipe in the other; and to Nokomis’s friend, Iagoo, the marvellous story-teller, the boastful Iagoo, to outdo himself in “down-eastern” tales. The banquet had an end, so had the singing, dancing, and even Iagoo’s tales—and the guests departed,

“Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.”

But shadows begin to descend on the page. The song strikes into a minor key. The flat third is introduced. The penumbra of the white man projects itself upon the page, and his uncomfortable presence is felt in those solitudes, before he has quitted the port of Palos. The sweet singer, Chibiabos, dies; Pau-Puk-keewis, the handsome Yenadizze, performs some mischievous pranks to the discomposure of Hiawatha, and has to be put an end to as a dangerous nuisance. Another friend of Hiawatha’s, whom we have not alluded to, “the very strong man, Kwasind,” comes to grief—the Pukwudjies, or Little People, stoning, or rather coping him to death with the fruit of the fir. In short, in that country, where neighbours are not too plenty, a considerable gap is made in the social circle of Hiawatha.

Misfortunes accumulate. We will not ask our reader’s opinion of the simile which opens the chapter we have arrived at, for we can believe we address intelligent heads and tender hearts, and to such it can only speak one language:—

“Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
*First a speck, and then a vulture,*  
*Till the air is dark with pinions.*

So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another’s motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,

*First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.”*

Winter has arrived. Ghosts come, and crouch down in the wigwam of Nokomis, wherein Minnehaha one evening awaits the return of Hiawatha. There they crouch, and establish themselves, even after her lord’s appearance, saying nothing, but doing much, seizing upon everything of the best, without leave or license, and making themselves horribly at home.

They are gone; but two yet more dreadful guests take their place—

“As silent

As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,  
Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: ‘Behold me!  
I am Famine, Bukadawin!’  
And the other said: ‘Behold me!  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!’

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha,  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward,  
‘Gitcho Manito, the Mighty!’  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
‘Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!’

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying,  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
‘Minnehaha! Minnehaha!’

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that no’er forgotten Summer,

He had brought his young wife homeward  
 From the land of the Dakotahs;  
 When the birds sang in the thickets,  
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
 And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not tremble,  
 'I will follow you, my husband!'  
 In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests, that watched her,  
 With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying, the Beloved,  
 She the dying Minnehaha.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,  
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance!'  
 'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,  
 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!'  
 'Look!' she said; 'I see my father  
 Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
 In the land of the Dakotahs!'  
 'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,  
 'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!'  
 'Ah!' she said, 'the eyes of Pauguk  
 Glare upon me in the darkness,  
 I can feel his icy fingers  
 Clasp mine amid the darkness!  
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
 Far away amid the forest,  
 Miles away among the mountains,  
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
 Calling to him in the darkness,  
 'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
 Under snow-encumbered branches,  
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
 'Wahonomin! Wahonomin!  
 Would that I had perished for you,  
 Would that I were dead as you are!  
 Wahonomin! Wahonomin!'

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
 Lying dead and cold before him."

The white man arrives—appears—as-  
 tonishes the natives. The disconsolate  
 Hiawatha alone is neither surprised  
 nor disconcerted. He has seen him  
 already in a vision, and by the vision  
 foretells the secrets of the future, the  
 scattering of the nations which have  
 neglected his counsels and warred  
 with and weakened each other, the  
 westward sweep of the remnant of the  
 people, into the wilderness and obli-  
 vion!

In the last scene "the Black-Robe  
 Chief, the Prophet," has preached unto

the people, seated with others of his  
 colour and creed, before the wigwam  
 of their host, Hiawatha. He has—

"Told his message to the people,  
 Told the purport of his mission,  
 Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
 And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
 How in distant lands and ages  
 He had lived on earth as we do;  
 How he fasted, prayed, and laboured;  
 How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
 Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;  
 How he rose from where they laid him,  
 Walked again with his disciples,  
 And ascended into heaven."

The village population departed.  
 Evening set in over the landscape, in  
 its dusk and coolness—

"And the long and level sunbeams  
 Shot their spears into the forest,  
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
 Rushed into each secret ambush,  
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow."

The guests of Hiawatha slept in  
 the wigwam. Then did the solitary  
 Chief announce to all but the white  
 strangers who slumbered within, his  
 final resolve—

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
 On a long and distant journey,  
 To the portals of the Sunset,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
 But these guests I leave behind me,  
 In your watch and ward I leave them;  
 See that never harm comes near them,  
 See that never fear molests them,  
 Never danger nor suspicion,  
 Never want of food or shelter,  
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,  
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
 Bade farewell to all the young men,  
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

'I am going, O my people,  
 On a long and distant journey;  
 Many moons and many winters  
 Will have come, and will have vanished,  
 Ere I come again to see you.  
 But my guests I leave behind me;  
 Listen to their words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the truth they tell you,  
 For the Master of Life has sent them  
 From the land of light and morning!'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
 On the clear and luminous water  
 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,  
 From the pebbles of the margin  
 Shoved it forth into the water;  
 Whispered to it, 'Westward! westward!'  
 And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending

Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
 Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
 Left upon the level water  
 One long track and trail of splendour,  
 Down whose stream, as down a river,  
 Westward, westward Hiawatha  
 Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
 Sailed into the purple vapours,  
 Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
 Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
 Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted  
 High into that sea of splendour,  
 Till it sank into the vapours,  
 Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
 Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said 'Farewell for ever !'  
 Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'  
 And the forests, dark and lonely,  
 Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
 Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'  
 And the waves upon the margin  
 Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
 Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
 Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
 Hiawatha the Beloved,  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 In the purple mists of evening,  
 To the regions of the home-wind,  
 Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the kingdom of Ponemah  
 To the land of the Hereafter !"

Some idea of the story, and its meaning, may be caught from this outline. Enough has been given, it is hoped, to justify our estimate of the performance, both as a specimen and as an earnest of our author's powers. That a bold plunge has been made into untrodden tracts, may be safely affirmed. That these regions teem with the productions of a virgin soil, there is as little reason to deny ;—that they present rather the promise of a return to further and future enterprise, than the substantial fruits of a full cultivation, the intelligent reader will, perhaps, have already discovered for himself. The adventurous woodsman at times presents but a sorry figure, as he stumbles over such roots as *Kabibonokka*, *Kayoshik*, "the noble scratchers," *Nebanawbaigs*, *Megissogwon*, from which he lamely delivers his readers by the expedient of a glossary ; and can but provoke a laugh when the necessities of his verse force him upon the briars of such lines as—

"I will put his smouldering fire out !"

"Sought for bird or beast, and found none !"

Nor can he quarrel with us if we side with the

"Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
 Handsome men with paint and feathers,"

who refuse to be affected to tears by the tenderness of the strain—

"Ah, showain nemeschin, nosa !"

The game of bowl and counters puts harmony to the blush. Chibiabos could have made nothing of it. Nevertheless, Mr. Longfellow has—

"Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
 And three Sheshewug or ducklings.  
 All were made of bone and painted,  
 All except the Ozawabeeks ;  
 These were brass, on one side burnished,  
 And were black upon the other."

Why did not the poet himself take the hint conveyed in the following distich—

"I can even give you lessons  
 On your game of bowl and counters !"

But enough of this fault-finding. Can it be fairly called so ? The faults lie on the surface. They are few, but easily gathered ; and invite the hand. We have caught them, in reaching for the beauties more thickly scattered. Had we leisure, we could bear away a tolerable armful of these. How sure are the lights of heaven to inspire the poet ! He rises above himself whenever he looks at them.

"On the morrow and the next day,  
 When the sun through heaven descendig,  
 Like a red and burning cinder  
 From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
 Fell into the western waters,  
 Came Mondamin for the trial,  
 For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
 Came as silent as the dew comes,  
 From the empty air appearing,  
 Into empty air returning,  
 Taking shape when earth it touches,  
 But invisible to all men  
 In its coming and its going."

And again :—

"Fiercely the red sun descending  
 Burned his way along the heavens,  
 Set the sky on fire behind him,  
 As war-parties, when retreating,  
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;  
 And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,  
 Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
 Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
 Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
 With its glare upon his features."

The images introduced are sometimes extremely happy. Here is one:—

"From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibiabos!"

Another occurs in the chapter headed "Ghosts":—

"Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches."

In mentioning a bear, the poet speaks of

"The black muffle of his nostrils."

The noble simile we have already quoted, in which the descent of disasters is compared to the gathering of birds of prey around their victim, may be cited as a specimen of Longfellow's best style. It would, indeed, do credit to any poem, and sparkles in this like a diamond upon a dusky brow.

All we have extracted, and all we have left behind, combine to prove how completely unimpaired are the powers of a genuine living poet; and likewise conspire to show how greatly more remains to be done in the same field. Beauties now detached would then be continuous. Legend would underlie narrative, instead of overflowing it. Metrical effects would enhance the interest and pathos, which would call for more finished and less Finnish harmonies.

What scope there is for the genius of America upon her own soil! Let Longfellow, who has now established himself on the outskirts of all previous imaginative exploration in this direction, not content himself with reproducing the legends of the past, but *repeople it*. Look at Uncas, and Chingachgook, and Wah-ha-wah. These are real characters, only not historical, because all history has been lost. Will Mexico furnish him with no hu-

man interest? Here were incidents unparalleled for poetical suggestiveness. Here were races possessing the elements of greatness, with distinctiveness of character enough to court the artist's hand. Does a Mexican nomenclature defy the conventionalities of rhythm? Let him turn to Peru. The sorrow of Atahualpa might well draw forth the powers of the poet; or, if a real and massive foundation be necessary for the imaginative superstructure, let him follow in the track of Stephens, and penetrate into the thickets of Uxmal or Palenque, where the growth of oblivion has kept pace with that of vegetation, and strangled tradition, as that has grasped and wrenched the very pillars of the palaces of the past out of their sockets. Here is a middle ground, untrammelled by objections, and open to the peopling of the brain, where there will only be need to reintroduce at those lofty portals personages worthy of the ruins they must have constructed. Why, so rife has been the idea of a populous past in those mysterious parts, that a city has been imagined, discovered, entered, mapped down, and described in our own day—its very inhabitants produced before our eyes, and made to speak the tongue which baffles us upon the monoliths and entablatures of Copan! If imposture can do so much, what might not imagination achieve?

For our own part, we take upon ourselves to assign Longfellow his future function amid these scenes. We forbid him, with friendly severity, all access to the Old World. We close up the Atlantic against him. Having high regard for his real fame, implicit faith in his powers, and a warm, brotherly interest in the progress and destiny of his country's literature, we would say to him—Abide where you are—build a wigwam where you have pitched a tent—settle yourself down where you have hunted—and make acquaintance with the *men*, as well as the myths, of primeval America.

## MEMOIR OF MARSHAL CLARKE, GOVERNOR OF VIENNA AND BERLIN.

HENRY JAMES WILLIAM CLARKE, Duc de Feltre, Minister of War under the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and afterwards under the Bourbons, was born on the 17th October, 1765, at Landrecies, a town of France, situate on the Sambre, westward of Maubeuge, and about one hundred miles from Paris.

His father belonged to one of the many exiled Irish families who followed to France the abdicated James VII. of Scotland, and second of England; and after serving King Louis as a subaltern officer, died at an early age, on obtaining the rank of Colonel, leaving his son, the future General, an orphan, to the care of his uncle, Colonel Shee, who was then "Secrétaire des Commandement du Duc d'Orléans," and afterwards Prefect of Strasbourg, and a peer of France. It is strange how well fortune favoured all these Irish exiles in the various lands of their adoption.

By Colonel Shee, Henry Clarke was well and carefully reared, as he intended him for the service of Louis XVI. Thus, on the 17th of September, 1781, he entered the Military School at Paris as a cadet; and after going through a brief curriculum, left it on the 11th of November, 1782, to join the regiment of the Duc de Berwick as a sub-lieutenant. Wishing to join the cavalry, on the 5th of September, 1784, he was appointed cornet of hussars, with the rank of captain in the regiment of the Colonel-General of this branch of the service.

On the 11th of July, 1790, he obtained a captaincy of dragoons, and in the same year received leave of absence to visit Great Britain, as a gentleman in the suite of the ambassador.

It was to the friendship and patronage of the Duke of Orleans that Clarke owed these favours, and, generally, his rapid advancement in the army; and it was to this prince that the hussar regiment of the Colonel-General belonged, according to a custom of the old *régimé*.

On his return to France, Clarke applied immediately for active service, and on the 5th of February, 1792, was appointed a captain of the first class,

and soon after he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel of cavalry.

He remained in command of his regiment during all the horrors of the Revolution; and, at its head, served in the two campaigns which followed the attack on the Tuilleries, the deposition of the king, and the murders of 1792. In September, he assisted very materially at the capture of Spire, the *ci-devant* capital of a bishopric in the palatinate of the Rhine, along the upper circle of which Custine had spread his brilliant conquests.

The French attacked the Austrians, who were in order of battle in front of the city. They were outflanked, and driven back; the gates were cut down by axes, or blown to pieces by cannon, and the republicans stormed the place, taking 3,000 prisoners, with a vast train of cannon and mortars. Clarke bore a conspicuous part, as an active cavalry officer, in all the subsequent operations of the French army, including the capture of Worms, with all its stores, and of Mentz, before which the army arrived on the 19th of October, after forced marches, performed amid torrents of rain; and the taking of Frankfort, which was ransomed from destruction and pillage on the payment of 500,000 florins.

On the 17th of March, after the rout of Bingen, he defended the passage of the Nahe, a German stream, which falls into the Rhine, near the former place, and there he was of signal service to the retreating troops. He was present at the affair of Horcheim, which was afterwards annexed to France, and the capture of Landau, on the 17th of May. His distinguished bravery on these occasions obtained him the rank of General of Brigade provisionally, the commission of which he received on the field of battle. He then received the command of three regiments of dragoons, which formed the advanced guard of the army of the Rhine.

Soon afterwards we find him exercising in this army the functions of *Chef d'état-Major General*; but, on the 12th of October, 1793, the Commissioners of the National Convention, in virtue of a most unjust decree

of that tyrannical assembly, deprived him of his rank, as he happened to be, at that time, on their secret list of the suspected.

He received intelligence of this on the very evening before the Austrians stormed the French lines at Weissembourg, on the Lower Rhine, and he retired at once to Alsace, where he was confined on a species of parole; nor did he recover his military rank and position, until after the downfall and death of the cruel and infamous Robespierre.

Under the protection of M. Carnot, who was then Minister of Public Safety, Clarke was placed at the head of a committee of military topography; and in this service he exhibited the greatest talent, as a director and instructor, and spared no pains to fulfil the duties imposed upon him. The restless and suspicious Directory, in thus maintaining M. Carnot at the head of their affairs as Minister, caused also the retention of Clarke, whose importance seemed to increase with that of his patron.

He was confirmed a General of Brigade in March, 1795; and on his appointment to the rank of General of Division, on the 17th of September, in the same year, our Irish exile could scarcely believe that fate had higher or more brilliant destinies in store for him; but now his talents as a diplomatist were about to be put in requisition. This was when the astonishing successes of Napoleon in Italy had alarmed the Directory, who dispatched Clarke to Vienna, entrusting to him the difficult mission of preparing the terms of the projected peace between Republican France and the Imperial Court; but, as he was adverse to the wishes of the Directory, and inimical to the task, his arrangements proved unfortunately disadvantageous to the French.

After this he visited the army of Italy, the General-in-Chief of which, being influenced by the Directory, placed him in a subordinate position, alike repugnant to his love of freedom and authority. As simple Plenipotentiary, Clarke, after traversing Germany, shewed himself at Vienna to be the political confidant of the powerful Directory, and, above all, of M. Carnot.

In the minute instructions given to General Clarke by the French government, we are enabled to trace him in

his route, which lay through Piedmont, Milan, Medina, Boulogne, and Venice; and, by the Directory, he—more than all their other diplomatic agents—was specially recommended to observe narrowly the secret purposes of the different great personages who held important positions at the Court of Vienna.

"Your journey, M. Clarke," said the Minister de la Croix, in a letter written on the 17th November, 1796, "will be sufficiently useful when you have no longer anything to know or to discover for the profit of the republic, or the cause of humanity." But it was generally believed—nay, it was openly asserted in Paris—that the mission of Clarke to Vienna was all a ruse, and was meant merely to conceal some artful plot woven by the Directory against Napoleon Bonaparte, before whose power and popularity they were beginning to tremble.

However, the Directory really wished a peace, and provisionally demanded an armistice; but Bonaparte, who had no desire to see a general peace in Europe, and, least of all, one formed by any person save himself, by his formidable interference and potent influence, caused the negotiations entirely to fail. We are enabled to perceive how the Directory, in their overtures for peace above everything else, counted on those territories which they could offer in exchange for Luxembourg, and other provinces which they had annexed to France. This system of compensation admitted of alterations, which their envoy could vary at his pleasure, on perceiving the effect produced by each offer on the various members of the Austrian Cabinet.

In the armistice extended to the two armies they wished the terms to be similar to those given by their General, Napoleon Bonaparte, when besieging Mantua, viz:—That they should be supplied daily with ammunition and provisions, according to their numerical strength. But Bonaparte declared these terms absurd; and explained to them, that the suspension of arms alone, gave to France the prospect of greater advantages than could accrue from terms based on those framed at Mantua. But the commands of the Directory were imperative; and the cabinet of Vienna, on receiving their overtures, had already sent the Baron Vincent to Vienna, to confer with General Clarke, who re-

pelled with all his energy the advice and interference of Bonaparte; but the latter, on being supported by Barras against him, as one trusted by Carnot, said plainly to Clarke—"Si vous êtes venu ici pour faire ma volonté, je vous verrai avec plaisir; si c'est le contraire vous pouvez retourner d'où vous êtes venu."

By this language he made Clarke feel that his patron, Carnot, was not secure in office, and that he must prepare other supporters for himself. Indeed, some rumour of this nature had reached him before. The result of these disagreements between Clarke and Napoleon, caused the former to omit all praise of the latter in public communications to the Government at Paris; but, in the first report of Clarke to the Minister de la Croix, dated 7th December, 1796, we find him exculpating Bonaparte of all blame for the awful ravages and atrocities committed by his troops in Italy.

Bonaparte succeeded in postponing the conferences at Vicenza until the 3rd January, 1797; and so many despatches passed to and fro, between the Directory, Carnot, and Clarke, that the Baron Vincent lost patience, and declared, that if France had any further communications to make, they must in future be addressed, not to him, but to Gherardini, the Austrian Minister at Turin. Bonaparte took care that this resolution of the Baron should be effectual. Clarke was several times at Turin and in Lombardy, negotiating; and after happily completing a friendly arrangement with his General, was left without other duties to fulfil, than to complete, with the Piedmontese court, those amicable treaties which were terminated by an alliance with France on the 5th April, 1797.

After this, he brought before the Directory a series of complaints against certain generals and commissaries of the French army in Italy. With the substance of the charges against these officers, he had been furnished by Bonaparte; and the result was, that many of them were displaced and recalled to France.

The complaints or charges furnished to Clarke, were sometimes far from correct; but Bonaparte, by means of the envoy, wished to rid his army of those devastators and peculators, without drawing upon himself their lasting and personal hostility. To the honour

of Clarke, it must be confessed that his dislike for those who had been guilty of mal-demeanour in Italy was at least sincere; and in this he proved himself worthy to be the friend of Carnot.

He found himself again at Turin during the discussion which ensued concerning the preliminaries of Leoben. Bonaparte, who had neither desire or authority to conclude anything that resembled a peace, affected to wish much for the presence of Clarke as a Plenipotentiary, while he secretly contrived such means to delay his journey, that it was impossible he could arrive in time. Thus ten days passed, and on the 17th of April, Clarke had not appeared, so Bonaparte signed the articles *alone*; and on the 6th of the following month, the Directory invested them both with full power to sign the final treaty.

Two negotiators, the Marquis di Gallo and Meerfeldt, had been appointed by Austria to meet them; but at the very commencement of their proceedings, the proud and haughty spirits of Bonaparte and Gallo, domineered over their colleagues so completely, that they became as mere machines in their hands. Clarke had, nevertheless, occasionally sole charge of the negotiations at Udina, a town in Friuli, where they had many meetings concerning the entangled affairs of France and Austria; but this was only when the tergiversations of the latter, who wished to recommence the war, were embarrassing the conferences, which, according to the caustic expression of Bonaparte, "were nothing more than a series of pleasantries."

In the midst of these incertitudes and delays, a new Revolution took place at Paris, on the 4th September, 1797, when the legislative was entirely absorbed by the executive power, and when the famous pamphlet of Bailleul, which provoked such a violent debate in the Council of Five Hundred, was the tocsin of alarm. On this day—the 18th *Fructidor*—Clarke was declared a "creature of Carnot;" and, as such, was deprived of all power. Thus Bonaparte was left sole Plenipotentiary of the Republic, and had the honour of signing alone the famous treaty of Campo Formio, which secured a peace between France and the Emperor Francis II., and which took its name from the place of meeting—a castle of maritime Austria, situated on a hill in the province of Fri-

uli. It was signed on the 17th of October, and was undoubtedly more glorious for France, than the treaty which General Clarke had prepared for the same purpose in November, 1796. But Bonaparte behaved with great generosity towards his fallen colleague: he defended him against the virulence of the Parisian pamphleteers and journalists, protected him while in Italy, and employed him about his staff and person in many ways. "Could he do less to the star which he had so completely made his satellite?" exclaims a French writer.

The brilliant reception which awaited Bonaparte on his triumphant return to France, and, more, all the high enthusiasm kindled by his departure for Egypt, threw Clarke completely into the shade; and he was almost forgotten by the volatile Parisians during two years that he lived in retirement.

He ought, perhaps, to have followed Napoleon, even as a volunteer, to the banks of the Nile; but being of a proud and jealous spirit, he was unfortunately without this feeling of devotion to his new protector. Bonaparte appeared to feel this, for on his return from his distant and dangerous expedition, and finding himself master of the Government, by the 18th *Bru-maire* (9th November, 1799), he seemed to look coldly on the General at times.

Clarke now neglected nothing that might serve to reinstate him in the good graces of the First Consul, who, in September, 1800, intrusted him finally with the charge of the negotiations at Luneville, and soon after with the military command of this large city, which lies in the department of the Meurthe. But Clarke felt that these two posts were alike insignificant and unworthy one of his talent and enterprise; for the recent victories in Germany and Italy had greatly simplified his duties as a negotiator, and the little that remained Bonaparte directed in Paris. When the arrangements were completed, to the infinite annoyance of Clarke, he sent his brother Joseph to sign them.

Clarke had meanwhile been preparing for the departure of a body of Russian officers who were prisoners of war at Lisle, and the kindness with which he did so, caused the Emperor Paul I. to present him with a magnificent sword, and other marks of his approbation.

Such is the weakness of the human heart, that these honours inflated Clarke so much, that for a time he appeared to feel himself equal to the First Consul, and indeed he was rash enough, and unwise enough, to say so.

Coming early one evening to the opera, he entered the box usually appropriated to Napoleon, and assumed that august person's place in the front seat. When the First Consul came, Clarke had the bad taste to sit still during the performance, and leave to his master the second place!

These mistakes of temper, united to his punctilious spirit, in affairs of state, and love of diplomatic work, caused the French Government to give him the office of Minister of France at Florence, that he might be away from Paris and near the young Duke of Parma, who wished to be named King of all Italy; but this post, say the "*Memoirs of St. Helena*," proved exceedingly distasteful to him.

Clarke's talent — a most useful, if not brilliant one — consisted in an amazing facility for keeping on the best possible terms with all the parties among whom he was cast. The secret of his influence with Bonaparte appears to have been, a sentiment of profound gratitude in the latter, for the high praise bestowed by Clarke in his "*Secret Report*" to the Directory on the conduct of the young General in Italy. This document afterwards fell into the hands of the First Consul, who never forgot its contents.

Clarke, tired of his residence at Florence, wrote letter after letter, demanding his recall to Paris, terming his embassy a species of exile; and Bonaparte, believing that his punishment was sufficiently severe, at last gave him leave to return; but desired him to travel by the way of Lille (a fortified city in the department of the north), to the camp at Boulogne. In Belgium he gave him the title of Councillor of State, and created for him two places in the Cabinet—one as Secretary for the Marine, and the other for the War.

Arrived at the camp of Boulogne, one of the earliest matters entrusted to the General was the proposed establishment of Irish Brigades, to co-operate in the projected invasion of Britain; and these corps Clarke believed might be recruited among the Irishmen who were prisoners of war in



France. While this project was on the *tapis*, he had many interviews with the famous Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had been appointed by the Directory Chef-de-Brigade, and afterwards Adjutant-General; and with Lazarus Hoche, a frank, generous, and zealous republican, who, from being a stable-boy and private of the French Guards, raised himself to one of the highest positions in the army of France. In 1792, he was a corporal; in 1793, he was a *general*, commanding the army of the Moselle; and in the two subsequent years he subdued La Vendée.

Tone was introduced to Hoche by Clarke, and, in his memoirs, he details the questions they asked him concerning the state of Ireland, where a landing might be effected; where provisions might be relied on, particularly bread; whether French auxiliaries might count on being able to form an Irish Provisional Government, either of the Catholic Committee, or of the chiefs of the Irish patriots? On these subjects Tone had many a long and anxious conference with his countryman, Clarke, and with Hoche.

After a long interview with Hoche, in the Cabinet of Fleury one day, Wolfe Tone was asked, what form of government the Irish would adopt, in the event of their successfully encountering the British troops?

"I was going to answer him with great earnestness," says Tone, in his interesting Memoirs, "when General Clarke entered, to request that we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the President, where we found Carnot, and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and repeated his question. I replied, '*Most decidedly a republic.*' He asked again, 'Are you sure?' I said, 'As sure as I can be of anything. I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system——' Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland, and the conversation between Clarke, Hoche, and him, became pretty general, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely anything, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed and said, 'There is plenty of beef in Ireland—if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef.' I told him I hoped they would find both; adding, that within twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that at present it made a considerable article in her exports."—Vol. ii., pp. 14-18.

The patience of Wolfe Tone was sorely tried by many and unnecessary delays; and, after all, the hopes of the Irish exiles ended only in mustering a regiment of their countrymen, which, instead of embarking for Ireland, marched to the invasion of Spain, under the unfortunate Colonel Lewis Lacy, the son of a race of hereditary Irish soldiers.

In the year following, his double appointment as Minister for the War and Marine, Clarke made the German campaign on the staff of Bonaparte, and was present at the capture of the free city of Ulm, in the Swabian circle, on the 17th of October, 1805, and at other operations, which drove the army of the Archduke Ferdinand across the Danube; and, on the capture of Vienna by the corps of the brave Murat and Lannes, he was named Governor of the city, and also of Upper and Lower Austria, Carinthia, Styria, Friuli, Trieste, &c. His moderation and justice in this high command elevated him among the victors, and won him the love and esteem of the vanquished. He also received the cordon of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and soon after was ordered to define the line of demarcation between Brisgau, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg, and the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Two months were spent by him in conferences and diplomacy. From the 9th to the 20th of July, 1806, he was engaged with the Russian plenipotentiary, and their interviews were terminated by the wonderful treaty, which opened and ceded to France, Cattaro, a Venetian territory in Dalmatia, with its capital, harbour, and citadel; and which maintained Gustavus IV. in possession of the ancient Duchy of Pomerania, and left to be achieved, at an early period, the junction of Sicily to the kingdom of Murat—the whole being arranged by them, without condescending to ask the advice of Great Britain, which was then the faithful ally of Prussia. This treaty was never ratified by the Emperor Alexander. The other conferences took place between Clarke and Lord Yarmouth, to whom Charles Fox added the Scottish Earl of Lauderdale; while, to assist Clarke, the French government added Jean Baptiste Champagny, the Duc de Cadore, who was only a spectator of the negotiations, which were without result,

and are of no consequence to the reader; but Clarke, who had displayed his usual acuteness, tact, and skill, in all his meetings with the Lords Yarmouth and Lauderdale, was not a little proud of having prevailed upon M. D'Oubril to sign certain clauses he submitted to him.

Russia, however, was in no haste to evacuate Cattaro, and the Emperor Alexander began to augment his army; so from September, 1806, it became evident, that if France declared war against Prussia, she would have to encounter Russia also. In the first meeting concerning these affairs, Clarke said, "that the convention recently concluded with Russia was for France equivalent to a victory; and that henceforward his master, the Emperor Napoleon, had the right of proposing articles more advantageous than those he had lately made." He qualified the terms of the treaty which he wished them to adopt, and in particular *l'uti possidetis*; of vague conversations on the politics of Rome, he said that Bonaparte had never adopted this *uti possidetis* for a basis, without which Moravia, Styria, and Carniola, would have remained still in his hands.

Similar language, encumbered by diplomatic technicalities, was applied to the two envoys of Fox, but failed to succeed with them, as they were resolved not to depart in a single instance from the basis of the position taken before by the envoy of Prince Talleyrand. The death of Charles Fox put an end to all the hopes of peace, although Lauderdale and Champagny did not despair of procuring it, until the 6th of October; but by this time Clarke had set out for Germany, having accompanied Napoleon to the Prussian campaign. After the two battles of the 14th October, he was named Governor of Erfurt, a fortified city on the Gera, and capital of the Elector of Mentz. It was then crowded with Prussian prisoners, and with sick and wounded Frenchmen.

For having been more in the palaces than in the camps of Bonaparte, and being, moreover, of foreign blood, Clarke was reproached with being more of a diplomatist than a soldier, by those who were envious of the favour shown him by the Emperor. While at Erfurt he caused the Saxon Grenadiers of Hündt to take arms, and supplied them with ammunition, colours, and several pieces of cannon.

On the 27th, Napoleon summoned him to Berlin, and appointed him Governor, saying:—

"I wish that in the same year, you should have under your orders the capitals of two monarchies we have conquered—Prussia and Austria."

"Thus Clarke, the inevitable Clarke, was appointed Governor of Berlin," says De Bourienne, "and under his administration the wretched inhabitants, who could not flee, were overwhelmed by every species of impost and oppression. As in the execution of every measure, there operated the most servile compliance with the orders of Napoleon, so the name of Clarke is held in detestation throughout Prussia."

The measures of Clarke, as Governor of Berlin, were doubtless mortifying, ruinous, and often sanguinary; but then it must be remembered that he was compelled to enforce the iron will, and obey the stern orders, of his inflexible master; though it must be acknowledged, that it would have been more noble in him, to have softened them to the vanquished Prussians. The military contributions were rigorously levied, and those were not the least of the severities exercised upon the people of Berlin. Offences were uselessly created, and then barbarously judged of by a military commission.

The punishment of the unfortunate Burgomaster of Ciritz is forgotten amid the many barbarous executions of which Prussia became the theatre, and against which her people dared not protest. When the King, Frederick William, found himself seated with Clarke at the table of Louis XVIII. in 1815, he could not refrain from bitterly reproaching Clarke with what he termed "the useless murder of the father of a family."

"Sire," responded Clarke, "it was an unfortunate error."

"An error, monsieur?" reiterated the King, striking his hand upon the table; "an error—it was a crime!"

Withal, it must be acknowledged that Clarke, in the high place he occupied, fulfilled, in every way, the trust reposed in him by Napoleon; and that during his command at Berlin, which occupied a year, he gave ample proof of his inflexible probity; and we may perhaps believe, that many of the accusations made against him, were the echoes of those complaints which are naturally raised by the vanquished against the troops of

the victor. Doubtless, he would have received greater praise, had he striven to please others more, and his master less. By the official collections of Schœll, we are informed, that Vendomme one day wished to appropriate to himself the magnificent furniture in the palace of Potsdam, where he resided; but that Clarke, by his determined intervention, forced him to relinquish the idea.

Clarke was again named Minister of War, *vice* Marshal Berthier, Duke of Neufchatel and Prince of Wagram. He acquitted himself with great credit during his administration, which was prolonged without interruption for several years; but it was marked by two remarkable episodes — the descent upon Walcheren in 1809, and the conspiracy of Mallet in 1812. But we ought previously to have mentioned, that in 1808, Clarke had been ennobled by the title of Count Hunebourg, and in 1809, he was created Duc de Feltre, from a town in Venetian Lombardy.

The descent of the British upon Walcheren took Clarke by surprise; but, seconded by Bernadotte and Fouché, he collected, in less than five weeks, an army of a hundred thousand men, near the mouths of the Scheldt, to watch their operations; but the swamps of South Beveland, and the Walcheren fever, proved more deadly to the British troops than the bayonets of France.

When Napoleon was absent on his disastrous Russian campaign, the unfortunate disturbance, or rather wild enterprise of the republican General Mallet, with his compatriots, Guidal and Lahoire, placed Paris, for some hours, in the hands of an armed mob. The coolness and presence of mind exhibited by Clarke during this momentous crisis is above all common praise. Mallet forged an account of Bonaparte's death; and on obtaining twelve hundred men from the 10th cohort of the National Guard, made prisoners M. Pasquer, and Savary, the Duke of Rovigo; and assailing General Hullin, Commandant of Paris in his quarters, shot him through the head by a pistol-ball. Mallet led his party to seize Clarke as Minister of War; but the plot was soon discovered, and Mallet was captured and disarmed. This finished his proposed reassertion of the Republic, and fourteen of his followers were put to death, while Clarke ordered the arrest of many

others upon very slight suspicions. He then dispatched to Bonaparte a report, which displayed his own vigilance and acuteness in escaping the snare into which General Hullin, Colonel Soulier, Savary, and Pasquer, had fallen so easily.

The excessive zeal of Clarke began to relax about the end of 1813, although his language always continued the same; thus, when Napoleon, acting under the pressure of his disasters in Russia, proposed to make a peace, and yield up some of his conquests, the Duc de Feltre, knowing how to touch one of the sensitive chords in his breast, said, "that he would consider the Emperor dishonoured if he consented to abandon the smallest village which had been united to the empire by a senatorial decree!"

"What a fine thing it is to talk!" added old Bourienne.

Clarke's opinion, however, prevailed with Napoleon, and the war, so fatal to him, continued; though without doubt, in his secret soul, he had begun to see the exact and perilous position of the Emperor.

Before the startling events of March, 1814, when the allies advanced upon Paris, and before the communications of Joseph had forced the determination of the Assembly, the acute Clarke had advised, very decidedly, the departure of Maria Louisa, who set out at once for Blois. The ostentatious language with which he accompanied this advice failed to deceive any one; but, in spite of his efforts, it was singularly cold and discouraging.

He commenced his oration by a vivid picture of the conflicting state of parties, and of the state of Paris and its environs; and his enemies accused him not only of exaggerating the dangers which menaced the capital, but of concealing its actual resources; but one fact is evident, Clarke was clearly and honestly of opinion that Paris was indefensible, and that to resist, would be to destroy it! It is said that Bonaparte had a contrary opinion, though it was not then publicly avowed.

When once Maria Louisa had left Paris, Clarke, foreseeing its certain capitulation, did not take the necessary measures, either to defend it or to check the progress of the allies. For three days he did not open the arsenals to the Parisians, nor would he allow them to transport the cannon from the Hotel des Invalides, and the Ecole

Militaire to the heights about the city ; finally he clubbed all the troops of the line about Montmartre. "Posterity," says a French writer, "will decide if these measures were correct."

Then followed the battle of Paris ; Marshal Marmont's return within its walls ; the nights of the 30th and 31st of March ; the capitulation of Paris ; the entry of the allies, and the strange enthusiasm with which its vacillating population received them. Napoleon was dethroned by a decree of the Senate, and a Provisional Government was formed ; and changing, like many others, in that time of change, to this new Government, Clarke sent in his formal adhesion on the 8th of April, about *one week* after Paris was taken.

On the 4th of the following June, he was created, by Louis XVIII., a peer of France.

When Marshal Soult retired from office, King Louis appointed Clarke Minister of War—the same post he had held under the Emperor, who was then maturing plans of new operations in the little isle of Elba.

It was tauntingly said of Clarke, that it was his destiny and misfortune, to see the affairs of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons go to wreck, while entrusted to his care.

The memoirs of St. Helena assure us that Clarke, during the events of the Hundred Days, wished to *retake* service under the Emperor Napoleon ! If so, how different was his conduct from the faith that characterised Ney, Combronne, and Macdonald ! A rumour of this, in 1815, led to the immediate departure of Clarke for Ghent, where, at the fugitive Court of Louis XVIII., he exercised his functions as Minister of War ; and from thence, some time after, he travelled to London, charged with a mission from the King to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

During the time the allied armies occupied Paris, Clarke had a remarkable interview with the King of Prussia. On this occasion he was accompanied by M. de Bourienne and Marshal Berthier. They remained for some time in the saloon, before his Prussian Majesty appeared from his closet, and when he did so, the embarrassment of his manner, and the cloudy severity of his countenance, was apparent to the three visitors.

"Marshal," said he to Berthier, "I should have preferred receiving you as

a peaceful visitor at Berlin ; but war has its successes, as well as its reverses. Your troops are brave and ably led ; but you cannot oppose numbers, and Europe is armed against the Emperor ; patience has its limits. You have passed no little time, Marshal, in making war on Germany, and I have great pleasure in saying to you, that I shall never forget your conduct, your justice, and moderation, in those seasons of misfortune."

Marshal Berthier, who deserved this eulogium, made a suitable reply ; after which the King of Prussia turned sternly to the Duc de Feltre, saying—

"As for you, General Clarke, I cannot say the same of your conduct as of the Marshal's. The inhabitants of Berlin will long remember your government. You abused victory strangely, and carried to an extreme measures of rigour and vexation. If I have an advice to give you, it is—*never show your face in Prussia.*"

"Clarke was so overwhelmed by this reception from a crowned head," says M. de Bourienne, "that Berthier and myself, each taking an arm, were absolutely obliged to support him down the grand stair."

On returning to King Louis at Ghent, he resumed his duties of Minister for the War Department ; and assuredly his task was both a severe and a difficult one.

He had to arrange the disbanding of the Imperial and the re-organisation of a Royal army ; he had to examine and decide upon the various claims presented by hundreds of soldiers ; he had to satisfy the demands of two thousand officers who adhered to the King, and to send them into the interior ; he had to classify nine thousand officers of the disbanded army ; to arrange for the pay of six thousand others who were *reformed*—that is, continued on pay, but without being regimented ; he had to examine six thousand claims for arrears of pay and pensions, claims that could admit of no delay, and which amounted to forty-six millions of francs ; he had to organise the Royal Garde du Corps ; to reconstitute the Gendarmerie ; to provide for the maintenance of the allied armies of occupation ; and all this he had to do, amid obstacles, disorders, and complexities, without example.

Such was the mighty mass of labour submitted to the care of Clarke ; and of this herculean task he nobly and

ably acquitted himself in less than two years.

All impartial writers unite in exculpating him from the angry and unjust accusation of peculating with the enormous sums which were required and absorbed by the reorganisation of the French army. But he was severely handled by military men for instituting those tribunals styled *Les Cours Pré-vôtales*.

The zeal which Clarke now employed in the cause of the house of Bourbon was ultimately the means of his downfall. Louis XVIII., who each day conceded more and more to the enemies of his dynasty, after bestowing upon Clarke the baton of a Marshal of France, displaced him from office, and appointed Gouvion St. Cyr in his room.

We know that after his dismissal all was changed in the department of the Minister of War.

The position in which Clarke found himself during the last years of his stirring, active, and useful life, was very painful and humiliating, especially to one of so proud a spirit as his. Some of the more favoured personages who crowded the court of Louis XVIII. could not behold with a favourable eye this foreigner, who had been the War Minister of the great Napoleon, a confidant of his, and his co-operator in a thousand schemes of conquest; on the other hand, his old comrades of the Imperial army affected to see in Clarke a deserter, a transferer of his allegiance, and, indeed, all but a traitor. Those whose base extortions he had repressed in other times now joined their clamours against him, and the Royalists cared not to say a word in his defence.

Thus, at the end of his career, he was unjustly despised alike for his talents and virtues, as for his mistakes and weaknesses—for the good he had done as well as for evil. Clarke now found himself isolated and abandoned, and the conviction of this, together with the coldness with which he was treated, sank deeply into his proud and sensitive heart.

It aggravated an illness which preyed upon him, and he died on the 28th of October, 1818, in his fifty-third year.

Such was the career of the Duke de Feltre, one of the most famous of the Irish exiles.

Clarke was master of many lan-

guages. He wrote with ease, with elegance, and with correctness; his style was often brilliant, and he knew thoroughly all that appertained to the details of a war administration. The state of complete disorganization in which he found the French service after March, 1814, proves the admirable tact and skill with which he could bring order out of disorder.

Many of the old Imperialists, his enemies, coarsely accused him of treason and treachery, but Napoleon takes care partly to exculpate him from charges so severe. On being asked at St. Helena, if he believed that Clarke had been true to him, the fallen Emperor said, with a sigh—

“True to me—yes, when I was in my strength;” and after a time he added—“I cannot boast of him being more constant to me than Fortune.”

This lessens the alleged crime of Clarke, while, at the same time, it lessens his nobility of conduct; though it must be acknowledged that he did not leave Napoleon until he could no longer be of service to him. The Emperor was not easily deceived as to the fidelity of a follower.

From Bourienne, we know that in 1796 and 1797, after all that passed between Napoleon and Clarke, the former still trusted in the latter, and never attempted to interrupt his dispatches to the Directory or to the Chevalier de la Croix; and nothing was ever found in them displeasing to the Commander-in-chief.

Two great traits in the character of Clarke were, first, his hatred of all speculation and political knavery; the other was his mania for office, and the dispatches and details connected therewith. So poor was he during the earlier years of his career, that Napoleon had to portion one of his daughters; and no instance of profusion or luxury has been cited against him.

Inflated by his patent of nobility, he wished to make his genealogy great and lofty, and one day he believed that he had discovered his descent, by the female side, from the Plantagenets—an idea which exceedingly amused Napoleon, who once said to him in a numerous company, about the time of his projected invasion of Britain—

“Clarke, you have not yet spoken of your claims to the English throne—you ought now to make them good!”

## THE TWILIGHT MUSINGS OF AN OLD MAN,

BY THOMAS HOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

"Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor!"—THE RAVEN.

"Deep as love—  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life! the days that are no more."—TENNYSON.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"—LAMB.

I REMEMBER—many things—and many men. You will find me a garrulous old man, yet I was not always so. I remember—yes, remember *well*—the time when I was a boy—a youth, silent and reserved; oh, how long ago! I remember my school-days—the days of my youth—the days of my manhood! Yes, "I remember," it is the burden of an old man's song, ever recurring. And I pray God earnestly, if it be His good pleasure, that I may never lose the blessed memories of the past. Oh! they are musical, those two words. And memory is, indeed, a good gift—like the voiceless echo that haunts your brain of the song that some loved voice has sung. And when such songs were singing in my ears—morning, noon, and night—never tiring. I remember her who sang them. And what is it that strikes against my hand?—I raise it to brush (it cannot be a *tear* from my eyelid)—a locket, and within it a curl of soft brown hair. Ah! that voice was silent for ever when that dark tress was severed. I remember when I told my love to her first. It was not a glowing sunset (as I then thought it was); no, it was a calm autumn twilight, when only the highest clouds retained traces of the departed sun in bright spots. My memory has such bright spots, too, and this is one of them. I remember her standing beneath the beautiful white jasmine, with its silvery stars, and its perfume, sweet as the memories of the past—with her deep, clear eyes, and her soft brown hair; and she was singing—she loved singing, and I loved singing too, for I loved her, and she was an embodied song. Alas! they are only the echoes of that song that now die along the deserted chambers of my

heart. But I remember what she sang—

"He came to me to woo me,  
And he whispered low unto me,  
And he knelt adown before me,  
As though he would adore me,  
And he said, 'Oh, can you love me,  
Can you love as I love you?"

"And I bent me down and told him,  
How dear I e'er did hold him,  
And I blessed him, and I praised him,  
And from his knees I raised him,  
And I said, that I could love him,  
Could love *him* as he loved *me*!"

And then I drew near her, and repeated low the words she had sung. I did so, scarcely knowing what I did. And I said, "Oh! can you love me—can you love me, as I love you?" And I remember how she turned to me, and how I led her into the orchard, and there, amid the shady trees, whose fruit was rivalled in blushes by my darling's cheeks, there she told me all her love; and when I asked her if she could love me as I loved her, she said—"Oh! far, far more." And I remember then was our first quarrel, for I said *that* was impossible. And yet, I think we quarrelled more for the sake of making it up again.

But the fire is burning low, and I shall go to my bed, and in the morning I awake, and know that an angel has kissed me in my slumbers, and my pillow is bedewed with tears that I do not think I shed. Do not smile at what you may call an old man's fancies, for they are dear to me. I have no friends but those who are now angels of light, and *they* loved me so fondly when living, they cannot but visit me sometimes now. Yet it is a dream—life is a dream—and

now the last spark has died away on the hearth, and I am weary. Ah! I remember a time when I was not so easily wearied; and yet I still love to sit there before the fire that flickers, and fades, and expires like a young man's hopes. I love to think of my young hopes, and those who shared them: sitting here till I fall asleep and dream of the blessed past, and I awake to the caresses of *her* dog, now old and grey like his master. Ah! I remember the little, low green wicket, that did not bar his entrance to a white cottage. Oh! how well I remember that cottage. The sweet jasmine over the porch, a slip of the one beneath which she stood on that calm autumn evening. And that cottage is not altered; it stands as it stood *then*—then, when my hopes vanished like a bubble, and like that bubble's hues were the brightest ere they faded for ever. I love that little white house well; without in the garden, the flowers roam at will, and the fir-trees on the lawn are now nearly hid by the ivy that we planted, then but a little slip we brought from Berry Pomeroy, in the brightest week of my life, when first we were wedded. Well do I remember that day. We wandered through the plantation till we came suddenly upon a ruined tower that the ivy clung to fondly, as my memory clings to these dear recollections. And the sun came streaming through the loop-holes and gilded the old ruins, till they looked as they must have done when the banquet was in those halls, and the music sounded through the oaken roofs, and the cressets and the torches gleamed on the grey stones as the slow setting sun did then. And we plucked it in the deserted "Lady's Bower," with laughter and merriment; and little did we then think that when the hand that plucked it was in the grave, that little root would have climbed to the top of the tall trees, and have mingled its rustlings with the sighing of the firs. And we returned to our little humble home as gladly as my thoughts come back to it again now. But the garden is altered since that time, and the roses shed their leaves over the weed-encumbered ground, and the double-daisies that we had planted in the borders, the little offering of a cottage child in gratitude to my darling, have regained their wild simplicity.

There were many simple flowers there, for her kind heart did not prize them for their worldly value but for their associations, and, therefore, many a wild flower blossomed there that would hardly have found place elsewhere. There was a blue corn-flower that little Amy Lloyd brought, after my darling had been telling her some tales; and Amy said it was the flower the Princess Blurette had been changed into; and I remember my darling kissed her, and said she would keep it for her sake; and the flower is blooming now, but the hand that planted it is cold in death. All the flowers are growing wild without, forgetting that dear hand that loved to tend them. Within, in the silent rooms, all remains unchanged; and the world rolls on and presses by in ceaseless tide without; but that room stays for ever the same, and shall do so until I close my eyelids to wake to an eternity of joy. I know that when I am lying beneath the green sod in the churchyard, strange faces will gleam in those rooms—strange voices sound in that cottage—strange hands will work strange changes, and desecrate what I hold sacred. But I know not why it is these thoughts do not cause me any sadness; perhaps it is, because then I shall clasp the jewel to my heart, and the casket will be valueless. But now all is the same—day after day. There stands the harp untouched—there lies the music-book unopened—save when the night-wind sweeps in and turns over the leaves—and then goes away with a new melody, and sings it to the fir-trees on the lawn. And there lies her work-basket on the table, with the reels, and needles, and scissors—once bright, but now rusted by the tears that have fallen upon them. And there, too, would have been her last unfinished piece of work, but it was a labour of love for the poor, and I could not bear that her last work of charity on earth should not be fulfilled, so I gave it to the poor creature for whom it was intended.

And the pictures hang there still, and in the vases on the mantel-piece are the stalks of the flowers she placed in them; but the petals I remember, a long time ago, lying withered on the marble—all that now remains of some of them is a little dust—the rest have flown away with the night winds that sigh

and wander through the house, and up the stairs, to that room with the white-curtained bed, and over the white-draped dressing-table, where the little ruby and blue bottles, and the choice little pieces of rare old china stand unmoved; and the scent has gone from the bottles, as the light and blessing of love has faded from that deserted house. And the winds wander on to the little room with the treasure of untouched toys; and the little cradle in which I dimly remember a baby face,

"That into stillness passed again,  
And left a want unknown before!"

A subject—and the only one—to be tenderly touched on, and spoken of, though ever remembered and regretted by her and by me. And I know a green mound in the churchyard, scarce three spans long, and a little stone cross at the head, and on it these words:—

"Here lies in blest and happy rest,  
A blossom bud that ne'er unfurled  
To the rough breezes of the world,  
But on its mother's breast

Short time did fill two hearts with glee,  
Then faded, as though born to be  
A link to draw to Heaven,  
The mother and the father fond,  
Who know their child the skies beyond,  
To God's high service given!"

And in moonlight and twilight there is a taller cross, whose shadow seems ever to bend toward that little mound. And they told me when I grew well again, that it was *hers*, and they tell me so now. But she will return—she will come back to me again. I wander down to the cottage, and ever expect her to come forth to meet me—and she is there. I hear her voice—and it cannot be the breezes that sweep the strings as she used to do. But now the moon is streaming through the window, and the village is silent, and the shadow of the church tower hides those two crosses that I have been looking at so earnestly; and to-morrow is *the day*—to-morrow—oh that I could sleep it away! to-morrow is the bitter, bitter day that tells me so forcibly—that convinces me, all unwilling as I am—that *there* she *does* sleep at the foot of the cross.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Thus we, oh Infinite, stand Thee before,  
And lay down at Thy feet without one sigh,  
Each after each, our precious things and rare,  
Our close heart-jewels, and our garlands fair;  
Perhaps Thou knewest that the flowers would die,  
And the long-voyaged hoards turn out all dust,  
So take them while unchanged; to Thee we trust  
Our uncorruptible treasure—Thou art just!"—UNKNOWN.

"The moon made thy lips pale, beloved,  
The wind made thy bosom chill;  
The night did shed  
On thy dear head  
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie  
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky  
Might visit thee at will."—SHELLEY.

I REMEMBER this morning, many, many years ago. Frank was in Italy, and I had been expecting him, and last night, a long time back, he was to have reached London. But the night had been stormy and wild, and the sea had run high, and the poor fishermen had some of them been obliged to leave their nets on the beach and fly to the top of the rocks; and those on the island had awakened with the rush of waters and fled to their boats; and the surge swept away the huts and nets, and left the little rocky islet bare. Trees had been blown over the rocks, and large ones were to be seen in the morning heaving and tossing on the hardly pacified surges; and the rails at

the turning of the drive, that stood at the edge of a precipice of eighty feet, were blown into the sea. The road went straight on to the white railing, till it looked as though it had led sheer eighty feet into the sea, and then, all at once, it turned with the palings, bounding it on the left, and on the right a dark fir plantation climbed the side of the hill, which sloped upwards to some height. There were the timid rabbits that bounded down, and looked at the sea with their large, wondering eyes, and then flitted back again to their holes. But that night they had none of them ventured out of the warren. The very gulls flew to their homes in the rocks, and the white specks that the



blue lightning showed on the sea, were not the wings of sea-birds, but the sails of distressed ships. Oh, how few ever reached a safe harbour! In the morning I arose, filled with dismal forebodings, and mounted my horse to ride over to B—— for the letters, hoping to hear of my brother.

I remember she came to the gate, and stood there watching me; and Luath, the fine hound, hung back to stay with his mistress, but I called him, and he came unwillingly. In turning to call him, I looked at her. There she stood by the green wicket, in her white dress, like a gleam of sunshine; and though it was too far to see them, I knew that her clear, bright eyes were watching me so earnestly; and I came to the bend of the road, and I turned it, and I saw her no more, no more!—yes, I saw her once more, once more! But how blessed to me is the memory of that day, though bitter and inflexible the decree then seemed that made it the darkest day of my life. Still it is blessed when I think how that last day was spent—spent as it should be by one on the point of leaving this world. And in my inquiries for her on the next day, there were few in the village that she had not visited; and where she visited, she was not content with moral teaching and good advice, but with warm, earnest deeds, and good, kind, Christian gifts.

I rode to the town, but the letters had not arrived. And, oh, heaven! the anguish I endured in my ride home! I did not think it could be equalled, till I felt agonies, far, far more dreadful.

That night, when I returned home late, she was not there. The next morning she returned not. All that night I searched, and in the morning, wearied out with my exertions, I lay down and fell into a deep sleep; but the search was carried on untiringly.

And there were whispers in the village. The *kind, good* people, came to see me, and “they were sorry.” I remember they said, “she was young—giddy; they were sorry for me.” But I was angry, God forgive me, and I spoke words that I repent of now. But oh! she could not, could not have done so. She, my darling, so good, so true! Oh, no! Thank heaven, I did not for a moment doubt her; and I forgive them as a Christian, and pray that they may be forgiven, who

wronged her only in thought. In the afternoon, when I awoke, I was called on by a little boy, who came, he said, from his mother—his little sister was dying. They lived in a small hut on the sea-shore, nearly two miles from my house. He told me that they had expected her down there—she had promised to come two days ago. I needed no further incitement, but leaped on my horse and galloped along the shore. Luath, too, who had been very mournful for the whole day, now strode boldly on in front. A mile and a-half were soon passed, when I heard him howl loudly, and dash onwards towards the foot of the cliff. I looked up, and almost expected to see her at the top. But there was nothing there save the few remaining stakes of the palings;—she was not there. And the dog howled again—such a long, mournful cry, human-like, the despairing cry of some strong man in his death-throes. I approached, as it were, in a dream—slowly—hesitating; and oh, horror! there lay a human form on the shingle at the foot of the rock, and near it lay scattered the fragments of the little dainties that a small basket, which I almost feared I knew, had contained. Oh! doubt and dread—I leaped to the ground—I raised it in my arms. One glance, and I remember no more, save a sharp, cold pang through my heart as I fell to the ground, while Luath’s long, sad howl rung again in my ears.

A blank follows, and I remember no more distinctly, save that I dimly recollect lying in a bed, and dreadful creatures were around my pillow, and they gibed and gibbered at me; and I remember, too, that she tended me. I know that she did. I remember that alone, plainly, of all that happened to me in this half-consciousness. But they told me when I awoke that I had been fevered and delirious for three weeks—and they said she had been buried the day after, I—oh! horror—found her! But oh! no—no—it was not true—she *had* tended me in my illness. They told me I had been delirious. Would that I were so now, if in that delirium she might tend me still. Slowly I recovered my health—my spirits never—though heaven knows I am not gloomy or despairing. And as I recovered, I saw that I was in the Manor House, not in my little parsonage—

house. And they told me Frank was dead; but I was so stunned by my woe, that my heart only throbbed more quickly for the moment, and the tears that had risen in my eyes for her, fell to the memory of my brother. Oh! the long, long months—the slow, slow progress of returning health, and the unutterable weight of woe. And I ordered them to lock up the Parsonage, and touch nothing there. And as soon as I was strong enough, they told me that they had found out that on that day on which she had promised to visit the sick child, she had gone—she had always performed her promises. And that child was born when our sweet little one smiled upon us for the first time; and that small link had made her love the child, and perhaps caused her not mentioning her going to me, for we had few secrets from one another. They said it was supposed, that in going there in the dusk of the evening, she missed the white palings which would have indicated the turn, and had fallen over the cliff. Oh! horrible! horrible!—she so tenderly watched and cared for, to lie on those cold, heartless stones for a night and day, unwatched, untended; and the rain beating on that brow, that I would not allow the winds of heaven to visit too roughly.

At length I grew well, and got down and about again. But I could never endure the sight of those people who lived in the hut on the shore, though I never let them see it. Heaven knows, and I knew it was a sin in the sight of my Creator; and I prayed earnestly for forgiveness; and I took that child (for she recovered and grew up a good girl) as a servant, that the sight of her might be as a penance for my sin. And though her step is light, and her voice sounds joyous, in the house, I never hear her, or see her, without a feeling that is like pain at my heart.

How much can happen in three short weeks. Poor Frank, what a sad fate was his. He was a noble boy—two years my elder; and my father, good old man, educated us both mostly at home. Frank was a joyous, gay lad, and looked forward to entering the army. We were both of us very fond of one another, and grew up together, and played together, and fished together—read the same books, followed the same sports and pur-

suits, and assisted each other in our compositions, for we both of us dabbled a little in poetry; and I have a whole portfolio of our verses, which I will look out some evening. I often think what a comparison might be made between our verses, as between ourselves—his, gay, fanciful, and fresh, and mine, dim, with a sort of foreshadowing of grief in them. And when I settled in my living, he gave up his ideas of going into the army, and lived in this house, for our much-loved father had gone to sleep quietly, as I hope I shall, when it pleases my Father in Heaven to call me to meet *her*. We lived very happily, my brother and I, for some few years; and he loved a fair, young girl; she was so *then*. She lived at the town of B—. He was so gay and joyous, but too shy to declare his passion for her. I smiled at the excuses he made for visits to B—; his fishing-rod was broken, and it must go into the town, though he had himself mended a similar fracture in mine most admirably the week before; and he was eager about a new book, which, after he had obtained it, lay uncut on the shelves for weeks. And one day he came to me, complaining of ill health, and said he should ride into town to see our good doctor. I laughed then, for he looked well, and there was more than his usual colour in his cheeks. Alas! I did not then know it to be but the sign of the disease within, and I thought he had determined to propose to his Mary. And in the evening he returned pale and thoughtful, and I drew him aside and asked him what was the matter. We went into the study, for he was often down with me. The little Parsonage had then a cheerful aspect. How well I remember his words—“Everard, I am dying! slowly, very slowly, but surely! I am consumptive, and my only hope is a visit to Italy.” I burst into tears.

“I am not sorry for myself, but for you, and because this dreadful disease is, I fear, too deeply rooted; and I dare not whisper my love to my Mary to blight her young days with my doubtful fate.”

The noble fellow—and he never saw her again, until his return home during those three weeks of agony. I went into B— myself, to see her, making her promise secrecy. I told her all. Poor girl—she loved

him then very much, but she was a young and simple girl that, like the slender reed, bends lowest under misfortune, but only to rise again unscathed. I told her, though it was a painful task, because I did not choose that she should think him false and fickle on account of that which really arose from his great love to her. And he went to Italy, and long after I heard from him that he was coming to England, and was better—much better.

And then came that awful night.

The vessel was so tossed and shaken that he relapsed hopelessly. And when they told him he could not live, the expectation of seeing his Mary died within his heart, and he murmured—“Let me see her ere I die.” And she came, and then he told her how he had loved her; and in a whisper, she told him that she, too, had loved—loved him; and he blessed her, and asked her to lay a tress of her hair upon his breast in the coffin. And he closed his eyes

for ever, folded in the arms of his own Mary. She was inconsolable at the time; but afterwards, when I got the better of my fever, she recovered her spirits. And I remember, some years after, she was married to another. He was a good man, and a kind; yet I hardly liked to think of it, but I loved her for my brother's sake; and she and her children used to come here, for many years, to see me at Christmas; and they called me their uncle, and I used to dream that they were Frank's—and I forgave her as I knew *he* had done already in Heaven. Now the night is closing in, and the wind is moaning without, grieving for what it did on this day so many years ago. I almost fancy it has never been so fierce since; but still I cannot bear to hear it. I will go to my lonely pillow—did I say *lonely*? *Oh! it is not so.* And the wind shall then sound in my dreams like the voices of long-departed friends whose faces I remember.

### CHAPTER III.

“O, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe,  
Come not from wings of birds.”—LONGFELLOW.

“They grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.”—MRS. HEMANS.

I HAVE been down to that little white cottage, and wandered through the rooms, but she is not there, yet I had hoped to see her to-day, for it is Christmas-day; and last night there were voices carolling under my window that told me of hope of new life, and how, centuries ago, poor shepherds watching flocks in the fields saw the bright angels. I almost hoped to see my angel, for she is one now. But she was not there. Yet, as I mounted the stairs, I heard a sound that was like the cooing of a baby voice when it first tries to speak—when the rosy little liplets pout with the speech pent-up within them—and I heard the sound of wings, and I hurried up into the bed-room, and a white dove flew out at a broken pane. It left one white feather behind it, and I have it here. I have been to that house again this afternoon, but she was not there. I heard the dove again, and I thought, in a waking dream, that it was the little low voice I had heard—oh! it is

an age of grief ago—among the little white curtains of that deserted cradle.

I love that bird, for it has taken up its abode in that cottage. I know she would have loved it too, and would have fed it through the long cold winter with her own hand, for it could not have feared her—my darling—so kind and so gentle, that when she walked on the cliff, the rabbits did not flit away from her until Luath came up, and *then*, only, they hurried away to bury their fears and their large bright eyes, in their holes. I dare not go up to that room to feed it lest it should fear my kindness, and fly away for ever; but to-morrow I will watch it until it goes, and then I will go up and throw down food for it.

Hark! the bells are ringing for Christmas, as they have rung ever since the church was built. Lights are gleaming in the cottages, merriment and mirth abound throughout the village, and every now and then my heart gives a louder throb; for in

this silent old chimney-corner all is still (the ringers are resting just now, and refreshing themselves with "spicy nut-brown ale")—so still, that I can hear my heart beat—so still, that a mouse has run out of his hole to make his Christmas-dinner of crumbs, though he watches me carefully all the time with his bead-like eyes. When every now and then my heart throbs louder, I think it does so instinctively with pleasure, whenever any of my little flock drink to my health. Let them be merry while they may, though many of those little happy circles around the glowing red turf has a vacant seat, that brings a half-suppressed sigh to the lips of those who observe it.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,

But has one vacant chair!"

True, too true; but there are few where all the chairs are vacant, save one—perhaps few in the world. Yet mine are not vacant: no, I see little merry figures of children sitting in them; and I see, dimly, the form of Mary. They are not here; yet they speak to me—not aloud in words—but to my heart in thoughts. They remind me of a time, long ago, when they all sat so, and of them who came to see me. Oh! yes, yes; ye need not to remind me. I was not cheerful myself, yet when I saw those children so happy, there was a something at my heart that felt like what I had called happiness, when I was a boy; though I could not be sure, it was so long since I had experienced it.

They were happy, very happy, as their silvery laughter rang through these old halls; and I sat here by the fire, listening to their voices, and to the echo of voices long silent, that seemed to mingle with theirs. And I remember little Frank running up to me, with his large, earnest, brown eyes, saying that he wanted to play at hide-and-seek, but was afraid that he might be in a box like the one that our papa had told us of, in the song about "The Mistletoe Bough." They gambolled about me as the butterflies sport around some old willow, and I blessed them in my heart. Now, where are they? All, save one, have passed from this earth. The cold

winter came and killed those butterflies, but the hoary old tree is standing yet.

Three perished in the same year; and one—the last, my favourite little Charlie—while he was here sickened of the fever. I nursed him day and night. They came to me as I sat by him, in his sleep, and they told me he must die. How could they find tongues for such cruelty!—he so young! That I must for ever after miss his clear blue eyes and his golden curls, his merry golden curls, that he shook so gaily when he laughed. He sank slowly; and when they told me he had not an hour to live, I raised him from the bed and held him in my arms. As I saw the little spirit struggling against the disease, the tears came into my eyes; and oh! what would I not have given to have changed places with him. To me these sufferings would but have been the entrance into bliss; but he had lost no friends, no dear ones—he was not leaving the few to meet with the many (as I should have done). The tears came gushing from my eyes, and fell upon his fevered forehead. He died there, in my arms, for I saw his eyes grow dull, and I bent over him and imprinted my last kisses on his lips. And while I kissed him, I felt his lips grow cold.

How little did I think, when those children played around me, that but few years would pass away ere they would be sleeping in the grave. Frank, the eldest, was sent to a relation in India. There was a dark night and a storm, and the vessel that had left England with such glee and beauty, was never heard of more. Harry, the second boy, died of the same fever as my bright-haired Charlie; but Fanny grew up to be a blessing to her mother, and it was but two years ago that she married one who had loved her long and truly. They are happy, very happy, and every night, as I kneel down alone by my bedside, I pray to my Father in Heaven, so far as it is his good will, to grant them long life, and longer happiness than mine; and I pray him to forgive me if I feel impatient, for man is but frail; nor am I strong enough in spirit to look back on the past without a feeling of regret.

I remember the story of Fanny's "wooing, and winning, and wedding." She was young, and so was he, but they have worked their way on in life

together well. He was a young physician, and had but few friends among the rich, while among the poor he was very much beloved, for he was at the side of all who were sick, cheering them often with money, when heaven knows he could little spare it; and oftener with kind words—for one kind word well spoken outweighs the heaviest purse. I did my best for him; my help was but little, yet it proved well for him in the end.

He had loved Fanny for a long, long time. She was some three years younger than he, but she loved him truly. He had attended an old lady—one of my parishioners—whose story was enveloped in mystery, but whom I had known from my boyhood.

She heard from the good people of the village about the attachment of the young doctor for Fanny.

"They wondered," they said, "that a young man like Mr. Calron should aspire to the hand of Fanny Forster; and she was but a silly girl to listen to him, when there was Sir Somebody and the Honorable Something Else, who positively worshipped her."

The old lady listened to this without any remark; but after her death, when her will was read, it was found she had left the young doctor a comfortable little competency.

Her's was a strange story. She had been beautiful and accomplished, the only child of noble parents; but they were proud, and she was proud, and she loved a poor man; she would have her way, and with a father's curse who had never blessed her, she fled forth on the wide world. But he, for whom she had given up all, forsook her in her need. She was too proud to yield, and, with a strong will, she had earned her daily bread until the old earl died; and then—even then—she stayed in this quiet little village, to atone for her past faults and pride.

It was with part of her riches that the young man took home his bride, There were some who wondered that she did not leave more to the young couple—but she was wisest.

I am wandering from the remembrances of that Christmas night, when those children played around me, when a strange step was on the stair, and when, after long, long years, I met my friend, Henry Vivian. But, oh! how changed from my old college acquaintance. So careworn and thin—that once high,

noble forehead, prematurely marked with the furrows of the tides of life. There was a strange, stony glare in his once handsome eyes, yet there was a holiness about his grief and despairing wretchedness that forbade me to question him. But the children's hearts yearned towards him—as they always do, heaven bless them for it—towards the unhappy. They crept up to him—they spoke to him half shyly—they peered up into his face, and at length my little Charlie climbed up upon his knee, and tried to smooth the wrinkles on his brow. A tear glistened in Vivian's eyes, as he bent down and kissed the child. They soon became good friends, and the little ones asked him to sing to them. He hesitated for some time, but at length broke into a wild, unnatural melody. It was like the music the winds play upon *her* harp in that little cottage; yet it had a harsher tone, and sounded more like the night breezes that moan through the ruins of the old castle on the hill. The words I shall never forget—

"Give me—give me ruby wine  
From the oldest of the kegs!  
What care can it be of mine,  
If 'tis bitter at the dregs?  
Shall I hesitate and think,  
Wasting many a festive hour?  
Shall I pause before I drink,  
Until all the wine be sour?"

"Roses for my brow entwine;  
Give me Pleasure's blooming wreath!  
What care can it be of mine,  
If the thorns be hid beneath?  
Shall I wait, before my head  
That sweet-scented crown adorns;  
Till the blossoms all are dead,  
Nought remaining save the thorns?"

"Sing me some wild song of thine—  
Sing it to thy harp of gold!  
What care can it be of mine  
If or harp or voice grow old?  
Shall I wait still lingering,  
Till the voice has sung its last;  
And the harp has but one string  
Tuned to echoes of the past?"

And when he finished, the children gazed wonderingly at him.

"He saw," he said, "they could not understand it, and he prayed they never might—it was hardly meant for children—it was a song it cost him much to learn; but he knew no other."

He buried his face in his hands for

some minutes, and the dancing flames of the yule-log shone on the track of a tear down his cheek, when he raised it again, and said, "He would tell

them a story—it was from a book of German legends, and he thought they would like it better than the song." The tale ran as follows :—

#### THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

There he stood though all the guests had departed.

The candle burned brightly, and the plates and dishes, and silver ornaments on the table, smiled to see him there. And the trifle said to the tipsy cake—

"What can he be idling away his time in that way for?"

The tipsy cake said—

"I'b sure I dunno—brabs esdrunk."

And the champagne bottles held themselves very upright, and the decanters said never a word, for they had stoppers in their mouths. But the ices said—

"It's very cool of him to stand like that when we are all waiting for him to go." For they intended to have a *sorée* when everybody had left.

But the young man did not hear them. He was thinking of the cruelty of her he loved. Long had he worshipped her at a distance, for she was rich and noble, while he was but a poor poet who wrote in her praise: and sometimes she had deigned to smile kindly and speak sweetly to him. That night he had met her—he had told her his love, and had met with scorn and slighting.

There he stood, watching the door through which she had gone. He heard not the voices of the last departing guests.

Presently he turned his eyes to the tall candle that stood proudly in the centre of the table. Oh! that candle was proud; it had a gold fringe, and it stood in a silver candlestick, and it said, "I am not tallow, not grease, not a part of over-fed animals. No; not even a composition-candle—not of a mixed, degenerate race. I am a flower!"

It forgot that since it had formed part of a flower the bees had changed its nature, and men had altered its appearance. So it stood up and thought it was a rose; and the prouder it grew the faster it burnt.

But while the poet was watching it, a little plain brown moth came flying out of the conservatory which opened

into the room, and circled about the table.

It stopped to admire a silver spoon, but the candle was jealous—"What! shall that insignificant little brown thing admire that spoon more than me?"

So it burnt brighter.

The little moth flew towards it; it circled it about, and fanned the flame with its wings.

The candle said never a word, but it burnt brighter still. And the little moth flew into the flame.

"I never gave you any encouragement," said the candle, as the little moth fell scorched and dying on the table.

"Such is my fate," murmured the young man, as he rushed from the room. But the plates, and forks, and glasses did not laugh now. There was no festivity in the supper-room among them that night.

And the candle burnt down into its socket.

The next Christmas I got the book he mentioned as a present for Fanny, but the story was not there; and when, some time afterwards, I heard this history, I almost fancied the tale was his own. He had risen in fame as a poet—he had gained patronage—he had gone to rich men's houses, and sat at rich men's tables. There he saw a woman, lovely as the famed sculptures of the ancients, but like them, alas! cold and heartless. He wrote in her praise, and her beauty became the theme of general admiration. He met her one night at a ball at Lord E——'s. The next morning he was missing at his college, and was never heard of again. I did not know this, however, on that Christmas evening when he told this tale. And when it was done he rose hastily and departed, in spite of all my entreaties that he would stay.

From that time I have never heard from him; but I have read of a battle in India, where column after column reeled back from a breach that vomited

forth death on thousands, until an ensign, at the head of his company, rushed up through the rain of bullets, and planted the British flag on the ramparts. His example encouraged the troops, and the town was taken. The gallant young soldier was found dead, but still standing, clinging to the staff of the flag he had planted so

bravely. His body had formed a target for the enemy's marksmen. When they tried to remove him they found the staff could not be released from his death-grasp without force. So they buried him with "the banner he had borne so well." And without the walls of that city a tall tamarind sheds its fruit over the grave of Ensign Vernon.

## CHAPTER IV.

"I had a dove, and the sweet dove died.

Sweet little red-feet, why should you die?  
Why would you leave me, sweet bird, why?"—KEATS.

"Soiled and dull thou art;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of Autumn.

Recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel."—LONGFELLOW.

THIS morning it was bitter cold, and the snow that had fallen in the night lay frozen so that it crisped and crackled beneath my feet; and the trees had clothed themselves in white, as the primitive Christians were wont to do at this sacred season. But a feeling of sadness was at my heart—the echo of an unknown fear was ringing in my ears. I went along the well-known path that leads to that deserted home. The morning sun had just begun to melt the snow on the tops of the trees; and as I entered the gate, the fir upon the lawn wept over me, as a great thrush sprang out of it, and darted far away over the white meadows.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear."

There was a prophetic sadness in the tear-like drops that hung upon the green porch. But within that porch, on the threshold of the house that had sheltered it, *it lay*—the reality of the foreshadowed grief—the dove, cold, stiff, and dead; and the frozen dews of night had enclosed the frail little form in a crystal casket. I raised it from the chill ground and folded it to my heart; but there has not been warmth enough there to restore it to life, for a long, long time.

I dug a grave for it at the foot of the white jasmine, and it shall shed its perfume round it in the summer, and shake down its sere leaves over it in the autumn—and the winter shall drop tears of rain—and night-dews shall mourn for it—and in my heart it shall be enshrined with the

memory of my darling—until that heart is at rest, and for ever.

The breeze is quiet out of doors, and the moaning of the old owl in the ivy-grown belfry only makes the silence seem more deep; and the bats go flitting by the windows in the dim light, like half-forgotten memories of days long past. I have brought out the old portfolio with its discoloured papers and faded writing—here a pen-and-ink sketch, and there a defaced pencil drawing; and here are some lines to Frank's Mary. I recollect them well. It was her birth-day, and he was going to give her a little bunch of forget-me-nots; he had written the verses and read them to me. I tried to persuade him to give them with the flowers; so he wrote them out on a delicate little sheet of note-paper that my darling gave him; but he would not let her copy them for him though his hand shook like an aspen leaf. Poor Frank! he rode into town, but when he got to Mary's home his heart failed him. I heard the whole story afterwards.

He rode up to the gate and found Mary standing there—not expecting or looking out for him, and she gave a pretty little start when she did see him; he presented the flowers, and let the verses fall at her feet as if by accident—and she, "half-sly, half-shy," picked up the little note, asked him demurely if he had dropped it, and he blushed, trembled, and said, "yes." She gave them to him, and so ended poor Frank's love mission.

They may not sound well to the ears

of others, but they were only meant for Mary—

## I.

"Sweet is the little flow'ret blue,  
Of lovers' hopes the sign,  
Beneath the grass, and peeping through  
In love and hope to the evening dew—  
So beamed thine eyes so soft, so true,  
So trustingly on mine.

## II.

"Sweetly they shone—oh! may they shine  
Many and happy years;  
These lips, that praise no form but thine,  
With earnest love their prayers combine,  
That she, whose life is half of mine,  
Shed none but happy tears."

True words though simple, for his love was true.

This paper raises memories around me—the sound of bells and music—the whirl of the dance—and merry faces—and soft, soft touches. Oh! no; fade not yet sweet visions of the past. It was long ago—when the old church clock seemed to have stopped for ever, dreading to strike the hour of twelve, that was to add another year to the world. It was the approaching birth-day of one year, while we yet hung over the death-bed of the last. And in those few minutes, which our expectation lengthened into hours, I wrote these lines—

"Ring—ye happy bells,  
Ring your last farewells  
To the dying year.  
He hath brought us grief:  
Ye bring us relief,  
For his end is near.

"Yet ring sadly, too,  
For some tears are due  
To the dying year.  
Though mixed with annoy,  
He hath brought us joy,  
And his end is near.

"Mingled tears and sighs—  
Blessed memories  
Of the dying year!  
Who can tell if this  
Next bring pain or bliss?  
Oh, the end is near!

"Thus for the last time  
In this simple rhyme—  
Dying—dying year,  
I address thee. Bells!  
Ring your last farewells,  
Ring them loud and clear!

"Hark! 'tis their first knell:  
Hush! 'tis their farewell  
To the dying year.  
One from earth hath gone—  
This another one.  
*And the end is here.*"

"Who can tell if this next bring pain or bliss?" Oh woe—it brought to me unutterable woe! It was *the year*. The very thought brings that sharp, cold pang to my heart, and the roar of the sea in my ears; and to-night is the last night of this year, and to-morrow will be the first of another. Here is poor Frank's last poem—unfinished. I remember that I found this among his papers after his death. It was written in Italy—in Venice.

Here it is, with its alterations and corrections, and in the margin a little sketch of a beautiful face, evidently drawn when he was thinking. It is a very personification of Bianca, and yet there is a likeness to Mary in it, too. At the bottom there is a little gondola—and here is one of the "watery pathways." Ah, I have often wondered over that unfinished poem, like a gleam of light that, as we whirl along some dark road, 'gives us a glimpse of the landscape, and leaves us to fill up the blank from imagination. I remember such a gleam. It was as I returned from seeing Frank off to Italy. I was travelling along swiftly, when we passed a forge, and the glowing fire inside lit up all within its reach, and showed a little mill-stream that turned a large slow-moving wheel, poised between two ivy-grown piers; and the background was a thick fir plantation growing up a rocky slope, but beyond that I could see nothing. On the one side towered up the lofty firs, and on the other the outlines of cottages and trees, showing faintly against the dark sky. I went home and forgot it for years, until I saw a little sketch of a water-mill that Frank had drawn in Mary's album; and that little glimpse of bright light came back to me. I went to that place, and saw the mill-wheel and the forge, the pretty little village, and the old grey church. There was a patriarchal elm on the green before the yew-shaded manor-house, and there was a school, whence I heard the busy hum of voices wafted from the open windows to the shop, overgrown with white roses—and the brook that turned the mill wandered, murmuring, through the village. 'Thus



I returned and saw that place, but the tale must rest unfinished for ever and ever.

There were two sisters in the ancient town  
That reigns upon a hundred sea-girt isles;  
The one, with locks of sunny auburn-brown  
And lips for ever budding into smiles,  
And rosy cheeks, and skin as ivory white.  
She was perfection—save that she was blind.  
In her blue eye there dwelt no sunny light,  
But a vague look, all cold and undefined.  
Her sister was her senior—taller she  
And darker—colder, but no less admired;  
For she had eyes, though proud, yet fair to see  
As ever eyes that hopeless love inspired.  
The people, when they named them, used to  
say,

"The mild Bianca"—"Isabel the Proud;"  
And they were counted fairest (by the gay  
Nobles of Venice) of the floating crowd  
Of gondola-borne beauties, that all day  
Flowed down the watery pathways with the  
tide

In that old city of extended sway,  
"Queen of the Isles" and the old Ocean's  
bride."

For long after I read this I sat musing and guessing how the tale would finish—how to fill up the landscape, of which life lighted up a portion, while death darkened the remainder.

Would those two sisters have loved the same young noble? and would the proud Isabel have spoken false words to her sister, and would she have believed them, and left him to wed Isabel, or would she have still loved on; and would it have ended like the ballad that our dear mother used to sing over our little bed—the song, with its sad, strange burden of "Binnorie, oh! Binnorie!" Or would some villain of

the "gay nobles of Venice" have tried to deceive the trusting Bianca; and would Isabel's sisterly love have burst forth in one angry blow, that laid the deceiver at her feet; or would the Prince of some rich land have wooed Isabel, and would she, in her love for her poor, helpless sister, have refused him; and then would he have promised to take Bianca, too, to dwell with her sister—and then would he have fallen in love with Bianca, and would they have fled from Isabel—and would she have pursued them—and then the gleam of a dagger—a stab—and a sister's blood on the blade; but Bianca might have refused to leave Venice, or, if she had, she might not have listened to the wicked Prince—and yet he might not have been a wicked Prince—and there might have been no Prince at all. It is in vain to think of it, for one supposition brings another, and we wander away from the beginning; and the fruitful brain that could have imagined and executed it, has long since turned to dust within its mouldering casket.

It is long since I have written any poetry, but the sight of these old papers has awakened my old failing; and I will try—Alas! the last time I wrote, she was sitting by me, and our eyes were filled with tears. It was the epitaph of our dear little one, who was, indeed, "a link to draw us to Heaven." She has already gone thither, and I, too, shall soon follow her. And then we shall meet to part no more.

#### CONCLUSION.

"There is no death!—what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."—LONGFELLOW.

"To part no more"—they *have* met now to part no more.

Yesterday morning my dear, kind uncle (we always used to call him so—that is, my brothers; but he has been a father to my husband and me), was found seated in his arm-chair, apparently asleep. At his feet lay Luath, his head resting in my uncle's left hand—the poor dog, though blind, seemed to know that he was dead.

They say it is terrible to look on death, but not upon such death as this; and I tried to check the foolish, selfish tears, that gathered in my eyes.

when I remembered that death was to him a happiness beyond what words can tell. He was smiling calmly, as I have often seen him while he slept in the very same chair; and, when he awoke, he used to say that his life was happiest in his dreams. But he is not dreaming now.

A few verses were on the table before him. He had just written his name at the bottom of the paper, and before the date, when he fell asleep—fell asleep? no; when he awoke from the dreams of Earth to share the reality of Heaven with her he loved so well.

## NOTES UPON NEW BOOKS.

If we are to keep pace with the works that crowd upon us from the press, we must be contented now and then to deal with them *en masse*. Now-a-days, the world works much more by wholesale than in those of our fathers. Everything "*comes out*" faster now. Even new planets make their appearance—two, three in a year, instead of once in an age. And as for books! heaven help us! who can declare their generation, or tell their number? Happy they who read and reviewed when a "*Waverley*" novel was sufficient for a whole season. Here is our table (like ourselves) *groaning* under the weight of books, of all sizes, qualities, and subjects. Let us take a few of them, the first that come to our hands.

## RACHEL GRAY.\*

THERE is no allegory in Miss Kavanagh's book; it is not a poem; but we cannot help feeling that, had it been written two or three centuries ago, "*Rachel Gray*" would have been an allegorical poem in twelve books, built up of heavy Spenserian stanzas. But here it is before us, a story in sweet and simple prose, so true to reality, that we half start back from it as from a picture presented too closely to our gaze. Had it been published amongst the "*Fairy Queens*" and "*Purple Islands*" of other days, it would probably have borne some such title as "*The Three Pilgrims*;" for in good truth it relates the history of three pilgrims, although none of the characters pass from beneath the shadow of a few quiet London streets, and they hear no ocean murmur save that of the tide of busy life around them. Rachel Gray, and her father, and an humble acquaintance, a Mr. Jones—a shy and sallow young dress-maker, a sullen old man, and a poor, weak, restless, hanger-on of the Great World, which is perpetually casting him off—are the three pilgrims whose pilgrimage our authoress conducts amidst such varied light and shade of incident, that the reader may fairly be excused for forgetting all the grand purposes of the book in the pleasure of its perusal. As so frequently happens in works of fiction, the character which is the author's favourite, and on whom she has bestowed the most pains, and even affection, is not the one which excites most earnestly the reader's interest; we

frequently lose all consciousness of Rachel Gray as we stand beside her on the pavement of the humid, stifling streets, and gaze upon that strange and lonely man, her father. "I want to be alone," he cries, and he is alone, without hope, without passion, even without despair; he has too much cold hatred for the world to take to drinking, or to fall into any positive vice; he shrinks from the grasp of the boon-companion's hand; when his daughter's love kneels at his feet in an agonised prayer for some answering affection, he exhibits no surprise, indeed we believe that he has a thorough intellectual conception of every movement of her heart, but he continues his work, and forgets her as soon as she is out of sight. There are few readers who will be able to forget, hastily, the character of Rachel Gray's father. Poor Rachel! We tremble for you as you pass within the bright light of the gin-palace and the chemist's shop, for there are all too many sorrows, and humiliations, and bitter cares, yet to fall upon your broken and bleeding heart; and such as you, so pure and meek in spirit, and so long suffering, were once many of those gin-deformed fiends lingering at the corner of the street—many of those mean and spectral forms who, in far greater numbers than the world supposes, day by day, quench their souls with the bitter opiate. Although so different in many respects, there is a strong family likeness between the father and daughter—the very points of dissimilarity between them arise from the same source. If the

\* "*Rachel Gray; a Tale.*" By Julia Kavanagh. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

father's heart rejects all affection, whilst the daughter's cries for it aloud, even up to heaven, the active principle in each character is a fine dissatisfaction with the base, the vile, and the mean, with which they are surrounded. Yet this father and this daughter are far above any of the world's weaknesses—they sigh for no better houses or raiment, they demand none of the luxuries of civilisation; but the life of each is a solemn protest against the circumstances of life which left in each grand faculties of heart and soul unnurtured, undeveloped. They cannot endure their cold, hard bondage, and each makes a desperate effort for freedom. The man deserts his child and her notable scolding stepmother, and fails to find, amidst distant scenes, the freedom and poetry of life which gradually come to Rachel, whilst in the very shadow of all that may crush an energetic heart or cloud a clear spirit.

No idea of the patent sweetness with which our authoress has worked out the character of her heroine, can be given by mere extracts, but the following passages will serve to give a general view of Rachel Gray's outward life. After a long separation, she determines to have an interview with her father:—

"She stops at the second-hand ironmonger's, and looks at the portraits and the books, and feels faint and hopeless, and almost wishes that her father may not be within. Thomas Gray was at his work, and there was a book by him, at which he glanced now and then—Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man,' There was an empty pewter pot, too, and a daily public-house paper, from which we do not mean to have it inferred that Thomas Gray was given to intoxication. He was essentially a sober, steady man, vehement in nothing, not even politics, though he was a thorough republican. Thomas Gray was planing sturdily, enjoying the sunshine which fell full on his meagre figure; it was hot; but as he grew old he grew chilly, when suddenly a dark shadow came between him and the light. He looked up, and saw a vision standing in the threshold of his shop. She was young, and simply clad, tall and slender, but handsome, and very timid-looking.

"'Walk in, ma'am,' he said, civilly enough.

"The stranger entered. He looked at her and she looked at him.

"'Want anything?' he asked at length.

"She took courage and spoke—

"'My name is Rachel,' she said.

"He said nothing.

"'Rachel Gray,' she resumed.

"He looked at her steadily, but was still silent.

"'I am your daughter,' she continued, in faltering accents.

"'Well, I never said you was not,' he said, rather drily. 'Come, you need not shake so. There's a chair there; take it and sit down.'

"Rachel obeyed; but she was so agitated that she could not utter one word. Her father looked at her for awhile, and then resumed his work. Rachel did not speak; she literally could not—words would have choked her.

"And, in the meanwhile (the visit had been a failure), the little world around her, unconscious of her sufferings and her trials, went on its ways. Mrs. Gray grumbled, Jane was grim, Lizzy was peevish, and Mrs. Brown occasionally dropped in 'to keep them going,' as she said herself. Hard, indeed, were the days that followed for Rachel Gray. The old quarrel was begun anew. Why was she not like everyone? Above all, why did she mope, and want to be in the little back room. It was strange; and Mrs. Gray was not sure that it was not wicked. If so, it was a wickedness of which she effectively deprived Rachel, by keeping the back room locked, and the key in her pocket. But, hard as this was, it was not all. Amongst Rachel's few treasures were little pamphlets, tracts, old sermons, scraps of all sorts, a little hoard collected for years, but to the owner priceless. She did not read them daily; she had not time. But when she was alone she took them out, now and then, to look at and think over. On the day that followed the affair of Madame Rose, Mrs. Gray discovered Rachel's hoard. 'More of Rachel's rubbish,' she thought, and she took the papers to the kitchen and lit the fire with them forthwith.

"'Oh, mother, what have you done!' cried Rachel, when she discovered her loss.

"'Well, what about it?' tartly asked Mrs. Gray.

"A few silent, unheeded tears Rachel shed, but no more was said. But her very heart ached; and, perhaps, because it did ache, her longing to go and see her father returned all the stronger. The whole day the thought kept her in a dream.

"'I never saw you so mopish,' angrily exclaimed Mrs. Gray; 'never!'

"Rachel looked up in her mother's face, and smiled so pleasantly, that Mrs. Gray was a little softened. She herself knew not why, but the smile was so very sweet."

But it must not be supposed that this last and best of Miss Kavanagh's works is a sorrowful story. Its life is too vivid for any morbid feeling; and

if its characters are so real that you sometimes fancy you can see the very gleam of their tears, they are also so real, that their hopes become your own. And, although it is a great thing to say, we can remember no parallel to "Rachel Gray," in respect to purity of colouring and artlessness of style, save in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

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LILLIESLEAF.\*

THIS novel is as a fair landscape; we would fain behold its beauties in the society of a friend, for its refined graces are so delicate, that they almost demand, for their full appreciation, some more manifest expression than their own. It is full of a twilight silence; only one of the characters speaks aloud, and she often pauses to lean over her wild German romance, and think of the days when she was a solitary child, alone with her quick fancies, without friends, without hope. Sweet, passionate Rhoda! Those arms of yours cling as closely around our sympathy as they ever did about the neck of Margaret Maitland. We are half sorry, and half glad, that you should love that cold and selfish private tutor, for his is just the kind of metallic spirit which will extort from you most frequently and most vividly, and, alas! most painfully, the electric spark of your character; but you are not the heroine of the story, Rhoda, although you weep most, and laugh most, and although even we love you most, of all its characters. There is a tranquil woman, mistress of a noble country-house, the mother of fair children, the wife of a noble-minded, affectionate man, who teaches us day by day, by the tenderness of her own life, how to bestow upon her all our tenderest care. Where shall we find an epithet for the beauty of Mary Elphinstone? It is not rustic, it is not queenlike, nor fawnlike; but a kind of beauty which seems to be reflected from we know not where. As the story moves on, we behold this pure and almost perfect woman relinquishing the seclusion of her quiet home for all that is gay and superficial on the surface of the world; her life becomes an argu-

ment whose logic is resistless; her hand hastens to give a wound which must be given, that it may also hasten to heal it. We watch the somnambulist as she crosses the dangerous plank with no more breathless interest than that with which we watch Mary Elphinstone in her dressing-room, when the jeweller and the court-milliner have conspired, with the tumult of her heart, to give a lustre to her beauty it has never hitherto known. We will not do our readers the disfavoured of hinting to them, in our own words, a story which the authoress has developed with a patience and pathos all her own. We believe that it will give to some hearts a pang of pain which they never thought to feel; but to all who receive the influence of its pages, a thrill of pleasure such as is seldom to be gained from fiction. The subordinate characters are sketched with a liberal hand—a group of children in the half-lighted nursery, as pretty and frolicsome as fairies, display most charming and most artless exaggerations of the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room. Then, of quite a different species, there is the unfortunate bairn, who carries the utmost of desolation and uproar into the quietest of households. Nor must we forget the sullen men, and patient, long-suffering women, of Cruive End, in the time of its desertion by the careless but true-hearted Allan Elphinstone. With respect to Margaret Maitland herself, she is a little feebler, perhaps a little more garrulous, than when we last met her; but, as the sun broadens towards its setting, her spirit becomes larger as it draws nearer to the period of its freedom; the provincialisms and the conventionalisms which had never been able to hide, but which had somewhat obscured its lustre, begin rapidly to pass away; and the generous heart moulds its natural idioms into an universal language.

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THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.†

THE Teutonic spirit of individualisation, which gave to the early English

\* "Lilliesleaf." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

† "The Life of Jeanne D'Albret, Queen of Navarre." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

chronicles an enduring life and spirit which renders them at this day a most valuable portion of our current literature, has revived with singular strength and vigour in the historical literature of the last twenty years. Checked as this spirit was by the development of the ideas which regulate the balance of power, it resigned, for some time, the historical field to vague declamations on patriots and the spirit of nations; but a more exact, and, we may even say, a more humble investigation into the causes of events, has arisen in the present age; and the tears of a princess or the fopperies of a king hold equal place on the pages of our modern historians with terrible battles and cold, formal treaties. It is a peculiar feature of this age of thronging multitudes and over-population, that individual life and character is now cared for more tenderly and anxiously than in any former period; and that it recovers with solicitude the peculiar features of lives which have long since been buried beneath the formal columns of chronology. Of such lives, that which forms the subject of the volumes before us, is one of the most momentous, and will henceforth be considered one of the most interesting. Queen of the only country which possessed a genuinely free constitution, when all Europe was heaving with the throes of a freedom which was not to be brought forth without great anguish, and a cry of tribulation which yet rings in our ears; object of persecution by the Inquisition, when that fatal tribunal was irritated into its fellest vigour by the spirit of opposition which it began to encounter; and mother of a monarch who was the first of kings to behold clearly the true policy of religious toleration; the character of Jeanne d'Albret, however commonplace, must have been an object of great solicitude to the bold and subtle men who, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, swayed the destinies of Europe, and, therefore, worthy of attention; but when we consider that her's was a character full of an energy which paralysed the most intricate designs of her most bitter enemies, full of womanly graces which conciliated the good-will of turbulent peoples, and beaming with a maternal love which softens down the enterprise and statecraft of the Queen

into a matronly solicitude for her children's welfare, we cannot but rejoice that it has become the subject of so genial a pen as that of Miss Freer.

The first act in the life-drama of Jeanne D'Albret is one of the most brilliant and picturesque illustrations possible of the pliancy of fortune to force of character; and there are a fine grace and richness of colouring in every scene, which reminds us of the depth and beauty of antique painted glass; the resemblance being much increased by a certain ludicrous quaintness in some of the details. Whilst she was yet within the womb, Jeanne had been devoted by her mother to entire submission to the will of her uncle, the vain, brilliant, and imperious Francis I. "I cannot believe that my child will presume to be born without your command," writes Margaret D'Angouleme to the brother for whom she felt so much love and reverence; but the child presumed to act, not only in the case of its birth without the command, but, on many subsequent occasions, even against the command of the great potentate. The energetic spirit of the young princess was soon apparent, and in nothing more so than in the vehemence of her love for the uncle with whom she was so soon and so bitterly to quarrel. At five years of age, a passionate burst of tears generally testified her resentment, when her arms were with difficulty unclasped from around his neck, and she was carried from the presence; she was the darling and plaything of her royal father and of her uncle, and was distinguished at court by the name of *la mignonne des rois*. But the young girl was soon to find that to be the plaything of kings is a dangerous honour; her uncle's jealous dread of a Spanish alliance separated her at an early age from her parents, and consigned her to a kind of state imprisonment in the royal castle of Plessis-lea-Tours. Governesses and ladies of honour, chaplains and a poet, were carefully grouped about the jewel which was to be of so much account in so many political schemes:—

"Until the year 1537, all went on prosperously with Jeanne in her lonely state at Plessis. She made rapid improvement in learning, and the fearless truthfulness of

her character distinctly developed itself. The fault which her preceptress had to contend against was, the tenacity of her temper. Once firmly resolved on any subject, the youthful Jeanne, undeterred by the fear of punishment, and not to be subdued by remonstrances or persuasion, always carried her point. Sometimes she found it expedient to temporise, but she unvaryingly resumed her project at the first propitious opportunity. The freedom of her remarks to her royal uncle, who visited Plessis as frequently as state affairs permitted, excited the amazement, and often kindled the alarm of the good baillive de Caen. It was to her mother alone that Jeanne testified the submission becoming to her age and position; for the pertinent remarks of the young princess, when reprimanded, often occasioned serious discomposure to her instructors, and made them shrink from encountering her witty and sharp retorts."

The separation from her mother was deeply felt by Jeanne; she resisted for some time all the blandishments of her governess and her poet, who in vain attempted to allure her to her studies. For hours together she used to weep in her lonely chamber at Plessis, listening to the wailing of the wind as it swept through the dense forests, which at this period encircled the fortress-palace of Louis XI. As the sojourn of the chosen people in the wilderness has left the stern impress on their character which thousands of years has not been able to obliterate, this sorrowful sojourn of the young princess amidst the gloomy courts of Plessis, bristling still with the terrible defences, and iron cages in which a stern despot had immured the helpless victims of his tyranny, filled the sensitive mind of the princess with a steadfast thoughtfulness, which she found of good use in the midst of circumstances shortly to take place.

"The princess was at length apprised of the event destined to effect so complete a subversion of the domestic routine at Plessis. One day Francis, while sojourning at Amboise, commanded a royal hunt along the banks of the Loire, and, attended by a few of his most favoured courtiers, he separated from his train, and suddenly appeared before the gates of Plessis-les-Tours. Jeanne, summoned to the presence of her royal uncle, welcomed him with transports of delight, and, in return, received from his lips the intelligence that her hand having been promised to the Duke of Cleves, she was to fulfil immediately the engagement contracted

for her; and was, consequently, to depart with the shortest possible delay to join her mother, Queen Marguerite, at Alençon. The proud blood of her race mantled the brow of the princess at this peremptory command, and, overpowered by her surprise and indignation, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. Soon, however, recovering her self-possession, she resolutely approached her uncle, and very humbly besought him that she might not be compelled to marry M. de Cleves."

The young girl had learned the cause of her long seclusion, and resented it somewhat fiercely. It is difficult to suppose that at twelve years of age she could have had much real feeling of any kind with respect to the marriage itself; but she was determined not to submit tamely to an union, the very prospect of which had already caused her so much suffering. Queen Marguerite was in consternation at her daughter's spirit, and entreated Francis to forgive an impertinence which she attributed to a failure of the understanding; and when the princess, having learned that she was to be conveyed to Châtellerault, that her marriage might there be solemnised in the presence of the Court, indignantly protested against it, her Royal Mother was so terrified and irritated, that she had recourse to the somewhat unheroic expedient of threatening the princess with a severe whipping unless she evinced a more lowly and becoming deportment. Determined, however, to resist, as far as possible, the young princess placed on record written protests full of vigorous spirit, and at the marriage ceremony refused to walk to the altar. During the two following years, Jeanne remained in Bearn, happy in the society of her mother, and sharing the lessons and the recreations of the noble damsels in Marguerite's train. Meanwhile, the political fortunes of her husband, the Duke of Cleves, declined; and Francis having, after considerable hesitation, at length determined to succour him, thought that no better intimation could be afforded of his intention to do so, than by perfecting the marriage between him and his niece, and despatched his Cardinal Du Bellay into Bearn, with express orders to conduct Jeanne to the camp in Luxembourg, from whence he intended to escort her himself to Aix:—

"The despair of the young Jeanne was overwhelming when she was apprised of the nature of the cardinal's mission to Pau. With tears she protested that she should die if compelled to obey her uncle's summons. Resolutely Jeanne closed her ears to the remonstrances of the Cardinal Du Bellay, one of the most eloquent and insinuating prelates of France. Equally vain were the pleadings and exhortations of Queen Marguerite, to impress upon her daughter the necessity of submission to the will of the King. Jeanne, however, was obliged to depart, after taking a most agonised farewell of her Royal Mother; and, accompanied by the King to Navarre, she set forth to her new home."

But circumstances were working out for her that freedom which her tears could not purchase. The Duke of Cleves, believing himself deserted by Francis, had proceeded to the Imperial camp at Venloo, and implored the gracious clemency of his offended Suzerain, Charles. It was not long before Francis heard of this event, which overthrew all the plans which he had founded on his niece's marriage:—

"The princess had reached the city of Soissons, on her route to the camp. She remained there one night to recruit her strength; for the most gloomy depression preyed upon her spirits as she drew nearer to the French frontier. In the middle of the night, the princess and her suite were aroused by the arrival of a courier from the camp, bearing despatches from the King to the Cardinal Du Bellay. The messenger was immediately conducted to the Prelate, whose

presence in Soissons was most unexpected by him. The King's missive announced the abject surrender of the Duke of Cleves to the Emperor, and the consequent determination of Francis to procure a dissolution of the Duke's marriage with the Princess of Navarre; as the King impetuously declared that no vassal of the Emperor's should receive investiture of a fief appertaining to the French Crown. The King therefore directed that his niece should return and take up her residence with Queen Eleanor, at Fontainebleau, until he had decided on the measures most politic to be pursued under the circumstances. . . . . Thus the princess again became free; and the marriage so peremptorily insisted on by King Francis was unceremoniously dissolved. Its evil influence, however, clung throughout life to the princess, shadowing her at times like a dark cloud."

Miss Freer has given us a work which reads like a sweetly-written and skilfully composed romance, and which must henceforth form a part of the reading of every earnest historical student. There is a pleasant fluency in the style of her narrative which breaks and brightens about the events which it relates, as the current of a limpid brook. There is not a line which a child might not thoroughly understand and appreciate; there is not a page which does not contain thought and matter flowing with philosophic truth and import. The biography of Jeanne D'Albret must ever bloom a fresh and fragrant lily in the fields of history.

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POTEMKIN, THE CRIMEA, AND THE IMPERIAL ARMY AND NAVY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

It would be a presumptuous enunciation to define the just limits of national endurance of the wilful mis-government, the capricious weakness, or the injurious incapacity of a ruler.

We may behold mankind, roused by intolerable oppression, or disgusted by blind bigotry, or indecent levity, until the wise and the virtuous assent to the determined resistance of the bold and the indignant; but far be it from us to advocate revolutions as remedies for the ills of States; they are desperate resources, ever involving the danger of overturning the good with the evil, and, where popular passion swings threateningly in the balance, against justice and reason.

A stranger to the manners, and ridiculing the prejudices of the people over whom he was called to rule, Peter III. ascended the throne, devoid of discernment and discretion, and persuaded, by deceitful flatterers, that the Russians were scarce worthy of his notice, and only capable of being made good fighting machines by the application of the tactics of Frederick the Great.

His time, spent among buffoons and obscene ribaldry, deprived him of the respect of his subjects, as he lost that of his troops, by publicly deriding their evolutions; and, to complete his imprudence, he thoroughly excited the enmity of a spirited and intriguing wife, whom he had long estranged by his faithlessness and indifference.

Catherine, while Grand Duchess, had resented this neglect by bestowing her affections on Stanislaus Augustus, Count Poniatowski, and afterwards on the aide-de-camp of Count Peter Schuvaloff, a general officer, who prided himself on being followed by the handsomest aide-de-camps, as also, on the partiality of

the Princess Kourakin, the most beautiful woman of the Court.

Gregory Orloff, a lieutenant of artillery, being placed upon the staff of the Count, soon received an indication from the Princess how far he excelled the General in her admiration; of which the latter becoming aware, was so unmeasured in his threatenings to punish Orloff, that he only caused the publicity of the matter, which soon reached the ears of the Grand Duchess. Her curiosity became excited to see the victim of this disaster. Orloff was privately introduced, and at length, satisfied of his prudence and fidelity, she disclosed to him her meditated design of hurling her husband from the throne.

Catherine had an equally useful confidant in her dame d'honneur, the Princess Dashkoff, who, being married to a man in no way worthy of her esteem, similarity of situation produced a mutual friendship between her and the Duchess. The dame d'honneur extolled her mistress in every company, and industriously circulated a little manuscript, containing specious principles of legislation for Russia, and dwelling on the great benefits that would arise from a convention of deputies to deliberate with the Senate. Orloff worked indefatigably on the insulted army, being essentially aided by a young cornet, in whom he discovered attributes suitable to his views, while Catherine carefully displayed an ostentatious attachment to Russian customs, which so strongly contrasted with the conduct of the Emperor.

It was then that Peter took alarm at the public esteem which the Empress was creating, and, though resolving on her destruction, he hesitated at the mode, and the delay proved fatal to himself. He deliberated on



divorcing and imprisoning Catherine, and raising to the throne the Countess Woronzoff, a vain and silly woman, who boasted of her approaching elevation to her attendants: they betrayed their information to the dame d'honneur, and Catherine was instantly made aware of her critical and dangerous position.

But one alternative remained; either she must submit to hopeless imprisonment, or inflict the same fate upon her husband, as the result of successful rebellion. Her eager partisans quickly made the selection, which they took care should be irrevocable, Orloff having secured the Ismailofsky Guards, to whose quarters the Empress proceeded at seven in the morning, on the 28th of June, 1762, when two thousand soldiers enthusiastically proclaimed her as their sovereign.

Surrounded by the Guards and her devoted adherents, she was mechanically followed by a great number of the inhabitants of Petersburg to the Church of Casan, whither the Archbishop of Novgorod had been conducted, and was directed to place the Imperial crown upon her head. Count Panin alone, the guardian of the Grand Duke Paul, the only son of Peter and Catherine, nobly endeavoured to moderate the views of the conspirators, and to have the Empress appointed regent during the minority of his youthful ward; but the matter was gone beyond recall, and, amidst universal acclamation, the Emperor was deposed, and Catherine solemnly declared Autocratrix of all the Russias.

On being informed of the insurrection, Peter fled precipitately to Oranienbaum, from whence he attempted to enter Cronstadt, but the sentinels of the harbour pointing their empty muskets at his barge, he drew timidly back, notwithstanding that the British sailors called to him from ship to ship to come among them, and that they would gladly receive and defend him.

Pusillanimous in reverses, as he had been reckless in prosperity, he refused the proffered aid, and, returning to Oranienbaum, Count Munich exhorted him to assume for once the spirit of his grandsire, and to head such of his Guards as would follow him, declaring that he himself would die by his side in one bold struggle for his crown and

for his life. "No," answered the spiritless monarch, "it cannot be done without shedding the blood of my brave Holsteinians, and I am not worth the sacrifice." At noon, on the same day, his triumphant consort acted the part he so ingloriously declined; and, dressed in the uniform of the Guards, she inspected her increasing army, riding through the ranks attended by the Princess Dashkoff, who was similarly attired.

A young cornet, who had made himself particularly conspicuous in her service, perceiving that the Empress had no plume in her hat, immediately rode up to offer his own, when his horse becoming restive, on being drawn with apparent difficulty from the side of Catherine, she was afforded, for the first time, an opportunity of specially remarking the masculine, but graceful form, of Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin.

This remarkable man was born September 14th, 1739, on a small estate near Smolensko, the family, originally Polish, having been long settled and naturalised in Russia. Gregory Alexandrovitch received the rudiments of a very humble education at his paternal home, but being intended for the Church, he was sent to the University of Moscow, where he acquired that disposition towards theological controversy which he ever retained during his great political and military career. Learning, however, had not sufficient attraction for the impatient temper of young Potemkin, his waywardness rendering him incapable of continued application. His instructors pronounced him more suited for the active pursuits of war than the grave and solemn avocations of a minister of the Gospel; and his father, considering that the situation of an officer may lead to fortune in a military state, consented to his following his warlike propensities, when he set out for Petersburg so strongly recommended, that he soon obtained a cornetcy in the Horse Guards.

Here he became acquainted with Orloff, who, appreciating his ardour and ability, engaged him in his great design, and Potemkin was among the foremost followers of the Empress, when, with a drawn sword in her hand, and an oaken branch round her brows, she led the excited troops to Peterhoff.

The next day he went with Gregory Orloff to Oranienbaum, from whence the Emperor was prevailed on to accompany them to Peterhoff, where he wrote and signed his abdication, as dictated to him by Count Panin, after which he was consigned to a dungeon on the 10th of July, and his death announced on the 17th of the same month.

On the demise of Peter, Catherine proceeded to reward her principal supporters. Gregory Orloff was appointed a Lieutenant-General, and a Knight of St. Alexander Newski; Potemkin was raised to a colonelcy, with a pension of two thousand roubles, and sent on a confidential mission to Sweden, to inform Count Ostermann, the Ambassador, of the sudden revolution. She now also affected moderation and generosity; Count Panin filled the post of Grand Chancellor, Munich was freely pardoned, and even the Countess Woronzoff was liberally portioned and given in marriage to M. Paulowski, and the Empress was especially desirous of leisure to attend to affairs of internal improvements, but the famous "Seven Years' War" was at this time progressing with every variety of success. She, therefore, determined, as her views were otherwise directed, to conclude hostilities, and enter into a treaty of alliance on the first favourable opportunity, with Austria and Prussia.

In furtherance of her ulterior designs, she despatched a body of troops into Poland in 1764, to overawe the election of a King, by which she secured the nomination of the Count Poniatowski, in whom she hoped to find a pliant and grateful agent when her plans should be sufficiently matured.

Potemkin's mission to Sweden delayed the prosecution of his secret determination; the aspirations of his soul were breathed to the hope of one day becoming the favourite of the Empress, and his was one of those natures whose eagerness is certain to be spurred the more by difficulty or opposition.

Immediately on his return, he commenced the first steps of his scheme, and was assiduous in paying court to those who enjoyed the greatest access to the sovereign. Catherine, delighted to relax from the cares of state in the society of a few individuals, and her

natural cheerfulness rendering all at their ease who were admitted to those private parties, wit, talent, and politeness alone constituted any title to distinction. It was the patronage of the persons so favoured that Potemkin earnestly coveted as the fairest road to success, and he did not apply himself in vain to the task of gaining their confidence and interest.

Artful, insinuating, and possessing an amazing power of impressing the beholder with the reality of the character he wished to assume, he rendered himself extremely popular by his agreeability, at the same time that he continued to appear unconscious of his advantages, and, while he flattered the pride or weakness of the courtiers, filled them with an idea of his aspiring amiability.

Conceiving him suited to amuse the leisure of their royal mistress, they particularly mentioned him to one not unmindful of his name and services, and the result was an invitation to the *soirées* of the Empress.

The vivacity and brilliant qualities of Potemkin, were enhanced in the eyes of his sovereign by the perfect figure with which nature had endowed him, and he fancied he could detect symptoms of incipient favour, though he felt that his visions were far indeed from realisation, for the influence of Orloff was at this time apparently too strong to be shaken by a recent partiality. But the disposition of Potemkin was not one to yield to any discouragement, and if he politely dissembled, he never for an instant lost sight of his project, but returned to it with unabated ardour, when any condescension of the Empress inflamed his courage anew.

Rendered confident by one of those instances, he aroused the jealousy of Orloff, who, being excited to revenge, a violent collision took place between them, in which Potemkin lost the sight of one of his eyes, without, however, disfiguring its appearance. This circumstance, which he at first imagined would be so prejudicial, proved favourable to him, for Catherine considered him the victim of his unhappy passion, and the levity of Orloff increasing daily, she continued to bestow marks of approbation on her aspiring lover, until he was emboldened to unreservedly declare his hopes, when, far from suffering for his presumption, he

was created a Major-General, with the title of "Excellency."

But these rivalries did not withdraw the attention of Catherine from the interests of her empire, and finding Stanislaus Augustus unwilling to subserve her views, she immediately turned to other means to initiate movements which she had deeply revolved, and the termination of the Seven Years' War, by the peace of 1768, adding to her resources, the army engaged in that celebrated contest, she destined it, with the guilty connivance of Joseph II. and Frederick the Great, for the invasion of Poland, which resulted in the first famous partition, by which the limits of that country were so severely curtailed for the mutual benefit of the royal conspirators.

The religious dissensions of the Poles, however, did more to forward the views of their treacherous neighbours than the valour and fortune of Suwarow; and Russian interference, artfully designed to inflame the animosity of the disputants, took full advantage of their consequent weakness, until the "Confederacy of the Bar" formed for the purpose of expelling, with the invaders, all protesters against the religion of Rome, was followed by the memorable manifesto of Prince Martin Lubomirski, inviting the Polish nation to a combined exertion, and assuring them of the aid of the Sultan, with whom he pretended to have concluded a treaty of alliance. It was this manifesto that suddenly afforded the excuse so much desired by Russia, for a rupture with the Ottoman empire, and an army was quickly concentrated under Marshal Romanzoff, in the south.

Nor did the energy of Catherine neglect the improvement of her fleet, which even the gigantic efforts of Peter I. could not leave in a state worthy of an immense and rising empire. And it now needed her particular attention, for though the Russian navy had retained so much of the impetus given by its great founder, that in 1741 it consisted of twenty-three ships of the line, nine frigates, seven praames, and eighty gallies, yet, from want of proper attention, in concurrence with the effect of the fresh water of the Neva on the timber of the vessels, it had retrograded, in 1757, to twenty-one ships of the line, six frigates, and two praames. From that year, to the ac-

cession of Catherine, it had suffered from continued negligence, and its reconstruction required the aid of experienced and practical directors. British officers were, at the solicitation of the Empress, specially permitted to instruct her unskilful seamen, and reorganise her navy. But so great was the peculation of the Russian contractors in building the vessels, that Admiral Sir Charles Knowles told her Majesty, "that the expense and waste was such, that if her whole empire was made of wood the people at the yards would find means to consume it all, and ruin her exchequer," adding, "that he would engage to fetch all the materials for ship building from Russia, pay the duty upon them, and deliver her from England, ships completely equipped, at much less cost than they stood her in her own dock-yards."

The galley fleet, however, so suited to the shoals and inlets of the Baltic, and which had been made such use of by Peter I. in his war with Sweden, and by his daughter Elizabeth on a similar occasion, seemed to be better appreciated by the northern sailors, for the English officers found it to number ninety, though they mistakenly attached so little importance to those useful vessels.

Marshal Romanzoff received orders to penetrate into Moldavia in 1769, which happened at the time to suit exactly the views of Potemkin, for notwithstanding the favours he had received, he saw the difficulty of as yet completely overturning his rival, and he resolved on a period of absence, that the Empress might contrast his devotion with the imperious imprudence of Orloff. He therefore solicited permission to join the army of the south, and was complimented by her Majesty's autograph to the Commander-in-Chief, who could not therefore avoid receiving him well, though he never gave him his confidence, nor employed him on any important service. Nevertheless, Potemkin eagerly sought every opportunity for distinction, and made himself so conspicuous at the passage of the Danube in 1770, that the Marshal, aware of what was likely to please the Empress, mentioned him particularly in his despatch. Pleased with an excuse to exalt one whose absence she regretted, Catherine promoted Po-

temkin to be a Lieutenant-General, while she graciously distinguished Romanzoff by the surname of "Zadounoiskoi," for his brilliant achievement.

Almost at the same time she received the more welcome intelligence that her fleet (which, in an incredibly brief period, had been rendered efficient by English superintendence), was victorious under the command of Alexey Orloff, over that of the Turks, which it encountered off the small town of Tchesmè, situated nearly opposite Scio, and forty miles west of Smyrna. After this exploit, for which the valour and seamanship of the Russian Admiral would not alone have sufficed, he retired to Pisa for the repairs of his fleet, and there he performed a service for his mistress, more congenial to his nature, and of no less importance to her guilty apprehensions than the victory of Tchesmè.

By one of those coincidences, that might furnish an argument for fatality, a young Russian lady, with an elderly attendant, appeared at Leghorn while the Russian fleet was still being refitted at Pisa, and though she seemed to prefer retirement, yet her personal attractions, the sweetness of her manners, blended with an undefinable air of dignity, almost amounting to a consciousness of superiority, made the young stranger an object of general attention and respect. So much court was at length paid to her that she considered herself bound to disclose her claim to distinction, while she conceived her protection secure in the asylum she had chosen, and in an evil hour she confirmed the suspicions of her most intimate friends, that she was the daughter of the private marriage of the Empress Elizabeth. This admission, circulating with the usual celerity, increased the deference and interest with which she was regarded, and her superior claims to the throne of Russia being generally discussed, the report speedily came to the knowledge of Catherine, and her extreme uneasiness was immediately excited. Soon after Count Alexey Orloff arrived from Pisa to pay his homage to the Princess Tarrakanoff, and, seeming to be struck with the tenderest devotion, he appeared with her everywhere in public, as if only seeking to be the most favoured of her numerous admirers. At length he avowed his

passion, modestly insinuating that he could only seek the honour he aspired to, as he had the fleet under his command, which should be the means of restoring her to her birthright. Dazzled with the glittering prospect, she listened to the voice of the tempter, the nuptials were performed with the greatest magnificence, and many a noble and devoted heart beat with disappointment and regret, as the confiding wife was conveyed with imposing splendour to the ship of her husband, only to find herself irrevocably in the hands of the barbarous emissary of Catherine. Her base betrayer instantly revealed the extent of his duplicity; he reviled her as an impostor, submitted her to the greatest indignities, and, completing his treachery by compressing her delicate hands in manacles, which he had the ingenious cruelty to prepare, he quitted the ship, which at once sailed for Russia with its prize. After a miserable voyage she arrived at Cronstadt, where a covered barge was prepared for the beautiful captive, in which she was conveyed to the fortress of Petersburg, and, being immured in a dungeon, the rising of the Neva slowly engulfed the unfortunate grand-daughter of Peter I.

After such a display of merit, Alexey Orloff was received with the highest proofs of the favour of his sovereign, but his presumptuous folly deservedly involving him in the declining fortune of Gregory, it at length became apparent that Potemkin had rightly judged when he predicted that the Orloffs would cause their own downfall, and he, therefore, heard without surprise, that the Empress had determined to free herself from a yoke, which love, even if it still existed, could scarce render tolerable.

Upon the receipt of intelligence so essential to his grand design, Potemkin urged specious excuses for speedily returning to Court, and the Marshal having little objection to part with him, he was selected as the bearer of the account of the first great exploit of Suwarrow in the south, who, after subduing the Poles, had been pressed to hasten the junction of his veteran corps with the Wallachian army, and had signalled his arrival by investing and storming Turtukai.

And now, in reality, commenced

that contest which then threw its dark shadow before it, and succeeding events have made Europe sensible of its portentous meaning. The Russian at last grappled with the Turk; the hidden mystery which steadily approximated them, was about to commence its development, and, though there have been intervals in the deadly struggle, yet has it ever been laid aside but to be resumed on the slightest excuse, until the bystanders, in the endeavour to part the combatants, have been dragged into the *melée*, with consequences to the world but too deeply calculated to make the philosopher ponder and the statesman tremble.

Potemkin arrived with his important despatches, and was honoured by a reception that might have gratified his vanity, had not an unexpected obstacle to his impetuous ambition filled his heart with grief and indignation. He was mortified to find that her Majesty's domestic alterations had been accelerated beyond his wish, she having ingenuously confessed to Count Peter Panin, how thoroughly distasteful the haughtiness and indiscretion of the Orloffs had rendered them to her. The Grand Chancellor had taken the case into his immediate consideration, and Vassiltschikoff, a young and handsome Lieutenant in the Guards, was installed in the place of the disgraced favourite, who, after a vain expostulation, set out on a prolonged tour through Europe.

Potemkin soon decided on his course, and, as a first move, he continued for a time constant in his attendance at Court. On a sudden, he appeared rarely, and then with dejected countenance, as though his mind was oppressed with sorrow, and regardless of all around him. When he judged he had acted his part up to that point of disconsolate grief capable of moving his Sovereign, he withdrew altogether, and shutting himself up, declared his intention of retiring for ever to a monastery. And, however strange it may seem, such a course might have been adopted by Potemkin, for often amidst his greatest projects, and surrounded by luxury and riches in after times, he would, as if in disgust of the world, abruptly talk of seeking the peace and solitude of the cloisters. The truth was, every object of desire became a bauble that

yielded to his vehemence, and the pinnacle of fortune would have been wearisome but for the sole attraction of requiring some continued dexterity to keep it.

Though surprised at the seclusion of one whom she imagined she had magnificently rewarded, the Empress learnt with secret satisfaction, "that an unfortunate and violent passion had reduced him to misery, and that in his sad situation, he deemed it prudent to fly the object that caused his torment, since its sight could but aggravate his sufferings, which were already intolerable." This speech being reported to the Empress—"I cannot comprehend," said Catherine to her confidants, "what can have reduced him to such despair, since I never declared against him. I fancied, on the contrary, that the affability of my reception must have given him to understand that his homage was not displeasing."

Her admission was as faithfully carried back to Potemkin by those friends who thought they discerned his prospective fortunes, and they took care to stimulate him by hinting that the favour enjoyed by Vassiltschikoff had been little more than ephemeral. The would-be monk saw his advantage, and his inward satisfaction was not lessened by an approval of the correctness of his judgment. Well aware, however, that in such cases, the first indication of success is a very unsafe point to assume a victory, he adhered with apparent firmness to his resolution, entering the Monastery of St. Alexander Newski, on the banks of the Neva. The thanks of devotees were returned to heaven for this pious forsaking of a vain world, but cautious people, though startled at so decided a turn, suspended their opinions, while the sensation created at the Court and in the city was immense.

The Empress was particularly distressed; she was but a woman, and women generally feel for the unhappiness they fancy they create. The actor was not ignorant of this, and he calculated upon it.

Catherine thought herself called on to rescue him from this state; she feared delay would strengthen his determination, and became such a prey to uneasiness that the Countess Bruce was secretly sent to Potemkin's retreat with positive orders to see him, com-

fort him, and, without altogether committing her mistress, to entice him back to her feet.

The interview was interesting to both. One was charged with a delicate mission, which must be successfully fulfilled, while she feared she might betray the extent of the royal inclinations, and be unable to manage it exactly as directed; the other felt the matter had come to that point beyond which it would be unwise to hold out, and was desirous of exhibiting the judicious degree of difficulty in receiving such a mission.

The negotiation was adroitly managed on both sides, but the monk eventually proved too many for the fair ambassadress. When she contrasted his gloomy choice with the brilliant lot he might expect in life, he sighed, as he looked round, with well displayed regret on the bare walls of his cell, to which "he had made up his mind for life." She became alarmed, and confessed (indeed he needed her not to do so), that she had come by command of the Empress, when he intimated that another hour would have been too late, as he would have been deprived of his luxuriant hair.

The Countess, alluding to the distress of their sovereign, heard that, "however valueless all earthly objects had become in his eyes now that he had resigned them, his blighted heart should ever linger near the bright being that had first inspired it."

The ambassadress grew more alarmed for her mission, and urged him to return; but Potemkin could find "little inducement in the presence of a hated rival." Perceiving what the obstacles were reduced to, the Countess departed for further instructions, and returning to the monastery, with full assurances, on the point required, the cowl was joyfully thrown off, the cell was deserted, and the lay brother flew to the arms of the Empress, while Vassiltschikoff, gratified with presents, and dignified with rank, was far on his way to Moscow.

During this time the successes of Romanzoff and Suwarrow had compelled the Porte to sue for peace, which it obtained, as has ever since been its fate, after injurious concessions; and "The Treaty of Kutschuk Kinairdji," in 1774, gave to Russia the city and extensive territory of Azove, which acquisition would have

been imperfect, however, had not the treaty secured to the aggressor the fortress of Kertsch, from the short-sighted and indolent Turks. Kinburn, situated on the estuary of the Dniepor, was blindly conceded at the same time, which place became afterwards so terribly famous for the sanguinary struggle it occasioned, when the Ottomans perceived their fatal but irretrievable error.

Catherine could now felicitate herself on having materially increased her European importance, while she anticipated with satisfaction the future assistance and counsel of a favourite, the powers of whose mind, she quickly perceived, were fully equal to his personal attributes; and the judgment of Catherine was rarely at fault, even where her heart might be supposed to mislead her; but she was totally unable to comprehend the sagacity and depth of Potemkin in his management of herself. He, on the other hand, was justly apprehensive that the affections of his sovereign might not remain unchangeable, and from the first moment of his triumph he formed the bold design of subduing her understanding to his own, and to create for himself an irresistible ascendancy over her will that should outlive the caprices of passion.

The attempt, worthy of himself, required the perfection of artful address, and how he succeeded in this difficult and delicate undertaking is henceforward the record of his life. He wisely determined to prolong his sole occupation of her heart to that point when his influence should be complete, and then to manœuvre himself into such a position that he could never be said to have lost her attachment.

Equal to loftier conceptions, he was as ready to descend to little artifices in the pursuit of any object, and aware that constant adoration may become wearisome, he studied to increase an interest by a variety of manner towards his mistress. At one time his attentions would be assiduous, at another he would relapse into gloomy melancholy almost bordering on the morose, scarcely even replying to the inquiries of the Empress. Out of such a fit he could only be brought by a new dignity or a splendid gift, at which times he took occasion to impress upon Catherine that her glory was involved in elevating and distin-

guishing the object she deemed worthy of her particular regard. He was the first imperial favourite that enjoyed a settled pension, for on the first morning of every month he found twelve thousand roubles on his toilette table—a sum entirely independent of the unbounded expenses of his establishment, one hundred thousand roubles being annually set down for his table alone. In addition to this, he received all his wines from the royal cellars, and the equipages and livery servants were always at his disposal, yet was he never out of debts, which, when they became too oppressive, were kindly relieved by the Empress.

Potemkin had been successively honoured with most of the Russian orders, and foreign nations had vied with each other in decorating him with badges of knighthood; Catherine, however, resolved to elevate her favourite in a more ostensible manner, but never having conferred the rank of Prince on her own authority, she wrote to Count Galitzin, her Austrian Ambassador, pointing out to him the most suitable method to make known her request to Joseph II., in whom, as the descendant of the western Emperors, the sacred prerogative of conferring that dignity was supposed to be invested. Joseph graciously replied, that "though he had lately refused a similar entreaty from his own mother on behalf of two eminent individuals, yet so anxious was he to take a conspicuous occasion of displaying his friendship for Catherine he would grant the *diploma*, and with the greater readiness that it was to be conferred on one so eminent and so well entitled as *Prince Potemkin*."

This was the strange period, after two short years, that Potemkin, secure of the affections of the Empress, who now confided in and loved him unreservedly, chose for the master-stroke of his wily policy, of ceasing to be the lover, while he continued the confidant and all but the ruler of his sovereign. Too wise not to appreciate the difficulties and dangers of his design, he yet resolved to anticipate what might some day happen under different circumstances, and, while his heart seemed more than ever absorbed in his attachment, his illnesses became gradually more frequent and distress-

ing, until he sighed over his failing health, and Catherine wept with affectionate interest.

At this juncture, intelligence arrived from Suwarrow, that he had finally suppressed the rebellion of the Cossack chief Yemelyan Pugachev, and the Empress was humbly petitioned to visit her faithful city of Moscow, and to give *éclat* to the success of her General. She would have considerably excused her favourite from the fatigue of travelling, but the devotion of Potemkin would not suffer him to remain, and he set out with her as a pleasure which he could not deny himself. On the road his infirmities judiciously increased, and though he was not to be torn from the side of a gracious mistress, he took care, during their stay at Moscow, to make her apprehensive that she was nursing an invalid, with an almost certain prospect of lengthened debility.

On the return to Petersburg, while he showed no symptoms of recovery, he turned his eyes upon his secretary, Zavadowsky, who had lately been engaged to assist him in writing the private correspondence of the Empress.

This young man was the son of a minister of the Ukraine, and comely enough to answer the purpose of Potemkin, whose penetration had accurately observed, and found him sufficiently devoid of energy or ability to constitute him a very fit instrument in the hands of another, while he never would be likely to act independently, or to possess the power, if he had the inclination, to interfere with the influence of a superior mind. Having satisfied himself on this point, he withdrew during the time her Majesty devoted to dictating her correspondence, until he perceived, with inward satisfaction, her dawning partiality for the secretary.

Zavadowski presented a striking contrast to an invalid, uniting vigorous and blooming health, with an unaffected simplicity and diffidence, that was not without the charm of novelty in the eyes of Catherine; nevertheless, she shrank from the idea of any step which might afflict Potemkin, whom she had learned to respect and even obey, and she therefore secretly longed that he might freely consent to what must appear an unimportant choice, while he should retain, as ever, her confidence and favour.

No sooner had the subtle designer probed the exact sentiments, which he hoped would be inspired, than he entreated permission for a short absence, after which he would joyfully return to the feet of the Empress. He took the same occasion to insinuate his knowledge of her partiality, and appeared so overwhelmed with sorrow, that Catherine thought she should never have been able to comfort him under his misfortunes, and showered gifts and places upon him, among the latter of which was the rich government of Novgorod.

But the Empress was far from unmindful of him during his absence, and greeted his re-appearance by presenting him with the Palace of Anitchkoff, which she had purposely bought for him. Potemkin merely remarked, on receiving the splendid gift, that "the furniture was unsuited for the building," when he was immediately given eighty thousand roubles to replace it according to his taste. He took the money, but never bestowed another thought on the furniture, for he fixed his residence at "The Hermitage," which communicated with the palace by a covered gallery, enabling him to wait upon the Empress without the observation of the public.

She now confessed to him that she grew daily more tired of her present favourite, when he at once undertook the management of a business that might be unpleasant to the Empress, and installed Major Zoritch, of the hussars, dismissing the humble Zavadowski, without permitting her Majesty to suffer any annoyance from the affair. Catherine was so pleased with his delicate tact that she presented him with one hundred thousand roubles, and the major handing him the same sum, this gratuity ever after remained the fixed perquisite of Potemkin, which he rigorously exacted from the successors of Zoritch, on pain of his displeasure—a consequence they dared not brave. Indeed, so avaricious was he that, though his numerous appointments and frequent donations from the Empress raised his fortune above that of many sovereign princes, he always contrived to convert such gifts into annual dues, so that when the Empress, being slightly offended, sent him, on one of those occasions, only a toothpick-case set

with diamonds, and worth thirty thousand roubles, instead of the customary one hundred thousand, he broke out into such vehement upbraidings that, to mend the matter, she was compelled to give him the latter sum in addition to the trinket, and her Majesty's anger cost her thirty thousand roubles.

But this singular man, at the same time, exhibited an elevation and compass of mind that proved him born for distinction, and shewed of what great things he was capable when he attained a sphere of sufficient pre-eminence. Many fair projects were marred, it is true, by his inexplicable and irreconcilable whims, but from that very contrariety, his darker character of arrogance, indolence, and prodigality, could be at times completely hidden by the ability, energy, and enterprise which always rose, and proved equal to the occasion, when anything grand was to be accomplished. In his new career of state affairs he was about to raise his country to a proud position in Europe, and finally to leave her a lasting memorial of how dear her aggrandisement was to his heart, and how inseparably her glory was identified with his.

The army, the navy, and the court were now submitted to his authority. He appointed and dismissed generals, ministers, and even favourites, so that when Zoritch ceased to fascinate, the Empress took no steps without consulting Potemkin, who again undertook that the matter should be arranged without her condescending to interfere, and the major of hussars, having received a liberal provision, and a peremptory order for a distant command, the vain and pompous Gortschakoff replaced him, after his benefactor had been pleased to receive one hundred thousand roubles.

The fate of this favourite, however, shows Potemkin, with his great qualities, capable of mean artifice and revenge, for of all those who refused to bow before his despotism, he hated none so much as his old commander, Romanzoff, whose glory he envied, while he bitterly remembered the slights he conceived he experienced during his first campaign. Countess Bruce, sister of the Marshal, was ignobly involved in this dislike, and



he wished to find a sufficient accusation to destroy her influence with the Empress. Her imprudence afforded him more than he had hoped, for betraying her partiality for Gortschakoff, Potemkin arranged a meeting between them, and the Empress (as had been previously provided for) surprising the lovers, Gortschakoff was instantly ordered to travel, and the Countess sent to weep and repent at Moscow.

But though Potemkin thus unworthily descended, he could inspire the Empress with the grand project which he had long meditated of expelling the Turks finally from Europe. Nor was the gigantic idea, at that period, either chimerical or improbable, for the ignorance, supineness, and improvidence of the Ottoman Government might well warrant the presumption that, if the resources and strength of Russia were ably applied and well directed, success would crown the attempt. There were, however, two preliminary steps requisite for the accomplishment of such an enterprise—the connivance of the German Emperor, and the seizure of the Crimean peninsula.

To obtain the first, Catherine, at the dictation of Potemkin, wrote to request Joseph II. to meet her at a conference, which took place at Mohilef, on the 30th of May, 1780. There the two Christian Monarchs agreed to overwhelm the Turks in concert, and, hurling them into Asia, to piously divide the spoils; but the impatience of the Empress and her adviser was unwillingly restrained by their ally, who convinced them, by the soundness of his reasoning, as to the wisdom of delay. Catherine then invited the Emperor to visit Russia, and, proceeding to Petersburg, they there formally signed the treaty for their future operations.

The sojourn of this distinguished guest, had, for various reasons, occupied much of the time and attention of Potemkin, and it was not until after his departure, that he discovered that the apartments destined for the favourite were occupied by one of the royal Chevalier Guard. Potemkin, who held almost every distinction, was the

commander of this Guard, which consisted of sixty tall, handsome, and chosen men, all officers, and holding the rank of captain in the army, and his rage was therefore the more unbounded at the presumption of Lanskoï, in accepting such a post without his knowledge. The apologies and excuses of the delinquent were of no avail, until, by the advice of his friends, Lanskoï entreated his superior officer to accept double the usual gratuity, and, at the price of two hundred thousand roubles, Potemkin consented to leave the affections of his Sovereign undisturbed.

But the second and most important preparation was the annexation of the Crimea, and, therefore, the populating of the districts ceded by the Porte to Russia in 1774, had been made a pretext for many infractions of the treaty, cities having been founded or rebuilt, such as Ekatharinoslof, the seaport of Cherson and Maninpol. These places were gradually fortified and supplied with munitions and implements of war, and Armenians, Greeks, and Jews were invited to emigrate to them from the Crimea, than which no corner of the earth has ever been peopled by so many different races.

It would not suit our limits to detail the history of this classic and now celebrated peninsula, but it may not be unattended with interest to briefly mention that its earliest inhabitants, known to history, were the Cimmerians, or Cimbrians, a powerful branch of the Thracians, and not to be confounded with the "Cimmerii" of Homer, whom he places in subterranean habitations near the Sybils Temple in Campania.

The Scythians, driven northwards from Persia, by Ninus, King of Assyria, invaded the Cimmerians, who, being forced to resign the plain to their enemies, retired to the mountains where they maintained themselves under the name of "Taurians," which originated the appellation by which the peninsula was known to antiquity. Subsequently, the invasion of Darius gave rise to the settling of colonists on the extremities of Taurica, for the Persian navy being supplied

by the people of Asia Minor, they had an opportunity of examining the coast, the sheltering havens of which seemed so inviting, that they formed the design of establishing themselves on the most advantageous positions, and a colony of Heracleans from Bithynia soon landed on the Lesser Chersonesus, which has ever after borne their name. The Sarmates, or *Syro-Medians*,\* came from the East to the shores of Azove, about the mouth of the Don, and adventurers from the west speedily following, the Delians settled on the site of the modern Cherson, where the Greek commerce rapidly flourished, and in the fifth century before the Christian era, the "Archæ-Anaktides," or Mytilenians, founded a state, with Ponticæum for its capital, the throne of which, in forty years after, was ascended by Spartacus. About one hundred years subsequently the Sarmatians made war upon the Scythians, overwhelming them, and expelling them northwards, many of whom however remained in that part of Europe near to which their conquerors were afterwards to be driven.

The Taurians, on this release, gradually extending themselves over the peninsula, at length so harassed the Kingdom of Bosphorus, that it was forced to sue for the protection of the great Mithridates, to whom *Parisades II.* was compelled to relinquish his throne. The King of the Euxine soon overcame the Taurians, possessing himself of the entire Chersonesus, and, for security against the Scythians, he caused two tribes of the Sarmatians to emigrate northwards, who, thus settling near the territories of their former enemies, have left a name to the fertile plains of Poland, and upper Hungary.

Sixteen years after the Roman arms first appeared in the Tauric peninsula, and Mithridates, besieged in his own capital, succumbed to the victorious Triumvir, who, feeling the difficulty of effectually defending this country, ceded the nominal sovereignty to *Pharnaces*, the rebel son of the fallen king, excepting only *Phanagoria*, which he constituted a republic, as a

reward for its infidelity to its legitimate sovereign.

In the first century of our era, the Alani, a fierce people from near the source of the Udon, which falls into the Caspian, subjected the Bosphorian State to the humiliation of tribute, and, succeeding in completely exterminating the Taurians, their domination lasted until the Goths, in 251, broke over the peninsula, possessed themselves of Ponticæum, and annihilated the Alani. The Goths, in their turn, were overwhelmed by the sweeping progress of the Huns, and, towards the close of the fourth century, the monarchy of the Cimmerian Bosphorus finally terminated.

After the disappearance of the Huns, a tribe of Sarmatians, who had remained on the north of the Isthmus of Caucasus, and who were known by the Slavonian term *Khazares* (which has the same signification as the Greek word "metanastes," or emigrant, which was applied to their kinsmen established beyond the Danube), began rapidly to extend themselves, and, subjugating the district from the roads of Caffa to the Don, penetrated the Chersonesus, from thence they extended their conquests westwards to Dacia, while they carried their predatory ravages towards the north to the Slavonic city of Kief. But the latter, wearied by the oppression, claimed the protection of the Grand Prince of Novgorod, whose viceroy having formed an alliance with the Uzes, or Kumaniens, the Khazares, after a signal defeat, were finally driven by the Uzes from the peninsula, when they retreated to their limits between the Don and the Kuban. The Kumaniens retained their ascendancy, and extorted tribute from the Greek, and other colonies, until the formation of the Kaptshakian empire in 1240, when they were exterminated by the troops of Batu.

The Genoese at this period carried on the most extensive traffic in the east, and having rebuilt Caffa by the permission of Mongolian Khan, they obtained possession of Soldaya and Cymbalo, and the trade of India found its way by Bagdad, the Caspian, and

\* Reuilly, p. 31.

Astrachan, to those places, and from thence to Trebizond and Constantinople. On the breaking up of the great empire of Kaptshak, Hadshy Gerei, one of the descendants of Batu, became the first khan of the Krim; but in 1478, or, the 883rd year of "the Hegira," Mengly Gerei Khan formed, under the protection of the Ottoman Court, what may be more properly termed the Crimean State.

During the decline of the Mongole power, the Genoese threw off their supremacy, and still bidding defiance to the khaus, several contests ensued, in one of which young Mengly was taken prisoner by them, and they educated and maintained him in a manner worthy of a prince, until, being harassed by the Tartars, they determined to send him, as the fittest ambassador, to represent their distresses to the Porte, and to induce Mahomed II. to take them under his protection. The Sultan received the Prince with distinction and friendship, and kept him at his court until the Tartars, having almost ruined themselves by their own dissensions, petitioned him for a khan, when Mahomed appointed Mengly as their hereditary ruler, who gratefully acknowledged the supremacy of the Turkish monarch.

At this period the Tartarian population had greatly declined, but Mengly, having entered into a war with his relative branches on the Volga, brought many thousand Nogay Tartars with him to the Krim, compelling them to settle there, besides allowing Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews to establish themselves, which means were also used to repopulate the Kuban and the district between the Don and the Dniester.

The former, separated from the Crimea by the Sea of Azove, extends from the river bearing its own name to the Don upon the north; and the Astrachan desert, on the east, intervenes between it and the Caspian. The Kuban was inhabited by the same variety of races as the Chersonesus; it was colonised in a similar manner, Ionians and Æolians arriving at the mouth of the Hypanis, or Kuban, in the sixth century before the Christian era; it experienced an equal vicissitude of invasion until the Mongole-Tartars annexed it, when the Khazares were enslaved, all but the "Zitches," the ancestors of the Cir-

cassians, who fought fiercely for their independence, which they maintained until they were driven to the foot of the Caucasus, in 1270, by the famous Nogay, who left his name to the northern portion of Taurida, a district about double the extent of that now denominated by the Russians "the Crimean steppe."

No sooner had Mengly augmented his forces by those additions, than he proved how transient is the recollection of the greatest benefits, when the hand that confers them is no longer needed, and over-confident of his power, he grew impatient of the supremacy of his former protector. The indignant Sultan despatched an army to the Crimea, which soon reduced the Khan to obedience, and leaving garrisons in the principal towns, commenced that domination which resulted in complete subjection, when, in 1584, the Sultan Keniad appointed a new khan to punish the disobedience of Mahomet Gerei, from which epoch the Crimean khans were frequently deposed or recalled, at the caprice of the Grand Seignior. But the line of Gerei continued in succession as sovereigns of the Crimea, until Selim, the nineteenth khan, who might have avenged the long despotism of the Porte, as (being fortunate enough to defeat the Poles and Russians in one campaign, and to bravely rescue the Mahometan standard) the Janissaries would have raised him to the throne of the Sultans, had he not declined the dangerous elevation, soliciting, as his only recompense, the privilege of a journey to Mecca, by which he received the title of "Hadji," or pilgrim, a distinction obtained by every Mussulman who visits the tomb of the Prophet. It was Devlet Gerei, the twenty-fourth khan, who in 1712 so nearly delivered his nation for ever, and established a second Tartarian oppression over the Russians, by surrounding Peter the Great on the banks of the Pruth, and reducing him to such extremities, that the address of his Consort, and an immense bribe to the Vizier, which was confirmed by the restoration of the hard-earned Azove, alone saved his army from total annihilation.

Allim Gerei, the thirty-fourth khan, having imposed new taxes on his subjects, and violated the fundamental

laws of the Tartars, by appointing one of his sons, "Seraskier," of the tribe of Budjak, to the prejudice of the brothers of the deceased, was deposed by his subjects in 1757, and Krim Gerei was raised to the throne, for his genius and the greatness of his courage. The sovereignty was confirmed to him by the Porte, in 1764, and when, afterwards, on the war breaking out with Russia, he headed fifty thousand Tartars and one hundred and twenty thousand Turks, and ravaged the country as far as Bender, he was taken ill, and received a potion from a Greek physician; his death, in two days, but too well justified the suspicions entertained of the compounder of the draught. His two next successors were deposed after their hasty elections, and the war continued its ravages until the bloody victories of Romanzoff and Suwarrow enabled the artful Empress of Russia to nominate Sahab Gerei to the throne, when the young khan, at the suggestion of his gracious ally, renounced all allegiance to the Sultan, and declared the Crimea independent, under the friendly protection of Russia.

In 1772, Sahab showed his farther appreciation of the favour of Catherine, by ceding Kertsch, Yenikale, and Kinburn, which she was particular to have confirmed to her, together with the resumption of Azove, and its extensive territories, when the Turks recognised her nominee by the arrangement of 1774. This celebrated stipulation, however, reserved to the Porte, at all times, the spiritual supremacy of the Crimea, and the administration of the laws, as well as the investiture of the khan, who was to notify his accession to both courts, in order that public prayers might be made for the Sultan in all the mosques; he was to receive from the "Cadilesker," of Constantinople, the "Muracelch," or patent of the Cadis, or Judges, and lastly, to cause money to be coined with the impression of the Grand Selgnior.

Such was the distinct understanding between the two Powers, as regarded this peninsula, but observed by the northern despot with no greater fidelity than the other terms of the treaty of Kutschuk Kinairdji.

(To be Continued.)

## THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A "VOW" ACCOMPLISHED.

Just as Upton had seated himself at that frugal meal of weak tea and dry toast he called his breakfast, Harcourt suddenly entered the room, splashed and road-stained from head to foot, and in his whole demeanour indicating the work of a fatiguing journey.

"Why, I thought to have had my breakfast with you," cried he, impatiently, "and this is like the diet of a convalescent from fever. Where is the salmon—where the grouse pie—where are the cutlets—and the chocolate—and the poached eggs—and the hot rolls, and the cherry bounce?"

"Say, rather, where are the disordered livers, worn-out stomachs, fevered brains, and impatient tempers, my worthy Colonel?" said Upton, blandly. "Tallestrand himself once told me that he always treated great questions starving."

"And he made a nice mess of the

world in consequence," blustered out Harcourt. "A fellow with a honest appetite, and a sound digestion, would never have played false to so many masters."

"It is quite right that men like you should read history in this wise," said Upton, smiling, as he dipped a crust in his tea, and ate it.

"Men like me are very inferior creatures, no doubt," broke in Harcourt, angrily; "but I very much doubt if men like you had come eighteen miles on foot over a mountain this morning, after a night passed in an open boat at sea—aye, in a gale, by Jove, such as I shan't forget in a hurry."

"You have hit it perfectly, Harcourt, *sum cuique*; and if only we could get the world to see that each of us has his speciality, we should all of us do much better."

By the vigorous tug he gave the

bell, and the tone in which he ordered up something to eat, it was plain to see that he scarcely relished the moral Upton had applied to his speech. With the appearance of the good cheer, however, he speedily threw off his momentary displeasure, and, as he ate and drank, his honest, manly face lost every trace of annoyance. Once only did a passing shade of anger cross his countenance. It was when, suddenly looking up, he saw Upton's eyes settled on his, and his whole features expressing a most palpable sensation of wonderment and compassion.

"Aye," cried he, "I know well what's passing in your mind this minute. You are lost in your pitying estimate of such a mere animal as I am; but, hang it all, old fellow, why not be satisfied with the flattering thought that *you* are of another stamp—a creature of a different order?"

"It does not make one a whit happier," sighed Upton, who never shrunk from accepting the sentiment as his own.

"I should have thought otherwise," said Harcourt, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, for he fancied that he had at last touched the weak point of his adversary.

"No, my dear Harcourt, though *crasse nature* have rather the best of it, since no small share of this world's collisions are actually physical shocks; and that great, strong pipkin that encloses your brains, will stand much that would smash this poor egg-shell that shrouds mine."

"Whenever you draw a comparison in my favour, I always find at the end I come off worst," said Harcourt, bluntly; and Upton laughed, one of his rich musical laughs, in which there was indeed nothing mirthful, but something that seemed to say that his nature experienced a sense of enjoyment higher, perhaps, than anything merely comic could suggest.

"You came off best this time, Harcourt," said he, good-humouredly; and such a thorough air of frankness accompanied the words that Harcourt was disarmed of all distrust at once, and joined in the laugh heartily.

"But you have not yet told me, Harcourt," said the other, "where you have been, and why you spent your night on the sea."

"The story is not a very long one," replied he, and at once gave a full

recital of the events, which our reader has already had before him in our last chapter, adding, in conclusion, "I have left the boy in a cabin at Belmullet; he is in a high fever, and raving so loud that you could hear him a hundred yards away. I told him to keep cold water on his head, and gave him plenty of it to drink—nothing more—till I could fetch our doctor over, for it will be impossible to move the boy from where he is for the present."

"Glencore has been asking for him already this morning. He did not desire to see him, but he begged of me to go to him and speak with him."

"And have you told him that he was from home—that he passed the night away from this?"

"No; I merely intimated that I should look after him, waiting for your return to guide myself afterwards."

"I don't suspect that when we took him from the boat the malady had set in; he appeared rather like one overcome by cold and exhaustion. It was about two hours after—he had taken some food, and seemed stronger—when I said to him, 'Come, Charley, you'll soon be all right again; I have sent a fellow to look after a poney for you, and you'll be able to ride back, won't you?'"

"Ride where?" cried he, eagerly.

"Home, of course," said I, "to Glencore."

"Home! I have no home," cried he; and the wild scream he uttered the words with I'll never forget. It was just as if that one thought was the boundary between sense and reason, and the instant he had passed it, all was chaos and confusion, for now his raving began—the most frantic imaginations—always images of sorrow pictured, and a rapidity of utterance there was no following. Of course in such cases the delusions suggest no clue to the cause, but all his fancies were about being driven out of doors an outcast and a beggar, and of his father rising from his sick bed to curse him. Poor boy! Even in this his better nature gleamed forth as he cried, "Tell him"—and he said the words in a low whisper—tell him not to anger himself; he is ill, very ill, and should be kept tranquil. Tell him, then, that I am going—going away, for ever, and he'll hear of me

no more.' " As Harcourt repeated the words his own voice faltered, and two heavy drops slowly coursed down his bronzed cheeks. "You see," added he, as if to excuse the emotion, "that wasn't like raving, for he spoke this just as he might have done if his very heart was breaking."

"Poor fellow!" said Upton; and the words were uttered with real feeling.

"Some terrible scene must have occurred between them," resumed Harcourt; "of that I feel quite certain."

"I suspect you are right," said Upton, bending over his teacup; "and *our* part, in consequence, is one of considerable delicacy; for, until Glencore alludes to what has passed, we, of course, can take no notice of it. The boy is ill; he is in a fever; we know nothing more."

"I'll leave you to deal with the father; the son shall be my care. I've told Traynor to be ready to start with me after breakfast, and have ordered two stout ponies for the journey. I conclude there will be no objection in detaining the doctor for the night; what think you, Upton?"

"Do you consult the doctor on that head; meanwhile, I'll pay a visit to Glencore. I'll meet you in the library." And so saying Upton rose, and gracefully draping the folds of his embroidered dressing-gown, and arranging the waving lock of hair which had escaped beneath his cap, he slowly set out towards the sick man's chamber.

Of all the springs of human action, there was not one in which Sir Horace Upton sympathized so little as passion. That any man could adopt a line of conduct from which no other profit could result than what might minister to a feeling of hatred, jealousy, or revenge, seemed to him utterly contemptible. It was not, indeed, the morality of such a course that he called in question, although he would not have contested that point. It was its meanness, its folly, its insufficiency. His experience of great affairs had imbued him with all the importance that was due to temper and moderation. He scarcely remembered an instance where a false move had damaged a negotiation, that it could not be traced to some passing trait of impatience, or some lurking

spirit of animosity bidding the hour of its gratification.

He had long learned to perceive how much more temperament has to do, in the management of great events, than talent or capacity, and his opinion of men was chiefly founded on this quality of his nature. It was, then, with an almost pitying estimate of Glencore, that he now entered the room where the sick man lay.

Anxious to be alone with him, Glencore had dismissed all the attendants from his room, and sat, propped up by pillows, anxiously awaiting his approach.

Upton moved through the dimly-lighted room like one familiar to the atmosphere of illness, and took his seat beside the bed with that noiseless quiet which in him was a kind of instinct.

It was several minutes before Glencore spoke, and then, in a low, faint voice, he said, "Are we alone, Upton?"

"Yes," said the other, gently pressing the wasted fingers which lay on the counterpane before him.

"You forgive me, Upton," said he, and the words trembled as he uttered them; "you forgive me, Upton, though I cannot forgive myself."

"My dear friend, a passing moment of impatience is not to break the friendship of a lifetime. Your calmer judgment would, I know, not be unjust to me."

"But how am I to repair the wrong I have done you?"

"By never alluding to it—never thinking of it again, Glencore."

"It was so unworthy—so ignoble in me!" cried Glencore, bitterly, and a tear fell over his eyelid and rested on his wan and worn cheek.

"Let us never think of it, my dear Glencore. Life has real troubles enough for either of us, not to dwell on those which we may fashion out of our emotions, I promise you. I have forgotten the whole incident."

Glencore sighed heavily, but did not speak; at last he said, "Be it so, Upton," and, covering his face with his hand, lay still and silent. "Well," said he, after a long pause, "the die is cast, Upton—I have told him!"

"Told the boy?" said Upton.

He nodded an assent. "It is too late to oppose me now, Upton—the thing is done. I didn't think I had

strength for it, but revenge is a strong stimulant, and I felt as though once more restored to health, as I proceeded. Poor fellow, he bore it like a man. Like a man do I say. No, but better than ever man bore such crushing tidings. He asked me to stop once, while his head reeled, and said, 'In a minute I shall be myself again;' and so he was too, you should have seen him, Upton, as he rose to leave me. So much of dignity was there in his look, that my heart misgave me; and I told him, that still as my son, he should never want a friend and a protector. He grew deadly pale, and caught at the bed for support. Another moment, and I'd not answer for myself. I was already relenting—but I thought of *her*, and my resolution came back in all its force. Still I dared not look on him. The sight of that warm cheek, those quivering lips, and glassy eyes, would have certainly unmanned me. I turned away. When I looked round he was gone." As he ceased to speak, a clammy perspiration burst forth over his face and forehead, and he made a sign to Upton to wet his lips.

"It is the last pang she is to cost me, Upton, but it is a sore one!" said he, in a low hoarse whisper.

"My dear Glencore, this is all little short of madness; even as revenge it is a failure, since the heaviest share of the penalty recoils upon yourself."

"How so?" cried he impetuously.

"Is it thus that an ancient name is to go out for ever? Is it in this wise, that a house noble for centuries is to crumble into ruin? I will not again urge upon you the cruel wrong you are doing. Over that boy's inheritance you have no more right than over mine—you cannot rob him of the protection of the law. No power could ever give you the disposal of his destiny in this wise."

"I have done it, and I will maintain it, sir," cried Glencore, "and if the question is, as you vaguely hint to be, one of law"—

"No, no, Glencore, do not mistake me."

"Hear me out, sir," said he passionately. "If it is to be one of law, let Sir Horace Upton give his testimony—tell all that he knows—and let us see what it will avail him. You may—it is quite open to you—place us front to front as enemies. You

may teach the boy to regard me as one who has robbed him of his birth-right, and train him up to become my accuser in a court of justice. But my cause is a strong one, it cannot be shaken, and where you hope to brand me with tyranny you will but visit bastardy upon him. Think twice, then, before you declare this combat. It is one where all your craft will not sustain you."

"My dear Glencore, it is not in this spirit that we can speak profitably to each other. If you will not hear my reasons calmly and dispassionately, to what end am I here? You have long known me as one who lays claim to no more rigid morality than consists with the theory of a worldly man's experiences. I affect no high flown sentiments. I am as plain and practical as may be; and when I tell you that you are wrong in this affair, I mean to say, that what you are about to do, is not only bad, but impolitic. In your pursuit of a victim, you are immolating yourself."

"Be it so, I go not alone to the stake, there is another to partake of the torture," cried Glencore wildly; and already his flushed cheek, and flashing eyes betrayed the approach of a feverish access.

"If I am not to have any influence with you then," resumed Upton, "I am here to no purpose. If to all that I say—to arguments you cannot answer—you obstinately persist in opposing an insane thirst for revenge, I see not why you should desire my presence. You have resolved to do this great wrong?"

"It is already done, sir,"—broke in Glencore.

"Wherein then, can I be of any service to you?"

"I am coming to that. I had come to it before, had you not interrupted me. I want you to be guardian to the boy. I want you to replace me in all that regards authority over him. You know life well, Upton. You know it not alone in its paths of pleasure and success, but you understand thoroughly the rugged footway over which humble men toil wearily to fortune. None can better estimate the man's chances of success, nor more surely point the road by which he is to attain it. The provision which I destine for him will be an humble one, and he will need to rely upon his own

efforts. You will not refuse me this service, Upton. I ask it in the name of our old friendship."

"There is but one objection I could possibly have, and yet that seems to be insurmountable."

"And what may it be?" cried Glencore.

"Simply, that in acceding to your request, I make myself an accomplice in your plan, and thus aid and abet the very scheme I am repudiating."

"What avails your repudiation if it will not turn me from my resolve? That it will not, I'll swear to you as solemnly as ever an oath was taken. I tell you again, the thing is done. For the consequences which are to follow on it you have no responsibility—these are my concern."

"I should like a little time to think over it," said Upton, with the air of one struggling with irresolution. "Let me have this evening to make up my mind; to-morrow you shall have my answer."

"Be it so, then," said Glencore; and turning his face away, waved a cold farewell with his hand.

We do not purpose to follow Sir Horace as he retired, nor does our task require that we should pry into the secret recesses of his wily nature: enough if we say that in asking for time, his purpose was rather to afford another opportunity of reflection

to Glencore than to give himself more space for deliberation. He had found, by the experience of his calling, that the delay we often crave for to resolve a doubt has sufficed to change the mind of him who originated the difficulty.

"I'll give him some hours, at least," thought he, "to ponder over what I have said. Who knows but the argument may seem better in memory than in action? Such things have happened before now." And having finished this reflection he turned to peruse the pamphlet of a quack doctor who pledged himself to cure all disorders of the circulation by attending to tidal influences, and made the moon herself enter into the *materia medica*. What Sir Horace believed, or did not believe, in the wild rhapsodies of the charlatan, is known only to himself. Whether his credulity was fed by the hope of obtaining relief, or whether his fancy only was aroused by the speculative images thus suggested, it is impossible to say. It is not altogether improbable that he perused these things as Charles Fox used to read all the trashiest novels in the Minerva Press, and find, in the very distorted and exaggerated pictures, a relief and a relaxation which more correct views of life had failed to impart. Hard-headed men require strange indulgences.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### BILLY TRAYNOR AND THE COLONEL.

It was a fine breezy morning as the Colonel set out with Billy Traynor for Belmullet. The bridle-path by which they travelled led through a wild and thinly-inhabited tract—now dipping down between grassy hills, now tracing its course along the cliffs over the sea. Tall ferns covered the slopes, protected from the west winds, and here and there little copses of stunted oak showed the traces of what once had been forest. It was on the whole a silent and dreary region, so that the travellers felt it even relief as they drew nigh the bright blue sea, and heard the sonorous booming of the waves as they broke along the shore.

"It cheers one to come up out of those dreary dells, and hear the pleasant splash of the sea," said Harcourt; and his bright face showed that he felt the enjoyment.

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"So it does, sir," said Billy. "And yet Homer makes his hero go heavy hearted as he hears the ever sounding sea."

"What does that signify, Doctor?" said Harcourt, impatiently. "Telling me what a character in a fiction feels affects me no more than telling me what he does. Why, man, the one is as unreal as the other. The fellow that created him fashioned his thoughts as well as his actions."

"To be sure he does; but when the fellow is a genius, what he makes is as much a creature as either you or myself."

"Come, come, Doctor, no mystification."

"I don't mean any," broke in Billy. "What I want to say is this,—that as we read every character to elicit truth,—truth in the working of human mo-



tives—truth in passion—truth in all the struggles of our poor weak natures—why wouldn't a great genius like Homer, or Shakespeare, or Milton be better able to show us this in some picture drawn by themselves, than you or I be able to find it out for ourselves?"

Harcourt shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, now," said Billy, returning to the charge, "did you ever see a waxwork model of anatomy? Every nerve and siny of a nerve was there—not a vein nor an artery wanting. The artist that made it all just wanted to show you where everything was; but he never wanted you to believe it was alive, or ever had been. But with genius its different. He just gives you some traits of a character—he points him out to you passing—just as I would to a man going along the street—and there he is alive for ever and ever; not like you and me, that will be dead and buried to-morrow or next day, and the most known of us three lines in a parish registry, but he goes down to posterity an example, an illustration—or a warning may be—to thousands and thousands of living men. Don't talk to me about fiction! What he thought and felt is truer than all that you and I, and a score like us, ever did or ever will do. The creations of genius are the landmarks of humanity—and well for us it is that we have such to guide us!"

"All this may be very fine," said Harcourt, contemptuously, "but give *me* the sentiments of a living man, or one that has lived, in preference to all the imaginary characters that have ever adorned a story."

"Just as I suppose you'd say that a soldier in the Blues, or some big, hulking corporal in the Guards, is a finer model of the human form than ever Praxiteles chiselled."

"I know which I'd rather have along side of me in a charge, Doctor," said Harcourt, laughing; and then to change the topic he pointed to a lone cabin on the sea shore, miles away, as it seemed, from all other habitations.

"That's Mechel Cady's, sir," said Traynor; "he lives by birds; hunting them saygulls and cormorants through the crevices of the rocks, and stealing the eggs. There isn't a precipice that he won't climb—not a cliff that he won't face."

"Well, if that be his home, the pursuit does not seem a profitable one."

"'Tis as good as brakin' stones on the road for fourpence a-day, or carrying sea-weed five miles on your back to manure the potatoes," said Billy, mournfully.

"That's exactly the very thing that puzzles me," said Harcourt, "why in a country so remarkable for fertility every one should be so miserably poor!"

"And you never heard any explanation of it?"

"Never; at least, never one that satisfied me."

"Nor ever will you," said Billy, sentimentally.

"And why so?"

"Because," said he, drawing a long breath, as if preparing for a discourse, "because there's no man capable of going into the whole subject; for it is not merely an economical question or a social one, but it is metaphysical; and religious and political; and ethnological and historical—aye, and geographical, too! You have to consider, first, who and what are the aborigines? A conquered people that never gave in they were conquered. Who are the rulers? A Saxon race that always felt that they were inferior to them they ruled over!"

"By Jove, doctor, I must stop you there; I never heard any acknowledgment of this inferiority you speak of."

"I'd like to get a gold medal for arguin' it out with you," said Billy.

"And, after all, I don't see how it would resolve the original doubt," said Harcourt. "I want to know why the people are so poor, and I don't want to hear of the battle of Clontarf or the Dames at Dundalk."

"There it is, you'd like to narrow down a great question of race, language, traditions, and laws, to a little miserable dispute about labour and wages. Oh, Manchester, Manchester! how ye're in the heart of every Englishman, rich or poor, gentle or simple! You say you never heard of any confession of inferiority. Of course you didn't; but quite the reverse—a very confident sense of being far better than the poor Irish—and I'll tell you how, and why, just as for yourself, after a discussion with me, when you find yourself dead bate, and

not a word to reply, you'll go home to a good dinner and a bottle of wine, dry clothes and a bright fire; and no matter how hard your argument pushed you, you'll remember that *I'm* in rags, in a dirty cabin, with potatoes to ate and water to drink, and you'll say, at all events, 'I'm better off than he is;' and there's your superiority, neither more or less—there it is! And all the while, in saying the same thing to yourself—sorrow matter for his fine broad cloth, and his white linen, and his very best roast beef that he's eatin'—I'm his master! I'm all that dignifies the species in them grand qualities that makes us poets, rhetoricians, and the like, in those elegant attributes that, as the poet says—

'In all our pursuits  
Lifts us high above brutes.'

In these, I say again, I'm his master!"

As Billy finished his gloomy panygeric upon his country and himself, he burst out in a joyous laugh, and cried, "Did ye ever hear conceit like that? Did ye ever expect to see the day that a ragged poor blackguard like *me* would dare to say as much to one like *you*; and, after all, it's the greatest compliment I could pay you."

"How so, Billy—I don't exactly see that?"

"Why, that if you weren't a gentlemen—a raal gentleman, born and bred—I could never have ventured to tell you what I said now. It is because, in *your own* refined feelings, you can pardon all the coarseness of *mine*, that I have my safety."

"You're as great a courtier as you are a scholar, Billy," said Harcourt, laughing; "meanwhile, I'm not likely to be enlightened in the cause of Irish poetry."

"Tis a whole volume I could write on the same subject," said Billy; "for there's so many causes in operation, combinin', and assistin', and aggravatin' each other. But if you want the head and front of the mischief in one word, it is this, that no Irishman ever gave his heart and soule to his own business, but always was mindin' something else that he had nothin' to say to; and so, ye see, the priest does be thinkin' of politics, the parson's thinkin' of the priests,

the people are always on the watch for a crack at the agent or the tithe-proctor, and the landlord, instead of looking after his property, is up in Dublin dinin' with the Lord Lef-tinint and abusin' his tenants. I don't want to screeen myself, nor say I'm better than my neighbours, for though I have a larned profession to live by, I'd rather be writin' a ballad, and singin' it too, down Thomas-street, than I'd be lecturin' at the Surgeons' Hall."

"You are certainly a very strange people," said Harcourt.

"And yet there's another thing stranger still, which is, that your countrymen never took any advantage of our eccentricities, to rule us by; and if they had any wit in their heads, they'd have seen, easy enough, that all these traits are exactly the clues to a nation's heart. That's what Pitt meant when he said, 'Let me make the *songs* of a people, and I don't care who makes the *laws*.' Look down now in that glen before you, as far as you can see. There's Belmullet, and an't you glad to be so near your journey's end, for you're mighty tired of all this discoorsin'."

"On the contrary, Billy, even when I disagree with what you say, I'm pleased to hear your reasons; at the same time, I'm glad we are drawing nigh to this poor boy, and I only trust we may not be too late."

Billy muttered a pious concurrence in the wish, and they rode along for some time in silence. "There's the Bay of Belmullet now under your feet," cried Billy, as he pulled up short, and pointed with his whip seaward. "There's five fathoms, and fine anchoring ground on every inch ye see there. There's elegant shelter from tempestuous winds. There's a coast rich in herrings, oysters, lobsters, and crabs; farther out there's cod, and haddock, and mackerel in the sayson. There's sea wrack for kelp, and every other convanience any one can require, and a poorer set of devils than ye'll see when we get down there, there's no where to be found. Well! well! 'if idleness is bliss, it's folly to work hard.'" And with this paraphrase, Billy made way for the Colonel, as the path had now become too narrow for two abreast, and in this way they descended to the shore.

## CHAPTER XV.

## "A SICK BED."

ALTHOUGH the cabin in which the sick boy lay was one of the best in the village, its interior presented a picture of great poverty. It consisted of a single room, in the middle of which a mud wall of a few feet in height formed a sort of partition, abutting against which was the bed—the one bed of the entire family—now devoted to the guest. Two or three coarsely-fashioned stools, a ricketty table, and a still more ricketty dresser, comprised all the furniture. The floor was uneven and fissured, and the solitary window was mended with an old hat, thus diminishing the faint light that struggled through the narrow aperture.

A large net, attached to the rafters, hung down in heavy festoons over head, the corks and sinks dangling in dangerous proximity to the heads underneath. Several spars and oars littered one corner, and a newly-painted buoy filled another; but, in spite of all these encumbrances, there was space around the fire for a goodly company of some eight or nine of all ages, who were pleasantly eating their supper from a large pot of potatoes that smoked and steamed in front of them.

"God save all here!" cried Billy, as he preceded the Colonel into the cabin.

"Save ye kindly," was the courteous answer, in a chorus of voices, at the same time, seeing a gentleman at the door, the whole party arose at once to receive him. Nothing could have surpassed the perfect good breeding with which the fisherman and his wife did the honours of their humble home, and Harcourt at once forgot the poverty-struck aspect of the scene in the general courtesy of the welcome.

"He's no better, your honour—no better at all," said the man, as Harcourt drew nigh the sick bed. "He does be always ravin'—ravin' on—beggin' and implorin' that we won't take him back to the Castle; and if he falls asleep, the first thing he says when he wakes up is, 'Where am I?—tell me I'm not at Glencore!' and he keeps on schreechin' 'Tell me—tell him so!'"

Harcourt bent down over the bed and gazed at him. Slowly and languidly the sick boy raised his heavy lids, and returned the stare.

"You know me, Charley, boy, don't you?" said he, softly.

"Yes," muttered he, in a weak tone.

"Who am I, Charley—tell me who is speaking to you?"

"Yes," said he again.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Harcourt, "he does *not* know me!"

"Where's the pain?" asked Billy, suddenly.

The boy placed his hand on his forehead, and then on his temples.

"Look up! look at me!" said Billy.

"Aye, there it is! the pupil does not contract—there's mischief in the brain. He wants to say something to you, sir," said he to Harcourt; "he's makin' signs to you to stoop down."

Harcourt put his ear close to the sick boy's lips, and listened.

"No, my dear child, of course not," said he, after a pause. "You shall remain here, and I will stay with you too. In a few days your father will come—"

A wild yell, a shriek that made the cabin ring, now broke from the boy, followed by another, and then a third; and then with a spring he arose from the bed, and tried to escape. Weak and exhausted as he was, such was the strength supplied by fever, it was all that they could do to subdue him and replace him in the bed; violent convulsions followed this severe access, and it was not till after hours of intense suffering that he calmed down again, and seemed to slumber.

"There's more than we know of here, Colonel," said Billy, as he drew him to one side. "There's moral causes as well as malady at work."

"There may be, but I know nothing of them," said Harcourt; and in the frank air of the speaker, the other did not hesitate to repose his trust.

"If we hope to save him, we ought to find out where the mischief lies," said Billy. "for, if ye remark, his ravin' is always upon one subject; he never wanders from that."

"He has a dread of home. Some

altercation with his father has, doubtless, impressed him with this notion."

"Ah, that isn't enough, we must go deeper; we want a clue to the part of the brain engaged; meanwhile, here's at him, with the antiphlogistic touch;" and he opened his lancet-case, and tucked up his cuffs. "Houlde the basin, Biddy."

"There, Harvey himself couldn't do it nater than that. It's an elegant study to be feelin' a pulse while the blood is flowin'. It comes at first like a dammed up cataract, a regular out-pouring, just as a young girl would tell her love, all wild and tumultuous; then, after a time, she gets more temperate, the feelings are relieved, and the ardour is moderated, till, at last, wearied and worn out, the heart seems to ask for rest; and then, ye'll remark, a settled faint smile coming over the lips, and a clammy coldness in the face."

"He's faintin', sir," broke in Biddy.

"He is, ma'am, and it's myself done it," said Billy. "Oh dear, oh dear! If we could only do with the moral heart what we can with the raal physical one, what wonderful poets we'd be!"

"What hopes have you?" whispered Harcourt.

"The best, the very best. There's youth and a fine constitution to work upon, and what more does a doctor want. As ould Marsden said, 'you can't destroy these in a fortnight, so

the patient must live.' But you must help me, Colonel, and you *can* help me."

"Command me in any way," doctor.

"Here's the 'modus,' then. You must go back to the Castle and find out, if you can, what happened between his father and *him*. It does not signify now, nor will it for some days; but when he comes to the convalescent stage, it's then we'll need to know how to manage him, and what subjects to keep him away from. 'Tis the same with the brain as with a sprained ankle; you may exercise if you don't twist it; but just come down once on the wrong spot, and may-be ye won't yell out!"

"You'll not quit him then?"

"I'm a senthry on his post, waiting to get a shot at the enemy if he shows the top of his head. Ah, sir, if ye only knew physic, ye'd acknowledge there's nothing as treacherous as dizaze. Ye hunt him out of the brain, and then he is in the lungs. Ye chase him out of that, and he skulks in the liver. At him there, and he takes to the fibrous membranes, and then its regular hide and go seek all over the body. Trackin' a bear is child's play to it;" and so saying, Billy held the Colonel's stirrup for him to mount, and giving his most courteous salutation, and his best wishes for a good journey, he turned and re-entered the cabin.

#### MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.\*

ANOTHER rhapsody of the Homer of modern history has been given to the unparalleled impatience of the reading world. Such a demand, and such a supply, never before, we venture to assert, have been experienced anywhere in that department of literature. That we shall ever have the vast work complete, is unfortunately rendered more than doubtful by the dimensions of the fragment in our hands; and it needs not the melancholy announcement of the shaken health of the

author to satisfy the world that his Troy will never be taken. It has been rumoured that much of the remainder is already written, or nearly written, and that we are to have volume after volume in rapid succession; but we hold to the opinion that there will be no completion. The scale is sublimely calculated without reference to the duration of human life and the grasp of human faculties; and we may take it for granted that we must be contented with the colossal

\* "The History of England," from the accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. 3 and 4. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

trunk—which will always remain, what the statue of Theseus from the Parthenon has become, a study and a touchstone of art—a *torso* in which an admiring world may ponder on what it has gained—and what it has lost. How much or how little more we may see it is impossible for any one to predict—the author himself probably would not undertake to say; another decade of years would only extend the heroic work to a single generation of man; and, should it stop there, all that we should ever have of Mr. Macaulay might have been included, or nearly so, in a biography of his original hero, William of Orange.

We have called the author the Homer of modern history, and his successive fragments rhapsodies. We have done so advisedly. The scholar knows that the term rhapsody bears no disparaging meaning, except in loose modern phraseology. It is the true and original designation of the several divisions of the glorious old poet's work. There is much in common, strange as it may seem, between the great bard of antiquity and the great historian of to-day. And where the latter differs most from his contemporaries is exactly where he most agrees with the mighty minstrel. His points of peculiarity are two. The first consists in the amount of elevated sentiment he contrives to throw into his page without disparaging its air of truthfulness. The other is the excitement, or *afflatus*, under which he seems at all times to write. We see—or seem to see—the swelling chest, the dilated eye, the distended nostril, the quivering lip, the heightened colour, the whole form expanded and inspired with emotion. The sentences follow each other with agitating and breathless rapidity: words that glow rise from the depths of a volcanic nature: his heart seems to be hot within him, and so he speaks with his tongue. It is indeed a remarkable phenomenon in the world of literature, but rarely displayed in the classics of antiquity, and never, so far as we are aware, exhibited with any degree of distinctness in modern times, the infusion of passion into the narrative of truth. We have to go back to the age of the Demigods and Heroes of a primeval world to find a parallel to it. There indeed we dis-

cover the great master of song rhapsodising history into poetry, and stringing the events of that early era upon the lyre of his genius, from whence he draws tones which propagate themselves by diffusion, and find their echoes at the confines of civilization and in the depths of the world's heart. Here however we have the wonder to some extent repeated; and we are driven upon the name of a poet, and the title of a poem, to depict the author and his work, without meaning thereby necessarily to impute to either the characteristics which would establish the propriety of the terms at the expense of more sterling qualities. Through the entire of the immense mass of detail here heaped together, breathes the double spirit we speak of—that of poetry, and of passion. As the one elevates, the other impels. There is no interval of prose, or of calm. Variety and vehemence, like melody and harmony, roll uninterruptedly through the pages; and the Williamite period of English annals seems lifted, like a Laputa, off the level of ordinary history, and floated in mid air, till we are dazzled in the attempt to examine even the foundations on which so brilliant a superstructure must be supposed to rest.

The former volumes of Mr. Macaulay's great work were not noticed by us at the time they came out. Unwilling as we were invidiously to detract from the splendour of so conspicuous a literary phenomenon, we still could not blind ourselves to what a venerable critic of the time eagerly and acrimoniously exposed, a certain amount of personal partizanship, which gave an unconscious colouring to the whole, and in particular tinged the author's delineation of character, of which he was unusually prodigal. We thought it best to wait, and see what effect the application of public opinion might have. There was certainly at the same time no anticipation on our part that the interval which was to separate the first volumes from the sequel would have been so long. But, now that the period is past, we cannot help being glad that we postponed our judgment. A Whig Mr. Macaulay begun by being, and a Whig he has continued; but it gives us pleasure to be able to state that instead of resenting the severity of the attack which

went to disparage his history by questioning—rather repudiating—his claim to impartiality, he has had the candour to take the rough hint, and discharge from his pages much of that open partizanship which shocked so many persons; so that although the Whig *principle* manifests itself consistently from end to end of the new as of the old volumes, there is a far less rancorous spirit exhibited towards the persons of adversaries, and a far more candid tone in dealing with the characters and conduct of friends, perceptible here than in the former portion of the work; and indeed generally speaking it would be difficult for any man who did not previously know the politics of the author, to discover what they were from his biographical or descriptive and personal details. This is high praise; and we willingly accord it. No doubt, it would take something more to realize our ideal of an historian. The rule already adopted to a certain extent by Mr. Macaulay in its application to the persons of the Whigs, has to be applied to the *principle* of Whiggism, to fulfil all that the Past demands of the Present. Let the author bear in mind that, as far as our constitution is concerned, it is not the full triumph of the Whig or of the Tory principle that the patriot ought reasonably to look for. The struggle which must ever be carried on between the two conflicting elements, is sure to have its champions, who will contend, some with more, some with less earnestness and disinterestedness in the cause they have taken up. In practice, and in life, each man must inevitably range himself either on the one side or on the other of this endless battle. It is raging when he comes into existence. It will still rage, when he ceases to exist. If he attempt to go between, or part the combatants, he will be trodden under foot. But the philosopher—and such the historian ought pre-eminently to be—is enabled to discern something wholesome as well as normal in this state of antagonism. He can see that the platform on which the combatants wrestle becomes elevated as the encounter rages, and that for the stronger party at any time to pursue the weaker beyond its limits would be to incur the risk of a catastrophe, and certainly to descend from vantage ground. To carry out

the spirit of Whiggism to its extreme limit, would infallibly in the end uproot our monarchy. To remove from Toryism all obstacles to the ultimate development of its principles, would be to endanger the liberties of the country, and incur the risk of a despotism. Indeed, but few *statesmen* have ever contended for a full and unchecked license on either side. The question with all practical men has always been one of degree—a little more or a little less. It has been left to theorists to indulge in dreams of Utopian perfection on either side. Encroachment, either on the part of the crown or on that of the people, has generated resistance. The oscillation of successful resistance has called forth a counteracting influence, tending to restore the equilibrium, but acting beyond it. Through this arc it is desirable that the political pendulum of a nation should always swing. So the philosopher—so the historian—ought to think. So, we sincerely believe Mr. Macaulay thinks, in his inner and truer nature. If symptoms continue to manifest themselves of a coincidence of doctrine with the theorists, they may safely be ascribed to influences from without, which have not yet yielded to the still gathering strength from within; although we may anticipate that they will ultimately give place, as the taint of personal partizanship is becoming less and less perceptible.

How noble must be considered the destiny of that man who has purified and whitened his soul to the temper of transmitting the Past of the world's history to its Present and Future, without a tinge of false colouring or a trace of false refraction, in its passage? That so vast a field of view should ever be condensed to a focus in one powerful mind would be a marvel simply to astonish without delighting us, unaccompanied by a distinctness and truth in the image transmitted thence to our eye, to enable the simplest of us to deal with these far-off and multifarious objects as if they were within our grasp and under our control. With what processes of tempering and of fusion a brain must be rendered thus achromatic, it is in vain to speculate. It may be judged from the rarity of their occurrence, that they are neither ordinary nor painless processes. But the world would be even

more ungrateful than it is given credit for being, were it to withhold its thanks from any man who has approached this condition. Discounting, therefore, Mr. Macaulay's promises on this score, and willing to believe that he may yet produce a perfectly conscientious compilation of the history of his country, either from sources untainted by party influences, or by the fair comparison and digestion of conflicting evidence on both sides,—we venture to accept him—Whig as he has hitherto proved himself to be—as *the* historian of the period from the accession of James the Second, to that yet unknown date at which his labours are doomed to terminate.

There is one anomaly—if it can be called so—into which the support of certain principles adopted from the first was sure to lead him. The advocate and admirer of the Whig William of England, is under the necessity of being the advocate and admirer of the Orange William of Ireland. But the representatives in Ireland of the principles of that monarch now constitute the party most bitterly opposed to the Whiggism of the present day, with which Mr. Macaulay is identified. Hence the modern Orangemen, who are Tories, or at least side with the Tories, Mr. Macaulay's enemies, rank him as their champion and advocate; while the Roman Catholic or native Irish party, representing the old Tory supporters of James the Second, but now in some degree identified with the English Whigs, bitterly complain of one of their own friends traducing, maligning, and vilifying them in the persons of James, Tyrconnell, and their adherents in general during the struggle in Ireland at the close of the seventeenth century. The fact is, Mr. Macaulay is placed in an awkward position. Nevertheless, while he and his friends may suffer more or less by the truth being told, we at all events are the gainers. The deliberate estimate of an historian of such great powers and profound erudition, pronounced in our day, and in the face of the existing prejudices of his own party, cannot but assume great importance. It replaces many things, long distorted and disturbed by wilful or unconscious misrepresentations, in their true light; and while it justifies systems of policy, abandoned at the time to the censure

of faction for want of the advocacy it might all along have laid claim to, exposes the absurdity of much which it has been a fashion equally acquiesced in, to consider the only sound principles of a true if thankless patriotism. Nowhere has the actual relation of England to Ireland at the eventful time treated of been more boldly set forth than in these pages. Nowhere in modern times has the vigorous policy of that era been more fully and fearlessly defended than here. By no modern writer of eminence, laying any claim to impartiality, has more ample justice been done to the motives and the acts of those who conquered Ireland and the Irish for the Revolution and freedom. In no other quarter has it been so distinctly and so powerfully enunciated that the independence of the kingdom, in the popular sense of the term, was then utterly impracticable except with primary reference to Anglo-Irish interests; and that it was a question not of right but of policy, at what time the freedom of the whole nation, as a nation, could be possibly recognised. So, too, has been further exposed the mistake successively committed by two classes of political theorists, who, at a later period, expected to be able to rally the permanent energies of the nation round the standard of independence. Race first, and, after the reformation, religion, had divided the conquerors from the conquered. Through a course of years certain slow metamorphic influences, flowing from the parent country and seat of empire, were at work, tending to cause a fusion of these elements into each other, and to obliterate the earlier lines of stratification. This growing union of interests and of habits, following the union of legislation, and followed by the equalisation of religious privileges, had, long before these attempts rendered any cleavage extremely difficult which did not pass through both countries; while at the same time it made it almost equally hopeless to recur to old demarcations for the purpose of disruption. We do not hesitate to say, that no work has been written since the legislative union of the two countries, Great Britain and Ireland, more convincingly calculated than is this Whig history to demonstrate the necessity which existed for that

measure, and the essential permanence of its nature. Macaulay is everywhere the champion of civilisation. He is the philosopher and physiologist as well as the historian. He views events, not merely with reference to personal and political influences, but under a higher aspect, in which great natural laws come in, and modify and control human actions. Without attempting to soar higher, and scan the purposes of Providence at the elevation whence they supremely rule these and all other sublunary concerns, he has ventured above mere politics, into a region of his own. He recognises the distinctive qualities of races. He discerns their relations. He speculates upon the natural influences they will exercise upon each other. He draws inferences from these speculations, and compares them with facts; and is thus enabled to trace and explain, if not to justify, systems of policy and actions difficult to be understood except in relation to such extended considerations. Where he meets with barbarism and ignorance he shows them no quarter. He makes no attempt to extenuate, to defend, to uphold—even to sympathise. They *must*—such is his philosophy—go to the wall. They not only deserve to do so, an inexorable law of human society necessitates their doing so. As the old Britons and Saxons have sunk beneath, or into, the races which conquered them in their own country, so the Celt has sunk, or will sooner or later sink, into the predominating race which has overrun the highlands of both islands. In the process he may invigorate and improve the blood that mixes with his—but more than that is beyond his power. There will result from the intermixture of these conflicting elements a nobler and a more powerful breed than were either while they were apart. The posterity of the combined nations will reap the benefit both of victory and defeat—both of tyranny and of oppression; and imperial destinies will shed a lustre upon the chronicles of rival nationalities, which will illumine with impartial ray the ranks of both parties in the sanguinary but inevitable strife.

Shame on those—be they of what caste they may—who still persist in making the story of the Past the rallying word of faction, and continue to discharge their torrent of

turbid passions into the tranquil and translucent tide of History! They know not how much they lose, or what responsibility they incur, in raddling the fading complexion of events into the semblance of youth and active vigour they can no longer lay claim to. This refusal to let hereditary feuds die, is now unfortunately the distinction of our own country. Our Scottish neighbours, who had once been ready enough to keep animosities alive, have had the sense to see their mistake, and can now bear to look back with pride upon their national history, as well that part of it in which the Celtic portion of the population was trampled on, as that in which it triumphed. The consequences of this are exemplified by our author in the instance of two memorable actions, one of which took place in Scotland, and the other in Ireland, within the same week. The battle of Newton Butler was fought in Ireland, between Irishmen; and great valour was exhibited on both sides. The Enniskilleners under Wolsley prevailed in the end; but not before Macarthy with his force of horse and foot had made a desperate stand outside the town. "The Irish cannoneers," says Macaulay, "stood gallantly to their pieces till they were cut down to a man." The battle of Killiecrankie was fought in Scotland, between Scotchmen,—and there, too, great bravery was shown by both parties. But neither in its details, in the number of forces engaged, nor in its consequences, was it of equal importance with the affair of Newton Butler. And yet the victory of Killiecrankie is far more widely renowned.

"The reason," says the historian, "is evident. The Anglo-Saxon and the Celt have been reconciled in Scotland, and have never been reconciled in Ireland. In Scotland all the great actions of both races are thrown into a common stock, and are considered as making up the glory which belongs to the whole country. So completely has the old antipathy been extinguished that nothing is more usual than to hear a Lowlander talk with complacency and even with pride of the most humiliating defeat that his ancestors ever underwent. It would be difficult to name any eminent man in whom national feeling and clannish feeling were stronger than in Sir Walter Scott. Yet when Sir Walter Scott mentioned Killiecrankie he seemed utterly to forget that he was a



Saxon, that he was of the same blood and of the same speech with Ramsay's foot and Annandale's horse. His heart swelled with triumph when he related how his own kindred had fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and of a different tongue.

"In Ireland the feud remains unhealed. The name of Newton Butler, insultingly repeated by a minority, is hateful to the great majority of the population. If a monument were set up on the field of battle, it would probably be defaced: if a festival were held in Cork or Waterford on the anniversary of the battle, it would probably be interrupted by violence. The most illustrious Irish poet of our time would have thought it treason to his country to sing the praises of the conquerors. One of the most learned and diligent Irish archaeologists of our time has laboured, not indeed very successfully, to prove that the event of the day was decided by a mere accident from which the Englishry could derive no glory. We cannot wonder that the victory of the Highlanders should be more celebrated than the victory of the Enniskilleners, when we consider that the victory of the Highlanders is matter of boast to all Scotland, and that the victory of the Enniskilleners is matter of shame to three-fourths of Ireland."

With the melancholy reflection that the remarks of the historian were till very lately but too applicable, we see cheering reason to hope and believe that a change is begun, and that we may now endure at this side of the Channel to see, occupying parallel places in the columns of literature, the names of Anglo-Irish and Celt, the songs of liberty and the songs of ascendancy. In the beautiful collection of Mr. Hayes, recently published, Orange ballads and "Young Ireland" odes alternate with each other. Their juxtaposition takes off much of their harshness without extinguishing any of their distinctive spirit. Their edges in blending off into each other in the reader's mind, instead of causing a confusion produces a third and new combination, softer in proportion as it harmonizes what was opposite and conflicting, and leaving nothing but the local colour, and the brilliancy of tone. It is under such a conviction that we approach the vivid and picturesque details of the siege of Derry—an event which has rarely been alluded to hitherto except for the purpose of refreshing the animosities of rival castes on the one hand or on the other. It is too glorious and

too national a reminiscence to be any longer relinquished to such disparaging obscurity. Mr. Macaulay has made it history for evermore; he has been, in this as in other instances, our Sir Walter Scott; and has reclaimed the heroic incident to be from henceforward the pride and the boast of Ireland at large.

Everybody knows that in the year 1689, the "Englishry"—that is, the protestant Anglo-Irish inhabitants of Ireland—retreated northward before the advancing forces of the Roman-catholic James under the French General Rosen, as far as they could; and that at last, finding that they had nothing but the ocean before them, they threw themselves into the walled city of Londonderry, as a last resource. Hither they were pursued by the Irish army; and then the question arose—should the defence of the place be attempted? There were cowards, and there were traitors, and there were cautious men among the garrison and in the city, who recommended a capitulation. Indeed, the chances of successful resistance were but slender. But there were true hearts and strong hands within the walls. A meeting of the inhabitants was called. The Governor, who had proposed submission, was bearded to his face with his treachery. Meanwhile, the enemy appeared in sight. Not a moment was to be lost. George Walker, a clergyman far advanced in years, spoke the words of a Christian and of a hero—he exhorted men to trust in God and stand to their defence. All rushed to the walls. The gates were closed with the memorable cry of "No surrender!" The advancing enemy was met with a shower of balls, one of which killed an officer close by James. The place, in short, was to be defended. This was not anticipated by the monarch who attacked. He quitted the army, and returned to Dublin. The first attempts of the besiegers were abortive. They were disheartened; and the siege was turned into a blockade.

It might have been expected that an attack by a regular army, commanded by officers of experience who had been schooled in the greatest wars of Europe, upon a place of which the fortifications were weak and out of repair, defended by a garrison destitute of experience and without any

organization, could only end in one way—that the town must inevitably fall, and fall speedily. The reasons why this result did not ensue are given so fully and forcibly by the author, that we cannot forbear quoting the passage as it stands. An incensed tyrant and a great army, he says, were at the gates:—

“But within was that which has often, in desperate extremities, retrieved the fallen fortunes of nations. Betrayed, deserted, disorganised, unprovided with resources, begirt with enemies, the noble city was still no easy conquest. Whatever an engineer might think of the strength of the ramparts, all that was most intelligent, most courageous, most high-spirited among the Englishry of Leinster and of Northern Ulster was crowded behind them. The number of men capable of bearing arms within the walls was seven thousand; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valour, and stubborn patience. They were all zealous Protestants; and the Protestantism of the majority was tinged with Puritanism. They had much in common with that sober, resolute, and Godfearing class out of which Cromwell had formed his unconquerable army. But the peculiar situation in which they had been placed had developed in them some qualities which, in the mother country, might possibly have remained latent. The English inhabitants of Ireland were an aristocratic caste, which had been enabled, by superior civilization, by close union, by sleepless vigilance, by cool intrepidity, to keep in subjection a numerous and hostile population. Almost every one of them had been in some measure trained both to military and to political functions. Almost every one was familiar to the use of arms, and was accustomed to bear a part in the administration of justice. It was remarked by contemporary writers that the colonists had something of the Castilian haughtiness of manner, though none of the Castilian indolence; that they spoke English with remarkable purity and correctness, and that they were, both as militiamen and as jurymen, superior to their kindred in the mother country. In all ages, men situated as the Anglo-Saxons in Ireland were situated, have had peculiar vices and peculiar virtues, the vices and virtues of masters, as opposed to the vices and virtues of slaves. The member of a dominant race is, in his dealings with the subject race, seldom indeed fraudulent,—for fraud is the resource of the weak,—but imperious, insolent, and cruel. Towards his brethren, on the other hand, his conduct is generally just, kind, and even

noble. His self-respect leads him to respect all who belong to his own order. His interest impels him to cultivate a good understanding with those whose prompt, strenuous, and courageous assistance may at any moment be necessary to preserve his property and life. It is a truth ever present to his mind that his own well-being depends on the ascendancy of the class to which he belongs. His very selfishness therefore is sublimed into public spirit: and this public spirit is stimulated to fierce enthusiasm by sympathy, by the desire of applause, and by the dread of infamy. For the only opinion which he values is the opinion of his fellows; and in their opinion devotion to the common cause is the most sacred of duties. The character, thus formed, has two aspects. Seen on one side, it must be regarded by every well constituted mind with disapprobation. Seen on the other, it irresistibly extorts applause. The Spartan, smiting and spurning the wretched Helot, moves our disgust. But the same Spartan, calmly dressing his hair, and uttering his concise jests, on what he well knows to be his last day, in the pass of Thermopylæ, is not to be contemplated without admiration. To a superficial observer it may seem strange that so much evil and so much good should be found together. But in truth the good and the evil, which at first sight appear almost incompatible, are closely connected, and have a common origin. It was because the Spartan had been taught to revere himself as one of a race of sovereigns, and to look down on all that was not Spartan as of an inferior species, that he had no fellow feeling for the miserable serfs who crouched before him, and that the thought of submitting to a foreign master, or of turning his back before an enemy, never, even in the last extremity, crossed his mind. Something of the same character, compounded of tyrant and hero, has been found in all nations which have domineered over more numerous nations. But it has nowhere in modern Europe shown itself so conspicuously as in Ireland.

“Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that the English colonists have had, with too many of the faults, all the noblest virtues of a sovereign caste. The faults have, as was natural, been most offensively exhibited in times of prosperity and security: the virtues have been most resplendent in times of distress and peril; and never were those virtues more signally displayed than by the defenders of Londonderry, when their Governor had abandoned them, and when the camp of their mortal enemy was pitched before their walls.”

We must interrupt the narrative just to observe that this judicious and

striking summary of the vices and virtues of a dominant race is appropriately followed, at the conclusion of the siege, by some remarks which our modern "*Derry boys*" will find it less easy to stomach.

"It is impossible," he says, "for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance."

Meanwhile, as the blockade continued month after month, famine had begun to do its work of death within the city.

"Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase.

"Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other.'"

But deliverance was at hand. The fleet, lying at anchor in Lough Foyle, was ordered to relieve the place. Two merchantmen volunteered to lead the way, and break the boom.

"It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle."

They were the two merchantmen, and the Dartmouth frigate which escorted them. After a perilous passage through the enemy's batteries, planted on either side of the river, the adventurous little fleet found itself within the fence.

"The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy.

"It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane."

Well does the historian remark, in speaking of this memorable siege, that nobody need despise the tactics or the engineering displayed. The contest was one not between armies, but between nations, and victory declared itself for that nation which, though inferior in numbers, displayed the highest intelligence, self-control, and resolution.

"Five generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence

roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved: yet it was scarcely needed; for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the Fishmongers of London, was distinguished, during the hundred and five memorable days, by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of Roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flag-staves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the House of Bourbon have long been dust; but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands of Ulster."

The historian who has penned this eloquent and affecting relation might be charged with intemperate zeal and bigotry, were there no proof of his impartiality elsewhere. By proof we mean what would convince an Irishman of *Mr. Macaulay's own party*. But fortunately we have, in the same volume, the narrative of another siege, in which the sides were reversed, the Irish and French army of James being within the walls, and the Anglo-Irish force of William outside. This was the siege of Limerick. In the general circumstances there was a striking similarity between the two. "Each city," as Mr. Macaulay says, "was the last asylum of a church and of a nation." In both instances a regular army attacked—a disorganised and discouraged force defended. In both the fortifications were weak. In both the preponderance of public spirit and feeling was within the walls. And although the results were different, yet deeds of heroism as conspicuous as those at Derry formed episodes in the history of the

defence of Limerick, and rendered the memory of it immortal. To the conduct of the Irish during that siege Mr. Macaulay has done the amplest justice, and we see no reason why the loyal Irishman should not from henceforth rank the city of the south with the city of the north among those reminiscences which should raise the honest flush of national pride upon his cheek. Mr. Macaulay justly remarks of the first siege of Limerick, in comparing it with that of Derry, that "in both cases, religious and patriotic enthusiasm struggled unassisted against great odds; and, in both cases, religious and patriotic enthusiasm did what veteran warriors had pronounced it absurd to attempt."

We must not linger too long upon Irish ground. Indeed, there is not much more to be said on the subject, as far as Mr. Macaulay is concerned. It is with him as it is with more vulgar historians. The moment the romance of Irish history is over, they cross over, one and all, to England, and leave us in the dark. A single page or two disposes of Irish affairs for the remainder of the period to which this history extends—namely, to the treaty of Ryswick. And—what we cannot forgive—the name of Molyneux is barely mentioned; neither he nor his book come in for any share of that attention the author has so liberally bestowed on many an obscure and worthless English placeman. This is an omission; and we regret it for more reasons than one. It would have been worth the author's while indeed to have extracted fully whatever details he could find in the little-investigated Irish annals commencing at this period, for the purpose of throwing light upon the condition of the country at the close of the next century, when she was to start suddenly into such prominence, and occupy so large a space in the political horizon.

It is not altogether fair to estimate the transactions of times of convulsion by a comparison with times of tranquillity. A different class of virtues, and a different class of vices, come to the surface at different periods, without so total a derangement of the moral equilibrium as might be supposed at a first glance. The reign of William was affected throughout by the paroxysm of the Revolution. The

subsidence of the great sea of society was gradual, and fitful, and was not complete at his death. There was a heavy swell to the last; and many a wave broke savagely upon the shore, and caused devastation and dismay, long after the tempest which had lashed it into being was lulled asleep. We of to-day, who see but the mirror which reflects the sky, or at most the ripple on the beach, can scarcely judge, at least without some effort and some reflection, of the moral nature of acts which now seem rude and cruel, though they belonged to, and formed part of, the system of the day. What is now public excitement was then public riot and insurrection. The taunting of a minister was then impeachment. The unpopularity of a sovereign was then a conspiracy to take away his life. A sarcastic word was a sword-stab. The pillory was the wooden collar, instead of the column of a newspaper. The nation, and the individual, were equally ready to rush to arms, when a dispute looked unlikely to be otherwise settled. This state of things affected legislation, government, and politics, as well as men's minds and habits. Violence was the equanimity of the day. It may certainly be said that William, by his phlegmatic temperament, did as much to allay this prevailing estimation of men's minds as could be expected from one who had been swept into the kingdom upon the crest-wave of national frenzy, and had to deal with the raging elements of revolutionary convulsion, so easily turned from his interests upon himself. But it should not be forgotten that his powers of accomplishing this were restricted by laws analogous to those which had originally limited his prerogative; that he durst not too rigidly oppose himself to the temper of the times; in short, that he was absolutely forced, in dealing at least with the affairs of the remoter part of his newly-acquired kingdom, to conform himself to the policy of those who, as they had originally raised him to his present position, would hold it but light matter to compass his downfall, should their passions and prejudices be too rigidly thwarted.

Considerations of this nature ought to have their weight, in estimating the conduct of William on more than one occasion, in which he has come

under the censure of the world. His career in Ireland needs no apology. There, he only did as he was forced to do by the pressure of circumstances; and even those who have exclaimed most loudly against the alleged infraction of articles to which his honour was held to be pledged, have never gone the length of asserting that he was a voluntary party to their violation. But in Scotland, where there was less concentration of the hostile elements, where petty encounters took the place of important battles, and a sort of guerilla warfare was carried on in regions unmapped upon any charts to which the Court had access, against savages, in race, costume, nomenclature, and habits utterly unknown to the world outside the pale of their own mountain fastnesses, it was scarcely possible for the King, who was not called upon by any emergency to visit that portion of his dominions in person, to interfere directly or independently with the course of events. Through agents, and through agents alone, could he be expected to attend to such petty and such remote interests. To these agents he must have entrusted not only his executive power, but his discretionary prerogative of mercy. In times such as were then, the powers thus delegated were not likely to be exercised with moderation. Accordingly, we find that cruelty in its most revolting forms marked the course of the subjugation of the highland clans which stood out for King James. But, recurring to the tone and temper of the age, as well as the necessary delegation of the royal authority into the hands of subordinates, we are not necessarily to charge upon the sovereign of the Revolution those excesses which, in another state of society, and distinctly brought home to their assumed author, would have failed to find excuse or extenuation in any human breast.

Our readers are all of them, no doubt, familiar with the story of the Massacre of Glencoe. From generation to generation the Highland mother has rocked or terrified her child to sleep with the half-said, half-chanted legend of that fearful deed; and into the dismal tale thus handed down the name of William has been interwoven, until it has become a double difficulty to disentangle misrepresentation from history, and dissolve

the continuity of tradition. The warrant for the slaughter of the Macdonalds was signed, it is known, by the King.\* The King, therefore, was guilty of their blood—just as Elizabeth was guilty of the blood of Essex, and Charles of Strafford's. Such is the language we hear. Apologist as Mr. Macaulay doubtless is, in numberless instances, for William, and jealously as he must be watched when he applies himself to exculpate him from each of the many charges brought against him, his arguments when founded on facts can be scrutinized by any one; and in this case he appeals to facts. The Master of Stair had determined that the barbarous and troublesome gang of thieves and cut-throats inhabiting the mountain pass of Glencoe, should be exterminated. This was the black and savage mode in which that personage proposed to carry out the King's commands, and pacify the kingdom. But he knew that were he to propose such a thing to his master, he would draw down upon himself the ire of a high-minded and conscientious sovereign. He therefore took his counsel, and contrived so as to have a warrant signed in the hurry of business, which was directed to the Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and which ran thus: "As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves." Now, to extirpate—or root out—a gang of thieves is a very different thing from exterminating a family of men.

"It is undoubtedly," as Mr. Macaulay says, "one of the first duties of every government to extirpate gangs of thieves. This does not mean that every thief ought to be treacherously assassinated in his sleep, or even that every thief ought to be publicly executed after a fair trial, but that every gang, as a gang, ought to be completely broken up, and that whatever severity is indispensably necessary for that end ought to be used. If William had read and weighed the words

which were submitted to him by his Secretary, he would probably have understood them to mean that Glencoe was to be occupied by troops, that resistance, if resistance were attempted, was to be put down with a strong hand, that severe punishment was to be inflicted on those leading members of the clan who could be proved to have been guilty of great crimes, that some active young freebooters, who were more used to handle the broad sword than the plough, and who did not seem likely to settle down into quiet labourers, were to be sent to the army in the Low Countries, that others were to be transported to the American plantations, and that those Macdonalds who were suffered to remain in their native valley were to be disarmed and required to give hostages for good behaviour. A plan very nearly resembling this had, we know, actually been the subject of much discussion in the political circles of Edinburgh. There can be little doubt that William would have deserved well of his people if he had, in this manner, extirpated not only the tribe of Mac Ian, but every Highland tribe whose calling was to steal cattle and burn houses."

The Master of Stair, however, had read the words in his own way, and did his best to act up to his interpretation of them. His guilt is undeniable, and was inexcusable; and the real crime of William (for it almost amounted to such) was his remissness and apathy in bringing this arch-offender to justice, after the nation had joined in a general cry of execration, and a Commission of Precognition and the Scottish Parliament had each solemnly denounced him as the guilty party. Mr. Macaulay, we repeat, is the apologist of William. Reasonable men of every political party will join in applauding him for constituting himself the defender of the monarch's reputation against calumny and misrepresentation. The credit of that great man ought not to be a party monopoly. His character should be a sacred pledge in the hands of all who have a pride in British glory. If in his day he was identified with a party whose excesses he was ever vainly endeavouring to repress, and whose extravagancies gave him

\* A document has been lately published in the *Scottish Press*, purporting to be a copy of the warrant authorising the Glencoe massacre. It is evidently no such thing. It is merely a letter from Duncanson to Glenlyon, urging him "to put to the sword all the Macdonalds under 70 years of age."

as much personal uneasiness, perhaps, as the most dangerous machinations of his enemies, the colours of a faction have dropped from his image as it recedes into the perspective of history, and he remains a marble memory which Tory and Whig may alike reverence. We therefore accord not only our forgiveness, but our thanks, to Mr. Macaulay for having vindicated the memory of the hero-king from unmerited, or only partially-merited, reproach. And these acknowledgments must in fairness be extended to the general tone of the Whig historian, in delineating the persons and peculiarities of the subordinate characters who acted their parts in that drama of Revolution. We are bound to repeat our original judgment, that an increasing tone of fairness is perceptible in these volumes, and that in consequence a greater air of truth, and a diminished air of romance, make themselves felt as we read. In making this admission, some exceptions at once spring to the memory. The unmeasured terms of vituperation with which the great name of Marlborough is assailed, shock the reader of any feeling or delicacy, who is not able and does not wish to disengage it from the veneration the matchless deeds which illustrated it have cast around it, deeds which might have elicited some leniency—some expression at least of respectful regret—in ripping up those old scars which had cicatrised under the honours so thickly and deservedly heaped upon them in the glorious encounters of a later reign. There is a way of doing these things, as nobody knows better than Mr. Macaulay himself. He magnifies the “hundred villanies” of the hero of Blenheim, as if he had a gust of pleasure in defiling the *patrios cineres*. But see how he can, with more of the art of a Rembrandt than of a Vandyke, dispose the few lights and the broad shadows of a picture, so as to draw from the very depth of the one and the scantiness of the other the materials of sublimity. “Strafford”—we quote from the critique upon Lord Nugent’s memorials of Hampden—“who ever names him without thinking of those harsh dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip, wherein, as in a

chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years, high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne: of that fixed look, so full of severity,” &c. “In spite of ourselves, we sometimes feel towards his memory a certain relenting similar to that relenting which his defence, as Sir John Denham tells us, produced in Westminster Hall.” Observe, not one single trait of moral goodness is attributed to him. Further particulars of his character are given. “His counsels respecting public affairs were fierce and arbitrary.” “He was angry even that the course of justice between man and man should be unrestrained by the royal prerogative.” “In Ireland, where he stood in the place of the King, his practice was in strict accordance with his theory. He set up the authority of the Executive Government over that of the courts of law. He established vast monopolies for his own private benefit.” Some of his acts were described by Clarendon as “acts which caused dislike and terror in sober and dispassionate persons, high acts of oppression. Upon a most frivolous charge, he obtained a capital sentence from a court-martial against a man of high rank who had given him offence. He debauched the daughter-in-law of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and then commanded that nobleman to settle his estate according to the wishes of the lady. The Chancellor refused. The Lord Lieutenant turned him out of office, and threw him into prison.” Yet, while “this great, brave, bad man” must be allowed to overawe posterity “as he overawed his contemporaries, and to excite the same interest when arraigned before the tribunal of history which he excited at the bar of the House of Lords,” the illustrious and immortal hero of Ramillies and Malplaquet, the third in the series to which the Black Prince and the Fifth Henry are alone, with Wellington, worthy to belong, is scouted from the page, under the vague charge of “a thousand villanies,” from which no extenuating glories are suffered to relieve him. Indeed, it would be no difficult task to shew not only that the epithets applied to Marlborough are inappropriately coarse, which is evident, but

that the grounds for applying them are, at least in some instances, by no means so substantial and undeniable as Mr. Macaulay would have us believe. But a defence of Marlborough, as it would run beyond our present limits, so happily it is scarcely called for. By-and-by, we shall have Wellington assailed in like manner. As we would answer the partizan who should malign the illustrious modern under the reigns of George the Fourth and William the Fourth by telling him to look back to the reign of George the Third, so would we neutralize, and more than neutralize, the calumnies of the historian of William the Third as they affect the earlier hero by pointing forward to the reign of Anne. We say, more than neutralize; for the only just as well as generous way of judging a character, for good or for evil, is by the light of its most prominent manifestations. Without reference to these, it is highly unsafe to pronounce absolutely upon minor traits; and, on a point wherein political bias may be suspected of exercising any influence over the pen, extremely damaging to an author's credit on the score of impartiality and trustworthiness. Into this matter, however, as we said before, we are not able now to enter. We content ourselves with pointing attention to one striking instance in which the historian has been betrayed, in spite of himself, into a display of the Whig *animus*, in the delineation of two portraits, which we have the best means of comparing, as they hang close to each other—we allude to those of Somers and Harley. He has just executed a series of pictures, all of them of Whigs, and ending with the former statesman. Some of these are highly characteristic—all are spirited. A charm is lent to comparatively uninteresting originals. Then comes the Tory canvas upon the easel—the Lord Treasurer is to be represented. Now the artist not only begins to spare his colours, but he formally protests that indeed he cannot find any personal traits which can possibly attract or interest the connoisseur! The announcement is not artist-like, even though the completion of the work should threaten a forbidding portrait. Somers has been lauded to the skies for certain qualities of various kinds.

*For the very same qualities Harley is sneered at.* Somers "left a great reputation in the House of Commons,"—"and the Whig members looked up to him as their leader." This is spoken in his praise. Harley by patient industry had obtained an accurate and extensive knowledge of the law of Parliament. "His knowledge, his gravity, and his independent position gained him the ear of the house." Yet "his intellect was both small and slow." Somers's "nerves were weak; his complexion was livid, his face was prematurely wrinkled. Yet his enemies could not pretend," &c. Harley's "countenance was heavy; his figure mean and somewhat deformed, and his gestures uncouth. Yet he was heard with respect." Somers, long after he had been condemned to flannel and chicken broth, was charged as being the master of a harem more costly than the Grand Turk's. Mr. Macaulay, while asserting that the private life of his favourite statesman was "malignantly scrutinized," delicately and extenuatingly admits that the wisdom and self command which Somers never wanted in the Senate, on the judgment seat, at the council board, or in the society of wits, scholars, and philosophers, *were not always proof against female attractions!* Of Harley it is said, with covert and curt depreciation, "He had indeed great vices; but they were not of a scandalous kind. He was not to be corrupted by money. His private life was regular. No illicit amour was imputed to him, even by satirists." But there must be a qualifying trait. "His practice of *flustering* himself daily with claret was hardly considered as a fault by his contemporaries." To Somers is attributed the high praise of being the munificent and judicious patron of genius and learning, the connoisseur of exquisite refinement and taste. All this is embodied in glowing and eloquent panegyric. But, while the Whig is eulogized even for the countenance he afforded to Hickee and Vertue, of the Tory it is deemed sufficient to state drily, that, having been studious in his youth, "he continued to the last to love books and the society of men of genius and learning." Only so much for the patron and promoter of Swift! the friend and associate of Bolingbroke! the originator of that



great repertory of historical literature, on which, as one of the central depositories of our national archives, Mr. Macaulay has largely drawn for the materials out of which he laboriously calumniates his memory! This smacks of the two first volumes; and were there much more in such a strain, hard words would be irrepressible. The case is, if not an exceptional, at least an extreme one; and we will not allow it to qualify our general estimate. At the same time its occurrence points to some special reason for running down Harley beyond the other Tories; and we can only think of this, that as some of Harley's attacks upon William were directed upon vulnerable points, it behoved this Persens to protect the Andromeda he is enamoured of by a gorgon shield, which should turn the assailant to stone.

As regards William of Orange, there is, to say the truth, some excuse for Mr. Macaulay's feelings of partizanship—since we can call it nothing else. It was not enough that that monarch was the representative of the Whig or popular element in the British constitutional system of that day, though this alone would have secured a sympathy for him. He needed to be set right in the opinion of the world. Mr. Macaulay found him strangely and perversely underrated by his contemporaries in his own country. This he takes notice of, in exposing what he calls the absurdity and malignity of the Jacobite Middleton's delusions.

"He, like the rest of his party, could see in the usurper nothing but what was odious and contemptible, the heart of a fiend, the understanding and manners of a stupid, brutal, Dutch boor, who generally observed a sulkily silence, and when forced to speak, gave short testy answers in bad English. The French statesmen, on the other hand, judged of William's faculties from an intimate knowledge of the way in which he had, during twenty years, conducted affairs of the greatest moment and of the greatest difficulty. He had, ever since 1673, been playing against themselves a most complicated game of mixed chance and skill for an immense stake: they were proud, and with reason, of their own dexterity at that game; yet they were conscious that in him they had found more than their match. At the commencement of the long contest every advantage had been on their side. They had at their absolute

command all the resources of the greatest kingdom in Europe; and he was merely the servant of a commonwealth, of which the whole territory was inferior in extent to Normandy or Guienne. A succession of generals and diplomatists of eminent ability had been opposed to him. A powerful faction in his native country had pertinaciously crossed his designs. He had undergone defeats in the field and defeats in the senate; but his wisdom and firmness had turned defeats into victories. Notwithstanding all that could be done to keep him down, his influence and fame had been almost constantly rising and spreading. The most important and arduous enterprise in the history of modern Europe had been planned and conducted to a prosperous termination by him alone. The most extensive coalition that the world had seen for ages had been formed by him, and would be instantly dissolved if his superintending care were withdrawn. He had gained two kingdoms by statecraft, and a third by conquest; and he was still maintaining himself in the possession of all three in spite of both foreign and domestic foes. That these things had been effected by a poor creature, a man of the most ordinary capacity, was an assertion which might easily find credence among the nonjuring parsons who congregated at Sam's Coffee-house, but which moved the laughter of the veteran politicians at Versailles."

The history we have just been reviewing is, with all its faults—and it has many—a work worthy of the author and of his high reputation. What Alison so generously said of his earlier volumes is quite as applicable to these,—that those, and those alone, are fully qualified to cavil at the details, who have read, on any point they may select for their criticism, a tithe of the matter digested and assimilated into the body of the narrative. The mass of information here collected is surprising. The mass of learning out of which that information is extracted is almost incalculable. Indeed, the abundance of the supply sometimes embarrasses. Details, all of them interesting, become perplexing by a want of relief. We long to draw a breath. Besides, owing to an unwillingness to premit anything, the author fails not infrequently in keeping his perspective, and gives undue prominence to back ground figures. Thus, he wastes time over many an argument, by entering into the pleadings, when the reader is only interested in the judgment. In his-

tory, once an investigation has been only made, it is the result we look to, not the process by which it has been arrived at.

If we venture to criticise a style so finished and forcible as Mr. Macaulay's, it is more by a comparison with himself than with the other modern historians whom he so far surpasses. Having in view, then, the former volumes, and more especially those essays and miscellaneous writings which preceded them, we find a more marked mannerism here. We discern the structure of the sentences earlier and more easily, and find an occasional monotony arising out of the discovery. The author is fond of catch words. In crossing the Boyne, men, ten abreast, descended into the water. "Next plunged Londonderry and Enniskillen. A little to the left of Londonderry and Enniskillen, Caillemot crossed, at the head of a large column of French refugees. A little to the left of Caillemot and his refugees, the main body of the English infantry struggled through the river." And so on. Although this does not occur so frequently as to amount to a fatal blemish, yet there unquestionably are, in the masonry of his sentences, too many bricks ninscribed, like those of Babylon, with the builder's name. Again, although as a Whig Mr. Macaulay shows, in its proper place, all due contempt for the mummeries and the masquerading of state, and delights in magnifying the puritan plainness of the democratic element in the social constitution of our country, as a Briton and a gentleman he enters with solemn earnestness into the spirit of those forms and ceremonies which have acquired a traditional reverence in the eyes of well-affected and patriotic individuals. Not only does his love of the picturesque naturally draw him into vivid descriptions of great sights, fleets, armies, counsels, congresses, &c.; he has a fancy for looking from windows at pageants and processions, which he details with much of the minuteness and unction of Garter King at Arms, or the *Morning Post*. Nay, he sees sublimity in civic spectacles. Gog and Magog are giants in his eyes—he reverences the red gown of an alderman; and worships the worshipful functionaries of metropolitan renown. It is not difficult to understand and reconcile all this. Mr. Macaulay

has pre-eminently the faculty of seeing in official personages the institutions they represent; and the homage which looks idle, fulsome, or even ridiculous, if addressed to the individual, becomes intelligible when it is paid to the mighty and permanent principle of social order embodied in the functionary. What he wants—if indeed we be not over captious—is the tact to restrain this propensity, where it may not happen to be shared in or understood by the reader. "On the twenty-seventh of January Black Rod knocked at the door of the Commons." Again—for this *noir faïence* is more than once brought in to heighten the sublimity of striking passages—"The Speaker and several members of the House of Commons met, according to form, at ten in the morning, and were summoned by Black Rod to the bar of the Peers." This may be all very well for the lobbies, or within the metropolis, or fifty miles round it; but we venture to say that outside that limit it will move the laughter of nine out of ten intelligent readers, who are not conversant with the forms and the nomenclature of the Houses of Parliament. Black Rod and Gold Stick are not for history. In their places we have no objection to them; but here they may knock, and they may wait, as long as they please; and whether they finally succeed in opening the door of the Commons, or become a monument of Patience outside, they will never effect an entrance into our hearts, or outwait the sturdiness of our refusal to recognise them as anything else than a pair of crutches on which antiquated formality may charitably be suffered to lean.

A graver error has been charged to Mr. Macaulay. He is said to have given umbrage in quarters where his fearless and fierce criticisms on character touch the tombs of honoured ancestors. We are not quite sure whether we can justly blame him on this account. History cannot be written at all, or cannot be written fairly, unless historical personages are treated as public property, and, once their own age is passed, assigned their place in view of every passer by. When a man becomes public once, he makes himself public for ever. His descendants have no right to complain of what they cannot prevent. Never-

theless, we are more convinced that we cannot commend Mr. Macaulay's usual mode of getting out of the scrape. This plan of his, indeed, suits both persons and places; for he well knows that places are as sensitive as individuals. In the very act of attacking an ancestor, he generally insinuates some observation flattering to the feelings, prejudices or vanity of the living descendant, as a man might kiss hand to the son from off the grave of the father he was trampling on. There is often indeed greater difficulty in finding a subject for encomium in the present, than for obloquy in the past, and we are not a little amused at observing that a dread of hopelessly offending the natives of the good city of Limerick has driven the historian to flatter them by a compliment on their—fat cattle!

How grand, after all, is the progress of historical enquiry! How exalted the functions history will, sooner or later, be called upon to fulfil! Until a comparatively recent period, the only records of the past we had, at least for popular reference, were the biographies of kings and queens. It is only now we are beginning to understand that there have been such things as nations, notwithstanding kings and queens. These nations have been making advances, or receding, though kings and queens should be crowned, married, and buried, and without direct reference to these events. We do not speak of advances in the way of territorial acquisitions, or of grandeur, or even of riches; but in knowledge, refinement, civilization, virtue, heroism, and piety. Institutions have been growing up; others have dropped into decay and disuse. Manners, customs have changed. Public opinion, and public spirit, have been arising—freedom has had its birth. Little was thought of all this before the present century. Our enlightened fellow-countryman, Dr. Miller, was one of the first to point out the true light in which the past ought to be surveyed. Mr. Hallam, whom Mr. Macaulay has studied and criticised, has taken a methodical review of our own history, in reference to the origin and growth of the British constitution. In short, a new era has commenced; and for the future the records of passing and past events

will be those not of individuals, but of communities of men. That in these records great names will assume a prominence, is as inevitable as that in the field some blades will outtop others. Nor will kings, and ministers, and generals, and judges and divines, want their due notice. The difference will be, that whereas in the old histories the governing individuals were the axle round which the interest of the reader was expected to rotate, in the new it will be extended to society at large, and every class will have its place and its plea. This is thoroughly understood by Mr. Macaulay, who has done much—though not enough—towards redeeming our national annals from the stigma of being a catalogue of dynasties and the component sovereigns, after the manner of the Egyptian, dry as mummies, and as far from being exponents of the life and spirit of the times in which they had flourished. It is with a regret proportioned to the magnitude of the powers displayed by this distinguished author, that we have had any fault to find on this score, or, indeed, on any other. But he pays for his privileges. Had he been a less accomplished writer, we had been less censorious in our criticisms. Errors in so weighty and influential an authority partake of the importance of their author; as the slightest irregularities become magnified in the construction of glasses of high power. A vast responsibility is incurred, in undertaking a work like this, with means like his. But talents such as he possesses ought to have enabled him keenly to discern not only the damage which any infusion of party spirit, however slight, must do to the character of his entire work, but the probability, almost amounting to certainty, that the defects arising from this cause will be ultimately detected and unsparsingly exposed. After what we have written, the public and the author will acquit us at least of the charge implied in the latter clause. Still it is necessary to face manfully the task of detecting the bias and rectifying the errors of any influential work assuming to represent the facts of momentous periods of history. We ought scarcely to have used the word *rectifying*; for once a history is written, it may be exposed, or denounced; but cannot be rectified. This term is only applicable while the

process is going on in the brain of the historian—before the words have irrevocably become public property. Mr. Macaulay has much still to write. Let us beseech of him, with all the earnestness of respectful admiration and regretful respect, to banish from his mind every prejudice that can possibly connect the politics of the Past with the passions of the Present; and reflect that however gorgeous the coating which is laid over the face of the marble into which the events of other times are graven, and however

artfully those characters may be concealed, an age will come in which the process of restoration will succeed the process of defacement, and the plaster will be stripped ruthlessly off to get down to the truth it overlays.

A little closer self-correction on this point will remove the last obstacle to Mr. Macaulay's admission amongst the exalted class—how few compose it!—who deserve to be considered as having resolved the problem of the Ancient—How to write History.

LOVE IN CURL-PAPERS; A TALE.—PART II.

You have seen a calm cool stream rippling in sunshine through a meadow yellow with cowslips and primroses; you have seen a bud poised in mid-air, hanging on its outstretched wings; you have seen a golden-haired child rocked to sleep by its mother's monotonous but soothing song; you have envied each their happiness, so calm, so eventless, yet so complete, so shadowless: such then, I tell you, were the first days I passed at Niederlaherstein.

Our hours were simple, but happy, and we soon grew so fond of one another that it was scarcely possible to be happy if one of the four were absent for a moment. We all studied philosophy with the Professor. When we had risen, soon after daybreak, and breakfasted at eight o'clock we assembled in the little study. Von Ritter sat in his high chair with an open volume before him,—Bacon, Descartes, Kant or Hegel, as the case might be; and his silvery voice ran over a few words, ere he paused to pour forth his own ever fresh, ever wonderful ideas. Konrad and I sat opposite, while Beatrix sat apart in the window, engaged with that eternal slipper for her father, which seemed never likely to be finished, and stealing a look from time to time, at Von Ritter first, and then at me; or, it might be, at Konrad, for somehow I never could decide which of us her looks were meant for.

Then the sun streamed joyfully in under the thick roses that clung round the high window, and from

time to time some red-bosomed robin, some winged lover of Beatrix's fair hand and the crumbs it spread for it, would come and rap its beak against the pane, or even flutter boldly in and light on her snowy bosom. Then how I lost the thread of the philosophy, in envy of that bird's licence!

Those morning hours—which even the idlest man usually devotes to the little business of his day, to scribble a few letters, or to study the newspaper—we passed, I know not how. It was a new life to Von Ritter and his daughter, and for myself the interest grew daily deeper. Even Konrad caught the contagion, and we frittered away the time in long conversations, which generally began with the subject of the morning's lecture, and ended with a free interchange of each one's cherished ideas. And what strange ideas those were! There was Konrad, a day-dreamer and a poet, ever thinking, and enjoying life for the sake of thought. There was the philosopher himself, whose great mind was a huge machine-work of ideas, where wheels within wheels *ad infinitum* were constantly employing him in arranging one grand whole. His mind was like the sea,—no sooner had one wave of thought broken on the rocky beach, than another huger one rose behind it, only to be followed by another and another, while we stood and listened to the thunder of their breaking. Then Beatrix caught the spray of his ideas, and dashed them with her own bright fancies, which if they had

depth, had always more beauty, and sometimes more sober truth than her father's. And, with such playmates, even my own mind could not be quite becalmed.

If civilization has failed to polish the German, it has at least left him his nature, which it has stolen from other nations. Thus in true Teutonic fashion we dined at the healthy and sensible hour of one; and as the days were very hot, we passed the afternoon beneath some broad-leaved walnut-trees at the end of their little garden, with the bold Rhine rushing at our feet. Then we took our books, and Beatrix her work, and Konrad and the Professor read and smoked. I too had my book and my nargilly; but at the end of a fortnight I found I had read three pages of the former, and consumed scarcely half a pound of tobacco in the latter.

Though all these hours ran out "in golden sands" for me, and, as it seemed, for all of us, there was no part of the day so enjoyable as the cool evening. It was then we sallied out, and passing through the village with a few words to each villager seated outside his door after the sweat of the day, turned our steps in the direction of some object of common interest. Now we toiled up the hill to see the sun set from the black towers of the castle, where Beatrix seemed quite at home, leading us to hidden chambers, or running nimble as a mountain-goat up breakneck stairs; or, again, we followed the Rhine's bank to Braubach, that quaint old town, crouching beneath the gloomy dungeon-holds of black Marxburg; or we crossed the Rhine to Rhense, the very *beau ideal* of a fenced village, whose black old wooden houses now mock the puny wall which defended them in the sixteenth century, and encloses them still. Then we dropped down the Rhine in a flat-bottomed boat, carried gently along by the stream, and raised our voices in some simple student's air, each taking their part suited to his organ, and making the vineyards on the hills re-echo with the harmony, while the sturdy bargee would stop his rowing to listen. Wherever we went we always returned to sup together, and though well tired, would draw out these last moments, and defer the final good night, as if it were sad to end days so happy.

Thus time seemed to me to fly on swallow's wings; but, though calm, its tenor was by no means monotonous, for where mind and heart are alive, there is no need for external events. These, however, were not wanting as far as I was concerned. Though quite a young man, I was not one who could be caught by any pretty sunbeam. I had not been in a cavalry regiment, petted by insipid Misses for three years, simply to fall in love with the first blue eyes that struck me as prettier than the rest. Like all heirs to large estates, I had an instinctive dread of falling in love; and besides all this, I saw that there was some intimate kind of feeling between Beatrix and Konrad.

I did not, therefore, fall in love with the lovely Beatrix. No one could see her beautiful face, with its open and thoroughly artless expression, and the happy smile of a light conscience round its red lips, without feeling something more than mere admiration. But I was Konrad's friend. I saw through it all, as I thought. Their attachment was mutual, but Konrad had held back till he should be in a position to come forward honourably, and I construed his long conversations with the Professor, and his studied avoidance of Beatrix, into the strict conduct of a thoroughly honourable man. There was, too, a certain embarrassment about Beatrix, whenever I mentioned Konrad. Thus, though I did not seek it, we were constantly left alone together after the first few days. It was on one such occasion, that I was sitting at her feet, threading daisies in a long chain, which I at length threw over her head.

"You are very wrong, Karl," she said, for we had learned to call each other by our dearest names, "to pluck those flowers idly. For me, I cannot bear to destroy or mar a single thing that the Creator's hand has made so beautiful. Even the wood-ruff in the maitrank causes me a qualm of conscience."

"Your idea is as beautiful as all your fancies," I replied, looking up in her face. "But you remind me of Konrad, who prefers being bitten all over to killing a single gnat that buzzes about him."

"I believe we both learnt the idea from my father," she answered. "Is

he not a good, a really good man, my father?"

"The best I know; but Konrad—have you known him long?"

"We were brought up together at Munich."

"Is he a relation of yours, or did your father adopt him?"

"Yes, a relation," was the laconic answer.

I began to get as curious as the hero of Coventry.

"He is your cousin, I suppose, Beatrix?"

She blushed slightly, as I thought, at my use of her name, but answered drily, "No."

"Your father's cousin, perhaps?"

"No."

"What relationship is there, then?" I asked impatiently.

"You are very inquisitive," she replied, laughing, and ran off to another topic, without satisfying my curiosity, which was only excited by the oil she poured on its flames. I could not help thinking that Konrad and Beatrix were actually married, and though it seemed almost impossible, the notion took such deep root in my head, that I determined to "pump" Konrad discreetly. There, however, I learnt nothing more.

"We are kind of connections," was all his reply, "in a round about manner; I don't know how to explain it. By the way, I wish you could tell me that song in 'Faust,' which begins—"

And so he ran on, and I felt it would be indelicate to press the enquiry. Still the idea kept its hold on me, and though almost convinced of its impossibility, I did all I could to be less often with Beatrix. This I found most difficult, the more so that every day Von Ritter and Dornheim left us regularly together for a long time after dinner, and that when I offered to accompany them, they alleged some excuse or other, while Beatrix even pressed me to stay with her. It was, therefore, no fault of mine, if I gradually felt that

"All the current of my being set to her;"

if her words sank deep within me, if the music of her voice was echoed in my memory, and floated about my dreams.

It was no fault of mine in short, if I loved Beatrix von Ritter; and who could know her without loving her? Have you turned at times from the

meretricious luxury of a Rubens to the calm, natural beauties of a Claude? Have you never left the noisy, hot-house excitement of the city, to wander in simple sunny fields, to find the lark's carol lovelier than the prima donna's highest notes, the music of the pebbly stream sweeter than the most effective concert at a guinea a ticket? If the change has made your heart bound within your breast, you will understand what I felt to turn from the common world with its dull plagiarisms, its worn-out prejudices, and its newspaper régime of thought, to the quiet purity of Beatrix's mind. Her soul was like a calm lake, whose untroubled waters reflect the blue face of heaven, while even its earthly banks are pleasant with green sward and drooping willows. She knew nothing of the world but what she had read in books. She had, at least, none of its prejudices. Her good heart beat alike for the little joys or sorrows of the simple old peasant woman, Babette, and for the grander sufferings of oppressed nations. Her father's democracy was Christian. While he felt that despotism was a disgrace to any nation, and knew too well how it shackled its growth, and deformed its political beauty, he willingly rendered unto Cæsar Cæsar's due, and allowed that it were better to leave a higher authority to judge Cæsar and his Government. Such, too, were Beatrix's ideas. Yet she constantly spoke of the day when her loved fatherland should own such institutions as should make the voice of the lowest heard in the land, and give to all the liberty of opinion.

She knew little of the world practically, yet from the little she knew she could not but condemn it. Still she was hopeful. She was an optimist, not, as too many are, from a lazy indifference, but from religious conviction. She saw God in all, and good in all, and had made around herself a little heaven of her own, so that no misfortune, no ill of this world, could materially harm her. Whatever happened, she felt the conviction that superhuman aid was ever by her side, and could brave all with happiness, and even thankfulness. It was thus that her father had brought her up. The tuition he had acquired himself by a long experience, and which could never be practically perfected in him,

on account of the long period of his life passed in worldliness, had early formed Beatrix into a true and angel-like Christian.

The August traveller, who rushes up the Rhine on a neat deck, behind two foaming paddle-wheels, and in the "most mixed of English society," turns with eagerness from a long gaze at the trim turrets of Stolzenfels to see what there is on the other side. Close to the water's edge, he finds a huge square tower, and just catches a glimpse of a ruined, roofless nave behind. He refers to his faultless "Murray," and finds it to be the Church of St. John the Lateran.

The owl and the pigeon are all that haunt this solemn spot, which so many see only to forget. Here we came often; it had many charms; it was apart from the rest of the world; it overlooked the noble river, and from its tower we could watch the long rafts that wound down towards Rotterdam or Dusseldorf, and listen to the monotonous song of the many rowers at either end, as they dipped and raised their heavy oars.

We had climbed up with some difficulty to the loft where several huge bells were still hanging. How well I remember reading the inscriptions upon them, and frightening Beatrix by swaying one of them to and fro till it sent out its loud dong.

"And do you know," said Beatrix, "why this fine church, which was built in the twelfth century, and was long a famous place of pilgrimage, is now a moss-grown ruin, roofed, as I think all God's houses should be, by the blue heaven—His real house? It was because the commune and the proprietor of the land, instead of thinking it an honour and a privilege to repair the shrine where their Maker was praised, deemed it an onerous burden, and went to law to decide which of them should pay the paltry sum required. That law, or rather that mockery of law, took forty years to judge this shameful case, and in the meanwhile the church fell to ruin before the very eyes of the litigants. Is it not sad that such narrow-minded people should blot the face of the earth?"

I would not destroy her happy ignorance by telling her that such, and much worse, things occur every day in every city of the world, and that the

public look on with interest, and applaud what they misname the justice of the case.

As we gazed in silence, the scene was disturbed by the rushing past of a steamer, plying towards Coblenz. My heart was so full of happiness that I could even see those my fellow-creatures, whose thoughts I knew to be so far different from ours, with feelings of affection and interest, and I was pleased, though surprised, to notice some well-known London faces.

There was Sir James Eardley and his son, who had been one of "ours," walking up and down the fore-part, smoking cigars, and looking ill-tempered. There was fat Lady Eardley, apparently lecturing her governess, who looked vulgarly miserable, while her two lank daughters were taking sketches, as the boat glided along.

I had known the Eardleys long, and never liked them till that moment; but I felt now as if it would be wrong and unnatural to dislike any one. I had no room for anything but love in my heart. But they were essentially London people, with all the prejudices and the worldliness of Mayfair. To pass a season in town, and go to all the "best houses"—that is, those in which the best born and most fashionable people assemble—to travel in the autumn, meeting at Hamburg, Ems, or Baden, the people they had known in town, and many others (of whom they took no cognizance)—to winter at their country place, or at Rome or Florence, to pass the spring where chance led them, and the season again in town—such was the routine of their existence, and beyond this their ideas never wandered. Even their conversation was confined within strict limits. It was chiefly of people, rarely of *things*, unless they happened to be one of the topics registered by public consent for the season or the moment. Everything else was "slow," or "eccentric," or even "humbug."

When that night we retired to our inn, after a long evening with Beatrix and the Professor, I found a letter from my father, which, as he wrote very rarely, was a pleasant surprise. Among other long messages were these words: "The Eardleys are to be at Ems at the end of this month. They will probably put up at the *Angleterre*. The enclosed is for

Lady E——, and you had better go over yourself and see them, as they know you are at Coblenz. The girls have each had another ten thousand left them by their aunt, and Caroline is, *I think*, charming. You could not do better, Charles, and you may feel secure of my consent."

I laughed till the letter dropped from my hands, and Konrad ha-ha'd out of sheer sympathy. The idea of my marrying Caroline Eardley was too amusing to make the advice annoying.

On the whole, this same visit to the Eardleys seemed particularly opportune to me. I felt that I was sincerely in love with Beatrix, but I had still my doubts about Konrad; for, though the idea of their being married was long since exploded as ridiculous, it was evident, from a hundred little things which occurred every day, that there was something more than mere friendship between them. I therefore resolved to escape for one day, at least, from a constant intimacy which I had not the courage or strength of mind to throw off, and thus leave them for once alone.

When, however, I proposed leaving them the next morning, I was resolutely opposed by all three.

"You forget, my dear Karl," said Von Ritter, "that the Gnostics won't wait till to-morrow; we should lose all the thread of their delicate fancies."

"Besides," added Konrad, "your friends will not be settled yet in their quarters. You had better stay."

"Karl," said Beatrix, looking up from her flowers with mock severity, "I forbid you to stir. I have a thousand things to talk to you about to-day; and, besides, what shall I do without our walk in the vineyard?" And then, as if she had said too much, her fair cheek rushed among the roses of Lancaster.

I could not resist this last appeal, so I yielded, determining, however, to set off the next day.

I tried, however, to avoid Beatrix the whole day, as I dreaded my own weakness if we were much alone together; but her advances seemed to increase in proportion to my retreating, and in an artless and simple manner she literally coaxed me into our accustomed ramble. This did not altogether please me, I confess. It

was a proof, I thought, of her complete indifference, since, had she any feeling but friendship towards me, she would scarcely have shown it so unflinchingly, and I looked on it as another proof of her attachment to Konrad. Still I soon forgot this in her bright friendship. This was one of my sunniest days, in which I basked in the beauty of her smile, and hung upon her every word.

The long summer's evening was brought strangely to a close. As we lingered at the garden gate, loathing to go, I could see how fondly Konrad gazed on her face, lit up by the full half-risen moon. At last, saying "Good night, Beatrix," he took her hand, and kissed her warmly on the cheek.

She blushed to her very eyelids, and, turning to me said, "That is the privilege of relations in Germany."

"What would I not give to be your relation," said I, in my ardour.

She drew back, and refused me her half-offered hand. She was offended, and was walking back to the house. I rushed after her and implored her forgiveness.

"You cannot," I said, "send me to bed without your usual shake of the hand. You cannot be so unkind."

"You have offended me, Monsieur Karl."

"Forgive me, Beatrix," I replied, determined not to notice her "Monsieur."

She turned, and frankly extending her hand, pressed mine twice, and warmly; I was more than recompensed.

Konrad mused dreamily, as we strolled to the "Crown."

"How beautiful is Beatrix!" he said, at last, rather to himself than to me, "If I were nother—her—I mean to say—that is, if we had not been brought up together from childhood, I could fall in love with her."

All this was so strange to me that I could say nothing.

"And then, too, she is so good—so unlike other girls or women; for she is a girl in age and manner, and a woman in mind."

I felt as if I could have embraced Konrad for speaking thus of Beatrix. But we were both too full of our own thoughts to talk, and we tumbled in silence into our couches. I was at length just dozing away with the plea



sant memories of the past day, when Konrad suddenly started and sat up in his bed. I was astonished to see how pale his face looked in the moonlight.

"Charles," he cried, "do you intend to stay here much longer?"

This question puzzled me; I had never dreamed of so unpleasant a thing as leaving Niederlahustein.

"I shall certainly stay till I am forced to leave," I replied.

"I dare not," began Konrad; "I mean to say, I don't like to stay much longer."

"Why so?"

"Von Ritter is not rich, and though you are most liberal about our readings, I feel that our constant company must be an expense to him."

This was said in the tone of a mere excuse, and though it might have been a valid one, there was something under all this extremely mysterious. When I was going to make some suggestion, Konrad suddenly rolled himself up again, and crying "Good night—never mind now—another time," left me like *Œdipus* after his first interview with *Mademoiselle Sphinx*.

I rose the next morning determined to prosecute my excursion to Ems, in spite of all opposition. When we reached the cottage, we found that Von Ritter had taken a sudden fancy to go over to Coblenz on business, and was already off. This was so much the better, as it would leave Konrad and Beatrix entirely alone. My proposition was received, as I had expected, with a steady opposition from both of them, and it was only after a sharp contest that I succeeded in getting away. Even then Dornheim insisted on coming with me, and I had to assert all kinds of excuses, inventing almost impossible fictions, to induce him to stay behind.

How strange was all this! It seemed as if these two were actually afraid of being left in each other's company, and yet I had imagined them attached to one another.

Stepping from a warm bed into a bath below freezing-point is not a greater shock than I felt after leaving the warm friends at Niederlahustein from the rigid indifference of the Eardleys—*friends of many years' standing*. The greeting after a long separation was just the same "How do?" which

you use to an acquaintance whom you meet every day. There was apparently not the slightest pleasure at my apparition, although I believe it afforded them that lazy kind of satisfaction, which is called friendship by a certain class of people in my native isle. The *nil admirari* system, with its attendant *ennui*, was here carried to a perfection which even Chesterfield might have envied, though scarcely approved. All that I had to tell met with the same dull grey eye of indifference. My own strange metamorphosis from a fast dragoon to a rover, shunning, like *Sarpedon*, the "beaten track of men," or aught that I had seen or done since I had last seen them, met with just a tenth of the interest that her ladyship bestowed on details of the ailments of her favourite spaniel, or the comparative vivacity with which the fair *Caroline* described her own hatred of foreign travel, and her anxious expectations of a brilliant season. One and all were essentially as narrow in the scope of their ideas, as any small farmer in the heart of England varying turnips with man-gold wurtzel, could possibly be; yet these worthies were popular people in London, and no bad type of a class unfortunately very considerable. Arthur Eardley had been in my regiment my junior, and still entertained an unbounded respect for a man whose money and manners had made him equally popular with the mess and the club, and I believe he had as much friendly affection for me as his selfish nature was capable of feeling for any living thing. I was therefore not sorry to escape with him, from the dull tautologies of the drawing-room, after dinner, to the consolation of a cigar.

Of course we strolled into the rooms to watch the "tables." The play was rather dull, for the season had only just begun. We had recourse to conversation: my companion could not bring his brilliant capacities to comprehend the eccentric step I had taken, and he occupied himself with pumping me in every way he could devise.

"Stanhope said it was your book on the Oaks," drawled the young dragoon.

"Then he made a very bad shot, for I never had one at all."

"Charles swore the governor had cut you down to a thousand."

"He never allowed me more," I answered quietly.

Eardley opened his grey eyes for the first time to an unwonted rotundity. "You don't mean to say it was all Hebrews?" he asked, in amazement.

I had great difficulty in explaining that I had never honoured those worthy gentlemen with my custom, and that I had lived and laughed on that moderate income.

"Look at that fellow. That's the fifth time. He'll break the bank at that rate!" exclaimed my companion, as I was solving the enigma.

I turned toward the table. A large heap of bright gold collected in one spot directed my eyes to the winner, round whom a crowd of spectators was assembled.

I could not for a moment believe my sight. There was the handsome, melancholy face, as calm as ever, waiting apparently with the most complete indifference the decision of the next count. The colour won again, and Von Ritter—for it was no other—the philosopher, the apostle of Utopia, the Purist, as I had known him, filled a large sack with the glittering coins, and drew off, amid the wonder of the surroundings, as calm, as melancholy as ever.

My first feelings were those of utter disappointment; I seemed to have lost my last anchor. I, who had rejected and avoided the world, to find the man I had trusted and undoubtedly admired and respected, now placed on a par with the lowest of its devotees. It was painful to be thus deceived in one's best friend—to find all one's trust a lie—to find a maggot in the golden fruit one had so prized and upheld. It was indeed bitter!

I made some awkward excuses to Eardley, and escaped to the river's side. By the bridge I found a boat, hired it, and, pushing off, pulled vigorously down the swift stream. At length, when fairly exhausted, I lay down and let the current carry me along. Then I ran over all I knew of Von Ritter. I was somewhat consoled by remembering that all the time that I had been at Niederlahustein he had never left us before for a single day. But then he had stated that he was gone to Coblenz. Was he then capable of a lie as well? Perhaps he had been there,

and had gone round to Ems. At any rate, I had been deceived in the man I had thought all but immaculate, and how bitter was that deception. I had been disappointed a dozen times before. It was part of my nature to suppose those whom I liked really worth more than was the case; but these had been commonplace beings, for whom I cared but little, and whom I had never ranked high. But now the unveiling was bitter indeed!

I glided past the Castle as we had done the first day. There was no white robe now on the turret. I shot the rapid, and I could almost have wished to be thrown out this time. It were better, I thought, to lie at the bottom of the broad Rhine, than to find even its most hallowed spots full of the world's rottenness.

I strode through the village full of a sunken bitterness of spirit. Suddenly I caught sight of Beatrix walking slowly in front of me. For the first time, I felt an inclination to avoid her; but I noticed that her head was bent, and she was evidently examining something which she held in her hands. As I drew near, I saw that she was plucking, one by one, the white petals from a large field daisy, and her silvery voice was repeating the "lover's oracle."

"He loves me—a little—very much—passionately—not at all. He loves me—a little—very much. Ah! here is the last—passionately!"

"Who could love you otherwise?" I said, over her shoulder.

She screamed with astonishment, and, as she turned round, I saw that her face and neck were crimson; then, to cover her confusion, she linked together a chain of little questions.

"So you are come back? and how did you find your friends? and did you obey your father's injunctions and offer to Miss Eardley? You look so sad, that I shall begin to think she has refused you. Is that the case? But where is Konrad?"

I confess this last inquiry vexed as much as it astonished me.

"You are surely better able to answer that question than I am," I replied. "I have not seen him since this morning."

"Indeed! I thought he had gone with you to Ems. I have seen nothing of him the whole day."

"And do men leave those they love

passionately all day alone?" I asked with a malignant pleasure."

She blushed deeply as she answered, "Indeed I believe the daisy is not at all to be relied on."

"Or, perhaps, the poor flower refers to another person, of whom you were not thinking," I said.

She turned her blue eyes full upon me. They were certainly innocent of deceit.

"How so? Whom do you mean?"

My own name was on my lips. One word might have done all, when the thought of Konrad rushed back to stop it.

"Can you not guess?" I asked. "Are you so blind? Well, then, time will show."

"You speak in riddles," she replied, wonderingly.

I dared not tempt my destiny. "Time will show," I repeated, and rushed away to the little inn, leaving Beatrix in the middle of the road, looking completely puzzled.

On my table I found a note from Konrad, running thus:

"If I do not turn up before midnight, you need have no fears for my safety. As you would not take me with you to Ems, I determined to have a long day with my own reflections; and, as these may extend to unforeseen limits, I may perhaps wander too far to return to-night. Ever till death, &c. K. D."

After nearly an hour's mature consideration of the question, turning it round and round like a ball, I came to the conclusion, that as far as Konrad was concerned, I was at liberty to remain in love with Beatrix von Ritter, and even to make some attempt to discover in what direction her feelings flowed. But I was too old a hand, even in love affairs. Had I not, under pressure of dives, allied myself to Miss Jackson, the coachmaker's daughter, whose *dot* was reported to be little under a hundred thousand, when a title luckily stepped in and bore off the prize. Had I not for a whole season been the favourite flirtation of Isabel de Fotheringay, the belle of three Julies, who eventually gave her hand, and I fear, not her heart, to a gouty millionaire, Sir Cræsus Countless? I was too old a hand, I say, to allow myself to become irrevocably attached, without examining all the *pros* and *cons* of the case.

These were not altogether satisfactory; but to understand the reason, you should know the position in which I was placed. I left Rugby with better principles than I have ever had since. All the villainies of a public school had failed to root out the ideas which a childhood of solitary thinking had planted firmly within me. I was fully alive to all the follies, all the vices of the world; but I had a strange longing for a life of action. My father was a very rich landholder. I had one younger brother only, and it was therefore needless for me to seek a profession. But I felt, even at that age, that every man that lives is put into the world for more beings than himself, and that it is just as much expected of him to make his life useful to his fellow-creatures and mankind at large, as it is intended that the ox shall be killed and eaten, or the sugar cane yield its sweetness for man's use. To pass a voluntary life of selfish idleness seemed to me scarcely to earn the seven feet of a grave in that earth on which we had lived an useless weed. This reflection made me resolve to satisfy my conscience by some occupation or other. But wherever I looked I was met by difficulties which I was then too short-sighted to overcome. The Church seemed to me merely a field for party hatred and polemics. The bar required a renunciation of all principle. Even the healing art smacked of quackery and presumption. I did not then see the shallowness of these arguments, and my father helped to confuse me by disapproving highly of all such fancies. He could only hear of two things—the bar, with an eventual prospect of the House, or the Army. Now, of all vile impositions, the much lauded British Parliament had always seemed to me the vilest. The whole system appeared one mass of jobbing, by which the nation was continually duped out of the right government for which it paid so dearly, and representation was the last thing of which that worthy assembly could conscientiously boast. In a foolish moment I wrote to my father, and a few weeks after was gazetted in the dragoons.

The curse of my existence has been the love of being liked by others. I had never the heart to offend a living creature of any kind, but rather constantly endeavoured to secure their

affection and good opinion. Before I had been three months in the regiment I found myself successfully playing the first part of Timon, quite careless of the catastrophe which would naturally ensue. The second part of course came in time, and I left the army in disgust at the hollowness of society, the falseness of all pretended friendship, and the insipidity of army men in general, and the "Heavies" in particular. Quite *blasé*, and in a fit of spleen, I had come abroad. Chance had led me to sleep a night at Bonn. Under the windows of the hotel I happened to hear a quartett sung by some students to a favourite beauty. There was a light carelessness in their voices that spoke to me of more happiness than the hot ball-room and the eternal conceit and buckram that infested the fashionable localities. Three weeks later I was a matriculated student of the "Royal Frederick-William Rhenish University," and an associate of the carroussels and wanderings of wild over-enthusiastic creatures, half poets, half children. Among these dreamy drinkers I had chosen Konrad Dornheim, the dreamiest of the whole herd, and with him I was making a tour in the vacation, when Fate and the rapid brought us to Niederlahnstein.

Though heir to a large fortune, I was still dependent on my father. If it pleased him to stop my allowance, I should be left in *status pauperis*. He was too, though not actually avaricious, one of those many men who do not subscribe to the popular creed "that enough is as good as a feast," but the more you have the more you ought to have. "Your brother will want the best part of the funded property," he said to me, "and I should wish the place to be kept up in the old style. You must marry two or three thousand a year if possible, and at least a good name, Charles."

This idea had become as much a creed with him as Protection or "No Popery," and it was therefore a bold stroke to sit down, as I did, and write to ask his consent to my marrying Beatrix von Ritter, a German, without a penny. Yet, so I did.

I always thought myself a very ready letter writer, just because I am a shocking talker. I can never sustain an argument when my adversary

is before me. Even when I see his weak points, I have such a fearfully delicate conscience, that I am afraid of hurting his feelings by coming down on him. But on paper, I am a very Demosthenes, and sweep all before me. My letter to the "governor," was no disgrace to my art, and as I folded it up, and sealed it with his arms and mine, I thought to myself that my worthy paternal relative must have neither heart nor head, if he could send a negative reply to that epistle.

Two suns rose and set, and Konrad did not appear. On the third day I received a mysterious note addressed by some unknown hand, and marked "private." I was sitting with the Professor and Beatrix at the time, and great was their disappointment when they saw that the hand was not the truant's. I opened it to find that the outside only was counterfeited. He wrote from Mannheim, thus:—

"DEAR KARL,—I strolled too far to return, having got all the way to Osterspays, so I crossed over and slept at Boppard. Here I came across a newspaper, containing important news, which induced me to set out immediately for Munich. It would be impossible now to explain the intricate web of the affairs which take me to the capital of Bavaria. I reserve this till our meeting. But the precautions I have used are destined to keep Von Ritter and Beatrix in ignorance of my whereabouts. I would not for anything on earth, they should know I am in Munich, or the news that takes me there, so that if a newspaper is sent them, you must try to secure it. Much depends on this."

The rest of the letter was filled with instructions about the things he wished to be forwarded to him. He gave his address in Munich, but with an assumed name, and begged me to write often, with full details about our friends. Lastly, he added, "You may tell them that a sudden fancy induced me to come here. They are too much accustomed to my freaks to think anything about it."

I had some difficulty in stopping Beatrix's unblushing curiosity about my letter, but I succeeded at last in getting away. I considered what was to be done. The letters which arrived for the quondam Professor were few—the newspapers fewer still. He rarely

read them, for he said that as he was living literally out of the world, and taking no part in its progress, he shuddered at the idea of all its miseries and public villainies. A newspaper had a bad effect on his mind, occupied as it was with subjects which journalists could never even soar near to. The vanities of nations, when the interest in their progress was gone, were but a sad study.

I was therefore surprised the next morning to see a newspaper among his few letters. Though my conscience smote me, I felt justified in taking them from the hand of the boy who brought them, and pocketing the journal.

When alone, I opened and looked over it. It was a Munich paper, but I could find nothing that corresponded to "important news," in its sheets. One paragraph mentioned that the illness of the Electress Dowager was becoming still more alarming; that she had been delirious during the night, and that her son, the old King, who had passed the whole night by her bedside, had taken the wise precaution of ordering all the attendants to quit the sick room, retaining only the confidential physician by his side.

In another part of the paper was a mysterious paragraph, which it seemed possible might have some connection with Von Ritter as a political exile. It ran somewhat thus:—"Two arrests were made in this city last night, and we are led to suppose that another will ere long be made in some part of the kingdom. Some persons will doubtless imagine that these measures are simply political. We are, however, enabled to inform our readers, that they are the consequence of revelations *unavoidably* made in very high quarters."

These two paragraphs, which seemed to have some mysterious connection, were the only ones of any special interest in the whole paper; and on these accordingly did I fix as the "important news" of which Konrad had written.

I found no difficulty in allaying the anxiety of Von Ritter about Konrad. They seemed quite to understand his sudden departure, and Beatrix explained with some confusion that though they had been brought up together, almost "as brother and sister," he had rarely, ever since he was six-

teen, stayed with them more than a few weeks at a time, and that he had generally left them suddenly. I attributed all this to Konrad's eccentric character, and wrote a long letter to him, imploring him to have nothing to do with political intrigues, which could result in nothing but misfortune to all concerned in them.

When this was done, I was glad to relax into the calm which these events had broken, but it was no longer the same. I could not but have doubts about the sincerity of the Philosopher. I could not but feel certain misgivings at the mysteries which seemed to surround them all; and I was naturally anxious about my father's reply to my request, which I could not with any real hope expect to be in the affirmative. I determined, however, to throw everything off my mind, and give way to the soothing influence of Beatrix's converse.

No lotus-eater, in lands of dreamy beauty could have been happier than I in those few short days of idleness and love. Her voice was like the music of a fountain dancing in a silver basin in the quiet court of some Eastern palace, paved with deep-veined marble; her words were as of some golden book speaking truth to the long-doubting: she seemed to sit, like Philip by the Æthiop's side, pouring out to me deep draughts from the well of everlasting truth. Her presence was the alchemy of life. Beneath that sun, all smiled, all danced and laughed, and turned to purest gold. Here was the true philosophy, that of hope and love. Even when the world and its falseness were forced upon us, she pointed to Heaven—nay, she even pointed to Earth, and we felt that He who dwelt there, and He who made this, was over all, and that His really was the victory.

Then we read Shakespeare and Byron, and parts of Shelley and Tennyson together, and it was strange to hear her lisp the language in which, I thought. She had learnt English well, but had a hopeless accent, and yet I would not have had that accent changed. There was a certain music about it, and a character that made a new language of it.

The Philosopher meanwhile was changed, and I could see it was hard for him to lose Konrad. There was a bitterness in all he said: even in our

daily readings he could not entirely forget himself. I remember we were speaking of Sufism: "I could almost believe those grand theories," said he, "from sheer admiration of them. To attribute all that is bad in man to the flesh, and to make spirit the genius of goodness and beauty—matter that of imperfection and ugliness, denying the existence of *positive* evil, and admitting it only as the negative of good, as black is the negative of colour—and then to look forward to a final absorption in the great Supreme One, the Spirit of Everlasting Beauty,—these are consoling theories. For," he added, in a faltering tone, "is there not always a dread uncertainty in the future? Can I take upon myself to say that even the repentance of years has actually washed out the constant wrong of a godless life? Can I presume to assert that I am forgiven—worm that I am, speck in a vast infinity!—an atom, to which His mercy may or may not extend? How can I tell if even the present is really better than the past?"

His voice trembled as he spoke, and it was evident that he felt deeply. Beatrix had already stolen to his side; she had placed her white hand round his neck, and leaning over him, soothed him.

"Dear father, why think of the past now? Is not the present more than enough to compensate for it? And if, indeed, you could need it, is not the mercy of the Infinite, infinite itself? Can there be bounds to any of His qualities, who is himself boundless?"

Thus the hours flew by, flapping their wings with beats regular and unchanging as the measures of time. It was then I learnt that true happiness is progressive monotony with those we love, and I began to appreciate the Northern theory of Heaven, which regarded Eternity as a repeated chant of praise in the presence of the Eternal Father. How far more true

is such a notion of complete and perfect happiness, than Sybarite revels with Mohammed's Houris, or even blind absorption into Kapila's universal animus! If love be perfect, it requires no change, and can admit no variety. To vary perfection, necessitates the introduction of imperfection; so that sameness becomes the only legitimate accompaniment of perfect love. As long as the love remains, the smile of the beloved one may be repeated a thousand times, but the last will be as charming and even as fresh as the first! O spirit of sleep-walking Lotus, perfect monotony, whom man has slandered with the name of "dull," all hail to thee!

But if it did not weary me it will at least tire you, reader, who are not in the same category as I was, and, luckily for the interest of my story, my happiness was doomed to have an end.

We were sitting once more by the broad blue Rhine, watching the shadows lengthen in the evening, and soothed by the eternal flowing of those full waters. She had thrust the waves of golden silk from her forehead, and the lily skin of her brow looked lovelier beneath the slanting beams: her guitar lay by her side, for she had been singing.

"I feel," she said, "the shadow of some sad event upon me: can your philosophy divine it? It seems as if that sun were setting more slowly than usual, as if to lengthen out the happy hours. Do you know, I have a feeling that this is the last time we shall sit together, Karl."

"And would it grieve you if it were, Beatrix?"

"Yes; it is sad to lose a friend with whom we have shared happiness; it is like breaking up a banquet. Do you know this song?"

She took the guitar and began to sing, one of those well-known ballads that are in the mouth of every German student: I know not if I can turn it well into English.

Three careless students cross'd the Rhine,  
And enter'd a hostel to sip their wine.

"Come, hostess, bring hither thy beer and wine.

But where's thy fair daughter, the rose of the Rhine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear,  
But in her last sleep lies my daughter dear."

Within Death's chamber then they trod,

And gazed on the maiden, whose soul was with God.

The first withdrew the gloomy veil,  
To view that face, so fair, so pale.  
"Oh! why art thou dead, thou lovely maid?  
I now might have loved thee for ever," he said.

The next drew back the ghastly shroud;  
Then turn'd away and wept aloud:  
"Oh, that thou liest on thy cold bier!  
I have loved thee in silence full many a year."

The third knelt down where the dead girl lay,  
And kiss'd those lips, now cold as clay:  
"I have loved thee for ever, and love thee still;  
I have loved thee for ever, and ever will."

She ceased; and the long notes rushed past me to the river, floating away with the waves. Her fingers still ran over the strings, as she said:

"The love death cannot kill is the only real love."

"And would you value such a love yourself?"

"How happy it would make me!"

"And would that be sufficient reason for you to return it?"

She looked at me and blushed, as she answered, "Yes,—yes."

I leant forward, and looked fondly into her face.

"Beatrix," I began, as my heart beat loud and strong, "if I tell you that —"

"Here is a letter for you, Karl," said the Professor's voice behind me. We both started, taken by surprise, and I saw the deep blush on her fair cheek. I took the letter,—it was from my father: I tore it open, and read the first ominous words,—*"You are a madman, Charles, to think I could ever consent —"* I felt the blood rush back to its source. I caught one look at Beatrix's averted face (had it been turned to me all still might have been saved), and crumpling the letter in my hand, I strode fiercely away.

I left the garden, and walked on at a furious rate. I gained the road, and, passing on through the village, continued to walk with long, quick strides along the highway. I had no other feeling than one of utter despondency; it seemed as if everything had been taken from me—as if the only object of my existence was gone. I had no reason to continue to live, but the fear of suicide. Then, as the feeling grew stronger, I felt angry at my fate, as a man that had been ruined and cheated at the same time. I uttered angry words; I clenched the hand

that held my father's letter, and I broke out into vehement invectives against myself and my folly. At length this exercise calmed me a little. After walking for two or three miles, I began to feel more reasonable, and my anger gradually changed to sorrow,—I thought of Beatrix, and already wondered if my change towards her grieved her. Then at length I sat down, and for the first time read the rest of the letter.

It is fair to state that the first sentence was the worst; the rest was written in a tone more conciliatory, though evidently under the influence of strong feeling, or even passion: he at last reasoned with me, and concluded by begging me to test the reality of my attachment.

"You must remember," he wrote, "that when a man lives almost alone for a long time in the company of any woman, he must be of a very cold temperament if some feeling does not arise between them. But to act upon this sentiment would be to lay yourself open to the bitterest disappointment when you again mingle with the world. The person whom you at one time think perfect then sinks into worse than mediocrity, and you are forced to admit how completely you have been the dupe of peculiar circumstances. I must, therefore, forcibly request you at least to give this matter a trial. I speak to you as a man of the world, and ask you what would be your opinion of one of your own friends, whom you saw acting the same folly? Have you never pitied a man for being 'taken in,' when all the time he swore the perfection of the lady? Lastly, you must consider the matter with the eye of common sense. You are dependent on me. A match of this kind is one to which I will never give my consent,

as I shall always regard it as an act of temporary insanity. If, then, you marry any such person, I must remind you in clear terms that you do so on your own responsibility, and your offer cannot therefore be made with honour, since, as far as I am concerned, you will have nothing to offer but yourself; and as you are without a profession, the lady will be greatly disappointed if she accept you. I am not a man to alter rashly what I once decide. I must beg you to call to memory that you have a younger brother, who cannot object to becoming a landed proprietor if you relinquish your claims, and that it is a matter of no great difficulty to send a counter order about certain moneys at Counts'."

So he ran on through a dozen hastily scrawled pages. He might have kept back his threats, and have succeeded better with calm reasoning. But his menaces proved one thing to me—that he was determined, and I felt that if I gained Beatrix's affections, it could merely be to reward her confidence by utter penury or some wretched substitute. Though I felt that my love for Beatrix was such as could never alter, based as it was on a reasonable estimate of her superiority, and not on mere passion, I could not but admit that it had never had a trial. Lastly, I had been bred in that Spartan school of the last century, which taught that a father's word is all-powerful, and that his influence ceases scarcely even with his death. I did not see that in two things at least—Religion and Love—the parental authority is in a certain circumstance superseded by higher interests.

I resolved at length to tear myself from Niederlahustein, as while I remained I could not view the case with reason. I retraced more slowly the steps I had come in such hot haste, turning the question over and over in every possible manner. It took me two hours to pack my boxes in the most hurried way, and even then it seemed too late to leave for Coblenec the same night; but I felt how impossible it was to rest, and I dreaded the effect that another morning might have on my resolutions.

It was with a heavy heart I broke my sudden departure to my ingubrious host. The poor old man literally

cried, and I delighted to believe his tears sincere. It was not only because I was his best customer, and that a profitable source of income must now be taken from him; it was that a simple friendship had grown up between us. He had made me the confidant of his humble sorrows, and I, to a certain extent, had unburdened my heart to him. He often spoke of Beatrix and her father in terms of respectful affection, and it was then that, feeling grateful to him for his admiration of those whom I loved, I had told him how full my heart was. I now determined to make him the connecting link between us in my absence and exile.

"I shall write to you from Munich," I said to him, "and I shall look anxiously for your answers. I should like to hear how you get on from time to time, and above all, send me all the news about the Herr Professor and his daughter—for you know my interest, Fritz, in them, and they will not write to me, for he scarcely ever writes a single letter."

The poor man's bill was very modest, and had I dared I would have paid it threefold. As it was, I had great trouble in inducing him to accept anything but his humble demand. Then he took my boxes to the riverside to his own boat, in which I was to float down to Coblenec.

Full of heaviness, I turned towards the cottage to make my dreaded farewell. Strange it was, the light streamed from the study window as it had the night of my arrival: with what difference of feelings did I gaze at it as it fell upon the leaves of the creepers! I mounted the little stairs and groped my way to the door. There, as before, the old man was reading, as his wont, to his daughter the golden words of truth, and as before, she was leaning over the back of his high chair. The coincidence was so strange that I stood in wonder at the door, and could plainly see how changed was the expression of her face; there was no longer the careless lightness, the rosy happiness that I first saw there: her cheek was somewhat pale, and there was something of anxious thought in her eye.

My sudden flight had prepared them for bad news, but both were horror-struck when I told them that my



trunks were packed and the boat waiting,—I saw her cheek grew whiter as I spoke, and hard she struggled to disguise her real sorrow. Yet they scarcely conjured me to stay. Though I of course explained it as the wish of my father that I should immediately travel onwards, and alleged my wish to cut short our leave-takings as the reason for my sudden movements, Beatrix knew by conscience, and Von Ritter by experience, what it all meant, and they acted accordingly.

"I think," said he to me, apart, "that I divine your real motives, or at least the real necessity. I do not blame you, but I think you will regret Niederlahnstein ere long; and for myself the separation is as painful as if you were my son."

It was not long before I wrung both his hands again and again, and left him.

"God bless you!" he said, in a tremulous voice, and sank into the high-backed chair.

Beatrix followed me down to the garden-gate.

We went in silence, for neither of us dared to speak, lest the whole fulness of our hearts should run over in words; we even stood for a moment at the little wicket without exchanging even a look.

"You will come back?" she said at last, and her voice betrayed her feelings.

I could not answer. I had no hope of ever being able to do so. I left her with the intention of forgetting her—if possible: but I could not say "No."

"You will come back, Karl?" she asked again, and this time raised her eyes to mine.

What a trial was that look! I felt it was dragging me away.

"I cannot tell," I faltered. Then I spied a white rose which she had placed near her bosom.

"Will you give me that rose, Beatrix?" I said; "it is so like you, that it will remind me of you; though I shall not need —"

I checked myself, for I remembered the sentence under which I was bound. She took it, and placed it in my hand, and for a while her fingers were not withdrawn. The next moment a tear-drop fell warm upon my hand. Coward, worldling that I was! she loved me, and I was unworthy! I had won her love, and now abruptly, coldly cast it away. I felt all this; but the world was before me. I did not dare to look at her face. I took her hand; it was so cold that I was frightened. I pressed it tightly, passionately, and I felt that the pressure was returned.

I rushed down the lane through the dark.

I did not dare to look back, for I felt that she was leaning, faint, against the side of the wicket.

#### THE DOCTOR IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

"A MAN may escape from the rope or the gun,

Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill;"

but who can escape death or bonds, if the doctor, speaking from the vantage ground of the witness-box, shall pronounce him to be worthy of either? It becomes daily more difficult to reply satisfactorily to this question, for almost every day brings its evidence that the doctor is growing more and more ambitious to carry his science into courts of law. We confess to many a painful reflection upon this subject, when it has been brought

within the circle of our thoughts by passing occurrences; but, surrounded as it is by many difficulties, we have not yielded to an inclination to discuss it with our readers, until the circumstances of one of the most remarkable criminal trials upon record have, in a manner, forced it upon the public attention. In the "Great Burdon slow poisoning case," as it has been named, we have an instance, as far as we know, singular, in which a prosecution for murder was carried on with unexampled acrimony, from a basis of medical testimony alone, altogether unsupported by moral or

circumstantial evidence; or rather, we should say, in direct opposition to the strongest probabilities and most obvious facts, and in the entire absence of even a shadow of direct proof. A short, connected, statement of the circumstances, as they were developed in protracted investigations, before three legal tribunals, carried on with the aid of the highest forensic skill, and with no small bitterness on the part of the prosecutors, will, we expect, show that we do not lay down this position without sufficient warrant.

Mr. Joseph Snaith Wooler, a gentleman of independent means and middle rank, now forty-five years of age, married eighteen years ago Jane Brecknell, a lady of suitable position, and about the same age, the daughter of a surgeon. They went together to India, for what purpose does not appear; but upon their return, some seven or eight years since, they settled at Great Burdon, in the county of Durham, a neighbourhood in which both husband and wife were known, and where each of them was within reach of near relatives. There they resided constantly, with the exception of one or two short visits to friends, up to the period of Mrs. Wooler's death in June last; and there Mr. Wooler continued to reside for a month subsequent to that event, when he was arrested upon an information made by his brother-in-law, Mr. William Henry Brecknell, charging him with the murder of the deceased lady, by the wilful administration of poison. Mr. and Mrs. Wooler had no children; they were both constitutional invalids, careful of their health and fond of medical attendance and treatment. They seem to have been mutually necessary to each other as nurses; and the strongest evidence of their having always lived together in the most harmonious and affectionate manner was given by the witnesses for the prosecution. No attempt was made to refute this testimony, and it was admitted upon all hands, that it was absolutely impossible to imagine any

motive to the alleged crime. "I freely confess," said Mr. James in opening the case against Mr. Wooler, "that from the first to the last, I cannot suggest a motive. The conduct of the prisoner evinces apparently a feeling of the strongest affection. I am not aware that there had been any quarrel between him and his wife. I am not aware that they led other than a happy life, and were considered an affectionate couple."\* As this confession was made by a learned counsel, against some of whose statements, as being unsupported by evidence, the judge very pointedly cautioned the jury, it may be taken as proof that ingenuity, sharpened by considerable zeal, had failed to discover the slightest moral basis for suspicion of the prisoner's guilt. Mr. Wooler had no insurance upon his wife's life. According to his own deposition before the coroner, which was not contradicted, he lost a small annuity by her death. He had no attachment to the indulgence of which she was an obstacle. The amplest and most trustworthy evidence showed that she was a faithful wife, a kind companion and nurse, an active and trusted mistress of his household.

Under these circumstances, Dr. Jackson, a general practitioner—that is a person who combines the practice of medicine with the compounding and selling of drugs—was called in to attend Mrs. Wooler on the 8th of May. He had seen her professionally once or twice before, and he found her, as he thought, then, suffering from influenza and disordered stomach, for which he treated her. She had difficulty of breathing, slight redness about the eyes, and a very quick pulse; the remedies he gave her were, according to his own statement, effervescing magnesia, willow bark, and "medicines of a sedative character, more or less." About a week afterwards she suffered from severe vomiting and irritation of the bowels, which continued, with two slight intermissions, until she died upon the 27th of June. Some importance was

\* We quote from the *Durham County Advertiser*, for Dec. 14, 1855. To the careful report of the trial in that journal, and to an equally careful report of the investigation before the magistrates at Darlington, reprinted from the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, we are chiefly indebted for a knowledge of the facts of this extraordinary case.

attached, by the conductors of the prosecution, to the fact, that about a week before Dr. Jackson was sent for, Mrs. Wooler had suffered in a slight degree from the symptoms we have just mentioned. Being constitutionally "delicate and weak," she one day said "she felt very poorly; she had a pain in her head, and went out and had a walk. She came in and had her tea, but was not so well. She was sick that night, and vomited." A significance was attempted to be given to this occurrence, by adducing proof before the magistrates, that Mr. Wooler did not partake of the soup, which constituted part of their dinner on that day; but it was proved that he "never did take soup;" and the point not having been pressed at the trial, no light was thrown upon it by inquiries as to whether the soup had been eaten of by other persons, and if so, with what consequences.

On the 16th of May Mr. Hensell, assistant to Dr. Jackson, and described as "a gentleman who had a very high education indeed," visited Mrs. Wooler. He then "believed her to be labouring under irritation of the intestinal canal;" but, in addition to the symptoms peculiarly indicative of that disease, he describes her to have had "short tickling cough, with an uneasy sensation at the windpipe, and a pulse from 110 to 120." He treated her for a disordered stomach, continuing the medicines previously prescribed by Dr. Jackson. On the 4th of June Mr. Hensell again saw Mrs. Wooler, and finding the symptoms of irritation aggravated, he says he "was led to conjecture such effects might be produced by arsenical poison." He did not, however, mention his suspicions until the 7th of June, as he stated at

the trial, or till the 8th or 9th, as he deposed before the magistrates, when, Dr. Jackson having made him acquainted with the fact that a similar idea had occurred to his mind, they had a conversation upon the subject. Nevertheless, upon the 6th of June, Mr. Hensell and Dr. Jackson consulted with Dr. Devy, a medical gentleman of Wolsingham, who visited Mrs. Wooler at the request of her husband, and neither of those gentlemen spoke of the suspicions they entertained. On the 8th of June, the day, or the day after, Dr. Jackson (according to his own varying statements) had "made up his mind that Mrs. Wooler was suffering from arsenical poison," Mr. Wooler called upon him and asked his opinion with respect to her: "I told him (deposed the doctor) she was in a dangerous state, and my opinion was unfavourable. I thought she was consumptive, and had ulceration in the bowels." The husband was greatly irritated at not having been sooner informed of his wife's illness, "as he said he was able to have the best advice," and he expressed his discontent so warmly as, in the opinion of the judge, to warrant surprise that Dr. Jackson should have thought it right to continue his attendance. He did so, however, and upon that same day held a consultation with Dr. Haslewood, another physician and general practitioner of Darlington, who was employed partly upon his own recommendation, and after he had refused to meet Dr. Strother, an old practitioner of the same town, whose name was suggested by Mr. Wooler.\* At the period of this consultation all the symptoms which had aroused suspicion in the minds of Messrs. Jackson and Hensell were present; yet the joint opinion then pronounced

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\* Among some remarkable features of this case which do not appear to have attracted the attention of the counsel for the prisoner, is a very strange variation in the evidence respecting the consultation of the 8th of June. At the trial, Dr. Jackson deposed very distinctly that he took part in it. Referring to Dr. Haslewood, he said: "We had the first consultation on the 8th." On his cross-examination he said: "Dr. Haslewood and I had a consultation on the afternoon of that day. Dr. Haslewood, Mr. Hensell, and I, perhaps, met in my house after that, and consulted." The evidence of Dr. Haslewood corroborates this statement; but it is directly contradicted by the testimony of Mr. Hensell at the trial, and by that given by Dr. Jackson before the magistrates. Mr. Hensell swore he was "not present at the consultation between Drs. Haslewood and Jackson;" and Dr. Jackson deposed before the magistrates that "he did not go to meet Dr. Haslewood," assigning as a reason that he felt himself insulted by his assistant being asked to attend in place of himself—Mr. Hensell being supposed to have the most accurate ear for testing the state of the chest. "A letter was put in, written by Dr. Jackson to Mr. Wooler, stating that his assistant would not be in attendance, as the proceeding was contrary to professional etiquette."

was that the patient "had delicacy of the lungs, but that there was not that extent of disease in the chest but that she might live for many years." Nothing was said to Dr. Haslewood respecting poison, and although he continued to attend the lady in conjunction with the two others until she died, his mind remained altogether free from suspicion until the 17th of June, when his thoughts were directed in that course by a note from Mr. Henzell. Two days subsequently the Doctor's thoughts found expression in words: "On the 19th (he says), riding out with Dr. Jackson, I said: You have another patient labouring under vomiting, and Mr. Henzell says something about poisoning. Mr. Jackson looked surprised, but when I told him I knew who it was—that it was Mrs. Wooler—he acknowledged I was right."

The origin and progress of the growth of these suspicions are very curious. There was, no doubt, as Baron Martin observed, much in them, as they were detailed in evidence, that was wisdom after the event. According to their own account, the doctors strongly suspected that murder was being committed before their eyes, yet they looked quietly on at the deed, only, as we shall see, coolly making ready to hang a murderer. Well might the judge remark, that if they were telling the truth their conduct was astonishing and incomprehensible. The conclusion at which he arrived was, "that they did not entertain so strong an impression that the woman was being poisoned before her death, as they believed." It is plain, nevertheless, that they did suspect, and that their suspicion was based upon a circumstance which all amateur dabblers in physic will do well to reflect upon. During the early part of Mrs. Wooler's illness, while she was yet able to move about, it happened that she brought an Indian basket containing a number of bottles of drugs into the dining-room, in presence of her husband, and showed them to Dr. Jackson.\* The doctor was unable to remember the cause of his exhibition, but it is explained in

his own account of a second similar occurrence:—"I was attending (he says) a man at the toll-bar, and it was brought for me to see if there was any medicine which would suit me for him." In like manner and for a like purpose the basket, and another similarly stocked, were subsequently shown to Dr. Haslewood. They contained more than forty bottles, some of them empty, and others containing drugs of various kinds. Among them were veratria and strychnine, subtle vegetable poisons; and, according to the evidence of the two doctors, an ounce bottle, labelled "Fowler's solution of arsenic," having in it about a teaspoonful of fluid, similar in colour to that preparation. This bottle was seen by Dr. Jackson twice at a considerable interval of time, and he observed no difference in the quantity of its contents on the two occasions. It was not found in the basket at the investigation before the magistrates, nor was any proof adduced, then or subsequently, that it really contained the fluid named on the label. Out of it, nevertheless, grew the suspicion that subsequently attained so formidable a development. "The poison," said Dr. Jackson, "must have been administered with consummate wisdom and the greatest caution—administered otherwise it would have been easily found out. Mr. Wooler possesses such knowledge." "Dr. Jackson," said Mr. Henzell, "on the 8th or 9th June, told me he thought Mrs. Wooler was labouring under arsenical poison. I afterwards told Dr. Jackson that I at first thought so myself, but rejected the idea, because I didn't think there was anybody about possessing sufficient scientific acquaintance with the action and nature of the poison. I scouted the idea, but Dr. Jackson removed all my doubts by assuring me of the presence of the poison in the house, and of a person conversant with its action and properties." The next day Mr. Henzell began to analyze the excretions of the patient, from one sample of which he deposed that he obtained a metallic substance, the nature of which he did not know at the time, but,

\* There is here another remarkable variation in Dr. Jackson's evidence. He deposed before the magistrates that he "never saw her out of bed from the 8th of May to the time of her death;" but the affair of the Indian basket occurred, according to his evidence on the trial, after that date, and she was then downstairs and moving about.

which, about the time of her death, he succeeded in proving to be arsenic. The chase after the supposed criminal now became hotter. The poor victim was abandoned to her fate; but much preparation was made to avenge her, and in every step the individual who was thought to be most concerned in baffling inquiry sedulously assisted. He brought around the bed of his wife numerous disinterested witnesses of all that was going on. The curate of the parish was allowed free access to the sick room, and was present at the closing scene. Miss Middleton and Miss Lanchester, two respectable friends, were constantly in attendance; the latter slept with the dying woman, and was scarcely absent from her room during the last month of her life. Her husband's niece and brother were constantly with her. Her own sister, repeatedly invited, at length yielded to Mr. Wooler's earnest solicitations, and arrived from London in time to see her die. He kept a slate, and subsequently a book, in which he or one of the other attendants daily recorded the slightest symptoms, for the information of the medical men. Drs. Jackson and Haslewood and Mr. Henzell were in constant daily attendance. Dr. Devy was called into consultation; Dr. Strother, proposed as a consultant, was objected to by Dr. Jackson. Mr. Dixon, a surgeon, of Newcastle, was sent for, but was unable to attend; and an attempt was made, through a nephew of the patient, who happened to be a pupil of Sir John Fife, an eminent surgeon, of the same town, to ascertain if that gentleman's experience was likely to enable him to suggest any change of treatment. Mr. Wooler was unremitting in his own attentions to his wife, frequently assisting to administer the medicines ordered by the doctors; but always in an open and unguarded manner. He never prepared any of the home-made medicaments, and the bottle from which he occasionally dropped laudanum into them under medical sanction, lay sometimes on the wash-stand, sometimes on the table. He facilitated, in every possible way, the prosecution of Mr. Henzell's chemical

researches, directing his servant to preserve everything which that gentleman wished to examine; and when at length the poor woman was released from her sufferings on the 27th of June, the three doctors carried out their inquiries by a *post-mortem* examination, without restriction or supervision.

The *post-mortem* examination was made upon the 28th of June,\* when some of the viscera were removed without the knowledge of Mr. Wooler or his brother, and conveyed by Dr. Jackson to Mr. Richardson, a chemist at Newcastle, on the 30th. On the previous day Dr. Jackson had written a note to Mr. Wooler, stating that his wife had died from the effects of poison. The note was left by the doctor's man, with an intimation that it required no answer. It was received by Mr. Wooler with obvious marks of surprise: "he called Miss Lanchester and Miss Brecknell into the dining-room, and in presence of them and of his servant, Ann Taylor, he read the note. I don't recollect exactly the words (said the last-named witness), but I think he said 'atrocious.' He said: 'Poison—could it be in the food, Ann?' I said 'no.' He said, 'where could it be?' and I said I did not know. I asked where the medicine bottles were, and he said they had better not be touched. He added, 'you had better lock them in your box, as you have made the food.' I got the bottles and placed them in my box." Immediately upon the receipt of this note, Mr. Wooler's brother took it to the coroner, and an inquest was held on the morning of the 30th of June, but adjourned to the 13th of July, in order to obtain the evidence of Mr. Richardson, the chemist to whose examination the viscera had been submitted. The finding of the jury was to the effect, that the death had been caused by irritant poison, but by what means was unknown. To use the words of the counsel for the prosecution, "that proceeding was not by any means satisfactory to the friends of the deceased. Further investigation took place, and Mr. Wooler was apprehended upon a charge of murdering his wife by poison

\* Here again Dr. Jackson's deposition is at variance with his evidence at the trial. In the former he assigned the 29th as the date of the *post-mortem*.

The matter was investigated by the magistrates, and ultimately Mr. Wooler was committed to take his trial." The sole apparent representative of the friends of the deceased who were unsatisfied was her brother, Mr. W. H. Brecknell, upon whose information the investigation was held.

The trial, which lasted three days resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner, after deliberation by the jury for not more than three or four minutes. There was practically no defence; the case for the prosecution fell through simply by its own weight. We have carefully collected and weighed the whole of the evidence, as well that contained in the depositions, as that given upon the trial, and there is not, we think, a single particular of importance omitted from the digest we have laid before our readers. Yet there will not be found in it a shadow of proof of any kind to connect the prisoner with the administration of poison to the deceased, if poison was administered to her. In the somewhat unguarded, but perfectly true words of the judge, suspicion might rest upon any person whatever, as rationally as upon Mr. Wooler. If he had a knowledge of drugs, so had the doctors; if he had poison in his possession, so had they; if he had opportunity to administer it, so had they; if it was possible that his nature might have been rendered exceptional to that of all mankind by a diabolical mania for motiveless murder, so might theirs. The single peculiarity in Mr. Wooler's case, as compared with that of his accusers, was the fact, that he had been for eighteen years the attached and tender husband of the supposed victim of his hypothetical crime. The conjugal relation was absolutely the one point upon which the presumption of this unfortunate man's guilt was based. We can conceive but one hypothesis as absurd and untenable as this, namely, that guilt might be presumed from the relation of physician to patient; and although no one will accept this counter-supposition as a solution of the Burdon case, yet, violent and irrational as it is, it has positively more colour from circumstances than the other. The husband, throughout, affected no concealments: "there was nothing secret (said Dr. Jackson), all was open as day." He

brought out his bottle with a teaspoonful of fluid appearing to be arsenical solution, again and again, as though it had been (like the blue bottle in a druggist-doctor's window), the sign of his horrid trade. He noted down the symptoms of the sick woman with scrupulous exactness, and showed the notes daily to the medical attendants. On the other hand, the doctors' conduct was not free from unnecessary affectation of mystery. They said nothing of their suspicions, or of their having obtained the assistance of a noted medical jurist in Edinburgh to search for evidence of poison. Dr. Haslewood omitted from the statement of the case he prepared with a view of being shown to Sir John Fife, a symptom to which he attached particular importance, and he did so, he said, "because if he had mentioned it, it would have been equivalent to saying it was a case of poison." Beside the label upon that ounce vial, there was no evidence of the husband having purchased arsenic, or having had any in his possession; and if the vial had been full, and its contents had been certainly arsenical solution, there would not have been enough to destroy life. But he was only once absent from home, seven days before the final catastrophe, and then to no greater distance than Bishop Auckland, during the whole time of his wife's illness. The doctors had unlimited access to the poison in every form. Again, it was Mr. Wooler who pressed for the exhumation of the body, in the course of the investigation before the magistrates, in order that it might be tested by a competent chemist, and it was he who paid Professor Taylor for making the examination. On the other hand, those proceedings were resisted by Doctor Haslewood, and with so much heat as to draw from Mr. Wooler's solicitor the exclamation:—"No, no, don't say that! You don't want to destroy a poor man! You don't want to hunt a man down!" Assuredly, we do not think these circumstances warrant any suspicion of guilt on the part of the medical men; but we refer to them to show how utterly baseless was their suspicion against the husband. Yet that suspicion having once been raised, moderation, candour, justice, were all merged in the public mind, beneath

an overwhelming desire to cleanse away the sin of a foul crime, by the sacrifice of a victim. The witnesses, the magistrates, the bystanders in court, nay, even the attorneys and counsel, were all carried away by this passion. "I have never," said Baron Martin, "during my twenty-five years' experience in the practice of the law, heard anything so utterly disgraceful as that exhibition, in any court of justice." On a pertinent answer being given by a witness, not altogether relevant to the case, but which was supposed to tell against the prisoner, there occurred that disgraceful exhibition. We have already noticed the learned judge's comment upon the exaggerations of the leading counsel for the prosecution; he still more sharply rebuked that gentleman's instructor:—"the learned counsel was wrongly instructed, and the person who instructed him had much to answer for." Amid this tumult of passion, it is gratifying to find that those whom the law called out from the mass, and specially charged with the duty of administering justice, were not shaken. The judge and jury stood firm, and in the entire absence of any proof of guilt, the accused man was set free, with an intimation from Baron Martin that he would have stopped the case at an early period, but that he thought it more satisfactory to allow it to be fully heard. It was not, however, heard fully, and in one portion of it it was heard only upon one side. In conducting the prisoner's case, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins, no doubt, for sufficient practical reasons, left his defence to the counsel and witnesses for the prosecution. They showed that there was no ground for convicting Mr. Wooler, and his own counsel, whose judgment in such a matter it would be absurd to doubt, stood by and saw him acquitted. To facilitate the process, and to avoid the danger of complication by involving himself in a maze of obscure, chemical speculations, Mr. Wilkins evaded all discussion of the main question in the case. He admitted that the woman was poisoned by arsenic, and the admission was accepted by the judge as

having been certified to him by the evidence of competent witnesses, uncontradicted. It has been since used by a leading London journal to darken the shadow upon the acquitted man's character, and the example has, of course, been followed by some of the subordinate guides of popular opinion. The remarks to which we refer had no better foundation in knowledge of the subject than in justice or generosity, and unfortunately their real effect has been not merely to darken the shadow of suspicion, but to spread it over a wide area. The acceptance of the admission that the crime of poisoning was committed involves the necessity of speculation as to who was the criminal, and as the majority of reflecting persons will attach more credit to the manfully expressed convictions of Baron Martin than to the dark insinuations of a journalist, innocent persons will, no doubt, be brought within the scope of the public suspicion. It is therefore desirable, even upon this limited ground, that the question should be further discussed, but we shall endeavour to show that a much more extended and graver interest is involved in its settlement.

The acquittal of Mr. Wooler authoritatively strips the case to its original nakedness. It stands now divested of every shred of evidence except the professional testimony of the medical witnesses, and it seems to us to be of extreme importance to consider whether it is safe to found criminal prosecutions upon that basis, and whether it is for the good of society to encourage the medical practitioner to assume the double function of detective policeman and solicitor for the Crown.

In the case before us the medical evidence was of three kinds; dealing with symptoms during life, with appearances of the body after death, and with chemical tests of the presence of poison. With respect to the first, all writers upon the subject admit that in the case of poisoning by arsenic they are not to be relied upon. "They are undoubtedly equivocal; they often accompany other diseases in a greater or less degree."\* "It is obvious," says Professor Taylor,†

\* Beck : *Elements of Med. Jurisprudence*, 3d Ed. by Darwall, p. 418.

† Taylor on Poisons. Lond. 1848, p. 316.

"that a case of slow poisoning by arsenic might very easily be mistaken for gastro-enteritis, and treated accordingly." And this remark is appended to a case in which symptoms peculiarly relied upon in the prosecution of Mr. Wooler were remarkably obvious. "There was much pain and tenderness down the spine, with frequent muscular tremors; and a crampy feeling of the lower extremities, with partial loss of motion and sensation." In truth, no medical man will, we believe, deny that all the symptoms observed in the case of Mrs. Wooler were compatible with the hypothesis that she died of natural disease; and the fact was admitted by the two medical jurists examined, notwithstanding their somewhat dogmatical assertion that the case was one of arsenical poisoning. "In my opinion," said Professor Christison, "before the tingling, followed by tetanica, supervened, the symptoms were indicative of poison, but not to the extent they afterwards assumed;" and he added, that "divesting his mind of everything he had heard, and having read Dr. Haslewood's letter [detailing the symptoms, and written for the purpose of being shown to Sir John Fife], he might have suspected arsenic, but nothing further." Even though the list were completed by the addition of the symptom of tingling, he would not have given an opinion until he had examined the excretions for arsenic. In his letter to Dr. Haslewood he distinctly warned that gentleman and his colleagues that the symptoms at that period, four days before the lady's death, "though referrible to arsenical poisoning, were such as natural disease might produce." Professor Taylor "believed deceased, from all evidence combined, died from arsenical poison administered in small doses;" but he admitted that "the symptoms anterior to the tingling of the fingers might be caused by something else." After Dr. Jackson had been a daily observer of the case for a month he pronounced it to be one

of consumption and ulceration of the bowels. Nine days later, no idea of anything else being wrong had crossed Dr. Haslewood's mind; nor, in all probability would suspicion have ever entered it had not Mr. Henzell possessed that dangerous thing, a little learning, and the leisure to use it in pathological speculation.\*

With respect to the appearances disclosed by the examination of the body after death, the admissions of the medical jurists were even more distinct. "They were," said Dr. Christison, "appearances which arsenic might produce, but they might also be produced by natural disease." Dr. Taylor, referring to his own examination of the viscera, submitted to him, and to the result of his analysis, affirms, that "not having any knowledge of the symptoms of the disease from which the deceased had died, he could not express a positive opinion that she had died from arsenic." The morbid appearances, as described, were tubercular disease of both lungs, with a cavity in one of them; considerable disease of the liver, specially referred to by Dr. Taylor, as not to be accounted for by the presence of arsenic; and extensive ulceration of the intestines. They were, in short, such as to support the view of the case taken by both the attendant doctors on the 8th of June—19 days before the lady's death—when Dr. Jackson said, "she was consumptive, and had ulceration in her bowels." That, be it remembered, was the inference drawn by a medical man, at the time uninfluenced by suspicion, from his observation, during an entire month, of symptoms which Dr. Christison, who became acquainted with them through that gentleman's narration, avers, in one of his statements, that he "had never either seen, or read, or heard of, unless from the effects of arsenic." We have seen that this strong averment is not supported by other parts of the doctor's evidence; and we venture to aver, with some confidence,

\* In a paper published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for January, Dr. Christison says: "On or about the 17th of June, the three medical gentlemen who had all independently begun, for some days before, to entertain a lurking idea that the lady might be labouring under the effects of arsenic, frequently administered in small doses—came to an understanding with one another." This statement is quite at variance with Dr. Haslewood's and Mr. Henzell's evidence, which was to the effect mentioned above.



that had the question of poisoning been put out of view, and the symptoms and morbid appearances stated to a score of the most eminent physicians of the day, a majority of them would have confirmed the judgment of Dr. Jackson, as it was pronounced upon the 8th of June. If there be a single symptom in the list, which a man, practically acquainted with disease, would cavil at, as being of very extraordinary occurrence in cases of consumption, it was that of tetanic spasms, which, as they were described, are rather indicative of the action of nux vomica than of that of arsenic; and, strange to say, we have the testimony of Dr. Jackson, that he was administering that medicine to Mrs. Wooler, at all events, so late as the 14th of June, nine or ten days before the tingling of the hands was noticed. In truth, the opinions expressed by Drs. Christison and Taylor were deductions from the evidence and opinions of others, combined with such facts, as they had themselves an opportunity of observing; and they were both, manifestly, greatly biased by their confidence in the infallibility of their art, respecting the importance of which they entertain notions that the public and the legal profession ought to be acquainted with. Dr. Taylor is of opinion that medical witnesses, who are required to give evidence on intricate points of science, should always be allowed to be present in court,\* and he cannot approve of the doctrine, that any criminal court should be permitted to select its own degree of chemical proof.† He would, in fact, supersede the jury; and that was the position which he (to a certain extent) and Dr. Christison altogether, assumed upon the Burdon trial. They sat in judgment, and pronounced a verdict upon questions of fact of which they had no other knowledge than such as they derived from the evidence they heard. Upon that occasion their decision was accepted by the court, for it was unchallenged, and therefore unrefuted; and the result has manifestly raised high visions of grandeur in the mind of one of them. "It is now much the fashion with lawyers," says Dr. Christison, "whe-

ther civil or criminal, to rail, both in season and out of season, at medical evidence. \* \* Not one word of approbation was bestowed, throughout this long trial, on the most elaborate, difficult, and conclusive medical investigation and evidence hitherto produced on any criminal trial in Britain. The proof of poisoning was so perfect, in very nice and difficult circumstances, that even the prisoner's counsel evidently surrendered that point without attempt at dispute, from the very beginning. How different was the case, only five-and-twenty years ago, when the main efforts of counsel were invariably directed to deny and disprove the poisoning!"‡ Let there be but a few more Burdon cases, and it may be hoped that the "great bulwark" will be thrown down, and justice will thenceforward be summarily and effectually done upon all suspected poisoners by the decree of a medical jurist. There has, we acknowledge, been a rather long step taken in that direction by the admissions in the Burdon case; and with all respect for Dr. Christison, whom we know to be an able and worthy man, but with more respect for the liberties of Englishmen and the institution of trial by jury, we sincerely trust the practice of severely testing medical evidence may remain as he describes it to have been twenty-five years ago. We humbly opine, in short, that the medical witness should be kept, and should diligently strive to keep himself, within his own province; that he should deal with facts rather than with speculations, and that his testimony should be examined with even more jealousy and care than that of a non-scientific deponent to ordinary occurrences. We think, further, that the common rule of evidence which excludes conjectures and speculative opinions has been more freely than beneficially relaxed in favour of medical men, and that in every case in which the reception of such testimony is necessary for the clearing up of medical questions, it should be a stringent rule to obtain it from disinterested practical men, who were neither attendants in the case nor witnesses of the medico-legal facts.

\* Taylor on Poisons, 1848, page 368.

‡ Ed. Med. Journal for January, p. 628.

† Page 345.

It was a mere medico-legal speculation upon, as we conceive, very insufficient data which served as a basis, in the Burdon case, for a most oppressive prosecution, unsupported by a tittle of evidence against the accused man, or against any human being; and one part of that speculation was certainly a most gratuitous assumption. There was no ground whatever shown for the statement that Mrs. Wooler died from the administration of poison in *small, repeated doses*, as was maintained by Drs. Christison and Taylor. The circumstances were adverse to such a supposition, and well authenticated records show the effects of the drug to be so variable as to render it hazardous indeed to speculate from them upon the manner of its administration in any particular case. Medical men, in truth, are in dark ignorance as to the length of time during which small quantities of arsenic may remain in the human body inoperative, as to the speed with which it is absorbed and permeates the several tissues, as to the time required for its elimination, and as to whether it does or does not accumulate in the body so as after a certain period to occasion, as some other substances do, sudden symptoms and death. In reference to all these points, the state of medical knowledge is shown in the answers given to a question put respecting one of them by the president of a French tribunal. "M. Devergie replied in the negative, and M. Flandin in the affirmative."\* Messrs. Devergie and Flandin were poison doctors of high authority; and it is but a few days since a medical jurist, as eminent and capable as any of his craft in the United Kingdom, averred, in our hearing, that he differed in opinion from Drs. Christison and Taylor, and did not think Mrs. Wooler had been poisoned by arsenic given in *small, repeated doses*. In truth, neither he nor they had any certain ground for forming an opinion upon the point one way or the other.

And now let us turn to that section of the medical evidence, which doubtless made the strongest impression upon the court—the result of chemical analysis. This was of various kinds. Mr. Henzell, described by the counsel

for the prosecution as "a man of considerable acquirements and scientific attainments," dabbled a little in chemical investigations during Mrs. Wooler's life, and discovered, as he thought, something metallic in her fluid excretions, on the 14th of June and subsequent days; but although he frequently tried he never could find anything suspicious in the matters ejected from her stomach. In the fluid excretion obtained on the 22nd or 23rd of June, Dr. Christison found a very minute quantity of arsenic; but it is not much to be wondered at that he should have made that discovery, as the specimen sent to him consisted of nineteen ounces of fluid evaporated to three ounces, and treated with strong nitric acid, in which, if we may judge from a correlative circumstance which we shall presently refer to, in all human probability, the arsenic was contained. Previous to the magistrates' investigation, the three medical attendants, assisted by a Mr. Piper and Mr. Fothergill, to whom we shall have occasion again to refer, held a committee upon a portion of the liver which they had privately removed from Mrs. Wooler's body, and thought they discovered arsenic in it; and Mr. Richardson, a chemist of Newcastle, made an independent analysis of portions of the viscera, obtained in like manner, with a similar result. He applied the usual tests apparently with care, and found about half-a-grain of arsenic, "expecting, after the evidence of the medical gentlemen, to have found more." The body was exhumed on the 4th of August, more than five weeks after death, and the remains of the viscera (including the liver, intestines, part of the lungs and the heart), were sent to London to Professor Taylor, who deposed that he closely examined the internal surface of the intestines, with the aid of a magnifying glass, and found no trace of arsenic in substance any where; but that upon a chemical analysis of the liver, heart, lungs, intestines, and of the fluid found in the jar in which those parts were conveyed to him, he did detect altogether about a grain of the poison. This quantity Professor Taylor characterised, in his deposition before the magistrates, as exceedingly

\* Taylor, p. 318.

small; and as the analysis was conducted in at least nine distinct processes, the product of each of which went to make up the estimated grain, he might well express that opinion. And now we come to a very strange episode in this strange history. Mr. Wooler was in the habit of assisting in the administration of enemas to his wife during her illness. On the score of indelicacy the practice must unquestionably be condemned, but it was never concealed, and the servant was uniformly present and assisting. It was also proved that he never interfered in the composition of the medicaments used beyond occasionally dropping laudanum into them, openly, and from a bottle which used to lie on the washstand, or in the window of the lady's bedchamber. There were three syringes employed in these operations, two belonging to Mr. Wooler, and one which he borrowed from Mr. Fothergill, a surgeon in Darlington, whose name we have already mentioned. This latter instrument was returned to Mr. Fothergill a short time after Mrs. Wooler's death, and that gentleman, having analysed a flexible tube attached to it, deposed before the magistrates that he found it to be contaminated with arsenic. It turned out, however, that there was arsenic in the tests used in the making of this discovery, and it is remarkable that the latter fact was not made known to the magistrates until a fortnight had elapsed from the time Mr. Fothergill became aware of it, although an adjourned meeting in the matter of the investigation had been held in the interval. It is not less worthy of note, that it was the same manipulator, working, probably, with similarly impure tests, who detected the poison in the course of the investigations made by the three medical attendants in the case. The two other syringes remained unnoticed in the storeroom of Mr. Wooler's house, and, subsequently, in an open cupboard at the police-station, for some three months, until they got into Professor Taylor's hands on the 2nd of October, when he found arsenic in one made of pewter, but could discover none in the other which was made of brass. The quantity of arsenic detected in this examination does not appear to have been stated.

The only inference warranted by

these facts is, that the two grains of evidence upon which the prosecution was based, were the analyses of Mr. Richardson and Dr. Taylor. The symptoms, as we have shown, might have been indicative of natural disease; and, in fact, they were, for an entire month, supposed by Dr. Jackson, to denote consumption and intestinal ulceration. When in their most marked form, between the 8th and 17th of June, they made a similar impression upon Dr. Haslewood, nor did they, even then, excite any different idea in his mind, until it was suggested to him to suspect. The morbid appearances were undeniably such as might accord with these views of the natural character of the disease thus entertained by the medical attendants. The properties ascertained to exist in Mr. Fothergill's tests, with the well known fact that nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric acids, are commonly impregnated with arsenic, render the analyses of that gentleman and of Dr. Christison altogether worthless. It was, in our mind, in the very highest degree, improper to use them in any stage of those investigations, as the basis of an allegation of poisoning. Of the analyses made by Mr. Richardson and Dr. Taylor, we feel justified in speaking with much more respect. The former gentleman appeared to have been entirely free from any trace of the *detective* spirit which the pursuits of a professional medical jurist can scarcely fail to engender. Both the one and the other believed their tests and apparatus to have been perfectly pure, and they operated independently of each other, although both were, doubtless, to some degree, liable to be influenced by a foregone conclusion. The statements of the medical men immediately attendant had pronounced that Mrs. Wooler had been poisoned by arsenic, and the allegation had been confirmed by the loud voice of public indignation. Such causes are known to produce their effects, not merely upon the judgments, but even upon the senses, of wise and honest men; and we can conceive it possible that they might affect the perception of the odour of garlic, or the discrimination between the colours, 'smoky black' and 'hair brown,' in connexion with a substance, the ninth part of a grain in weight. No one could have a shadow of doubt that Mr. Richard-

son and Professor Taylor gave honest evidence, to the best of their belief; but the public ought to know, and to reflect upon the fact, that it is upon such delicate operations of the senses as those we have instanced, that the belief of scientific men in the presence of minute quantities of arsenic in the structure of the tissues of the body is based. Mr. Richardson, for example, operated upon portions of viscera, containing, according to his results, half a grain of arsenic, and it may be instructive to many of our readers to know, through how many changes and chances that particle of poison was past before it was recognised. Here is Mr. Richardson's own statement of his proceedings:—

"I emptied all the contents into a porcelain dish, covered them with distilled water, added a portion of muriatic acid, and gently heated the whole on a sand bath. I then added chlorate of potash in small portions, and continued the operations until the whole contents were dissolved in the liquid, with the exception of a small quantity of fatty matter, which floated on the surface. I then allowed the liquid to cool, and passed sulphurous acid through the solution, and filtered the whole through a linen cloth. The liquid portion, after being heated, was treated with a current of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and the whole allowed to stand for a certain time. The liquid and the solid were separated by filtration, and after gently drying, the contents were treated first with a little nitric acid, and then with oil of vitriol, and cautiously evaporated nearly to dryness, until the whole of the organic matter was charred. I then treated this solid mass with water, to which a drop of muriatic acid had been added, and this liquid I submitted to the following test:—I poured a portion of it into a Marsh's apparatus. Having previously ascertained that the gas, which would evolve from the apparatus, contained no arsenic, I heated the glass tube through which the gas was passing by a spirit lamp, and obtained a metallic deposit. I did this to two or three glass tubes. I applied the flame of the gas, which had been ignited, at the end of the apparatus, to porcelain, so as to obtain a deposit on the face of the porcelain, termed mirrors. One of the glass tubes I gently heated, so

as to allow a current of air to pass through the interior of the tube, when the metallic matter, partly sublimed, and was converted into a white powder, which deposited on the upper surface of the glass; and the gas which issued at the end produced a strong odour of garlic. Another of the glass tubes I moistened with muriatic acid, and passed sulphuretted hydrogen into it, which converted the substance into a yellow-coloured body. I then took some of the stains upon the mirror and subjected them to the vapour of phosphorus in the ordinary way. In the course of fifteen minutes or less these mirrors entirely disappeared, and the liquid left on the glass reacted acid. Another portion I treated with a solution of bleaching powder, which instantly discoloured the mirror. I then treated another portion with nitric acid, which slowly discoloured the mirrors; and with nitrate of silver I produced a yellow precipitate soluble with ammonia; and from these reactions, I conclude the substance was arsenic." The whole amount of the substance thus pulled about was, as we have stated, about half a grain.

It is no part of our design to criticise this series of processes, which was honestly detailed; nor to enter upon chemical disquisitions entirely unsuited to our pages. We merely wish to show our readers upon how many slight contingencies the result of such operations depends, and how very trifling a mistake might complete a chain of evidence, and bring an innocent man to the gallows. The facts of chemistry are themselves, too, in a state of continual change, so that truths which yesterday may have accomplished their deadly work upon an alleged criminal, may to-morrow be proclaimed as fallacies throughout the world of science. Just 104 years ago, this very month of February, Miss Blandy was hanged at Oxford for poisoning her father, upon the medical evidence of Dr. Addington, a most eminent physician of the day, whose testimony, had we space to quote it, would be found to be as elaborate as Mr. Richardson's, and was, no doubt, as satisfactory at the time; yet in Professor Taylor's latest work it is pronounced to have been "a series of chemical errors affording not the slightest evidence

of the presence of arsenic."\* Dr. Addington mixed up vitriol and potash, boiled and washed, saw precipitates, smelled garlic, and swore, no doubt with genuine honesty, that "he never saw any two things in nature more alike" than the powder found in Mr. Blandy's gruel and white arsenic, and Miss Blandy was hanged accordingly, the coexistent circumstances being thought sufficient to justify that extreme measure. Only the other day, Dr. Taylor muddled, and washed, and precipitated, and smelt garlic, and swore, with equal good faith as Dr. Addington, and Mr. Wooler would have been hanged accordingly had he ever had a quarrel with his wife, or a *petite liaison* with his house-maid, or had he been known, within the last half-year, to have bought a pennyworth of poison. Yet in Dr. Taylor's book we find it stated† that "we are perhaps hardly yet acquainted with all the fallacies to which *individual tests* are exposed—the extension of chemical science is daily adding to their number by bringing out an analogy of properties where it could not have been supposed to exist." What will be the fashionable mode of detecting arsenical poison in half a dozen years, when the doctor shall publish a new edition?—Who can tell? It may be that, in the extension of chemical science, he will find it necessary to deal with his own evidence in the case of Wooler as Dr. Male dealt with that of the eminent men who aided and abetted the hanging of Captain Donnellan, at Warwick, in 1781, and to pronounce it "a melancholy and striking instance of the unhappy effects of popular prejudice, and the fatal consequences of medical ignorance."‡ In the meanwhile, even though medical jurists should solve their consciences by the plea (possibly very well grounded) that circumstances justified the execution of Blandy and Donnellan, we think it would be well for jurymen to know that the last-mentioned of those cases was not carried through without the interposition of a warning from the lips of the most distinguished

medical philosopher Britain has ever produced. On the trial of Captain Donnellan for the murder of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, by substituting laurel-water for a medical draught, John Hunter was examined for the defence, and being asked by the Court whether, from the symptoms that appeared upon Sir Theodosius Boughton, immediately after he took the draught, followed by his death so very soon after, he was of opinion that the draught was the occasion of his death, he answered: "If I knew the draught was poison, I should say, most probably, that the symptoms arose from that; but when I don't know that the draught was poison—when I consider that a number of other things might occasion his death—I cannot answer positively to it." If we are permitted to use the affirmative of the question at issue as the basis of an argument, we can prove anything, by the circular mode of reasoning; and it was precisely this fallacy, so tersely exposed by Hunter, which betrayed Drs. Christison and Taylor into stating, as certain facts, matters which they only knew as the composite result of a number of conjectures. They set out with a firm conviction that Mrs. Wooler's death was occasioned by arsenical poison, and they did *not* consider that a number of other things might have occasioned it. For even though we should grant the chemists' scent to be as keen as that of a truffle dog, and were we to admit, in the particular case we are considering, that they could have made no mistake in discriminating the sensible qualities of the minute products of their experiments, several hypotheses as to the mode in which the arsenic was introduced into the system must be examined and rejected before the conclusion of poisoning can be safely drawn. Thus we cannot close our minds to the recollection that men of our own day, as eminent in science as any now living, have entertained the idea that arsenic is a constant constituent of the human body. And without meaning to lay any stress upon this theory, surely there is a grave lesson taught in the fact that

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Taylor on Poisons, p. 140.

† P. 141.

‡ Beck, p. 551.

Dr. Taylor is not more sure to-day that he extracted a ninth part of a grain of arsenic from Mrs. Wooler's heart, than were Raspail and Orfila, some fifteen years ago, that they could elicit the same substance from tissues of any human corpse. When chemical science shall have taken another step forward—or backward—is it impossible that some operator may be able to do for Dr. Taylor what M. Flandin and he have done for Orfila?—show that he placed, in the year 1855, “too great confidence” in his testing process, and that “the effect mistaken for that of arsenic probably arose from the presence of phosphite or sulphite of ammonia,” or of anything else, the analogy of whose properties may happen then to be newly discovered? Who can tell? Or who can tell that the learned doctor may not live to see a fallacy in his flippant rejection of another hypothesis suggested to him in his examination before the magistrates, as set forth in the following short dialogue:—

“Mr. Rymer: I wish to ask if, by any possibility, the arsenic found could have been the result of any morbid action of the body?”

“Dr. Taylor: Certainly not.”

“Mr. Rymer: I merely asked the question, because of a hint thrown out in a newspaper. It was said in the *Spectator* that men may become their own sugar producers?”

“Dr. Taylor: That is a mistake. I have to examine many bodies, and find no arsenic in them. I do not believe there can be any such thing as the production of arsenic from any change of the body.”

Yet there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the doctor's philosophy; and it is most certain that men may be their own sugar producers—a fact which, no doubt, Dr. Taylor did not mean to deny. A department of science in which new facts are continually added to the store, and old ones as continually shovelled out, is not a region of the impossible or improbable, neither is it, we should think, a field wherein it is safe to erect a gallows. We take no exception to the

doom of the cook in the *Arabian Nights*, who was crucified for the proven offence of putting too much pepper in cream tarts; but it does seem to us somewhat hard to hang a man, or even to ruin him by a criminal prosecution, because the ninth part of a grain of matter may appear to the eye of a philosopher to be of a smoky black rather than a hair brown colour; or, to his nose, to emit the odour of garlic during volatilization.

In the great Burdon case, again, we have evidence that the deceased lady was dosed with a vast *sarrago* of medicaments, among which were nitrate of silver, strychnia, extract of lettuce, sulphate of quinine, sulphate of copper, opium, nux vomica, henbane, acetate of lead, strong acetic acid, acetate of morphia, blue pill, iodide of potash, bismuth, nitromuriatic acid. We know also that in the stock of one medical practitioner in the neighbourhood there was mineral acid impregnated with arsenic. May not one or more of those drugs we have enumerated have been similarly contaminated? The supposition is surely not of a violent character, yet, if correct, it would explain everything that happened without assuming that any one was morally guilty.

But there is yet another hypothesis of a weightier kind, and more widely significant, than any of those we have pointed to. We have already said that no man, in the present state of knowledge, can tell how long arsenic may remain in the human body, inoperative, or, when it has been once introduced into the intimate structure of organs or tissues, what amount of time may be required for its elimination. Dr. Taylor stated in his evidence, that “when arsenic is in the body, it is deposited in some parts, and remains an indefinite period;” and, shortly afterwards, he assigned, “about a fortnight,” as his notion of the indefinite in time, during the lapse of which “the body throws off every trace.” How does Dr. Taylor know? We confidently affirm that there is no ground in scientific knowledge for fixing any particular period at which arsenic, introduced into the structure of the body, will be naturally

\* Taylor, p. 349.

removed from it without leaving a trace behind. The doctor's first answer was correct; the period of elimination is indefinite, so far as is at present known. It may be a fortnight, or it may be twenty years. Dr. Taylor himself quotes experiments of M. Bonjean, of Chambéry, who detected arsenic in the fluid excretion of a patient, one month after he had taken, in minutely divided doses, three quarters of a grain of arseniate of soda.\* There is nothing accurately known about the habit of arsenic in this respect; but it is well known that other metallic poisons may dwell in the organs and tissues of the human body for many years, and remain comparatively inert. Lead, mercury, gold, silver, may be thus absorbed and retained; and it is only within the last year that a novel application of galvanic electricity has been found effective in their extraction. Is there any of our readers who has not been acquainted with a paralytic house-painter? Many of them must have witnessed the shaking palsy of metal-gilders, or silverers of looking-glasses; and few need to be informed that these chronic maladies are occasioned by the absorption of the metals we have named, which are retained in the system after it has got over their first violent effects. They may endure for many years; but it was only the other day that M. Maurice Vergnès, of the Havana, accidentally discovered a means of curing them by the removal of their material cause. M. Vergnès, having occupied himself with galvanic gilding and silvering, had his hands in continual contact with solutions of nitrate and cyanuret of gold and silver. They were, in consequence, covered with ulcers, into which particles of the metals were introduced. One day, however, he chanced to plunge them into the electro-chemical bath, at the positive pole of the galvanic pile, and, to the great surprise of the beholders, a small plate of metal, brought into contact with the negative pole, became covered with a thin coating of gold and silver, extracted from the hands of the operator, whence the most powerful remedies had not been able to eliminate them. This discovery

was made on the 16th of April, 1852; and it was shortly afterwards applied by M. Poey, also of the Havana, to medical use, in the following manner:—

"M. Poey takes an unfortunate patient, corroded by lead, mercury, gold, silver, or any other metal, and places him in a metallic bathing-tub, isolated from the ground. The man sits down, his legs horizontally stretched out on a wooden bench, isolated from the tub, which is filled with water up to his neck. The water is slightly acidulated, to increase its conductivity; and the acid varies according to the cases. This done, the negative pole of a pile is brought into contact with the sides of the bathing-tub, and the positive pole placed in the hands of the patient. The work of purification is now in full activity; the electrical current precipitates itself through the body of the sufferer, penetrates into the depth of his bones, pursues in all the tissues every particle of metal, seizes it, restores its primitive form, and, chasing it out of the organism, deposits it on the sides of the tub, where it becomes apparent to the naked eye."†

Who will say that what is possible and of common occurrence in the case of gold, silver, mercury, lead, is impossible or improbable in the case of another metal? or who, recollecting that the foregoing history had not reached England this time last year, will argue that what is unknown is impossible? He would truly be a bold man who, being reminded of the facts we have alluded to, would say that the arsenic in Mrs. Wooler's body—if arsenic there was there—might not have been introduced into it, medicinally or accidentally, or in any other conceivable manner, one, two, or twenty years before her death. Nay, there is another item of speculation in the case. It is well known that the metal, mercury, may remain long, inertly mischievous, in the human body, making no show in the excretions, undiscoverable, until hydriodate of potash being administered, that medicine (to use the expression we have quoted above) chases it out of the organism. It then becomes

\* Taylor on Poisons, p. 24.

† *La Presse*, quoted in *Medical Times and Gazette* for March 3, 1855.

apparent, and can be detected as it is eliminated through the natural channels of the system. In the case of Mrs. Wooler we have seen that, among a vast variety of drugs administered by her medical attendants, iodide of potash was one. Can any man say that it might not have operated so as to liberate absorbed arsenic, and even to render it poisonously active in the course of its elimination? Surely these are considerations which ought to make any man pause before swearing away the life or character of a fellow sinner by the colour of a stain on a quarter-inch of copper gauze!

The foregoing remarks are based chiefly upon the circumstances of one particular case, but they have a wide scope of application in the domain of that uncertain science, medical jurisprudence; and we venture to think they contain matter of grave concernment to all persons engaged in the administration of criminal justice, to the medical profession, and to the public. The ambition of what may be called skilled medical witnesses has grown rather rapidly of late: they are abandoning their position as indifferent auxiliaries of justice and advancing pretensions to direct and administer it. They demand to be treated differently from other witnesses—to be allowed to remain in court when those are excluded, and that for the express purpose of shaping their own testimony, amending, or sustaining it, in accordance with the evidence they may hear.\* For their opinions, thus formed, and put forth *ex cathedra*, they expect, and but too often obtain, unqualified acceptance. Those were adopted in the Burdon case, without even a show of examination—with a simple, childlike faith; and in a case that has since occurred, but to which in its present stage we do not think it right to refer more particularly, the astonishing spectacle was seen in open court of practical medical men retracting their own sworn testimony, and accommodating it to the evidence of the *scientific* witness. In truth, the poison-doctors stand upon a coigne of vantage, from which, so long as they are united, they may defy the attacks of judge, jury, or counsel, who are commonly (almost

necessarily) ignorant of the ever changing jargon in which they pronounce their decrees. The mysteries of chemistry resemble those of religion: faith in them must be entire or void; while the hierophant of the modern science enjoys the advantage of the ancient priest, he can change at will the language of his oracle. Every day new names, sometimes conventional, sometimes expressing a new, often a false theory, are applied to common things, only to be altered upon the day that follows. Were Black, Kirwan, Davy, Dalton, to hear Dr. Taylor indoctrinating Baron Martin in the infallibilities of his science, a great part of his discourse would be delivered in a tongue unknown to these sages, so recently among us. It thus becomes absolutely impossible for the ordinary administrators of the law to test a skilled medical witness, who becomes, in fact, himself, a jury sole, whose verdict is the more fatal, inasmuch as, however he may be led astray by the fantasies of science, the instinct of the chase, or the influence of popular prejudice, he is commonly a man of unquestionable respectability, and often of considerable talents and learning. There is then but one chance for the bound victim—the chance of the martyr—his pursuers may turn upon one another. By the occurrence of such a schism, in which Dr. Taylor himself performed the part of arch-heretic, the convict Kirwan, but three years since, escaped the doom to which he was consigned by the unhesitating decisions of jury and judge upon moral and circumstantial evidence as convincing as ever was adduced in a criminal court. What is to be the limit of this power newly growing up in the state? Is any man or woman who has a spite against another, or in whose bosom a smattering of knowledge kindles an irregular desire for action, or who has simply a distempered fancy—is such a one to be at liberty to rake up the ashes of the dead; and, with the ready help of a medical jurist, who can enter court with the recommendatory boast that he analyses his hundreds of poisoned corpses yearly, place husband, wife, parent, child, servant, friend, on the

\* See Observations upon Mr. Watson's Evidence in Case of *Elizabeth Johnson*. Taylor, pp. 367, 832.



defence of their lives, with the certainty that no defence can save them from the ruin of a blasted reputation?

These questions assume a grave interest from the indications before us that a medical detective force is growing up around the centre of medical criminal police that has rapidly acquired a solid establishment among our institutions. Are we to be forced to dread a spy in every house into which a medical practitioner shall enter? Is the fear of a charge of secret poisoning, more horrible than the fear of being secretly poisoned, to be infused into the tenderest relations of life? Is the spectre of a doctor in the witness-box to interpose in all the small charities of society and of the family—frightening the husband from the sick-room of his wife, forbidding the mother to administer a spoonful of drink to her dying child, daunting the servant in the performance of necessary offices for a helpless master? Assuredly we do not pretend to be able to answer in the name of the public; but we do know that to the results to which we point, such triumphs as those of Drs. Christison and Taylor at Burdon directly, and not slowly, tend. If there be a mania for the commission of crime, there is also a mania for the suspicion of it; and both affections are strikingly epidemic in their nature. It is not unlikely that we shall soon have many cases of secret poisoning and many more of the discovery of it. Well, but what is to be done? Much, we think, is in the power of the courts of criminal law; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the public safety requires that they should exercise their authority to repress the ambitious designs of the medical jurists. They should strictly apply to their case the ordinary rules of evidence, oblige them to adhere to a detail of facts, avoiding speculations, and promptly check every attempt to mingle extraneous matter with the medical or scientific data from which they draw conclusions. For the reasons they themselves assign for being always suffered to remain in court, we conceive they should never be permitted to hear the evidence of other witnesses. The

most extreme displeasure of the court should, we think, be visited upon any officious interference by medical men to get up a prosecution. Every possible discountenance should be given by the law officers of the Crown to the institution of proceedings upon medical evidence alone, unsupported by direct proof or suspicious circumstances. Were matters brought back to their old state by these precautions, justice would yet be able to avail herself of the steady light of science to guide her on her course: the change would put out many a will-o'-the-wisp that can only lead her into swamps and pitfalls.

And now with regard to the masses of the medical profession, we have a word or two to say, and we shall say it partly in the language of a public writer, whose disinterestedness and moderation of temper will not be questioned:

"With regard to the medical men in this case (says the *Spectator*\*), speaking of them collectively—for there were distinctions in their behaviour—they appear to have committed the mistake of confounding the proper object of their vigilance. \* \* \* It usually happens that men make mistakes when they travel beyond their province. The medical men had nothing to do with Mr. Wooler: the whole object of their regard ought to have been the disease and rescue of Mrs. Wooler. If they had stuck to that question, their course would have been quite clear. \* \* \* It is evident that one course must have been quite successful: if the medical men had constituted themselves a committee *en permanence*, had administered the medicaments themselves, and themselves alone, any further tampering with the dying woman would have been absolutely impossible. \* \* \* The condition of Mrs. Wooler was one which at all events demanded a modest but an eager and peremptory investigation; not for the purpose of deciding questions of guilt or innocence, but for the purpose of finding out how the arsenic got where it was, and how its further administration could be prevented. Guilt or innocence might have been discovered by inquiry, but the first duty of the medical

\* January 12, 1856.

man was to do that work for its own sake."

We can add nothing to this plain and ample definition of the duties of a medical practitioner: it includes so far the whole substance of medical morals. A medical practitioner volunteering his services in aid of the criminal police, is in as false a position as a soldier-surgeon would be who should give the *coup de grace* to a wounded enemy with his amputating-knife. Out of this difficulty any individual right-thinking medical man can keep himself; but there is another Serbonian bog of suspicion, temptation, and (reflecting upon the common weakness of our nature, may we not even fear) guilt, in which too many medical practitioners are swamped, hampered, and from which they cannot extricate themselves without legislative intervention. If there be any lesson taught more plainly than another by the Burdon case, it is that

the prescriber, and the compounder and vendor, of drugs should be distinct persons, and that one should be a check upon the proceedings of the other. The physician should never administer medicines: the apothecary should never prescribe them. So long as the two arts are confounded and practised by the same hand, occasion is given for error, for negligence, for imputations founded or unfounded, and, we must say it, for the commission of crime. For the present, time and space forbid us to do more than barely to touch upon this subject, and to suggest its relation with certain engrossing topics of the day. It is nevertheless worthy the most deliberate consideration of the public and the legislature; and if, as we sincerely hope, it may be forced upon their attention by recent events, some good will have been effected by THE DOCTOR IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

## NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE distinctions that once existed between *novels* and *romances* has for a long time been lost sight of. In general conversation the two words are now used as synonymous, but they had, at the period when novels first began to be generally read throughout Europe, and for long afterwards, a very different signification.

The grand feature of a work of *romantic* fiction is the supernatural character of the persons, whose exploits and adventures are depicted, and of the influences to which they are subjected. Dunlop, in his famous history, says, "the species of machinery, such as giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, which forms the seasoning of the adventures of chivalry, has been distinguished by the name of Romantic Fiction." Those who are desirous of becoming acquainted with this division of literature from the "Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus," and the "Ass of Apuleius" downwards, had better prosecute their studies under the guidance of Huet, the Abbe, Lenglet Dufresnoy, Mons. Mallet, Dr. Percy, Ellis, and Dunlop.

The Chivalric Romance, before it was for ever banished from polite society to the musty curiosity shops of antiquarians, had become distressingly prosy and tedious; it had lost all the vigour and beauty of youth, and had come into possession of the ungrateful qualities of a dishonourable old age. The general alteration in European manners and the growing disbelief in enchantments and magical influences, prevented sentimental young ladies from being interested in the fortunes of heroines imprisoned by demoniacal agencies, and heroes continually exposed to dangers which social changes had rendered impossible. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," wrote, "From romances, which had now exhausted the patience of the public sprung novels. They attempted to allure attention by this inviting title, and reducing their works from ten to two volumes. The name of romance disgusted; and they substituted those of histories, lives, memoirs and adventures. In these works (observed Trail), they quitted the unnatural incidents, the heroic projects,

the complicated and endless intrigues, and the exertion of noble passions; heroes were now taken, not from the throne, they were sought for even amongst the lowest rank of the people." As the chief merit of the old romance had been found in the incredibility of its incidents and the wildness of its plot, so the novel charmed by adhering to the simple, and sometimes stern truth of life. The first novel-writers were much more anxious that their readers should give them credit for veracity, than they should applaud them for lively powers of imagination. Speaking of the difference in length between the romances and early novels, Disraeli felicitously observes, "Our grandmothers were incommoded with overgrown folios; and instead of finishing the eventful history of two lovers at one or two sittings, it was sometimes six months, *including Sundays*, before they could get quit of their Delias, their Cyruses, and Parthenissas."

The source of the British Novel has long been a *vezata questio* with antiquarians, though it is generally, and to the satisfaction of most people calculated to form an opinion on the subject, attributed to the Italians. Certain it is, that in a very short time after their first publication, the novels of Italy became, through the medium of translations, the popular reading of the English, and contributed powerfully to our dramatic literature. The most popular comedies of Shakespeare are based on stories by Boccacio, Ser Giovanni, Cinthio and Bandello. And to the two last-named writers, Beaumont and Fletcher are as much indebted as they are to Gerardo and Cervantes. When Roger Ascham found the Lady Jane Grey in her chamber over her "Phædon Platonis," in Greek, she was, he assures us, reading it "with as much delight, as some gentleman would read a merry tale of Boccacio." And in another part of his delightful "Schoolmaster," Ascham says, "if some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him. He that by living and traveling in Italie, bringeth home into England out of Italie the religion, the learning, the policie, the experience, the manners of Italie. That is to say, for religion, Papistrie, or worse; for learning, less commonly than they carried out with

them; for policie, a factious hart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plentie of new mischieves never known in England before; for manners, varietie of vanities, and chaunge of filthy lying. These be the inchauntments of Circes, brought out of Italie, to marre men's maners in England; much, by example of ill life, but more by preceptes of fonde bookes, of late translated out of Italian into Englishe, solde in every shop in London, commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt honest maners, dedicated over boldlie to vertuous and honourable personages, the easelier to beguile simple and innocent wittes. It is a pittie, that those, which have authoritie and charge, to allow and disallow bookes to be printed, be no more circumspect herein than toey are. Ten sermons at Paules Crosse doe not so much good for mooving men to true doctrine, as one of those bookes doe harm, with enticing men to ill living. . . . In our forefathers time, when Papistrie, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, few bookes were red in our tongue, saving certayne bookes of chivalrie, as they were said for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries, by idle monkes, or wanton chonans; as one for example, Morte Arthur. . . . And yet ten Morte Arthures doe not the tenth part so much harme as one of these bookes, made in Italie and translated in England."

Poor novels! you have ever had the schoolmasters against you. Ascham railed at Boccacio, and only the other day Dr. Arnold poured the fire of his artillery on Charles Dickens. But the "Decameron" has outlived the assault, and is still one of our best library friends. For ten who in these days forget misery and find certain elements of wisdom in the pages of Boccacio, can you find one man who extracts improvement from the works of Ascham, beautiful as they are? Who will for ages have the greater influence for good over the human race—Dr. Arnold or the author of "Nicholas Nickleby?"

The grandest memorial that we have of what our literature owes to Italy is to be found in "The Canterbury Tales." Any one wishing to

make a review of the English novel from its rise to the present time, should commence with those famous stories, many of which Chaucer borrowed from Boccaccio, and the imitators of the Italian novelists, and which were joined together, so as to become parts of one great tale, after the model of the great "Decameron."

Though the novel succeeded to the honours of the chivalric romance, it is impossible to name an exact time at which the one ended and the other commenced. Epochs of thought are

never divided by a straight line, but they run into and dovetail with each other. After a school of art has fairly died out, there have ever been, and it would seem there ever will be, some anxious to revive it. There are many strangely constituted beings that are incapable of earnestness, save when striving for a "slowly dying cause," and who, though they can discern no beauty wherefore they should love it in the fresh glow of vigorous life, are touched and subdued by the fascinating gentleness of death.

#### CHAPTER I.

ROBERT GREENE.

OUT of the many Elizabethan novelists, Robert Greene is the one from whose works I shall take portions, to give the reader some idea of what a novel at the end of the sixteenth century was. Every one who has read Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Monastery," has formed a slight acquaintance with the style of the celebrated "Euphuus, the Anatomie of Wit," and "Euphuus and his England," of John Lyly, which are, perhaps, the most characteristic and noteworthy works of fiction the age produced, but the impossibility of curtailng those lengthy specimens of inflation and bombast, so as to give the reader a tolerably accurate picture of their contents, without wearying him with tedious pages of empty jargon, has guided me in my selection of Robert Greene in preference to the favourite author of the "Euphuists."

Robert Greene, an eastern counties' man, was the son of a citizen of Norwich. He was born about the year 1560, and he died in the year of our Lord, 1592,—so his life was not a long one. But, short as it was, he managed to achieve a vast amount of work, and to taste of deep, poignant misery,—and of some joy also, let us hope.

The list of his writings—plays, pamphlets, sermons, tales, histories—shows him to have been an industrious man, and there is no doubt that he was possessed of considerable learning, and was rich in that somewhat undefinable commodity, called "knowledge of the world." He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in which university he took the de-

gree of M.A. in 1583. He was also a Master of Arts of Oxford, and spent some time in travels into Italy and Spain. It is more than probable that he took orders, and was presented to the living of Tollesbury in Essex. Supposing such to be the case, he was deprived of his preferment for irregular living. It is certain, for we have it on his own confession, that he was a dissolute fellow, ever in extremes of excess or contrition,—one of those poor wretches who, without enough moral hardihood to keep out of the ways of error, have too much conscience to be able to get anything like a handsome measure of enjoyment out of sin.

The authors, by profession, of the Elizabethan age, were the veriest wretches that a love of letters ever pulled down with starvation and pricked up with contumely, either before or after that time. Greene's intimate was Thomas Nashe, a man who was born at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and was, like Greene, educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Nashe evidenced his love for the district in which his youth was passed by celebrating the excellences of Yarmouth, in a book called "Nashe's Lenten Stufte, containing the Description and First Procreation of Great Yarmouth, &c." His writings are now known only to antiquarians, but his "Pierce Pennilesse" deserves a wider circle of acquaintance, for it is a touching picture of the sufferings literary men of genius endured in his day,—sufferings, compared with which those of Pope's Grub-street were nothing. Pierce Pennilesse says:

"All my labours turned to losse,—I was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself, in prime of my best wit, laid open to povertie. Whereupon I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers, and raged. . . How many base men that wanted those parts I had, enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command! I called to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pounds; an hostler that had built a goodly inn; a carman in a leather pilche that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horses tail—and have I more than these? thought I to myself: am I better born? am I better brought up? yea, and better favoured! and yet am I a beggar! Now am I crost, or whence is this curse? Even from hence, the men that should employ such as I am, are enamoured of their own wits, though they be never so scurvie; that a scrivener is better paid than a scholar; and men of art

must seek to live among cormorants, or be kept under by dunces, who count it policy to keep them bare to follow their books the better."

Greene's perseverance and assiduity in his vocation did not preserve him from that poverty his friend Nashe so well described, and when a few pieces of gold did find their way into his hands from a book-vendor's pocket they were speedily dissipated in feasting and debauchery. The immediate cause of his death was devouring an imprudent allowance of pickled herrings, and washing them down with Rhenish wine, at a banquet at which Tom Nashe was present. But his health had long before that been in a declining state, and he well knew that feast of herrings and wine was one of the last meals he was destined to partake of upon earth.

In a fit of remorse, as he regarded his abused life—the prostitution of his powers, the debasement of his mind—he wrote.—

"Deceiving world that with alluring toys,  
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn;  
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,  
T'outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn,  
How well are they that die ere they be born,  
And never see thy slights, which few men shun,  
Till unawares they helpless are undone.

Oft have I sung of Love and of his fire,  
But now I find that poet was advised,  
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,  
And proves weak love was with the poor despied;  
For when the life with food is not suffic'd.

What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,  
What plessance can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit,  
My ravish'd sense of wonted fury rest,  
Wants such conceit, as should in poems fit,  
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left;  
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,  
Because so long they lent them me to use,  
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O, that a year were granted me to live!  
And for that year my former wits restor'd;  
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,  
How should my sin with sorrow be deplor'd!  
But I must die of every man abhor'd:

Time loosely spent will not again be won,  
My time is loosely spent, and I undone."

No, no, Robert Greene! it's all very fine, but you would not have altered a jot—that you wouldn't!

It is touching, though, to hear this cry coming from a dying penitent

through nigh four hundred years, for just twelve short months more of existence. Poor wretch! struggling in-to death without hope—with a heart yearning for that which *might have*

been! The man, too, is no stranger to us—at least he ought not to be. In all likelihood, he was a chosen companion of the young Shakespeare, had roared out the choruses of drinking-songs with him, had in hours of mirth looked into the laughing eyes of the great poet! Anyhow, his days were

spent in Shakespeare's London, and he drained cups of sack with the Pistols and Sir Johns of that roistering city, like a jolly good fellow.

The title page of "Greene's Never too Late" will amuse those not acquainted with books of the period.

GREENES  
NEVER TOO LATE  
BOTH PARTS.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, to roote out the infectious follies, that over-reaching conceits foster in the spring time of their youth.

Desciphering in a true English History, those particular vanities, that with frostie vapours, nip the blossomes of every braine, from attayning to his intended perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice Stone, apt to race out idleness with delight, and follie with admonition.

Rob. Greene, in Artibus Magister

Omne tulit punctum:

London.

Printed for Nicholas Fing.

1607.

The novel open thus :— \*

"Being resident in Bergamo, not farre distant from Venice, sitting under a coole shade that then shrowded me from the extreme violence of the meridional heat, having never a book in my hand to beguile time, nor no pathetical impression in my head to procure any secret meditation, I had flat fawn into a slumber, if I had not espied a traveller, weary and desolate to have bouded his steppes towards me. Desirous to shake off drowsynesse with some company, I attended his arrival; but as he drew neere, hee seemed so quaint in his attire, and so conceited in his countenance, as I deemed the man either some penitent pilgrime that was very religious, or some despairing lover that had been too affectionate. For take his description :—

"AN ODE.

"Downe the valley gan he tracke,  
Bagge and bottle at his backe,  
In a surcoate all of gray,  
Such weare palmers on the way;  
When with scrip and staffe they see  
Jesus grave on Calvarie;  
A hat of straw like a swaine,  
Shelter for the sun and raine,

With a scollop shel before:  
Sandals on his feete he wore:  
Legs were bare, armes unclad:  
Such attire the Palmer had.  
His face faire, like Tytan's shine,  
Gray and buxome were his eyne,  
Whereout dropt pearles of sorrow,  
Such sweet teares love doth borrow,  
When in outward deawes she plaines,  
Harts distresse that Lovers paines:  
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,  
Such rare mixture Venus seekes,  
When to keepe her Damsels quiet,  
Beautie sets them down their diet.  
Adon was not thought more faire:  
Curled locks of amber haire;  
Locks, where Love did sit and twine  
Nets, to snare the gazers eyne:  
Such a Palmer no're was seene,  
Lesse Love him-selfe had Palmer beene.  
Yet for all he was so quaint,  
Sorrow did his visage taint.  
Midst the riches of his face,  
Griefe desciphered high disgrace:  
Every step strained a teare,  
Sudden sighes shew'd his feare:  
And yet his feare by his sight,  
Ended in a strange delight;  
That his passions did approve,  
Weedes and sorrow were for love."

"Thus attired in his travelling  
roabes (not seeing me that lay close  
in the thicket) he sat him downe

\* In transcribing from the black-letter editions of certain books that have been and are to be quoted in these pages, it has been endeavoured to preserve the irregularities of grammar and spelling of the originals. Now and then, however, a glaring error of the printer has been corrected; and the v will be found to be used as in modern books.

under a beech tree, where, after hee had taken up his seate, with a sigh, he began thus to paint out his passions:—

“Unfortunate Palmer, whose weedes discover thy woes, whose lookes thy sorrowes, whose sighes thy repentance; thou wandrest to bewaile thy sin, and seekest now by the sight of a strange land, to satisfie these follies committed in thy native home. Why, is there more grace in the east, than in the west? Is God more gracious in Jewrie than merciful in England? more favourable to Palmers for their travel, then pittifull to sinners for their penance. No, be not so superstitious, lest thou measuring his favor by circumstance, hee punish thy faults in severitie. Ah, but the deepest ulcers have the deepest corrosives; some sores cannot be cured but by the sublimatum, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in sack-cloth. I weare not this Palmer's gray to challenge grace, nor seeke the Holy Land to countervaille the law, nor am a pilgrime to acquittance sin with penance: but I contente mee in this habite to shew the meeknes of my heart, and travel through many countries to make other men learne to beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shew them that the finest buds are soonest nipt with frosts, the sweetest flowers, sorest eaten with cankers, and the ripest and youngest wits, soonest overthrowne with follies. If I chance among courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Artophylax is brightest, yet setteth soonest, so their glories, being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine overthrowes. If amongst schollers, I will proove, that their philosophicall axioms, their

quiddities of logick, their aphorismes of art, are dissolved with this definite period, ‘*Omnia sub sole vanitas.*’ If among lovers (and with this the teares fell from his eies, and the sighes flew from his hart, as if all should split againe.) If, quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an emphasis) I fall amongst lovers, I will descipher unto them, that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddesse a woman, inconstant, false, flattering, like the windes that rise in the shoares of Lepanthua, which in the morning send forth gusts from the north, and in the evening, calmes from the west; that their fancies are like April showers, begun in a sun-shine, and ended in a storme; their passions deepe hell, their pleasures chimeræes portraictures, sodaine joys, that appearing like Juno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them, but dusky and fading clouds.’

“Heere he stopped, and tooke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such cates as he had, as lemons, apricocks, and olives, he began a Palmer's banquet; which, digesting with a cup of wine well tempered with water, after every draught, he sighed out this, ‘*Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*’”

After a short while Mr. Robert Greene accosts this interesting Palmer, and, having had a satisfactory conversation with him in a magnificently high strain, begs to have the pleasure of entertaining him in his own house. The Palmer accepts the invitation, accompanies Mr. Greene to his house, is introduced to Mrs. Greene, and partakes of a banquet of elegant simplicity. The supper concluded, the Palmer tells his host a story.

#### “THE PALMER'S TALE.

“In those daies when Palmerin reigned King of Great Britanie, famoused for his deedes of chivalrie, there dwelled in the cittie of Caerbranke, a gentleman of an anncient house called Francesco, a man, whose parentage though it were worshippeful, yet it was not indued with much wealth; insomuch, that his learning was better than his revenewes, and his wit more beneficiall than all his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable porte,

spread no more cloth in the winde than might make easie saile, lest hoisting up too sodainely above the maineyard, some sudden gust might make him founder in the deepe. Though hee were yet young, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to cry out with old Dædalus, ‘*Medium tenere tutissimum.*’ treading his shooe without any slippe. He was so generally loved of the cittizens, that the richest marchant, or gravest Burgmaster would not refuse to grant him his daughter in marriage, hoping

more of his ensuing fortunes than of his present substance. At last, casting his eie on a gentleman's daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranke, he fell in love, and prosecuted his sute with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set up her reste with him, so that her father's consent might bee at the knitting up of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cockesure, as a man that hoped his credite in the cittie might carry away more than a countrey gentleman's daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughter's marriage. The old churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this 'in utramvis aurem dormire,' but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that her dowrie required a greater seofment than his lands were able to afford. And upon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose up and hied him home, whither as soone as he came, he called his daughter before him, whose name was Isabel, to whom he uttered these words—'Why, huswife,' quoth hee, 'are you so idle tasked, that you stand upon thornes untill you have a husband? Are you no sooner hatched with the lapwing, but you will run away with the shell on your head? Soone prickes the tree that will prove a thorne, and a girl that loves too soone will repent too late. What, a husband! Why, the Maids of Rome durst not looke at Venus temple till they were thirtie, nor went they unmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eies on every wanton. I tell thee, fonde girle, when Nilus overfloweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossome in February are nipped with the frost in May: untimely fruits have never good fortune, and young gentlewomen, that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they bee old. What seest thou in Francesco, that thine eye must choose, and thy heart must fancie? Is he beautifull? Why, fond girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night love is like a baven but a blaze and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the

gorgeous cedar, that is onely for shew, nothing for profit? to the apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand? to the starre Artophylax, that is most bright, but fitteth not for any compasse? So young men, that stand upon their outward portraiture, I tell thee they are prejudiciall. Demophoon was faire, and how dealt hee with Phillis? Eneas was a brave man, but a dissembler. Fond girle, all but little worth if they be not wealthy: and I pray thee, what substance hath Francesco to induce thee with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that love beginneth in gold and endeth in beggery, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselves oft to a foule bargain? And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to maintaine thee? But, forsooth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of prejudiciall displeasures. But why doe I cast stones into the ayre, or breathe my words into the winde, when to perswade a woman from her will is to roule Sisyphus stone; or to tie a headstrong girle from love, is to tie the Furies again in fetters? Therefore huswife, to prevent al misfortunes I will be your jaylor. And with that he carried her in, and shut her up in his owne chamber, not giving her leave to depart but when his key gave her license; yet at last shee so cunningly dissembled, that she got thus farre liberty, not to bee close prisoner, but to walke about the house; yet every night hee shut up her clothes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

"Where leaving her, let us returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes; and being pensive, was full of many passions, but almost in despaire, as a man that durst not come nigh her father's doore, nor send any letters whereby to comfort his mistresse, or to lay any plot for her liberty: for no sooner any stranger came thither, but he, suspicious that they came from Francesco, first sent up his daughter into her chamber, then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eies, hee pryed into every particular gesture and behaviour of the party, and if any jealous humour tooke him in the head, he would not onely be verie inquisitive with cutting



questions, but would straine courtesies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabell.

"This narrowe inquisition made the poore gentleman almost franticke, that he turned over 'Anacreon,' 'Ovid de Arte Amandi,' and all bookes that might teach him any sleights of love; but for all their principles, his owne wit served him for the best shift, and that was happily begun and fortunately ended thus:—It chanced, that as he walked thus in his muses, fetching the compasse of his conceit beyond the moone, he met with a poore woman, who, as her custom was, began her exordium with, 'I pray good maister,' and so forth, hoping to find the gentleman as liberrall as he was full of gracious favours; and neither did she misse of her imagination, for he that thought her likely to bee drawne on to the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was as good as glew to knit her to any practice whatsoever, and therefore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a French crowne. This unaccustomed reward made her more franke of courtesies, that every rag reacht the gentleman a reverence, with promise of many prayers for his health. Hee that harped on another string tooke the woman by the hand, and sitting downe upon the green grasse, discoursed unto her from point to point the beginning and sequell of his loves, and how by no meanes (except by her) he could convey any letter. The begger desirous to doo the gentleman any pleasure, said shee was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content.

"Whereupon he replied thus: 'Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder abbey, which is her father's house, and when thou comest thither, use thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes; if the maister of the house be present, shew thy passport, and seeme very passionate; but if he be absent, or out of the way then, oh then mother, looke about if thou seest Diana masking in the shape of a virgine, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull than Love's goddess, and I tell thee she is my love, faire Isabel, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance

of vertue as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee she is full of favour, whether thou respects the outward portraiture or inward perfection; her eie is like the diamond, and so pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet so chaste in the motion as therein is seene, as in a mirrour, courtesie tempered with a vertuous disdaine; her countenance is the very map of modestie; and to give thee a more neere marke, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt see her more liberrall to bestow, than thou pittifull to demand: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carry a letter, folded up every way like a passport, with a greasie backside, and a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus convey unto her the tenour of my mind, when thou bringest unto mee an answer, I will give thee a brace of angels.' She poore woman was glad of this proffer, and thereupon promised to venture a ioynt, but shee would further him in his loves; whereupon shee followed him to his chamber, and the while he writ a letter to this effect.

"SEIGNEUR FRANCESCO TO FAIRE ISABEL,—When I note (faire Isabel) the extremity of thy fortunes, and measure of the passions of my love, I finde that Venus hath made thee constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onset is given by fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection; for I heard, that thy father, suspicious, or rather jealous of our late united sympathy, doth watch like Argus over Io, not suffering thee to passe beyond the reach of his eie, unless (as hee thinks) thou shouldst over-reach thy-selfe. His minde is like the tapers in Janus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselves; his thoughts like the sunnebeames, that search every secret. Thus watching thee, he overwaketh himself, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Ætna, which vanish out of their sight in smoake.

"I have heard them say, (faire Isabel) that as the diamonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the topaze by biding the force of the anville, the kethin wood by the hardnesse, so womens excellence is discovered in their constancie. Then, if the period of all their vertues consist in this,

that they take in love by moneths, and let it slip by minutes, that, as the tortoise, they creep *peletentim*, and when they come to their rest, will hardly be removed. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loves the very paterne of feminine loyalty, having no motion in thy thoughts, but fancie, and no affection, but to thy Francesco. In that I am stopped from thy sight, I am deprived of the chiefest organ of my life, having no sense in my life perfect, in that I want the views of thy perfection, ready with sorrow to perish in despair, if resolved of thy constancy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now rests it in thee to salve all these sores, and provide medicines for these dangerous maladies, that our passions appeased, we may end our harmony in the faithfull union of two hearts. Thou seest Love hath his shifts, and Venus quiddities are most subtille sophistry: that he which is touched with beantie, is ever in league with opportunitie, these principles are proved by the messenger, whose state discovers my restless thoughts, impatient of any longer repulse. I have therefore sought to overmatch thy father in policie, as he overstraines us in jealousie, and seeing he seeks it, to let him finde a knot in a rush: as therefore I have sent thee the summe of my passions in forme of a passport, returns me a reply wrapt in the same paper, that as wee are forced to court our deceits in one shift, so hereafter we may unite our loves in one sympathy: appoint what I shall doe to compass a private conference. Thinke I will account of the seas as Leander; of the warres as Troilus; of all daungers as a man resolved to attempt any perill, or breake any prejudice for thy sake. Say, when and where I shall meete thee, and so, as I begun passionately, I brake off abruptly. Farewell.—Thine in fatall resolution, SEIGNEUR FRANCESCO.

"After he had written the letter, and dispatcht the messenger, her mind was so fired on the brace of angels, that she stirred her old stumps till she came to the house of Seigneur Fregoso, who at that instant was walkt abroad, to take the view of his pastures. Shee no sooner began her methode of begging with a solemne prayer, and a paternoster, but Isabel, whose devotion was ever bent to pitty the poore, came to the dore, to see

the necessity of the party, who begun to salute her thus: 'Faire mistress, whose vertues exceede your beauties, and yet I doubt not you deeme your perfection equivalent with the rarest paragons in Brittanie, as your eie receives the object of my misery, so let your hart have an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then favoured by fortune, now old and crossed by destinies, driven, when I am weakest, to the wall, and when I am most able, forst to hold the candle. Seeing then the fautes of my youth have forst the fall of myne age, and I am driven to the winter of my yeares, to abide the brunt of all sturmes, let the plentie of your youth pittie the want of my decrepite state; and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now lowe: for proove, sweet mistress, see my passport, wherein you shall finde my passions and much patience,' at which period, making a curtesie, her very rage seemed to give Isabel reverence. Shee hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good parts in her, and therefore tooke her certificate, which, as soone as she had opened, and that she perceived it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet betrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it over with such pathetically impressions, as every motion was intangled with a dilemma; for on the one side, the love of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exterior beauties, gave such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affections, as the fort was ready to be yeilded up: but that the feare of her fathers displeasure, armed with the instigations of nature, drave her to meditate thus with herselfe:—

"Now Isabel, love and fortune have brought thee into a labyrinth, thy thoughts are like Janus's pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy minde like Venus's anvil, whereon is hammered both feare and hope: sith then the chance lieth in thine owne choice, do not with Medea see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst; but of two extremes, if they be *immediata*, choose that which may have least prejudice and most profite. Thy father is aged and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much expe-

rience. The old foxe is more subtle than the young cub; the bucke more skillfull to choose his foode than the young fawnes. Men of age feare and foresee that which youth leapest at with repentance. If, then, his grave wisdom exceeds thy greene wit, and his ripened fruites thy sprouting blossomes, thinke if he speake for thy waile, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on love and nature. 'It is near a collop,' sayes hee, 'is cut of thy owne flesh, and the stay of thy fortunes is the staffe of thy life:' no doubt he sees with a more piercing judgment into the life of Francesco; for thou overcome with fancie, censurest all his actions with partialitie. Francescoe, though he be young and beautifull, yet his revenuees are not answerable to his favours: the cedar is faire, but unfruitfull; the Volgo a bright streame, but without fish: men covet rather to plant the olive for profit, then the alder for beauty, and young gentlewomen should rather fancy to live than affect to lust; for love without lands is like a fire without fewell, that for a while sheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dost thou thinke this, Isabel, that thine eye may not surfet so with beautie, that the minde shall vomite up repentance? Yes, for the fairest roses have prickles, the purest lawnes their moles, the brightest diamonds their crackes, and the most beautifull men of the most imperfect conditions, for Nature, having care to polish the body so faire, overweenes herselfe in her excellency, that she leaves their minds imperfect. Whither now, Isabel, into absurd aphorismes? What, can thy father persuade thee to this, that the most glorious shels have not the most orient margarites; that the purest flowers have not the most perfect savours; that men, as they excel in proportion of body, so they exceede in perfection of minde? Is not Nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most virtuous minds in the most beautifull covertures? Why, what of this, fond girle? Suppose these premises to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion; for suppose hee bee beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equal with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintain love, and therefore, saies old Fregoso, not worthy of Isabel's love. Shall I then tie my affection to his

lands or to his lineaments? to his riches or to his qualities? Are Venus altars to be filled with golde, or loyalty of harts? Is the sympathy of Cupids consistory united in the abundance of coyne, or the absolute perfection of constancie? Ah, Isabel, thinke this, that love brooketh no exception of want, that where fancie displaies her colours, there alwaies either plentie keeps her court, or else patience so tempers every extreme, that all defects are supplied with content.'

"Upon this, as having a further reach, and a deeper insight, she stept hastily to her standish, and writ him this answer:—

"ISABEL TO FRANCESCO: Health.—Although the nature of a father, and the dutie of a childe, might moove me resolutely to reject thy letters, yet I received them, for that thou art Francesco and I Isabel, who were once private in affection, as we are now distant in places. But know, my father, whose command to me is a law of constraint, sets downe this censure, that love without wealth is like to a cedar tree without fruit, or to corne sowne in the sandes, that withereth for want of moysture; and I have reason, Francesco, to deeme of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms. The old man, whose wordes are oracles, telles me, that love that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute; that mens affections are like the dew upon a christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off. Their eies, with every glance, make a new choice, and every looke can commaund a sigh, having their harts like saltpeeter, that fiereth at the first, and yet proveth but a flash; their thoughts reaching as high as cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with every blast. Had Carthage beane bereft of so famous a virago if the Trojan had been as constant as he was comely? Had the Queene of Poetrie beene pinched with so many passions if the wanton ferriman had been as faithfull as he was faire? No, Francesco, and therefore, seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most caterpillers, the sweetest roses with the sharpest prickles, the fairest cambricks with the foulest staines, and men with the best proportion have commonly least perfection, I may feare to swallow the hooke, lest I find more bane in the confection than

pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and with sighs foresee mine owne folly. Women, poore soules, are like to the harts in Calabria, that knowing dictamum to bee deadly, yet browse on it with greedinesse; resembling the fish mugra, that seeing the hooke bare, yet swallowes it with delight; so women foresee, yet do do not prevent, knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the prejudice. So Francesco, I see thy beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde in my mind this principle, in love is no lacke. What should I, Francesco, covet to dally with the mouse, when the cat stands by, or fill my letter full of needlesse ambages when my father, like Argus, setteth a hundred eyes to overprie ray actions? While I am writing, thy messenger stands at the doer praying; therefore, lest I should hold her too long at her orisons, or keepe thee (poore man) too long in suspense, thus briefly: Be upon Thursday next, at night, hard by the orchard, under the greatest oke, where expect my comming; provide for our safe passage, for stooede all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide, to direct me whither he pleased. Faile not then, unlesse those be false to her that would have life faile ere she falsifie faith to thee.—Not her owne, because thine, ISABEL.

“As soone as she had dispatcht her letter she came downe, and delivered the letter in forme of a pasport to the messenger, giving her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely clapt her in the fist with a brace of angels. The woman, thanking her good maister, and her good mistress, giving the house her benison, hied her backe againe to Francesco, whom she found sitting solitarie in his chamber. No sooner did he espie her, but flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour, as a man in doubtful extasie what should betide; yet conceiving good hope by her countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her reward than at any other conceite, hee tooke the letter and read it, wherein hee found his humour so fitted, that hee not only thanked the messenger, but gave her all the money in his purse, so that she returned so highly gratified as never

afterward shee was found to exercise her old occupation. But leaving her to the hope of her huswifery, againe to Francesco, who, seeing the constant affection of his mistris, that neither the sowre lookes of her father, nor his hard threats, could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster of fortune could drive her to makeshipwracke of her fixed affection, that the blustering stormes of adversity might assault, but not sack the fort of her constant resolution, hee fell into this pleasing passion:—‘Women’ (quoth hee) ‘why as they are heavens wealth, so are they earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularity of proportion, to shrowd the excellencie of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues, as they excell them in beauties, resembling angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnes, being purer in mind, than in mould, and yet made of the purity of man: just are they, as giving love her due; constant, as holding loyalty more precious than life: as hardly to be drawne from united affection, as the Salamandas from the coverns of Ætna. Tush’ (quoth Francesco), ‘what should I say? They are women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie.’ In this pleasant humor he passed away the time, not slacking his business for provision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires let us leave him, and returne to Isabel, who after she had sent her letter, fell into a dump, entring into the considerations of mens constancy, and of the ficklenes of their fancies; but all these meditations did sort to no effect: whereupon sitting downe, shee tooke her lute in her hand, and sung this ode:—

#### “ ISABEL’S ODE.

“Sitting by a river’s side,  
Where a silent streame did glide,  
Banckt about with choice of flowers,  
Such as spring from April showers,  
When faire Iris smiling shewes  
All her riches in her dewes,  
Thick leaved trees so were planted,  
As not Art nor Nature wanted,  
Bordering all the brooke with shade,  
As if Venus there had made  
By Florae wile, a curious bowre  
To dally with her paramoure.  
At this current as I gaze,  
Eies intrapt, minde amaze,

I might see in my ken,  
 Such a flame as fireth men :  
 Such a fire as doth drie,  
 With one blaze both hart and eye,  
 Such a heate as doth prove  
 No heate like to the heate of love.  
 Bright shee was, for 'twas a shee,  
 That trac'd her steps towards me :  
 On her head shee ware a bay,  
 To fence Phoebus's light away :  
 In her face one might descry  
 The curious beautie of the skie.  
 Her eies carried darts of fire,  
 Feathered all with swift desire :  
 Yet forth these fiery darts did passe,  
 Pearled tears as bright as glasse,  
 That wonder 'twas in her eine,  
 Fire and water should combine :  
 If the old saw did not borrow,  
 Fire is love, and water sorrow.  
 Downe shee sate, pale and sad,  
 No mirth in her lookes shee had,  
 Face and eies shew'd distresse,  
 Inward sighs discourst no lesse :  
 Head and hand might I see :  
 Elbow leaned on her knee,  
 Last shee breathed out this saw,  
 Oh that Love hath no law,  
 Love inforceth with constraint,  
 Love delighteth in complaint,  
 Whoso loves, hates his life.  
 For loves peace is minds strife.  
 Love doth feede on beauties fare,  
 Every dish saw'd with care :  
 Chiefely women, reason why,  
 Love is habit in their eie :  
 Thence it steppeth to the hart,  
 There it poysoneth every part,  
 Mind and hart, eye and thought,  
 Till sweet love their woes have wrought.  
 Then repentant they gan cry,  
 Oh my hart that trowed mine eie.  
 Thus she said, and then she rose,  
 Face and mind both ful of woes :  
 Flinging thence with his saw,  
 Fie on Love that hath no law.'

"Having finished her ode, she heard that her father was come in, and therefore leaving her amorous instruments, she fel to her labour, to confirme the old proverb in her father's jealous head, 'Otia si tollas,' &c. : but as warie as shee was, yet the old goose could spie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but used his accustomed manner of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to be concealed, or the fire to bee suppressed, so Fregoso could not by subtle drifts so warily, watch is transformed Io, but she found a Mercurie to release her, for upon Thursday, lying in bedde with but little intent to sleepe, she offered many sighs to Venus, that shee should

be Oratresse to Morpheus, that some dead slumber might possess all the house ; which fell out accordingly, so that at mid-night she rose up, and finding her apparel shut up, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her petticoate, with her father's hat and an old cloake. Thus attired like Diana, in her night-gere, she marcheth down softly, where shee found Francisco ready with a private and familiar friend of his to watch her comming forth, who, casting his eie aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie, drew his sword : at which Isabel smiling, she incountred him thus :

"Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you seeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would bee thought hardie, set not upon a weaponlesse woman, lest in thinking to triumph in so mean a conquest, you be prejudiced with the taint of cowardise. 'Twas never yet read that warlike Mars drew his fawchion against lovely Venus, were her offence never so great or his choller never so much. Therefore, gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabel's Francesco, leave off your armes and fall to amours, and let your parley in them be as short as the night is silent, and the time dangerous.' Francesco seeing it was the paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a swoond by a sudden extasie of joy : at last recovering his sence, he incountred her thus :

"Faire Isabel, Nature's overmatch in beautie, as you are Dianæ's superiour in vertue : at the sight of this attire I drewe my sword, as fearing some privy foe ; but as soone as the view of your perfection glanced as an object to mine eie, I let fall my armes, trembling as Actæon did, that hee had dared too farre in gazing against so gorgeous a goddessse : yet readie in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather than I would loose so rich a prize, not only to take up my weapon but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world.' 'Sir' (quoth shee) 'these protestations are now bootlesse ; and therefore to be brieft, thus (and with that the tears trickled downe the vermilion of her cheeks, and shee blubbered out this passion) : O Francesco, thou maist see by my attire the depth

of my fancie, and in these homely robes mayst thou note the retchlessness of my fortunes, that for thy love have strained a note too high in love. I offend nature as repugnant to my father, whose displeasure I have purchased to please thee: I have given a small farewell to my friends, to bee thy familiar: I have lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the sympathie of both our desires. Ah, Francesco, see, I come thus poore in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter, (oh let me sigh at that, lest I bee forced to repent too late) when thy eie is gluttied with my beautie, and thy hott love proved soone cold, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loveth thee, and proove as Demophoon did to Phyllis, or as Æneas did to Dido. What then may I doe, rejected, but accurse mine owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes? Give me leave, Francesco, to feare what may fall, for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practice.' She could not fully discourse what she was about to utter, but he broke off with this protestation: 'Ah Isabel, although the windes of Lephantus are ever inconstant, the christall ever brittle, the polips ever changeable, yet measure not my minde by other motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of other fancies, for, as there is topace that will yeeld to every stampe, so there is an emerald that will yeeld to no impression. The selfe-same Troy, as it had an Æneas that was fickle, so it had Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophoon, and though some have been ungratefull, yet accuse not all to be unthankfull, for when Francesco shall let his eie slip from thy beauty, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his hart from thy vertues, or his whole life from ever honouring thee, then shall heaven cease to have starres, the earth trees, the world elements, and every thing reversed, shall fall to their former chaos.'

"Why then (quoth Isabel), to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such lovers be impeached by my father's wakefull jealousie.' And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, she mounted, and as fast as horse could pace away, they post towards a towne in the said country of Brittain, called Duncastrum.

Where let us leave them in their gallop, and returne to old Fregoso, who, rising early in the morning, and missing his daughter, askt for her through the whole house: but seeing none could discover where she was, and assured of her escape, he cried out as a man halfe lunaticke, 'that hee was by Francesco robd of his onely jewell.' Whereupon, in despairing fury, he caused al his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselves with hue and cry for the recovery of his daughter, hee himselfe being horst, and riding the readie way to Duncastrum. Where hee no sooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him with a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne hee met Francesco and his daughter comming from the church, which although it pierst him to the quicke, and strained every string of his heart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till he tooke his inne: and then stumbling as fast as hee could to the Maior's house of the towne, he revealed unto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his favour by the clapping up of this unruly gentleman: and to make the matter more heinous, he accused him of felony, that he had not onely, contrary to the custome bereft him of his daughter against his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certain plate. This evidence caused the Mayor straight, guarded with his officers, to march down with Fregoso, to the place where Isabel and her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking (poore soules) such a sharpe storme should follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would have it so. And, therefore, as they were carowing each to other in a sweete frolike of hoped for content, the Mayor rusht in, and apprehended him of felony, which drave the poor perplexed lovers into such a dumpe, that they stode as the pictures that Perseus with his shield turned into stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight entered into the cause, and perceived it was the drift of the old foxe his father in law; wherefore he took it with more patience. But Isabel, seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a swoon for sorrow, which could not prevaile with the serjeants, but they conveyed

him to prison, and her to the Maior's house."

Francescoe's imprisonment, however, is not for long. The Mayor takes the side of the young people, and discovering there is no truth in the charge of felony, he takes Isabel to the prison that she may liberate her lover. They arrive at the young man's dungeon just as he is "taking a citterne in his hand," and commences "warbling out an ode." As the reader has already had a specimen of Francescoe's odes, we will not insert the one he warbled out on the present occasion, but take up the story at the conclusion of the harmony.

"Having thus chaunted over his ode, hee heard the chamber doore open, whereupon he grew melancholie: but when he saw the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended the essence of his happiness, hee started, as when love-sick Mars saw Venus entring his pavilion in triumph, entertaining them all generally with such affabilities, and her particularly with such courtesie, that hee shewed himselfe as full of nurture as of nature. Interchange of entertainment then past betweene these two lovers, as well with emphasis of wordes, as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of patheticall teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and told Francesco, though his father-in-law had alleadged felony against him, yet because he perceived that it rather proceeded of some secret revenge than any manifest truth, and that no further evidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie conditionally: Francesco should give his hand, to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be objected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie, and hee and Isabel joyntly together taking themselves to a little cottage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous: with their hands' thrift coveting to satisfie their harts' thirst, and to bee as diligent in labours as they were affectionate in loves, so that the parish in which they lived so affected them for the course of their life, that they were accounted the very mirrors of a Democratically methode, for he being a scholler, and nurst up in the universities, resolved rather to live by his witte than any way to be

pinched by want, thinking this old sentence to be true, that 'wishers and woulders were never good house-holders;' therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a schoole, where by his industry, hee had not only grate favour, but gat wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that she might seeme no less profitable than her husband carefull, fell to her needle, and with her worke, sought to prevent the injurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintain their loves, being as busie as bees and as true as turtles; as desirous to satisfie the world with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Living thus in a league of united vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a son aunswerable to their own proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and love thus joyning in league to make these parties forget the stormes that nipped the blossomes of their former yeres, addicted to the content of their loves this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of five yeaeres, Signior Fregoso, hearing by sundrie reports the fame of their forwardnes, howe Francesco coveted to be most loving to his daughter, and she most dutifull to him, and both strive to excede one another in loyaltie: glad at this mutuall agreement, hee fell from the furie of his former melancholly passions, and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his sonne-in-law, that he should make repair to his house with his daughter, which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but providing for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they could towards Caerbranke, where, speedily arriving at their father's house, they found such friendly entertainment at the old mans hands that they counted this smile of fortune able to countervail all the contrarie stormes, that the adverse planets had inflicted upon them."

From this period of good nature, however, fortune changes to the young couple, and their matrimonial course becomes troubled. Francesco has occasion to leave his wife, and to travel on business to the city of Troy-novant, at which place he falls in love

with a very worthless lady named Infida, to whom he pays his addresses in Euphuistic style, and she responds in the same strain. At first they only ogle each other across the street, but soon they interchange letters and odes—eventually ‘they commit improprieties for which there is not the slightest excuse.’ Isabel hears of Francesco’s infidelity, and tries to reclaim him from the siren’s influence by sending him the most exemplary letters, which he, base man! treats with neglect. During the continuance of this state of things, the deserted Isabel well nigh falls a victim to the machinations of a wicked old judge. The story of “*Susannah and the Elders*” (which *History by-the-bye* Robt. Greene amplified and made into a novel, and published under the title of “*The Myrrour of Modestie*”) is acted once again. Isabel displays the virtue of *Susannah*, and, when on the point of being condemned of a heinous crime, is shown to be innocent by a providential interposition. The fame of Isabel’s excellence hereupon spreads through the country, and reaches the ears of her husband at *Troynovant*, who has already split with Infida. Francesco, on receiving the intelligence so honourable to his wife, suddenly bethinks himself that he has been guilty of injustice to her, repents, and determines to return home to *Caerbranke*. After a festive entertainment and an affecting farewell to his bachelor acquaintance at *Troynovant*, our hero acts on his good resolution, starts for home, and without any mishap reaches the presence of the much-wronged Isabel.

“Within five daies he arrived at *Caerbranke*, where, as soone as he was lighted, he went to the house where his wife sojourned; and one of the maids espying Francesco, yet knew him foral his long absence, and ranne in and told it to Isabel, that her husband was at the dore. She being at work in her chamber, sate as one in extasie, until Francesco came up, who, at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellency of her beautie, her vertues, chastity, and other perfections, and measuring her constancy with his disloyaltie, stooode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus:—‘Ah, Isabel, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordium shall I use to show my penance, or

discover my sorrowes, or expresse my present joyes? For I tel thee I conceive as great pleasure to see thee wel, as grief in that I have wronged thee with my absence. Might sighs, Isabel, teares, plaintes, or any such exterior passions pourtray out my inward repentence, I would shew thee the anatomic of a most distressed man: but amongst many sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluitie of griefes stops the source of my miscontent. To figure out my follies, or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life, and to rub the scar, by setting out mine own scathe: and therefore let it suffice, I repent heartily, I sorrow deeply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly.’ At this Francesco stood and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceived by his outward griefs his secret passions, and therefore taking him about the neck, wetting his cheekes with the teares that fel from her eies, she made him this womanly and wise answer: ‘What, Francesco, comest thou home full of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe? Hast thou been long absent, and now bringest thou mee a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, and therefore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that henceforth thou wilt love Isabel, and upon that condition, without any more wordes, welcome to Isabel!’ With that she smiled and wept, and, in doing both together, sealed up all her contrarie passions in a kisse.”

After this reconciliation, Isabel conducts her husband into an adjoining apartment to a banquet provided by the host of the house in which she dwells. After the neighbours bidden to the feast have well supped, the host tells a tale.

“Francesco, Isabel, and all the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant host, and for that it was late in the night, they al rose, and taking their leave of Francesco, departed; he and his wife bidding their host good night, and so going to bed, where we leave them to leade the rest of their lives in quiet.”—[Query: Are they never to get up again?]

The courteous Palmer having gratified Robert Greene with this lengthy narrative, takes a polite adieu of that gentleman and Mrs. Greene.



## A HANDFUL OF CAVALIER SONGS.

BY GEORGE THORNBURY.

## THE SALLY FROM COVENTRY.

"PASSION o' me", cried Sir Richard Tyrone,  
Spurning the sparks from the broad paving-stone,  
"Better turn nurse and rock children to sleep,  
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry Keep,  
No, by my halidome, no one shall say,  
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city away."

Passion o' me, how he pulled at his beard,  
Fretting and chafing if any one leered,  
Clapping his breastplate and shaking his fist,  
Giving his grizzly moustachios a twist,  
Running the protocol through with his steel,  
Grinding the letter to mud with his heel.

Then he roared out for a bottle of sack,  
Clapped the old trumpeter twice on the back,  
Leaped on his bay with a dash and a swing,  
Bade all the bells in the city to ring,  
And when the red flag from the steeple went down,  
Open they flung every gate in the town.

To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,  
A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their blood;  
Hurrying out with a flash and a flare,  
A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpeter's blare,  
And first sitting proud as a king on his throne,  
At the head of them all dashed Sir Richard Tyrone.

Crimson and yellow, and purple and dun,  
Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in the sun,  
Steel like a mirror on brow and on breast,  
Scarlet and white on their feather and crest,  
Banner that blows in a torrent of red  
Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at their head.

The colourman's down— with a gash on his poll,  
Struck by the parters of body and soul.  
Forty saddles are empty; the horses ran red  
With foul Puritan blood from the slashes that bled.  
Curses and cries and a gnashing of teeth,  
A grapple and stab on the slippery heath,  
And Sir Richard leaped up on the fool that went down,  
Proud as a conqueror donning his crown.

Cutting a way through the troopers in steel,  
Making old Haslerig's stoutest to reel,  
Breaking a way through a flooding of fire,  
Trampling the best blood of London to mire  
When suddenly rises a smoke and a blaze,  
Making the fiercest look round in amaze:  
"O ho!" quoth Sir Richard, "my city grows hot,  
I've left it well guarded from traitor and Scot."

## DEATH OF THE CAVALIER PORT.

"Dead, dead!"

So the old nurse careless said,  
Letting fall his lifeless head;  
There were shadows round the bed,  
But not one mourner for the dead.  
Dead, dead.

Fame, fame!

The old clock's ticking just the same,  
The ceiling reddens with the flame,  
The wind sinks back from whence it came,  
Moaning as if in very shame,  
Fame, fame.

"Gone to rest!"

Said the nurse, and crossed her breast,  
Groping in the dusty chest,  
While the rat squealed from its nest,  
"Nothing but a threadbare vest,  
Verses, verses—all the rest"

"Write, write!"

He would scribble all the night,  
Was it wonder he grew white?  
Crazed his brain, and dim his sight,  
Scarcely knowing day from night.  
Write, write."

"Lord, lord!"

Last week came Sir Richard Ford,  
Playing with his silver sword,  
Tapping on the empty board,  
How at every jest he roared,  
Lord, lord!"

"Bread, bread!"

Moaned the master who is dead,  
"Though my pen is heavy lead,  
And my lungs this morning bled  
I have children must be fed.  
Bread, bread."

"Debt, debt!"

Half a guinea owing yet,  
Many nights of wind and wet,  
Many weary vigils set,  
This is all I ever get.

Debt, debt!"

## THE OLD PARK GATES.

MANSION, temp. CHARLES I.

THERE are two statues of cold grey stone,  
Mossy and black with years,  
Creatures that never felt love nor joy,  
Nor ever shed human tears;  
Shine sun, beat wind, blow hot, blow cold,  
They stand stern looking on,  
Taking no 'count of the days or hours,  
Nor the ages past and gone.

Ruthless creatures of hard grey stone,  
Guarding the old park-gates,  
Firm on your throne-like pedestals,  
Gazing calm-eyed as Fates ;  
Whether a bridal train laughed thro',  
Or a coffin passed within,  
Never a word and never a smile  
At the silence or the din.

The gates stained red with iron rust,  
Are twined with love-knots true,  
And winding cyphers mystic,  
Still streaked with gold and blue.  
And proudly round ramp herald beasts,  
And round hang fruit and flowers ;  
But gapped and warped with lightning-stroke,  
And the damp of cold night showers.

On the alabs the figures trample,  
Grow long dry nodding weeds,  
And there the starling loves to build,  
And there the robin feeds ;  
While like blood-gouts, the rust-stains drip  
Foul on the pillar's base,  
And night and day try sun and rain  
The cypher to deface.

No longer rolls the gilded coach  
Down the long avenue,  
Lit by the smoking torches' light  
That glistens in the dew ;  
No longer through the massy gate,  
Sweep banished Cavaliers,  
Stern men who kneel to kiss the ground,  
Shedding some bitter tears.

The house is down, the deer are dead,—  
The park 's a lonely place.  
The timid rabbits careless feed,  
Unscared by human face :  
But all day singing to himself,  
As happy as a child,  
The blackbird sits and prunes his wing,—  
The spot has grown so wild.

God's curses on the drunkard's hand  
That flung the spotted die ;  
Did he not hear the groan that shook  
The vault where his fathers lie ?  
Blue lightning pierce the shrivelled heart  
That never beat with pride,  
To tread the cedar chamber where  
His father's fathers died.

The die was thrown ; the manor-house  
Shook from the roof to base,  
The sallow portraits in the hall  
Gazed with reproachful face :  
Without, the old ancestral trees  
Groaned loud as lightning-smit ;  
The herald's window sparkled out,  
The moon shone full on it.

The fool,—a beggar through the gate  
Crept out with head hung down,  
Not seeing how the guardian gods,  
Upon their pillars frown.

He hears the winner's mocking laugh  
 Come ringing through the tree,—  
 One side the gate lies heaven,  
 One side flows misery.

But had I time sufficient,  
 I could for hours relate  
 How Tory, Whig, and Jacobite  
 Have passed through yonder gate.  
 The lord with orange-ribbon  
 Bright at his button hole,  
 Proud of the vote for which he sold  
 For a star—his body and soul.

The gallant bound for Derby,  
 With a white rose at his breast,  
 Returning pale and wounded,  
 The lace torn from his vest :  
 Or chaired the conquering Member  
 Borne high above his peers,  
 With noisy acclamations,  
 And loud election cheers.

Now on the iron crown that caps  
 The centre of the gate,  
 A robin comes, and in the sun,  
 Sings early and sings late.  
 It is the spirit of the place  
 Still wrung by a regret,—  
 Well may the stranger lingering by  
 Confess a sorrow yet.

Decay, and sin, and ruin,  
 Stare through the twilight grate,  
 Sad as the entrance of a vault,  
 With all its faded state ;  
 The stains of tarnished gilding,  
 Its love-knot still untied,  
 And the silent statues standing fixed,  
 Asserting changeless pride.

And 'tis for this we toil and sweat,  
 And ply the sword and pen,—  
 Only to pass away at eve,  
 And be forgot of men.  
 Fools that we are, to gather flowers  
 That in our hands decay,—  
 To heap mole-hills, to rear up earth  
 Immortal,—for a day.

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#### THE THREE TROOPERS.

##### DURING THE PROTECTORATE

INTO the Devil tavern  
 Three booted troopers strode,  
 From spur to feather spotted and splashed  
 With the mud of a winter road.  
 In each of their cups they dropped a crust,  
 And stared at the guests with a frown ;  
 Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down !"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks,  
 Their sword blades were still wet;  
 There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,  
 As the table they overset.  
 Then into their cups they stirred the crust,  
 And cursed old London town,  
 Then waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,  
 The host turned pale as a clout,  
 The ruby nose of the toping squires  
 Grew white at the wild men's shout.  
 Then into their cups they flung the crust,  
 And showed their teeth with a frown:  
 They flashed their swords as they gave the toast,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropped his dog's-eared cards,  
 The waiting-women screamed,  
 As the light of the fire like a stain of blood  
 On the wild men's sabres gleamed.  
 Then into their cups they splashed a crust,  
 And cursed the fool of a town,  
 And leapt on the table, and roared a toast,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire bells rang,  
 And the troopers sprang to horse;  
 The eldest muttered between his teeth,  
 Hot curses—deep and coarse.  
 In their stirrup cups they flung the crust,  
 And cried as they spurred through town,  
 With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,  
 Their red cloaks flowing free,  
 Their scabbards clashed, their back-piece shone,—  
 None liked to touch the three.  
 The silver cups that held the crusts  
 They flung to the startled town,  
 Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,  
 "God send this Crum-well-down!"

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TOM OF TEN THOUSAND.

THERE is hard-riding Dickey,  
 The Lord of Mount Surrey,  
 Gallants in blue and gold,  
 Purple and murrey.  
 There are Jacobites, scores of 'em,  
 Whigs twice as many;  
 But Tom of Ten Thousand is  
 Gayest of any.

He is so tall and lithe,  
 Lighthearted and limber,  
 Ready to face the gate,  
 Breasting the timber,  
 Rushing through bullfinches,  
 Dreaded by many,  
 Tom of ten thousand is  
 Boldest of any.

Over the hedge and stile,  
 Over the paling,  
 Over the double fence,  
 Bank, brook, or railing,  
 Switching the rasper, sir,  
 Though the ground's fenny,  
 Tom of ten thousand is  
 Bravest of any.

Oh, but to see him, boys,  
 In the wood groping,  
 Then breaking through the bush,  
 Start for the open.  
 Over the plough and clay,  
 Checking so many,  
 Tom of ten thousand is  
 Stauncheast of any.

Fording the river deep,  
Swollen and rapid,  
All other riding boys  
Seeming but vapid.  
Making the short-cut,  
That's sighed for by many,  
Tom of ten thousand is  
Fleetest of any.

Swift as a swallow,  
Black Sloven's gelding,  
Bred in the Grafton mews  
Out of old Belding.  
Light on the back of him,  
Envied by many  
Tom of ten thousand is,  
Swiftest of any.

After the music,  
No one more willing.  
Though the wood's fen, and swamp,  
And the pace killing.  
Cursing and spurring ails,  
Swifter than any,  
Tom of ten thousand is  
Surest of any.

He'll be brought home at last,  
With his feet foremost,  
Though the heart-blood of him  
Now runs the warmest.  
No ! coming to grief  
Is the fortune of many,  
But Tom of ten thousand is  
Safest of any.

THE KING IS COMING TO LONDON.

A SONG OF THE RESTORATION.

Let bonfires shine in every place  
And redden many a laughing face,  
O pray that God may give his grace,  
To Charles, who's coming to London.  
And sing and ring the bells apace,  
But let no Roundhead lean and base,  
Dare of his crop ears show a trace,  
When the King is coming to London.

At every window hang a flag,  
Though it be torn and rent to a rag,  
And shout till tongue refuse to wag,  
The King, &c.  
Let not one trooper dare to lag  
His old slashed coat to button and tag,  
But sling on his horn and his bullet bag,  
For the King, &c.

And in the face of scented lords,  
Point to the notches upon your swords,  
And cry like the drunken gipsy hordes,  
The King, &c.  
Instead of a plume wear oaken boughs  
And open the door of every house,  
Then make every passer-by carouse,  
For the King, &c.

Jewel the hair of daughter and spouse,  
Even the dying must carouse,  
Crawl to the window and drink us a bouse,  
For the King, &c.  
Pale madmen wake with cry and stare,  
And run to taste the fresh blue air,  
Then gibber to see the splendour there,  
When the King, &c.

The beggar shall rouse from his fever lair,  
The butcher leave the bleeding bear,  
And even gaolers forget their care,  
For the King, &c.  
Tear up benches, and rip up boards,  
Sell your feathers, broaches, and gauds,  
To build up fires, and mind the words,  
The King is, &c.

Grim felons free from fetter and bond,  
Whisper at golden chain and wand,  
And eye the gems with ogling fond,  
When the King, &c.  
The scrivener leaves the half-forged bond,  
Forgets the wretched man he wronged,  
And hurries where his clients thronged,  
When the King, &c.

Debtors whose blood's grown cold and thin,  
Warm with the laughter and the din,  
That thaws the half-froze heart within.  
When the King, &c.  
The poorest tinker with kith and kin,  
Must now forget his sodder and tin,  
For labour to-day is a sort of a sin,  
When the King, &c.

Old men rub their palsied palm,  
And sing with tremulous voice a psalm  
Of Simeon blest now tempests calm,  
The King is, &c.  
The plague-smit man shall feel a balm,  
And his sickness pass as if by a charm,  
When he waves for joy his bandaged arm,  
For the King, &c.

## PANURGUS PEBBLES.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING IS NOTHING OF ANYTHING.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A JACK-of-all-trades and master of none was Panurgus Pebbles: from the birchen tangle of boyhood to the mental pains of man's estate his shallow versatility was his bane: from the first kick and crow in long clothes to the silent rigidity in the shroud, his life, a patchwork harlequin, was ever slapping and flapping him. His mind was like Jacques' motley fool, or rather like a kaleidoscope—yet wanted reflection—the smoked glasses in that instrument, that by doubling the confused mass of glass splinters, &c., changes disorder into a "pattern of neatness."

When Pebbles picked up his scraps of knowledge, Heaven only knows! Pœkilus Pigment, my artist friend, has ever beside his easel a spare canvass whereon he bestows at random the dabs of colour that remain in his brush, while he is working up his great picture for the Academy. On this canvass, upon the foundation thus laid, he afterwards depicts such a subject as the prevailing tints may suggest. Can it be that Nature, when supplying the crania of a number of mortals with brains of different tendencies, casts into the head of Pebbles the superabundant cerebral scraps.

Panurgus was the son of an old Squire, whose spouse was a fashionable lady.

The father took him out for a ride;

The mother sent him to school;

The paternal care taught him to sing, "Tally ho!"

The maternal drilled him in the "Busy Bee;"

The Squire declared that his son should be "a man, not a milksop!"

The lady said hers should be "a gentleman, not a stable-boy."

Between the two influences, Panurgus got off easily. If he did not go to school his father would screen him from his merited punishment; if he refused to ride a spirited horse his mother shielded him from his father's wrath; if he failed in the melody of

"Tally ho!" the lady would express her pleasure that he did not take a liking to "a song that was not fitted for polite society." To which the squire retorted by observing—"that as to the matter of that he did not think Dr. Watts was much better. How about that one—

"'Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs

Go sporting about by the side of their——'

a proper word truly to be put in the mouths of children!"

So far his piebald breeding and disposition did our hero no harm—at least no present harm—for in after years the effects of these two counter-influences came upon him.

But it was not only in his studies that our hero shone superficially. Was there a game of cricket proposed, who so ready as Pebbles to make one of a side. But without that genuine love of the sport, which would have sustained him during his fielding, he soon got tired, and the boys, knowing his failing, always sent him in last, being sure that his wickets once down Pebbles would slink off to some other pastime. Not that he was a great loss, for like all who do not enter into the spirit of the game *com-amore*, he was a slovenly player, and went among the cricket-lovers by the soubrequet of butter-fingers; while among the boating community (for the school was near the river Weir and the boys had a whole fleet of "dingies" on it) he was known as crab Pebbles—a title derived from his frequent successes in catching those crustacea while rowing. To the uninitiated we will explain: He who would capture a crab must seat himself in a rowing boat, and taking an oar pull it scientifically until the vessel gets a swift onward motion, by seaman entitled "head-way." When this is accomplished let our friend turn his oar over slightly and try to lift it out of the water straight. There is a slight splash—a jerk—and

the operator finds the handle of his oar in his abdominal region, and almost before he can wink, his head descends and his heels fly up, and the experiment is concluded—the crab is caught.

Poor Pebbles! his heels were oftener in the air than his scull in the water; for he had another way of "capturing cancers," namely, by never putting his oar in the water at all, merely skimming it along the surface, so that, the air not offering the same resistance as water, the force of his own stroke shot poor Pebbles into the lap of his neighbour on the next thwart. This evolution was called by the boys "Pebbles's pull," a stroke of which (as Featherwell, the best oar in the school averred) "one half was in the air and the other out of the water."

Then what disasters did not Panurgus get into, when, with the bag of paper shreds, the hare—one of the best runners in the school—set off across country! About twenty minutes after the pack would start helter skelter, over hedge and ditch, where the paper was thickly scattered; or wandering at fault over a ploughed field to recover the scent. Some time or other in the day was sure to see Panurgus pounded in a field, or up to his neck in a ditch, or stuck, head-downward, in a hedge, as if measuring the wide expanse of heaven with his legs in lieu of compasses. But in spite of all this, Panurgus would often be in at the death. His plan was to climb a high tree, and try to spy out the hare in the distance, or if he could not see him, to watch the direction in which the hounds were going, and draw his conclusions therefrom. He knew that the hare was sure to make for some farmer's house, where he was known, or else to some little village ale-house (for of course the ushers were not "mighty hunters," and did not join in hare and hounds), and settling from the running where the hare was likely to be, he would set off by the road, and generally fell in with the pack not far from the hare's form (generally a wooden one, on which stood a pewter, whence the hare drank refreshment in the shape of beer).

In due course of time Panurgus left Bedleigh to enter at the University. During his stay at school what prizes had he gained? None! He was second or third in several classes

—poor Jack-of-all-trades—and the sprinkling of knowledge that he had of everything in general, would, if it had been applied to one thing in particular, have gained him a reward; but no: it was fated that Pebbles should be a little of everything, and nothing of anything, and so he was!

At College he met several of his old schoolfellows, who had left Bedleigh before him. "Of course among so many old companions Pebbles did not lack for friends," say you. But he did!

"I say, Featherwell," said Coxon of Brasenose, "what sort of a fellow is Pebbles of St. Mark's; he was at school with you, wasn't he?"

"Humph! Yes," replies Featherwell, now Captain of the U. B. C., and immensely popular among the boating men, "Awful muff! Can't pull two strokes without catching as many crabs; he'd upset the veriest tub on the river."

And so the subject is dropped;—and Panurgus too.

Four gownsmen are strolling along the High-street when our hero passes.

"That's an old Bedleigh man," says one of the quartette. "Horrid stick!" grunts Bales, the Sec. of the St. Mark's Coll. Cricket Club. "He can't handle his bat a bit. I didn't know anything of him at school."

"He comes from our part of the world," says Snaffle of Merton. "I have seen him out with the governor's hounds: he funk'd at the first hedge, and I never saw him again!"

"Look at his drass!" draws the elegant Pulker. "One would think he—aw—drassed himself with a knife and fawk—aw. When he was at school he always had five patches about his person; two—aw—that he knelt on; two—aw—that he leant on, and one—aw—that he sat on—aw!"

Poor Pebbles—had you only entered heart and soul into one pursuit at school, how different had your reception been! If you had given your attention to aquatics, how proudly would Featherwell have introduced you to the University eight! Ah—those crabs—truly cancers ate away your popularity! If you had been a cricketer, Bales would have been proud of you;—had you given your attention to your toilette, Pulker would have honoured you with his



arm down the Broad-walk on Show Sunday; had you been a hard worker or prizeman at school, Mugger and Grind, of Balliol would have hailed you with joy, and have proposed and seconded you at the Union. But no; Jack-of-all-trades and master of none was thy character, and between the various stools we have mentioned camest thou to the ground, oh Pebbles! Nay, man, never grumble—thy betters have been so tilted up before thee. These stools of thine are but humble joint-stools—three-legged wooden stools—lowly ones; but thy betters have fallen from higher. Did not Lord Thistledown strive to keep his balance and obtain office with Conservative and Liberal? When, lo! away glid the two stools, and down came my Lord upon the floor of the House, amid peals of “inextinguishable laughter!” Nay, more, when mighty nations were at variance, have not certain little petty, pettifogging Kinglings striven to appear neutral, and to balance between the contending parties? And have not they had their fall, or will they not soon? Aye, Panurgus, and therefore bless thy stars that thou didst fall from a joint-stool instead of a lofty throne!

But to return to our story.

After a short time Pebbles began to make friends in his college, and before long became a popular man, because he was a useful man! Was a man wanted to make up an eleven at short notice, Bales was sure to apply to Pebbles. Was a man in the Eight or Torpid laid up for a time, who should pull in his place but Pebbles? Did the Debating Society wish to give a supper, whose rooms should they borrow but Pebbles? And so Pebbles was popular, and hugged himself with the idea that he was liked for himself, and was therefore all the more ready to help Bales, or Featherwell, or De Bates (the President of the last-named Society), on an emergency.

So time went on, and Pebbles got through his “Little Go,” as it was called then, in those happy days when (contradiction though it seem) the examinations were easier, because they were without Moderations.

Pebbles, we say, got through his “Little Go,” but when he went in for his “Great Ditto,” we are sorry to say that, judging from his superficial knowledge of all his subjects, that

Panurgus had not done his duty in reading for the examination (a conjecture in which they were not far wrong) the examiners gave into the hands of the Clerk of the Schools no testamur for Mr. Pebbles of St. Marks.

Pebbles was plucked! They call it ploughed now, but the sensations after the operation are, we believe, the same. They consist, we are told, of a kind of desire to meet the examiners in a blind alley some dark night—a conviction that they have conspired to cheat you, and a general intense disgust of everybody and everything in the world.

Pebbles was plucked! And no sooner was it whispered in Oxford than the trades-people began to drop in for their pickings, and they were no slight ones! With his usual motley disposition, Panurgus had dabbled in all the pursuits and amusements of a University Life.

His rooms were hung with proofs-before-letters, that vied in cost (although they were, in a pictorial point of view, not very valuable) with the choice engravings of Burin, the great amateur artist of St. Mark's. His Madonnas, and Oak Crosses, and Saints, excited the envy of Reredos of Oriel; while Snaffle, of Merton, did not turn out in a better pink or brighter boots than Pebbles, although the latter seldom did more than ride to the meet and back.

Featherwell admired Panurgus's gig, as she floated at her moorings by the barge, and he vowed she was well worth the money, much as it was, at which she was valued. D. Villiers, of Ch: Ch:, had not more costly furniture than our hero, whose rooms nevertheless were a consummation of bad taste. Bookstall, of Balliol, did not lay out more on his library than Pebbles, whose numerous volumes were merely costly rubbish notwithstanding. In short, as Jack-of-all-trades had he set up in Oxford, and no small sum did it cost him to purchase his stock in all, so that when he came to survey his position, he found himself considerably in debt, and without a testamur. In disgust and despair he took his name off the College books, and returned home.

The Squire, after a great deal of storming, paid his son's debts, remarking to his wife, “Well, Mistress

Pebbles, I always said that Watts's hymns would do the boy no good—

'In books, and work, and healthful play,  
May my first hours be past,  
That I may give for every day  
A good account at last.'

A good account—by Jove, ma'am—he's brought me plenty of accounts to pay for his 'books, and work, and healthful play.' "

"Pebbles, my dear, you are profane!" was all the poor lady could say. To send Panurgus to College had been her pet scheme, for she wanted her son to be an accomplished gentleman. The old Squire, on the other hand, had opposed it, saying that he never went to College, nor his father before him, yet they made good Squires without it, and why should not Panurgus; so, that with the exception of the bills, he was not greatly vexed at our hero's failure at Oxford. But he did not live long to be either vexed or pleased at anything; for the next year Panurgus saw him laid in the family vault at Bedleigh Minster; and not long after the mother followed him.

So Pebbles came into his property, not a little lessened by the payment of his debts, for many a patriarchal elm and many an ancient oak went into the pockets of the tradesmen in the shape of cheques and bank notes. Not a few old trees, that standing in the Park, had seen generations of Pebbles' carried to christening, bringing home brides, borne slowly forth to burial, felt with a shudder through all their limbs and leaves and fibres, the edge of the ringing axe, and bowing, rending, falling with a sudden, sullen crash, were borne far away to do battle with the stormy seas, or to rot and crumble away in the rich black churchyard mould. But they were soon followed by more, for poor Pebbles was so full of new plans for managing his estate that, like the Irishman who spent his last half-crown to buy a purse to put it in, he sold his acres to pay for the improvements he had made in them, and what is more, sold them for less, because of those very identical so-called improvements. His tenants left him because he insisted on their planting cabbages and celery instead of potatoes—a crop, he said, that was sure to fail. His farmers gave up their farms because he meddled with their plans,

and burnt the fields to improve the soil, until he converted all the land into a large desert of brick dust. But, worst of all, he had dabbled in railway speculation, and so at last came a crash, and the Jews got hold of the Pebbles' property.

Then what changes took place!

The suit of armour that Sir Peregrine Pebbles had worn at Agincourt re-appeared in Fitzroy-street, in the studio of Pœkilus Pigment, and its portrait was in the Academy, A.D. 18—in that celebrated artist's picture of the Battle of Otterburne, wherein it figured down in front, with Earl Percy inside it.

The old portraits of the Pebbles of antiquity were carried away to Wardour-street, whence they were removed to the suburban villa of Higgins, the retired grocer, at which place they figured as the Higginases of antiquity.

And so the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians. Over the sea to Boulogne went Pebbles, there to consider what was next to be done. Was he fitted for any profession or trade? We fear not. Did he imagine himself fit for any? Of course he did,—there was nothing in the world that, for the short space of perhaps an hour, he did not think his special vocation. Like Shakespeare's Weaver, he wanted to be Pyramus and Thiebe, and Lion and Wall, but was only moonshine—all moonshine! But still he tried all, like that aristocratic weathercock Villiers, he

"Was everything by turns, and nothing long."

Pebbles was wandering on the beach at Boulogne, and turning over in his mind the various modes of making a living, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he saw a little jovial-looking parson.

"Why Pebbles," exclaimed Bales, for he it was, "in the dumps? What's the matter? Stump's down, or run out, eh?" For he it known, that Bales still retained his love for the "manly game," and he set up the boys of his village with bats, balls, and stumps, much to the delight of the farmers, who found that when the lads were better employed, they did not rob orchards or hen-houses so often. His cricket-mania had lost him the good opinion of the two Misses Hassock, for he once ventured

to express his belief that in manufacturing towns and mining districts it would be a good plan to allow the men and boys a game at cricket on Saint's Days.

In answer to Bales' enquiry, our hero told him his story. The little ecclesiastic was touched, for he knew Pebbles' old failing; it may be his conscience smote him for the way in which he had made Panurgus useful in the old college days. "Cheer up, old fellow," he exclaimed, "what if you are bowled out once, you must have another innings! and you mustn't hit so wild,—stick to one thing, and work hard at it; don't try to do everything. A Jack-of-all-trades is master of none, you know; you don't often meet with a good bat who is worth much at wicket-keeping, or a good bowler who gets the score. In the meantime, old fellow, let me have the pleasure of lending an old college-mate some of the needful!"

Pebbles seemed inclined to refuse the bank note which he offered him. "Pshaw!" he continued, "It's only a loan, you can pay me when you get a catch. By the bye, I hope you are a better hand at it than you were when you missed that splendid catch; don't you remember—when we played the 'Trinity eleven?' and so they walked on, talking of old times and old companions, and before they parted Bales had promised to get our hero a tutorship in a French family. This he did, and one would fancy that Pebbles was at length settled down, at least for a time; but no, his fate was inexorable, and so poor Panurgus at length fell a victim to it.

A year after the last mentioned event I was at Boulogne on business, when the waitress—I believe they

call them "filles" in France—of a little auberge, came to request my presence at the bedside of a "compatriot." I followed her to the inn, and then, what the French call *mont d'en'haut*, and there, in a miserable garret, I found Panurgus Pebbles shivering upon a miserable pallet, evidently on the verge of death. I hurried off immediately, and called upon an eminent English physician who was staying in the place, and returned with him as soon as possible.

Too late—when we arrived poor Pebbles was dead!

How he came to leave the French family I do not know; probably he thought he had discovered something that was exactly suited for him as he fancied, and so threw up a good situation to grasp after a shadow. He had not been at the auberge long before he was taken seriously ill, and, poor dabbler in all things, he had consulted Dr. Vyolant Remmedie and Professor Hydrus Vasser, a disciple of Preissnitz. The latter recommended wet blankets, the former prescribed calomel; and between the two stools, as he had often done before, Pebbles fell to the ground—nay, beneath it.

He sleeps in a little churchyard near Boulogne. Featherwell and I visited the place last vacation. It was a bright summer's day, and the shade of the tower lay clearly defined across the grass, and the shadow of the weathercock seemed, as if in mockery, to rest upon Pebbles' grave.

"Man is but a vain shadow," said Featherwell; and so we turned away and left him to sleep under the headstone, with the simple inscription—

*Hic Jacet*

PANURGUS PEBBLES.

## TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

It is now some six or eight months ago since, in this journal, there was published an account of Sir George Grey's very interesting book on the mythology of Polynesia. About the same time with Sir George Grey's book, there was another publication on the same subject, entitled "Superstitions and Traditions of New Zealand," by Mr. Shortland. And we now have from Mr. Taylor, who was for many years a missionary in New Zealand, a volume which he entitles "*Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants*," in which he gives a very full account of whatever the island presents of peculiar interest. His account is not confined to the social circumstances of the people among whom he was placed, but embraces an account of the geology and natural history of the country. These latter are subjects which demand a separate consideration, on which we do not now propose to enter; nor shall we, with our author, at this moment discuss the peculiar position of the natives as respects Christianity. What Christianity has done in uprooting and utterly destroying an old system of idolatry, is the subject which we wish at present to force upon our readers' minds. What it is doing among the New Zealanders, in common with the natives of all other lands where it is faithfully preached, and the ultimate triumph which it is destined to attain over everything that interrupts its progress, is no part of our present theme. What is due to true religion, in gradually clearing the earth of ancestral superstitions, is too apt to be forgotten; and of these superstitions themselves we are apt to form an inaccurate and most unjustly favourable account, from our knowledge of them for the most part being derived, in any way that it blends with our habits of thinking, from descriptions in the classical poets. Enough of horror—enough of cruelty and obscenity—is in these descriptions to shock every thoughtful man's feelings; enough, perhaps, to exhibit the evil that was at the root of all that they called religion; but

how utterly imperfect any knowledge derived from this source must be, is, perhaps, in no way more distinctly exhibited than by the poets themselves. Pindar, in a remarkable passage, tells us the popular legend which connected the story of the house of Tantalus with the gods, but adds, that he cannot credit it. "It is," he says, "inconsistent with all just notions of the Divine nature;" and he then proceeds to make such alterations in the mode of telling the legend as will remove the objection. Of the utter abominations of the heathenism of Greece and Rome, did our knowledge depend only on what we learn from the poets—evil, essentially evil, as it is, even seen through that medium—we should know comparatively nothing. Through the writings of the poets and the philosophers there are always traces of high, and true, and honourable feeling, which seem in contrast with the popular religion, in its early stages, polluted with blood, at all times, with lasciviousness. Literature was more pure than Art, and the character of ancient idolatry, and the way in which it affected the imaginations of the people subjected to it, may be better learned from the remains of virtue found in the disinterred cities of Italy, than from anything in the written works of the period.

Whatever, however, may be thought on this subject, there is no one who will not rejoice, that while it was yet possible, our English residents in New Zealand have laboured to preserve a record of the superstitions of the country, and that we have, chiefly through Sir George Grey's exertions, secured to us, not alone in translation but in the original language, much of the traditional history of the MAORI. If these had not been thus placed upon permanent record now, even all memory of them must have soon altogether perished. The old religion is passing away; none but old people, whose number Death every year diminishes, remember the poems which Sir George Grey has had transcribed from their recitations. The prayers or spells

often contain words, the meaning of which is unknown to any but the priests, and by them probably disregarded—the effect of a charm consisting not in the signification, but in the mere sounds of what is uttered. Of the younger generations, it is probable that scarcely an individual thinks of the traditions of his country, as all the thoughts of both natives and settlers are directed, not to the development of old systems of belief, but a civilisation founded on the total exclusion of the elements out of which the former state of society through the island depended. The structure of society which had prevailed, is wholly broken up. We speak not alone of the religion of the people; but, as the ownership or possession of land depended on laws of inheritance, supported by genealogical tables, and preserved in old poems, it is plain that when these records, not written but trusted alone to memory, ceased to be useful in questions of property, that they would be gradually disregarded, and could not but wholly pass away.

In Mr. Taylor's book\* we have as good an account as perhaps it is possible to obtain, of the religion of the people. Of one Supreme Being it would appear that they have no belief or, perhaps, conception. When the idea was suggested, it was met with a burst of ridicule. "Is there," said the chieftain, to whom it was stated that there is one God, the Creator of all things, "Is there one maker of all things among you Europeans? Is not one a carpenter, another a blacksmith, another a ship-builder, another a house-builder?—even so has it been in the beginning with the gods. Tano made trees—Ru made mountains—Tangaroa made fishes." The thought, as expressed by them, is generation rather than creation. Tano is the father of trees—Ru the father of mountains, and so forth. The gods whom they worship are, in the same mode of thinking, the spirits of their own ancestors. The gods are thought of, not as creators, but as created, and in reading the accounts of their system, if it can be so called, we feel in pretty much the same state of mind as when we have been looking over Taylor's translations of "Plotinus," thinking it probable that there may be some meaning in the original, but

striving in vain to guess what his translator can be at. They begin, we are told, with *nothing*, which produced *something*, that brought forth *something more*, and generated a power of increasing. *Spirit*, subtler than *Matter*, arose before it. *Thought* is subtler than *Spirit*, and the commencement dates with the birth of *Thought*. The epoch of thought is thus described:—

"From the conception the increase;  
From the increase the thought;  
From the thought the remembrance;  
From the remembrance the consciousness;  
From the consciousness the desire."

The second epoch is that of night:—

"The word became fruitful,  
It dwelt with the feeble glimmering;  
It brought forth Night,  
The great night, the long night,  
The lowest night, the loftiest night,  
The thick night, to be felt,  
The night, to be touched,  
The night not to be seen—  
The night of death."

Successive periods follow. In the third light is created. The sun and the moon, "the chief eyes of heaven" are the birth of this epoch. In the fourth period, "the sky above dwelt with Hawaika and produced land." Hawaika is the island from which the Maori people trace the origin of their race; and Hawaika is represented by them in this fourth period as the parent of other islands. In the fifth period were produced the gods. In the sixth, men were produced. There were two orders of gods—the more ancient the children of the Night, the younger the offspring of the Day. Of the younger gods, Heaven and Earth, Rangî and Papu, were the parents. Heaven was a solid body spread out upon the earth—a flat surface. This is the meaning of the word Papu. There were ten or eleven heavens; between the lowest and the earth is placed a solid transparent substance, like ice or crystal, and on the side of this nearest the earth, the sun and moon were supposed to glide. Above this crystal pavement is the reservoir of the rains, and above the reservoir of the rain is the habitation of the winds. Their gods were of many shapes: lizards and sharks seem to have predominated, but some were of the human form. Of Tawaki there are a thousand stories; but we are, at the moment, only con-

\* "Te Ika a Maui." By the Rev. Richard Taylor, A.M., F.G.S. London: 1855.]

cerned with one. His anger, when provoked, was the anger of a god; and the crystal pavement of which we have spoken was often endangered by his violence. On one occasion he danced upon it with such vehemence as to crack it, and so let the water through, and thus deluged the earth. Entire consistency cannot be expected in any account of their theogony; and it is not impossible that the accounts we have of it, being taken down by Europeans from the lips of natives, may be in some respects affected by European habits of thought. Some of the poems relied on as of ancient authority, may not improbably be a rapid fabrication of the reciter, and suggested by the questions asked of him by the inquirer, who may easily yield assent to such imposition. Our investigators of Indian antiquities have been pretty often tricked, and there are cases of the kind in the evidence produced by the Highland Society, on the subject of Celtic poetry. Every now and then, some passage falling in with modern sentiment, would gleam out from the midst of a poem consisting chiefly of names of persons and places. This would obtain some praise from the person to whom the whole was recited, as a translation of verses preserved by memory alone, and then the modest reciter would acknowledge that this was an interpolation of his own. In deducing inferences from the resemblance which the Maori traditions have, either to the Hebrew scriptural accounts of the creation, or to Hesiod's theogony, we must remember the possibility that something may have in this way crept in, and that we may be wrong in thinking we are dealing with the unmixed legends of the original New Zealand tribes. The traditions preserved by Mr. Taylor were collected long before those of Sir George Grey; and, while there is nothing inconsistent in the two works, each contains a vast deal of which there is little or no trace in the other. We have in both the circumstance of the heaven, or lower sky, lying like a solid pavement upon the earth, and the mode by which they were detached. While the earth was thus oppressed, there was no room for anything to grow upon its surface but a few insignificant shrubs. "The earth's skin was the tutu—her covering was the bramble—her covering was the nettle."

The first fruit of earth—the offspring of earth and heaven—was the kumara, or sweet potato; then came the fern-root. The first being endowed with more than vegetable life, was Tane—whether god or man, or what he was, does not clearly appear. From him proceeded trees and birds. The second birth was Tiki, and from him Man proceeded. The first woman was not born, but formed from the earth by the heat of the sun and the echo; the creator of woman is personified, and bears the euphonious name of Arohi rohi. The first woman herself bore a name, which, being interpreted, means Twilight. The third son of Heaven and Earth was the author of evil; their fourth was Tahu, the author of all good; the fifth is the father of the winds; the sixth is Tangoroa, the father of all fish and the god of the ocean. The father of fish in New Zealand is regarded "as the revealer of secrets." It would seem that the silence of the people of the deep does not interfere with the power of in some way communicating what they learn. Tangoroa is an eavesdropper. He listens unperceived to what men are saying, and he is sure to make mischief of it.

The same legends prevail through all the Polynesian islands. It is not surprising that, in thinking over any system of false theology, an observer educated in Christian feelings from so early a period of life, that what is true in morals is recognised by him as if it were a part of his proper nature, and falsehood regarded as something altogether alien, should regard the gods of the heathen as actual demons, so much of malignity to man seems embodied in the conception which a savage forms of the Divine nature. In Sir George Grey's "Polynesian Mythology" we have translations of native poems so literal as to present very often even the precise idioms of the original language. "For the first time"—we quote Sir George's own words—"for the first time, I believe, an European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high priest explaining to him, in his own words, and in his own energetic manner, the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and the hopes of his race rest."

Mr. Taylor narrates many of the same stories, verifying his accounts of the traditions of the Maori by frequent references to their poems, but, for the most part, telling them in his own words, and anxious to point out resemblances between the customs of the people among whom he had been for a great many years a missionary, and those which his familiarity with the Scriptures forced upon his constant notice. Each book is, in its way, very valuable, and each illustrative of the other. While we mention these books, and Mr. Shortland's "*Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*," as the most lately published books, from which much information is to be derived on a subject greatly more important than the details of wars, or even the first efforts of colonisation—as without a perfect knowledge of their previous manners and modes of thinking, little can be done for the real civilisation of a people—we wish to call our readers' attention to a little book, published some eighteen or twenty years ago, by Professor Craik, which brings together all then known of this people, and suggests some considerations on the subject of colonisation, which have been adopted and made the foundation of a good deal of speculation by writers of high authority. Civilisation, among a people circumstanced as the New Zealanders, "could," he says, "only be introduced by their being brought into communication with other nations already civilised;" and, in a lecture by the Archbishop of Dublin to the Young Men's Christian Association, an argument is founded upon there being no example of the contrary in the history of mankind.

The traditions which, among the Greeks, ascribed to Prometheus, "a supposed superhuman being," the introduction of the use of fire, and those which represented Triptolemus, Cadmus, and other strangers from distant countries, as introducing agriculture and letters; the Peruvian tradition of a white man, whom they believed to be the offspring of the sun, and which perhaps, was meant to express, in figurative language, that this first instructor was of a different family of

mankind, and came from the east, are referred to by the Archbishop in support of this view, and he adds:—

"But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilisation as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*."

"We have, therefore, in this case, all the proof that a negative admits of. In all the few instances in which there is any record or tradition of a savage people becoming civilised, we have a corresponding record or tradition of their having been aided by instructors; and in all the (very numerous) cases we know of in which savages have been left to themselves, they appear never to have advanced one step. The experiment, as it may be called, has been going on in various regions for many ages; and it appears to have never once succeeded."

The first of the legends which we find in the Polynesian Mythology, is one called "The Children of Heaven and Earth." On the flat surface of the earth is outspread the heaven. Their children, who would seem to have been identical in nature and daring with the Titans of Hesiod, but whom Polynesian legend represents as more successful in their enterprise than the beings of Grecian fable, found themselves straitened for room; above the lower surface of heaven they could not force a way; and if the caverns of earth gave them a place of refuge, it was, in the language of Mac Pherson, "dark and unlovely." To remove the inconvenience was their first object. The author of evil suggested slaying them. This was resisted by the others. "Let us tear them apart," was the language of the father of forests; "let the sky become as a stranger to us. Let the earth remain to close us as our nursing mother." Five brothers agreed to this. There was one—the Adversary—he opposed.

The god and father of the cultivated food of man rises up that he may rend them asunder. He fails. The father of fish and reptiles has no better success. The father of such food for

man as springs up spontaneously, sinks in the effort. The god and father of savage men tries, and his strength is found wanting. At last arrived Tane-Mahuta, the god and father of forests. He, by violent efforts, at last succeeds. Light is now introduced, and the fair world, which seems had lain concealed, becomes visible. Tauheremateu, the father of winds, resents the separation. He sends one of his children to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north. The earth is strewn with the boughs and branches of the trees of Tane-Mahuta, the father of forests. After destroying the forests, this fierce demon, who would seem to be the very prince of the powers of the air, directed his rage against the ocean. The god of ocean flies through his sease. In every mythology man seeks to represent himself his deities as with human attributes, and so we have ocean wedded, and with his children about him. In their contest with the father of tempests, the children of ocean learn that their fate is hereafter to be cooked and fried. This seems to have been a prophecy of man, and what he would do.

The legend is told somewhat differently in Sir George Grey's book and Mr. Taylor's. When the heaven and the earth are divided it is necessary to keep them asunder; and in Mr. Taylor's legend we have the father of forests—himself in shape a gigantic tree, with his roots planted in heaven, and his head resting in earth, a sort of inverted Atlas—placed at his full length between them—a picturesque object. How long Tane-Mahuta remained in this rather uneasy posture we know not—perhaps for ages—for time never presents a difficulty to the builders of worlds.

"Nine centuries bounce they from cavern to rock."

and it is but as a moment. He separated heaven and earth, or rather kept them apart at first; but, after a time, we find their continued separation otherwise provided for. Lofty trees rise up from the earth, and are the pillars which support the heaven.

The father of the winds, after dashing the ocean into spray, and tearing

up the trees of the forest, next attacked the gods of cultivated and uncultivated food respectively; but here he fortunately failed. Man, *fierce man*, as the native word is interpreted, now appears on the scene. He conquers all his brothers and eats them. This at first looks like cannibalism, but is not quite so bad, as the brothers with long names turn out to be, when interpreted, sweet potatoes, fern-roots, birds, &c.; and the legend only expresses that all such things become the food of man—of man in that stage in which he is designated as fierce man.

Of Tiki, the father or creator of man, little is told. He is described as having made man in his own image. He took red clay, kneaded it with his own blood, formed the eyes and limbs, and then gave the image breath. The word *Tiki* is said, in some of the Polynesian languages, to mean an image. A new-born child is described as a gift of Tiki from the unseen world. The crown of a chieftain's head, the most sacred part of his person, is called by the name of Tiki. In one account, we find woman described as made of one of the man's ribs; and "their general term for *bone* is *hevee*, or as Professor Lee gives it, *iwi*, a sound bearing a singular resemblance to the Hebrew name of our first mother.' \*

The great hero of the New Zealand mythology is Maui. Of him a hundred stories are told. He can scarcely be called a god. If a god, he most resembles the Hermes of the Greek poets—if man, ascending to the rank of god, Hercules is not unlike the conception. He is known not alone in New Zealand, but in several of the islands. He is one of six brothers, but destined to be the greatest of all. His brothers are called "the forgetful," or "the absent." The youngest is known by many names, each name expressing some one of his attributes. He is, however, most often called by the endearing name given to the infant child of a chieftain—Potiki, or the gift of Tiki from the unseen world. Legends, many of them as playful as those in Homer's Hymn to Hermes, are told of him and his early wiles, in which there is often quite as much of

\* Craik, "New Zealanders," p. 325. Professor Craik quotes "Nicholas's Voyage," vol. I. p. 69, and "Lee's New Zealand Grammar," p. 140.



malice as of fun. A good many of them are told in Sir George Grey's book, and are exceedingly amusing; a good many more are given by Mr. Taylor. Maui is a great fisherman, and he actually fishes up the northern island of New Zealand from the depths of the sea. The shape of the land proves the truth of the story. The hills and vallies, and all the irregularities of the surface of the land, arose from the fact, that his brothers crimped the fish with their tuatini—the tuatini is the ancient Maori knife, an instrument bordered with a row of shark's teeth. The shape and appearance of the land vouches for the truth of the story. The saltwater eye of the fish is Wanganui-a-tera (Port Nicholson); the freshwater eye is Wairarapa; the upper jaw is Rongo-Rongo (the north head of Port Nicholson); the lower jaw is Te Rimurapa (south head of ditto). The head of this land-fish of Maui lies at Turakirae (a mountain on the coast near Wairarapa); the tail is the spirits' flying place (Cape Maria Van Dieman); the belly is Taupo and Tongariro.

Maui waxes ambitious. He lays snares for the sun and moon, but the sun's rays bite his traps in two. This is hot work, and he calls for water. He calls to the birds—some refuse to obey, some fail in the effort to get it. One he throws into the fire—hence its yellow colour through all after ages; another he streaks with white near the beak; he pulls the legs of a third, to enable it to move freely in the water. Maui is said also, on another occasion, to have tattooed the lips of the native dog—hence its black muzzle.

Maui seeks immortality. He thinks to conquer death. The sun and moon, he sees, do not perish, because they bathe in the living fountain. He will do the same. He will descend into the Hades—into the unseen land—there the living stream is. The success of his adventure depended on his entering the unseen world and returning before the Goddess of Death, whom he found sleeping, should awake. All the birds of the air were his companions, and he charged them to be silent. All were silent with expectation. Then the Piwaka-waka began to laugh. "Hell's jaws closed," and this was the end of Maui. "Had not the

Piwaka waka laughed, Maui would have drunk of the living stream, and man would never have died."

We are disposed rather to refer to a review of Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Mythology*, by a fellow-labourer of ours, which appeared in the last July number of this journal, than ourselves relate the stories of the other mythological heroes of the Maori legends. Mr. Taylor's accounts and Sir George's differ, but not essentially. To a person interested in the subject, it would be desirable to read both.

The gods of the Maori seem, for the most part, to have been deified men. The chief thought connected with spiritual matters is, that their ancestors are divinities—most often jealous and malignant. They are thought of as enemies to be propitiated. The spirits of children who have died soon after birth, are regarded with peculiar fear. They are supposed to wish to lessen to others the enjoyment of life, of which they have been defrauded; and they are also thought of as having past away from earth too soon to have formed such attachments to their families as would make the spirits of grown persons kindly disposed. If a future state is presented to the mind of a New Zealander, it would seem to be only as if life was lengthened out indefinitely, the unseen world being the scene of the same kind of enjoyments and troubles as occupy men on earth. The gods were more often heard than seen. A low, whistling sound was recognised as the voice of a spirit or a god—the whirlwind and the thunder were also divine. To the eye, a deity was manifested in the rainbow—the stars were heroes who had passed from earth.

"The following account was given by a Chief, who was in a war expedition against the Ngatiawa, at Otaki. They were endeavouring to storm the powerful pa Kakutu, at Rangī-uru. At noon, when encamped opposite the beleaguered place, Patu, the Priest of Taupo, who was in their party, stood and prayed to Rongo-mai, the great god of his tribe, that he would manifest himself in their favour, and give the pa into their hands. Immediately a great noise was heard in the heavens, and they saw Rongo-mai rushing through the air, his form, which is that of a whale, was of fire, with a great head; he flew straight into the pa, which he entered with his head

downwards, knocking up the dust, which arose in a cloud with a crash like thunder. The Priest said, in two days the place would be taken, which accordingly came to pass. My informant, a very sensible Christian Chief, believed it was actually the god who appeared, bid him draw his form, which he did; it was evidently a meteor, and a very bright one, to have been thus apparent at noon. It is remarkable that it should have been seen at the very moment the Priest was praying for his god to appear, and further, that it should have fallen into the very pa they were attacking. It was natural that it should have been regarded as a favourable omen by one, and as the contrary by the others; but had the besieged not been intimidated, and fought courageously and conquered, then it would doubtless have been considered as a favourable omen for them. It is according to the result that these sights are estimated, and as many are seen without anything remarkable occurring, so nothing is thought of them, but only of the few which are attended with a particular result, as in this instance. A similar case occurred to me during a journey into the interior of the Island. I was preaching from the words, 'Behold I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven.' I had no sooner concluded, than the chapel, a dark building of raupo, with the only door and a small aperture to admit the light, was suddenly illuminated; we all rushed out, and saw a splendid meteor, like a drawn sword. My congregation, with almost one voice, exclaimed, 'there is Satan falling from heaven.' My son once saw a brilliant meteor in the middle of the day; he immediately ran into the house to tell us, but we were only just in time to see its scorching rays. Some few years ago, four or five meteoric stones were seen at Wanganui, during the day, rushing with great noise and brightness through the air; they flew in a crescent form, and appeared to fall so near, that some Europeans who were there went in search of them. Meteors are very frequently seen in New Zealand."—pp. 42, 43.

The strange institution of Tapu, or Taboo, is discussed in a very valuable essay by Mr. Taylor. He says, it may perhaps be most correctly defined as "a religious observance established for political purposes." The definition will do less to make the matter understood than the exemplifications given. In Dieffenbach's Glossary, he interprets the word "*tapu*" by the English words "sacred, invisible, forbidden;" and, in discussing the subject, he says that "in its sacred and rigorous character it has the double meaning in New Zealand of religious worship and civil law." Religion and

law are never separate in early periods of society; and among people circumstanced as the Maui were, where nothing that could be called a central power existed,—where, in truth, there was nothing to represent, or even suggest the organisation of a State, religion was necessarily the sole bond of union. The simplest cases of the Tapu are nothing more than the assertion of property in any object not before appropriated. The severities of religion, or the dread of punishment from the unseen world, would protect a house, which its owner had left for a season—secure his canoe from being plundered, or form an invisible fence round his kumara field. In the same way, the tree which an individual claims as his for any purpose is secured. A married woman or a girl betrothed is "tapu." Places are "tapu" for certain seasons—rivers, with reference to times of fishing—cultivated lands till planting or reaping was completed, and the like. Breaking the tapu in this world is punished by the Atuas, or spirits of the dead, who punish the crime by the infliction of disease. Such are some of the simplest cases, but they would be far from giving an adequate representation of a custom that extends to every relation and incident of life, and that connects itself with the whole system of society.

The "tapu" consisted in making persons, places, or things "sacred," or separated. A person under the "tapu" could not be touched by any one, or even raise his hand to his head. He was fed by another. In drinking, water was poured from a calabash into his mouth. When poured upon his hands, in washing, he could not touch the vessel from which it was poured.

A person became "tapu" by touching a dead body, or by suffering from serious disease.

The clothes that had been worn by an aviki or chief, were "tapu." If worn by another, the belief was that the act would be punished by death. The tinder-box of a chief was lost or mislaid. Some persons were rash enough to light their pipes at it, but are said to have died of actual fright when they found who had been the owner, and what a powerful "tapu" they had violated. The sanctity of the owner in some way rendered whatever had been used by him sacred. It

partook of his nature—became, as it were, a part of him. How much more would this be the case—for in this superstition considerations of more and less arose—if the *blood* of the chieftain touched any object. A party of natives visited one of the great chiefs in a new canoe. While at his place, he went out with them in the canoe, a short distance. While getting to the boat he hurt his foot, and blood flowed from the wound. The owner of the boat, knowing that this “tapued” the boat to the chief, dragged it on shore and left it for him opposite his house. Mr. Taylor had an escape of losing his house from a similar accident. A native gentleman struck his head against a beam and cut it. The custom of the country would in former times, have given the house to him. The inconveniences of applying native customs to strangers resident in the country, appears, however, to have been felt, and, long before this incident, it is probable that this precise consequence would have been unlikely to follow in such a case. The punishment incurred by a violation of the “tapu” was supposed to be inflicted by “atuas,” who were the spirits of ancestors, who were often very capricious in their resentments, and who were quite as likely, if not more so, to visit the crime on their relative who suffered the wrong, as on those whom mere human laws would regard as the offender. The sacred place where a chieftain ate his food could not be allowed to be polluted by the clothes of a slave “for the clothes having become sacred the instant they entered the precincts of the ‘tapued’ place, would ever after be useless in the ordinary business of his life, since they would be liable to be brought frequently in contact with food intended for the use of the family.” “Hence,” adds Mr. Shortland, from whom we have quoted the last sentence, “we cease to wonder that a chief should have been moved in anger, even to kill a slave who, through carelessness, caused him to offend the dreaded spirits by such an act as that of leaving any article of his dress within the limits of the family cookhouse, although, while ignorant of the peculiarity of

the New Zealander’s superstitious belief, we must have regarded his doing so as wanton barbarity.”\*

As the support of the people depended, before New Zealand had become a colony, on the cultivation of the kumara and taro, all employed in such work were made “tapu,” and could undertake no other work till this was completed. The grounds themselves were in the same way interdicted to all not so occupied. The karakias, or solemn spells, by which persons and places were thus devoted, remind us of the strange ritual language of the Zenda Vesta; and through this whole subject it is impossible not to think of the old eastern solemnities, in which law and religion were united. The great ruling power, however, was the human imagination. Disregard the spell, and its power was at an end, so far as the Atuas were concerned. Other sanctions, no doubt, there were, not of law, but of that in which all law has its support, opinion. And an offender against the feelings of a people, while public opinion had undergone no change, was not unlikely to meet his fate from those who were more quick to anger than dead ancestors, however deep their interest in the fortunes of their race. But even before Christianity had gained an ascendant over the natives, public opinion was changing upon this subject. The rank of the person imposing the “tapu” was looked to; and the powerful man disregarded the “tapu” of an inferior. “In the early days of the mission it was a great annoyance.” The missionaries at last determined to disregard it, and the natives then said the “tapu” did not apply to Europeans, as being of a different religion. This was soon extended to their converts, and the “tapu” may be described as ceasing to exist.

There were some persons and places always sacred, as arikis and tohungas, and their houses, in which—such was the force of the tapu—even the owners could not eat, but took their meals in the open air; women could not eat with the men. The sacred character of the man was such, that thus communicated it was feared it would be

\* Shortland’s Southern Districts of New Zealand, 294.

death. If a covetous chief took a fancy to anything belonging to an inferior, he called it by his own name, said it was a part of himself—his backbone was the favourite phrase—and it became his. The head was the most sacred part of the person—that which the chieftain could not himself even touch. "D— your eyes," from an English sailor, is not to anyone a very polite phrase, but we can form no conception of how it wounds Maori feeling. "I'll plug your ears with tobacco" roused one of their old chiefs into actual madness. To hear any one talk of placing food in his ear—a part of his head—without avenging the insult, would be to a chief to incur the anger of the spirits of the dead, and the consequent punishment. To a "missionary" native it would be of less moment, from his belief that the God preached by the Pakepa had power over the malignant spirits of the dead, and would protect him. In the disputes with the English Government, the natives tapued the woods and the sea-coast, and great inconvenience arose from the wish to respect their superstitions. In many cases a small sum of money, or a trifling present, was enough to have all difficulties from the tapu removed, as its duration depended on the will of the person imposing it:—

"It is evident therefore that the tapu arises from the will of the chief; that by it he laid a ban upon whatever he felt disposed. It was a great power, which could at all times be exercised for his own advantage, and the maintenance of his power; frequently making some trifling circumstance, the reason of putting a whole community to great inconvenience, rendering a road to the pa, perhaps the most direct and frequented, or a grove, or a fountain, or anything else, tapu, by his arbitrary will. Without the tapu, he was only 'he tangata noa,' or common man, and this is what long deterred many high chiefs from embracing Christianity, lest they should lose this main support of their power.

"Few but ariki, or great tohungas, claimed the power of the tapu; inferior ones, indeed, occasionally used it, but the observance of it was chiefly confined to his own retainers, and was often violated with impunity, or by giving a small utu or payment. But he who presumed to violate the tapu of an ariki, did it at the risk of his life and property.

"The tapu in many instances was beneficial, considering the state of society, the absence of law, and the fierce character of the people; it formed no bad substitute for

a dictatorial form of government, and made the nearest approach to an organized state of society, or rather it may be regarded as the last remaining trace of a more civilized polity, possessed by their remote ancestors. In it we discern somewhat of the ancient dignity and power of the high chief or ariki, and a remnant of the sovereign authority they once possessed, with the remarkable union of the kingly and sacerdotal character in their persons. It rendered them a distinct race; more nearly allied to gods than men; their persons, garments, houses and everything belonging to them, being so sacred, that to touch or meddle with them, was alone sufficient to occasion death.

"Their gods being no more than deceased chiefs, they were regarded as living ones, and thus were not to be killed by inferior men, but only by those who had more powerful atuas in them. The victorious chief who had slain numbers, and had swallowed their eyes, and drank their blood, was supposed to have added the spirits of his victims to his own; and thus increased the power of his spirit. To keep up this idea, and hinder the lower orders from trying whether it were possible to kill such corporeal and living gods, was the grand work of the tapu; and it did succeed in doing so: during bygone ages it has had a wide-spread sway, and exercised a fearful power over benighted races of men, until the stone cut without hands, smote this mighty image of cruelty on its feet, caused it to fall, and like the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, the wind of God's word has swept it away!"—Taylor's "Te Ika a Maui; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants," pp. 63, 64.

Slavery existed through Polynesia; and while their superstitions, which we have mentioned, continued, it was almost impossible it should ever have been done away. On this subject we transcribe a sentence from Mr. Shortland:—

"In relation to the subject under consideration, it may be here stated that the 'atua' of one tribe are not believed to meddle with the members of another tribe; and that, when a person was taken prisoner, his connexion with his own tribe was severed, and its 'atua' ceased to care for him. Hence, as a captive had no dread of offending the 'atua' of his own or of his adopted tribe by cooking or by carrying food on his back, every sort of work having to do with cooking was performed by this class of persons, aided by those females of the tribe, who were not supposed to be regarded with peculiar interest by the 'atua,' and were therefore unworthy to be ranked among the sacred.

"Slavery was, in New Zealand, a necessary consequence of the superstitious belief of its inhabitants. The captive was, how-

ever, in some respects more free than his master; he entered into conversation with him fearlessly, he fed well, was not expected to overwork himself, and seldom cared to return to his own tribe—which circumstance in itself is a satisfactory proof of his being generally well treated: and if eventually he obtained a wife from the females of his adopted tribe, his children inherited their mother's position, and became objects of care to the spirits of her ancestors. Any one, therefore, would be led into error, were he to form an idea of the condition of this class of persons from a knowledge of what slavery has been generally, or is now, in other countries."—Shortland's "Southern Districts of New Zealand," pp. 296, 297.

Without some knowledge of their legendary history, and of their peculiar customs, it is impossible to understand any narrative from the natives; worse than this, the narrative will mislead, as metaphorical language will be mistaken for literal. Mr. Shortland, who, in 1843, was acting in New Zealand in the double capacity of protector of native interests and interpreter to Land Commissioners sent out by the British Government, gives us a curious instance of his being nearly misled in an important case by not knowing, or not at the moment remembering, the import of figurative language. The whole story is so illustrative of native character, or rather, perhaps, of the vicious shrewdness of individual natives wishing to use English laws and English power to carry out their objects, that we may as well relate it in a few words.

An old chief, Pokeni, lived near Mr. Shortland's residence. He was always accompanied by a child, the great-grandson of a brother of his wife. Pokeni called on Mr. Shortland, to tell him, that not long before the arrival of Mr. Shortland's party the child's father had been murdered by a chief whom he named. Karetai was willing to meet the accusation, and the case was heard in the presence of all concerned, except Taiaroa, who, it will appear, was an important actor in the case. Kohi, the deceased man, was joint-owner of a boat with Karetai, Matahara, and others. Kohi fell ill, and thought himself at the point of death. He feared that his son, the boy whom Pokeni adopted, would, by his death, be deprived of the chance of getting any benefit from the boat, and he determined to burn it. His wife, Piro, endeavoured in vain to

dissuade him, and even placed the child on the dry brushwood, which he had got heaped into the boat that it might be more easily set on fire. All in vain. Kohi was too ill to walk, but he had himself carried to the beach, where he lay looking at the boat burning.

Karetai came next morning, but did no more than scold. Matahara and the rest appeared on the following day. Matahara was the most furious. He kicked him, "and struck the ground repeatedly, naming different parts of Kohi's body at each blow." He then set his house on fire, stript him of all his clothes but his shirt, and left him on the beach. Under his shirt he contrived to conceal a "raka-pounamu," a weapon made of the stone, pounamu, which belonged jointly to him and Taiaroa. He gave this to his wife, bid her conceal it from Taiaroa, and keep it for their child. Taiaroa is told that it has been lost when the house was burnt, and believes, or affects to believe, this account of it. The dying man is removed to Taiaroa's house. On the day after his arrival it is suggested to him, by Taiaroa and his wife, that if his death occurs soon, they will be able to refer it to the violence offered him by Matahara, and that it is better for him, with this view, to allow himself to be strangled. He consents. A slave watches at the door during this scene of the tragedy. He takes the rope, ties a slip-knot, and adjusts the cord round his neck. "Piro," his wife, "sat at his feet, while Taiaroa pulls the rope tight, till he was dead."

Taiaroa now ties crape round his hat, calls on a Wesleyan missionary, and tells in minute detail, how Matahara has murdered Kohi, by jumping on his breast and back. The missionary writes to the police magistrate, and Matahara is apprehended, charged with the murder, and Karetai as being an accomplice. Piro, in the meanwhile, goes to live with a European, and confides the "raka-pounamu" to his care. Some of the natives saw it, and inquiries about it led Piro to reveal the whole story.

Mr. Shortland tells that the witnesses, when telling of Matahara's striking the ground, cursing, at the same time, the different parts of Kohi's body, used language which led him to believe at first that Kohi, and

not the ground, received each blow. A chief will sometimes complain of being shot at, when he is only shot at in effigy. This is not an unfrequent form of insult.

The despicable shrewdness by which these people sought to carry out their own objects through the instrumentality of our laws, is not unlike what might happen in parts of Queen Victoria's dominions nearer home. We remember a case where a man's ears were cropped off with the assistance of his sisters, and the crime charged on persons in his neighbourhood—the object being, as far as it could be ascertained, to appear as a witness in a case of brutal outrage—to obtain in this way his support for a while—and finally to be enabled to emigrate at the expense of the Government. We transcribe from Mr. Shortland an account of the price of the boat, which would seem almost to describe a purchase made in Galway. The very names look not unlike some rustic spelling of such names as Carthy, Mat O'Hara, &c. :—

“The following statement of the amount of property contributed by each of the natives, ten in number, who had a share in the boat, was made during the investigation of the case :—

	Baskets Potatoes.	Pigs.
Karetai, Te Matahara, } and two others .. }	contributed 300	21
Kohi .. .. .	100	6
Pohata .. .. .	200	5
Tahake .. .. .	100	5
Three others . . .	—	4
	700	41

If we suppose the potatoes worth sixpence per basket of 85 lbs., and the pigs twelve shillings each, which is a moderate estimate, the sum paid was at least £42, a very handsome price for a second-hand boat.”—p. 19.

The “tapu” was imposed by uttering a karakia, or charm. It was removed by a counter-spell. The Maori, before the introduction of Christianity, never did anything without uttering a karakia. They had charms for success in hunting, fishing, and war. They never went a journey without committing themselves to the care of friendly Atuas, or seeking to overpower the hostility of enemies among their ancestors in Hades. When they planted the kumara, they had incantations. The natives will not, without great reluctance, repeat their karakias. The

heathen natives regard the spells as sacred; hence their reluctance. Those who have embraced Christianity regard them as invocations to evil spirits, and on this account shrink from the utterance. In the heathen times, an infant was baptized when eight days' old, and at this baptism received his name. The baptism was sometimes performed by immersion in a running stream, at times by sprinkling. The following is one of the karakias used on the occasion :—

“Sprinkle this boy—  
Let him flame with anger;  
The hail will fall;  
Dedicate him to the god of war;  
Ward, ward off the spears, let them pass off.  
Be nimble to jump about;  
Shield off the blow, shield off the spear;  
Let the brave man jump about—  
Dedicate him to the god of war.”

After the baptism comes this charm :—

“Clear the land for food, and be strong to work:  
You be angry and industrious;  
You be courageous;  
You must work—  
You must work before the dew is off the ground.”

There followed, after some interval of time, a rite, which Mr. Taylor says resembled confirmation. It would appear that this second rite was a formal dedication of the child to Tu, the god of war. The following incantation was then uttered by the priest, while he and his attendants stood naked in the water, which they splashed and sprinkled about :—

“This is the spirit; the spirit is present—  
The spirit of this tapu.  
The boy will be angry; the boy will flame;  
The boy will be brave; the boy will possess thought.

Name ye the boy,  
That he may be angry, that he may flame—  
To make the hail fall.  
Dedicate him to fight for Tu;  
Ward off the blow, that he may fight for Tu.  
The man of war jumps, and wards off the blows.”

When war was declared, the warriors of a tribe were placed under a tapu; after the war had ceased, the tapu was removed. In both cases ritual verse was used. We pass over what Mr. Taylor says of their witchcraft. It does not essentially differ from that of every other people in the same stage of barbarism. He has a striking chap-

ter on the ceremonies and customs relating to the dead. When a chief dies, the event is communicated to a district by howling, by firing of guns, by all manner of noise that can be made. Of silent grief there is no thought. The body, until interment, is placed in a sitting posture, dressed out in mats, and adorned with feathers; the mere, or war-club, the gun and the spear, rest beside the deceased. The body is dressed in the best garments; and such part of the property of the deceased as he has last used is burned with him. The earlier customs of the island were, that one or more of the chief's wives would strangle themselves, to wait upon him in the other world. Slaves, too, were killed, that he might not be without attendants. Milder usages have since prevailed; but a widow will sometimes insist on spreading her mat over a husband's grave, and sleeping there. Sometimes the widow will console herself by cutting off her husband's head, having it dried, and then sleeping with it by her side. There were funeral feasts and disinterments—the last probably for the purpose of having the tapu removed, and the ornaments and implements which had been buried with him rendered again available for use, which, without the removal of the tapu, they could not have been.

They have as many heavens as the Hindoos—as many compartments in Hades as Quevedo himself. The lowest are the worst. There the spirits fed upon nothing but flies, and this food is not sufficient to sustain spiritual life, so that those who had their lodgings on the ground-floor faded into shadow, and from that into blank nothing-at-all. Something better off were those spirits who fed upon the spirits of kumaros and taroes. The keeper of the place will sometimes drive back a dying man, and not suffer him to cross over the plank which leads from the end of the earth to the unseen world. A curious superstition, identical with one that we find in the Greek mythology, makes them believe that if one does not eat of the fruit of the Reinga he may return again to the earth. A story, such as we find everywhere, of a person while in a trance visiting the world of the dead, was told Mr. Taylor. An old woman said she visited the other world—was offered food, which she

declined—was permitted by the authorities there to return to earth, but was interrupted by spirits, whom she propitiated by throwing to them a kumara given her by a relative whom she met in the course of her journey.

The entrance to the other world is supposed to be at the Reinga, literally the leaping-place, which is situated to the east of Cape Maria Van Diemen. "Reinga," says Mr. Dieffenbach, "is the extremity of a cliff of conglomerate rock, which cannot be approached from the sea-side, and which lines the coast for about six miles." It is the limit of the known world to the New Zealanders. Sands everywhere encroach upon this part of the island. Hills once covered by the kauri pine are now stripped of the trees which at one time were a protection against the sands, and nothing is seen growing there but a few stunted trees, with the manuka and the fern. It is probable that a forest, such as in the old classical mythology, and in Dante's, led to the world of the unseen, was, at the time the Reinga was thought of as the entrance to Hades, in the imagination of the fablers of the Maori; but we know not whether the desolation of its present aspect does not better fall in with the thought of a separation from earth and its enjoyments. At death, man's spirit, according to Maori belief, leaves the body, and, like a meteor, shoots down to the Reinga. An ancient pohutukana tree is there, upon the branches of which the spirit then makes its way. The place is looked upon with fear, and even Christian natives refused to accompany Dieffenbach thither. Of late the spell is in some degree broken, as a missionary is said to have cut off one of the branches by which the spirit was supposed to descend. A fanciful thought is blended with this superstition. The spirit of a person who resided in the interior brought with it a leaf of the palm-tree to tell of its home—that of a person from the coast brought with it a kind of grass which grows by the sea-side. We are reminded of that beautiful passage in Moore's *Veiled Prophet of Korassan*, where a number of young girls are described as gathering chaplets:—

"— Sweet, though mournful 'tis to see  
How each prefers a garland from that tree

Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
And the dear fields and friendships far away."

Before the spirit of an ariki or chieftain descends into the Reinga, he first ascends to the visible heaven, where his left eye becomes a star. From the Reinga the spirits of the dead can communicate through the Tohunga, who hears them, and can interpret their language. They speak in the whistling of the wind, and often in dreams. When they speak in dreams, it is to the priest or the ariki, who then communicates what is thus commanded or counselled.

The natives are great believers in dreams. In dreams the soul is supposed by them to visit the Reinga and converse with the deceased. Dreams go by contraries. To see a friend in your dream dying is a sure sign of his being in good health. If he appear well it is a sign of his death. To dream of seeing the dead is of evil omen. Several cases of dreams are stated by Mr. Taylor, with their interpretation. The belief is so firm in these dreams, and in the received interpretation of them, that recovery from serious illness would seem often to occur from the effect of the imagination. One case is told where a dying native dreamed of a missionary's wife meeting him and shaking him by the hand. He was so cheered by the dream that recovery commenced, and when he was able to go about, the first thing he did was to visit the lady whose appearance in the dream was of such good omen.

We are told that there is no such thing among the Maori as a marriage ceremony. They had their karakias and incantation for everything else. Here there were none.

"The ancient and most general way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel aggrieved, and fancy they had a greater right to her, as a wife of one of their tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father or brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *taua* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl,

either by persuasion or force. If confined in a house, they would pull it down, and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female thus placed between two contending parties, would soon be divested of every rag of clothing, and thus would be seized by her head, hair, or limbs, and as those who contended for her became tired with the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends: in this way, the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. These savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the naked person of the bride; in some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others, to die within a few hours or days from the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging his spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another.

"Even in the case when all was agreeable, it was still customary for the bridegroom to go with a party, and appear to take her away by force, her friends yielding her up after a feigned struggle. A few days afterwards, the parents of the lady, with all her relatives, came to the bridegroom for his pretended abduction; after much speaking and apparent anger, the bridegroom generally made a handsome present of fine mats, &c., giving the party an abundant feast."—pp. 163, 164.

Mr. Taylor has brought together, in his valuable book, all that he has learned of the country during a life passed there. We must, in our account of his work, confine ourselves to a few topics. There is a good deal on the subject of emigration well worth attention. We can give but a sentence:—

"There is a party strongly opposed to cheap land, from the fear that it will make all proprietors, and destroy the labouring class. This is especially the fear of the gentleman settler, and the successful speculator: the one fears the want of labour, the other the depreciation of his property.

"There can be no doubt that, whether the price of land be high or low, all will be landholders, and labour will be high; it is neither possible nor desirable to hinder this. The industrious will get on, and possess land. Even in New Zealand, large land proprietors have been compelled to pay their



butcher's and baker's bills with land. Mr. Peel, the founder of the Swan River settlement, found little benefit from his monster grant, many as his acres were; they were soon paid away for labour, and his servants became the chief men. In fact, all those fanciful theories of transplanting society, in all its artificial relations and integrity, to a remote wilderness, is about as feasible as the removing of an aged oak, with all its roots and branches, from its native forest to the antipodes. The colony must pass through its varied stages before such can be expected. The gentleman who leaves England, with his servants, male and female, must not be surprised if, before many years have gone by, he should sit at the same table with them, and hear his former footman, now the influential member or superintendent of his province, request the pleasure of taking wine with his lady; and he being obliged to ask his lady's waiting-maid, now converted into the wealthy Mrs. So and So, to take wine with him. It is surprising to see what a difference a few years make in the relative positions of colonists: how many of the lowly are exalted, and some of the high brought down. Mind, in some respects, has more play in the colony, and more probability of getting forward, whatever external difficulties it may have to contend with. In fact, the colonist is the man stripped of the garb of artificial society. Man is there equal to his fellow-man; it is mind that draws the true line of distinction; and there is a freedom and charm in such a state, which more than compensates for the loss of fancied dignity; and few who have lived many years in a colony, will find the artificial state of society at home so congenial to their feelings as the freedom from it in the colony.

"There is one great want felt in all these infant settlements, and that is of roads and bridges, and other public works. Labour being high, and the colonial resources small, there is little chance of these necessary works being completed without aid. Few colonies can boast of so many public works, and such good roads, bridges, hospitals, &c., as New South Wales, and in this respect there is a marked difference between that country and Victoria, where all these are wanting. The former is indebted for them to the convict; who supplies an amount of labour which could not otherwise have been procured. When the home Government proposed to continue sending its convicts, there was a general outcry, lest such an influx of crime should have swamped the morality and virtue of their society, which would not perhaps have been very difficult to be done, and therefore their fears were just. Neither was the plan proposed by Government one likely to answer. It might have made the convict hypocritically good, for a short time, in order to obtain power to be bad hereafter; but it

would not have effected any radical change for the better. Yet it is evident that, under a modified system, the convict might be sent with great advantage to the colony, and with little fear of moral danger.

"If some were sent out for long periods, and those in detachments, suited to the wants of the different provinces, under proper surveillance, there could be then no more reason to fear their presence, than there is of them whilst in their hulks or jails. If each colonial town had its convict gang, how many public works might be made, which otherwise cannot be hoped for. This is actually what is now being done by the Colonial Government with their own prisoners; they are thus employed, and it is very proper they should be, as the most likely way to reform them. At any rate, the view here taken may perhaps be worth further thought and consideration."—pp. 266-268.

There is a chapter on the subject of the native chiefs, and the mode in which they should be treated. It seems plain that their power to oppose the Government is increased by their being held at arm's-length. Mr. Taylor suggests confiding to them the duties of magistrates; members of local boards; and military officers. In principle, there can be little doubt he is right; but there must be a good deal of difficulty in carrying out the practical arrangements of such a course. A considerable portion of the work is occupied with the geology, botany, and natural history of the country. There is a discussion on the position of the Church in the colony into which we shall not enter. The tenure of land among the natives, a very important question, is discussed, but we cannot say that a person seeking accurate information about it will find it here. On this subject much more is to be learned from Mr. Shortland. "Land," Mr. Taylor tells us, "is held in three ways by the natives—either by the tribe, by some family of it, or by a single individual." This is easily intelligible, but when he comes to deduce any inferences from it as to rights of purchasers, or of devolution of title—he seems to have forgotten what he has said. We assume, that, on such a subject, none but a lawyer would be able to speak with such strict accuracy as not to have his language likely to mislead; and with such an interest in not exhibiting a true state of facts as one or other of the parties must have in any investigation of

title, there would be a good chance of even a person educated in lawyer-craft going wrong. Individuals, no doubt, had their distinguishable lands, marked with one boundary designation or another; but the question remains, were their rights absolute? did they close at the death of the possessor, or were they inherited? If inherited, whether by all their children or by one—by brothers, and in what proportions? Suppose such questions answered, did such rights in any way depend on the chief? Had the chief of a district any, and what, power over its inhabitants? Could he by any act of "tapu," or otherwise, deprive a man of his land? Could he by any act sell or transfer it? The class of inquiries which the law of tanistry rendered necessary among the Celtic tribes, did they never arise here? Was the chief's own power hereditary, or elective, through all the islands? Many of such questions arose and had to be determined in the courts of law—claims at which Mr. Shortland assisted. He mentions, with amazement, the accuracy with which the natives were enabled to exhibit all the links of their descent for some fifteen or sixteen generations. He was enabled to test this accuracy by

comparing the statements of persons tracing to the same ancestor through distinct lines of descent. The circumstance that where the line passes through a female, her husband's name is always given, presented an undesigned connexion between statements derived from independent sources. The narratives were, for the most part, given in the same form of words as if repeated from old poems—as no doubt was the case in the earlier links of such pedigree. An old chief, when questioned as to the ground of his belief in the traditions of his tribe, replied that he had learned them from his grandfather, and taught them to his grandchild—so that he could speak as to the transmission for five generations. Why then distrust their earlier transmission in the same way? They have persons educated in a knowledge of their laws which, as we have said, are with them not regarded as separated or separable from religion. These persons preserve the old traditions, and in case of any dispute, are referred to. "They are their books of reference and their lawyers."

We have exceeded our space. Some topics connected with the language and with the poetry of this remarkable people, we hope at a future time to bring before our readers.

#### THE ALOE.

A CENTURY has passed, and lo!  
 Upon the island in the lake,  
 The blossoms of the aloe make  
 The air around them burn and glow.

Like thoughts within the Poet's soul,  
 Slow circling to their golden form;  
 And moulded by the calm and storm,  
 The waxen petals soft unroll.

The warmth of summer glowed on all,  
 The island shores and azure lake,  
 And trembled up thro' lawn and brake,  
 To the white turrets of the hall.

And by the urn, whose sculptured grades  
 Were wreathed with moss, which to and fro  
 Swung in the wafts of wind which flow  
 In silence through the horny blades—

To linger with a lover's kiss  
 Upon the flower which arose  
 (Like white Serena 'mid her foes),  
 And drink an unexperienced bliss—

Two figures stood, a youth and maid—  
A boat lay hidden in the sedge—  
His right hand clasped the vase's edge,  
His left was hers, and lo! he said:—

“ This aloe, by the mail'd hand  
Of Godfrey, Knight of Palestine,  
Was planted here; his banners shine  
By th' Eastern Oriel; brand,

“ And helm, and glaive, and tiger crest,  
Gleam in the window's purpled light,  
As if the thoughts of ancient fight  
Were with them in their iron rest.

“ Returned, he sought his father's pile;  
And mellowing his battle voice,  
He wooed the lady of his choice,  
And won her to his heart—this isle

“ Heard the soft voice of Alice say  
She loved, and in the urn they place  
This aloe; and they said, their race  
Should plight their troth by it. To-day

“ A fairer Alice stands with me;  
And here, beside the flowers I vow,  
By the pure whiteness of thy brow,  
To love thee for eternity.”

Her fair cheek flushed a modest hue;  
And Alice answered, while her eyes  
With tears, and thoughts that would arise,  
Shone like two bluebells brimmed with dew—

“ As folded in the aloe's stem,  
Slow orb to light the lonely flowers,  
Till starlike, 'midst its prickly towers,  
Shines out their orient diadem.

“ So cherished as a still delight,  
And fenced with thorns of maiden shame,  
Arose the love I could not name,  
And now it blossoms into light.”

And golden silence, like a spell,  
Stole o'er the isle, and summer trees,  
Save where the soft and tell-tale breeze  
Whispered their love, as evening fell.

S. A. B.

## NOTES UPON NEW BOOKS.

## HOME EDUCATION.\*

CHILDREN are the unpaid magistracy of human life. They give a method to the wanderings of the Arab, and a measure to the Gipsy's poaching. Manhood cannot avoid observing, perhaps, a little uneasily, that every institution of Nature is founded on a consideration of their convenience and advantage. We educate them partly out of vanity, partly out of habit, and partly out of affection. There is a little conceit at the bottom of all our efforts at instruction; we are eager to prove to those quick unburdened intellects, and warm passionate hearts, that we possess some compensation for the loss of youth, a something which they can only gain by the lapse of theirs. Habit urges us to repeat on others the operation we have found so necessary with ourselves; the lightest lesson a master ever gave us was as nothing until we had translated it into our own language. Nature gives a new organization to every soul, that each may be forced to become its own teacher. Thus compelled to the habit of teaching, we take pleasure in indulging it; too soon forgetting, if, indeed, we have ever known, the secret which the period of our own instruction laid open before us. Affection is a great impulse in the course of education; but education in the hands of affection rather changes its nature. There is nothing of a more selfish nature than the movements of affection. The education which affection gives us is the shadow of selfishness. It is offensive and defensive armour. Affection has a secret hope that all her moral precepts may some day be turned into hard cash; and she has a distinct remembrance, when she sends us to College, of Fellowships and class-lists. But this is only in the case of her avowed educational efforts. There is an education which comes

with her presence, as the scent with the mignonette, and the light with the diamond; its action is radiant as a young girl's beauty; it acts as powerfully on the heart as the summer shower on the carnation. Home education! A kiss is its primer, and time its lexicon; no holidays are allowed; its progress ever continues; sweet, calm slumbers are some of its longest lessons. Its teachers are multifarious, innumerable. Life is the head master, but Death is also one of the tutors. The school does not consist of forms and desks, but rather of green fields and gable-ends, of the chimney-corner in which sits the old grandmother, with the sunlight falling on her chintz dress, and still opaline though wrinkled cheek; of the chance meeting by the brook side, of the good-morning smile, of the good-night hand-clasp; of a household's daily customs, of the visitors we have, of the visits we make; of the sister who is dead, and of the brother who lives. These things, and such-like, make home, and our own life passing amongst them, as through an ocean, furrows them into the beauty from which springs the beautiful Goddess Affection. How far it may be wise to interfere with the education which is breathed in with the atmosphere of home, must be doubtful; how far it may be possible to do so effectually must be more doubtful still. The author of the little book before us attempts to strike at the root of the matter by recommending to parents the exercise of every moral and religious virtue. He insists much on prayer and baptism, and rather avoids his subject than meets it. He writes gracefully and pleasantly, but his pages offer little enticement to any readers but those who already possess, as a part of their inner life, all that his book teaches. There is quite room in the world of

\* By the, Rev. Norman Macleod.

books for a work that shall treat the subject of home education patiently and yet boldly; and for such a work the world at large would be grateful.

But we must not neglect to admit that our author touches on many points of his subject with great truth and feeling; and often, as in the following passage, puts into graceful language the feelings of every compassionate heart:—

"We need not do anything to make the child happy. It is naturally happy in itself. From the joy which God sheds within its soul like sunlight, joy shines upon everything without, and is reflected back from all. No poet ever had a more brilliant fancy, no philosopher busier thoughts! It can create to itself an ocean from a cup of water, a ship from a bit of straw, and summon out of bits of paper, or out of nothing, men and women, kings and queens, to obey its commands and contribute to its amusements. It is planning, contriving, and amusing all day long. With all this God has placed it in His own school of Providence, and in ten thousand ways, too many to number, and too deep to understand, He is educating this babe, and teaching it lessons innumerable. . . .

. . . . As a rule, I believe more harm will be done than good by attempting to apply any formal system of pruning and training to so tender a plant, beyond what is prompted by common good sense, guided by parental and Christian affection. . . . If you *must*, in short, give it something, confine your generosity to wholesome plain food from your hand, with love in abundance from your heart, with as much light, liberty and air, as every day beneath God's sky can afford, and it will educate itself better than you can do. Let these conditions be fulfilled as far as possible, even in one of our vile and horrid streets or lanes, and the child will thrive better in soul and body than when confined like a hot-house plant in a splendid mansion, pampered with luxuries, or teased and fretted all day long by some injudicious parent, or teacher, who insists on training or teasing it up to become wonderfully clever, or wonderfully well behaved."

The last sentence will suggest to many a long train of painful reflections. Broad-cast over the country, in stately town mansions, in grand old country houses, are sown poverty of spirit and meanness of heart, by their too frequent inmate, "the inju-

dicious teacher." We never catch a glimpse of a grand castle amongst distant woods without feeling the question rise within our hearts, whether there be not beneath its roof sweet boys whom some worn-out, rakish fellow, acting in the capacity of their tutor, afflicts with the cold bitterness of his chilled life; or gentle girls, whom some minutely spiteful governess gripes in a dull unceasing hatred. O stately castle! O stately parents! O stately Lord and Lady visitors! you little think how the little honourable masters and the little honourable misses, whom you fancy that you hedge round with triple folds of protection, suffer at the hands of "injudicious teachers."

#### THE LADY OF FASHION.\*

THE county of *Sussex*! Who does not know it as the possessor of all that is stiffest and most formal in county families, most ancient and obstinate in agriculture, most frivolous, gay, delightful, refreshing, and wearying, in its sea coast towns? The majority of the persons who visit Brighton no more think of it in connection with *Sussex* than the schoolboy thinks of the law of attraction when he flings a stone; and are very far from bestowing any thought on the ancient mansions which frown upon the gay new town from many a mile inland. But, as a lighted candle in the sultry weather, the bright shining *Steyne* draws towards it, even against their own will, the heavy moths who, for so many half-centuries rejoiced in a perpetual twilight. In "The Lady of Fashion" we have a delightful vision of the shy fluttering flight of some of these poor creatures towards their own destruction; we behold the scorching of their wings, and all the comedy of cruelty is exhausted in their grotesque contortions.

In the following extract we see with what bait the world caught the heir of one of the ancient South Coast families:—

"Lady Crookstone had not long been a widow, but the new style of "weeds" became her extremely. Lord Crookstone

left his worldly affairs in utter confusion, and there was but a slender provision for such a singularly attractive young creature, but rank and personal attractions would soon draw forth splendid opportunities of repairing a wasted exchequer, and after all their nonsense reported and hinted at concerning her parentage and education, the lovely widow might win, and adorn, too, a ducal coronet. Wherever she moved, a throng of admirers surrounded her, and it was evident she would not quit Brighton—Lady Crookstone. Two old Marquises were watching her on the cliff through their miniature telescopes. . . . Among the young men who attended the fairy footsteps of Lady Crookstone, Mr. Hugh Barnardiston was certainly the favourite."

Let us now visit the old Sussex lady who, amidst gable-ends and corkscrew chimney-pots of the 16th century, would have been a careful mother, ever on the watch to mar a son's or make a daughter's match, if it had not been the case, as it was, that she was too fond of her home to follow her son to the gay Brighton haunts which he loved—and was without daughters.

"Mrs. Barnardiston was exceedingly discomfited, when the fatal tidings reached her matronly ears that her son had chosen a wife from the daughters of the land she so much despised. She disdained to believe the idle report, but her peace was destroyed by it."

But we soon discover that it was not so much any particular wife, but wives in general, that Mrs. Barnardiston deprecated for her son. There are plenty of Mrs. Barnardistons in the world; women who would prefer that their sons were immersed in every species of vice, nay, would prefer to see them in their winding sheets to seeing them married. And there are plenty of the children of Mrs. Barnardistons to be met with any day in the year, who have succumbed to this strange unnatural feeling. Of them are the men who, in middle life, make marriages which startle every sense of propriety; of them are the wretched creatures who infest every circle with broken constitutions and hearts filled with a despair which only expresses itself, sooner or later, by a sullen death.

Hugh Barnardiston visits his mother to inform her of his approaching marriage, and the conversation becomes a little warm.

"'But, mother, if you had tried to make me half as comfortable as you do that hideous fat dog, we should have been always good friends, and I should not have been expelled my home.'

"'There is no need to call my poor Silver Bell distressing names,' replied Mrs. Barnardiston, 'when the dear thing has been my only companion for weeks during your absence. If his eye is sore, and his broken foot causes him to limp, he requires a little care—not ridicule; but you shall not be pained by the sight.' She rose with a flushed cheek and dignified step, and rang the bell twice.

"'Don't remove the old nuisance, mother, for me,' exclaimed her son; 'my time is running out, and I must soon be back. I am talking of the poor animal—but he may be King of Barnardiston for what I care. I only regretted I was not petted like him.'

"'Oh, Hugh! As if a dog was to be compared to my own child!'

"'Yet you consider no trouble too much while you consult his pleasure. He has everything to make him fat, easy, and disagreeable. What are these two kittens for, mother?'

"'Just to play with Silver Bell, my dear,' replied his mother, with a slight cough; 'he must have exercise, poor dear.'

"'You sent for no little girls to play with me, mother, and amuse me.'

"'Don't try to pick a quarrel with me, Hugh—you had little Julia Hayes very often to play with.'

"'She had a cast in her eye, and was ill-tempered—besides she went to school and left me. I should have liked gay society here.'

We are sorry to see, from all this, that Mr. Hugh is not, whatever he may think on the subject, very much in love with his beautiful Viscountess. A lover who is really worthy of the name, looks back upon every misery of his life as delightful, since it has tended to bring about his present happiness. We once heard a man at a University speaking of his dismissal from another University for some follies which he deeply regretted; "but, after all," he said, looking round at his companions, "I am glad of it, for otherwise I should not have known you fellows" This is short-sighted enough, but it is the true language of friendship and love.

Time flies; Lady Crookstone confesses that she has heavy debts and two little girls by her first husband. The marriage takes place, and her ladyship indulges in reflections.

"'I will be happy at Barnardiston,

but it, shall be in having my own way. Continual dropping will wear out a stone. And if I don't wheedle and worry the good old folks, till I turn that magnificent jall into a little Brighton! I have two of them under control already, and the old lady will soon felloe when I have patted and praised her fat ugly dog."

And now takes place what the author aptly calls "a great ground swell in the western part of the county of Sussex." "It is so delightful to do what no one else can afford," is the lever by which Lady Caroline contrives to upset every homestead within reach of her fashionable influence. It is so charming to observe people's envious looks. The author becomes gradually dazzled by the charming creation of his own pen, and carries her on with a high hand through a multitude of admiring matrons.

"The Barnardiston nurseries became the subject of conversation among the neighbourhood and 'as far off,' as delightfully as Lady Caroline could desire. They caused great searchings of heart, and at the same time opened a few eyes. . . . Admiral Hayes's lady wondered how her own common cradle and cribs had been so long endured at Warrender. She was astonished at her dull content under such common materials; but, indeed, no one at the period she married had discovered their real wants. Everybody considered patchwork, deal, and dimity, the perfection of embellishment; and from the highest lady to the gipsy wife upon a common, the beau ideal was patchwork. . . . Mrs. Price Mills declared she had a sort of low fever hanging upon her ever since she had beheld the tent prepared for the heir of Barnardiston. In her estimation it was the most elegant thing she had ever seen, and Price Mills should have no peace till her Willy's dormitory was newly arranged. Of course Price Mills' income could not compete with satin and gold—but it could effect a good deal. She would be content with cotton-velvet, and leno curtains, but a tent she must have. . . . The ladies were of opinion something must be done. . . . Mrs. Hayley had her fears respecting her own success in the go-ahead movement; Edmund was quiet outwardly, but he was immovable as the rock of Gibraltar if he objected to any of her wishes. She had been three years complaining of her dressing-room window, which rattled like an old postchaise in a west wind, but she had effected nothing, though her complaints were long and loud, twice a-week at least. Nevertheless she would let that subject drop for a few months, and en-

deavour to wheedle Mr. Hayley to purchase a new carriage. Lady Caroline's equipage was faultless."

It would be curious, if it were possible, to watch the variation of the relations between a novelist and his hero or heroine during the progress of his story. A growing love and a growing hatred, a sudden attachment and a sudden dislike, would frequently meet our gaze; we should sometimes find an author reserving a benediction for a character whom he was overwhelming with every evil quality and fancied he hated; and frequently preparing a deadly blow for one whose brilliance and successful career he found a little beyond his control. The author of "The Lady of Fashion" gives her a cruel, disabling wound, just when she is about to enter upon that career in which he either cannot or does not choose to follow her. He makes her out to be no lady of fashion at all, nothing but the daughter of a milliner, who married a lord. He takes pains to show us that her fashionable air is nothing but pertness, which approaches vulgarity, and he slyly endeavours to give a theatrical air to that beauty, the reality of which he has so earnestly vouched for. But authors can no more do exactly as they please with the children of their brain than parents can with their offspring. Her ladyship must always remain one of the pleasantest characters in the world of fiction—the possessor of a keen wit and a bright spirit—although the author does choose to snuff her out with a low fever and a squabble about private theatricals.

But the pages of "The Lady of Fashion" are not wholly taken up with that pretty creature's sayings and doings; we sometimes escape from the soft luxury of her dressing-room into a very different atmosphere.

The rough seaman, quietly anchored in the bosom of private life, has ever been a favourite character with novelists, and we can scarcely remember a successful one who has not attempted to pourtray a specimen of the class. We have a private opinion that the genuine naval man is, for the most part, only distinguishable in society by a slightly over-reserved and punctilious manner; but this is, perhaps, scarcely a fair reason wherefore the writers of fiction should not select

the exaggeration of manner and abruptness of temperament which may help to weld three straggling volumes into completeness, and give a relish for the insipid beauties and languid virtues of their more civilised personages.

The "Lady of Fashion" has its Admiral, and there is a pleasant, broad, but quiet humour about the man, which makes us rejoice it was not always wasted upon the desert air of a quarter-deck. In our first interview with him, we find him in company with his wife, who is modestly representing to him that the allowance he makes his six daughters is scarcely sufficient for the various requirements of their wardrobes and toilets.

"Mrs. Hayes always set him thinking upon subjects which did not concern him, and never was easy unless he was in 'a brown study.' He could follow a routine well, and issue orders promptly, but as to thinking about household expenses, and woman's gaudy trappings, that was his wife's affair. The Admiral, however, looked extremely serious and occupied, a few minutes. At last he spoke with decision of tone.

"Mary!"

"The Flag-Lieutenant was at her post by his side in a moment.

"Yes, Admiral?"

"Have not the girls got clothes enough? What do they want? What do you consider they want?"

"Why, since you ask the broad question, Admiral, I should say they wanted almost everything."

"What do you mean by everything, with the large sum I give you each Christmas?"

"I will tell you, Admiral. It would be a very handsome sum for an Admiral's lady, but not for six daughters, who are all now grown up. The young ladies have only three pair of silk stockings among them, two shawls, four ball-dresses, and as many bead necklaces. Of course they can never appear in public more than two at a time."

The Admiral became irritable at the *exposé*.

"What the — do you bother me with such a history for? I don't want to know about their stockings."

The discussion ends, as such discussions generally do end, in the lady's having her own way, and receiving a commission never to put her husband out of humour again with their "trap-sticks," but to take the affair into her own hands. "Admiral

Hayes resigned the office of Comptroller-General, as far as the ladies' expenses were concerned, and consented to place a given sum in Mrs. Hayes's hands, four times in each year, for the use of 'her crew.'"

"Lady Caroline was soon aware of a change at Warrenden. The plain-sailing young ladies formed a larger group in public, and really looked well dressed, and rather good-looking. What had they been doing? Six sisters in white—nice, clean, white dresses, without any ornaments—looked *distinguee* at parties. She always fancied they had a scanty wardrobe, and wore each other's things, by the unequal fitting and curious appearance of their clothes; but everything was better managed, and now they looked very invitable. She rather fancied Miss Kate, and considered her improvable. If she were a little more in the world, and imbibed somewhat of its polish, she might expect an offer or two, and quit dull Warringden. She would like Miss Kate Hayes as a companion or amanuensis; something less annoying than poor Hugh, and rather more educated than Duchesne."

We must leave our readers to discover from the book itself all that results from her Ladyship's fancy for the youngest of the Admiral's six daughters, and the incidents connected with that daughter's marriage with the man with square eyes, who "thought himself a coffee-pot in Essex."

Whilst we must confess to having been much amused by its perusal, we must yet object to "The Lady of Fashion," that it is one of a class of books which seems to rejoice in having no claim at all to the title of a work of art; that it has no point of moral sight, no more structure than a whisp of hay, no better arrangement of colour than that in the pattern of a harlequin's jacket. It only shows us as much of Mother Earth as may provide highways for the carriages of its great personages, grounds for their mansions, and graves for their bodies. To judge from its pages, you would suppose it possible that the middle and upper classes of society were in the habit of passing their whole lives in, and giving up their whole souls to, the arrangements connected with their incomes and their wardrobes, their furniture, evening parties, and morning calls. As soon as we emerge from the region of fashionable novels, we find that this is no more the case



with the lady of fashion than with the child of the cottage. Nature is ever at work; Nature is always powerful. In the existence of a thousand religious sects, in the active progress of ten thousand wordly pursuits, she proves that the human mind is ever grasping after nourishment. She sometimes locks one up in a dungeon, to show that out of a simple flower a human heart can create a world of thoughts and a universe of hopes. Whatever the writers of fashionable novels may tell us, then, let us not believe that any soul passes through the world without learning more or less of the language of the stars—without hearing some of the secrets which are whispered in every zephyr's breath. We will accept "The Lady of Fashion," and kindred works, not as artistic-pictures of human life, but as chromo-lithographs, which pleasantly remind us of things we do not wish to forget.

THE MEMOIRS OF BRITISH GENERALS  
DISTINGUISHED DURING THE PENIN-  
SULAR WAR.\*

ARMIES are the angriest arguments of contending nations, and generals are their calmest reasonings. An army is the embodied violation of all natural order: it draws the ploughman from his plough, and the workman from his loom; it deprives hearths of hearts, and hearts of hearths; it gathers fate from accidents, and makes what is accidental fatal. But a general is a law of method; his genius is a prophecy of the subjection of strife; the people look through his keen eyes at peace. The trooper glories in matching one against two; all the general's plans are directed towards arranging two against one. To the soldier, the country-side is an interval of so many days' march between himself and his foe; to the general, it is a book of problems, the solution of which genius undertakes with the aid of the axioms of history, and the definitions of experience. The soldier is a machine, of which the motive power is the heart, and discipline the engineer;

the general is a musician, who out of the various notes of circumstance creates melody, and sets the commands of his country to the music of musketry.

On looking back upon any great war, we find diplomacy, valour, and generalship contending with each other for the merit of victory, and it would be difficult to decide which was the most convincing advocate for peace. But whilst diplomacy, from its very nature, professes a willingness to resign advantages on one side, in order that it may gain greater ones on another, and valour knows that it can only obtain its ends by the destruction of some of Glory's own children, generalship ever preserves the hope of an unbought success. In theory, at least, the foe shrinks from the superiority of its skill, and its manœuvres conquer territories without bloodshed; in theory it ignores the enthusiasm of war, and takes the courage of friend and foe equally for granted. But if generalship be essentially a science, generals are but men; and we must not forget that if Philip II. turned war into a kind of state-craft, it was in the hands of Charles V. very like a charge of dragoons.

It would be difficult to predicate the kind of disposition, or to dictate the species of training, which are most likely to produce the successful leader of armies. At thirteen years of age Sir John Moore showed his father how he would attack Geneva, and was able to point out the weak part of the fortifications; Sir David Baird seemed to have been born a soldier; Lord Lynedoch was forty-three years of age when he first joined as a volunteer the British troops, sent in 1793 to assist the royalists of Toulon in holding that important port and arsenal against the revolutionary government; Sir Edward Pakenham was ten years younger, when he had already attained the rank of Major-General. Lord Hill, in appearance and manners, resembled a quiet country gentleman; the Marquis of Anglesea had the bearing of one of the heroes of chivalry, and delighted in the theatrical display of brilliant costumes. But

\* "The Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War."  
By John William Cole, 21st Fusiliers.

there is one qualification which all great generals appear to have possessed in the midst of very various characteristics, and that is the faculty of combination—a faculty, which in some seems to have been cold and formal, and to deserve the title of prudence; and in others to have been so warm and quick, as almost to claim the name of imagination.

We have no record of any war which offered a wider field for the exercise of this faculty, than the great European struggle which ushered in the present century; and though the two great chieftains who held the foremost place in the conflict were possessed of genius, whose brilliance paled the talent which was grouped about it, we do not fail to find in the generals of that day, both on the English side and on that of their opponents, men whose strength of character forced them, as it were, into an originality of conception. The hot spirits of the Beresfords and Massenas, the Pictons, Cranfords, and Soult's of those days, caused the science of war to blossom as the hundred-leaved rose. Each of Napoleon's, each of Wellington's generals was an artist, and painted such pictures as the world can never lose sight of: for canvass, they had a few thousand square miles of country; for easels, the thrones of kings; for colour, the blood of nations. The men themselves are of such gigantic stature, and so fill the mind's eye, that we seek relief in the contemplation of the details of their lives. Herein lies the secret of our pleasure in the perusal of all those biographies which are worth the reading.

For obvious reasons we momentarily turn, at the present day, to the remembrance of these heroes, and wish not only that those who lived for us then were again alive, but that those who were then our foes might now live to be our friends. We love to brood over the accidents of each of those great lives, in the hope of finding out the secret of its realities. Who were their ancestors? we ask. Did they rise from the ranks? In what schools were they trained? Was it their youth or their more advanced age which produced their most brilliant efforts? The volumes before us, in pleasant, unassuming narrative, give us the information necessary to answer these questions;

and are full, besides, of matter which suggests questions of more importance and greater interest. It is scarcely credible that they should bear on their title-pages the date of the present year. We can scarcely imagine the reasons which have induced authors and publishers to allow forty years to pass by without the publication of a work of such obvious utility and interest, as the "Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War."

The chief difficulty in writing a connected series of the lives of Moore, Baird, Angelsea, Paget, Beresford, Cranford, Cole, Picton, Lynedoch, Hopetoun, Hill, Le Marchant, Ross, and Pakenham, lies, of course, in the fact, that they were engaged for the most part in the same operations, and that the writer has to choose between a wearisome repetition, or the breaking up into scattered parts of the narrative of events, which owe their chief grandeur and importance to the harmony with which genius arranged their details. But Mr. Cole has avoided this difficulty as far as it could be avoided, and carries on the story with an earnestness which frequently gives the dignity of a campaign to the forced march of a division.

The following extracts, referring to some of the chief Peninsular battles, are fair specimens of our author's style, and will show that if he has not written an original, he has at least produced an interesting work.

*The Battle of Corunna.*—"It was late on the 16th, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when General Hope gave notice that the enemy's line was getting under arms, and an immediate attack appeared to be in contemplation. It appears strange that Soult did not commence earlier in the day, since he resolved to fight, and the approaching darkness would certainly favour the retreat of the British, should they, as the French commander confidently expected, be driven in under the walls of Corunna, and compelled to embark during the night. Moore, on the contrary, expressed to Colonel Graham his intense satisfaction, when convinced that Soult had made up his mind to assail him. He only regretted the lateness of the hour, lest daylight should fall before he could sufficiently profit by the victory he anticipated. The battle began, and was fiercely fought on both sides. The enemy occupied, with great advantage, a commanding eminence towards their left cen-

tre, from whence a formidable field battery enfiladed the greater portion of the English line. From this battery the shots were fired by which the British commander and his second were struck down. There was little manœuvring throughout this stubborn fight, beyond attack and resistance. The dispositions were simple; everybody understood them; and the French, beaten on all points, fell back as night came on. Their loss amounted to between two and three thousand men. That of the English was never officially returned, but was estimated loosely at about eight hundred. Their arms were new, their ammunition fresh, and their fire more steady and destructive than that of their opponents. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck, Mauningham and Leith, and the Guards, under Major-General Warde. These men were specially commended in the official report. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crauford, with the brigades on the left, ably supported the advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 31st Regiments, with parts of the brigades of Guards, and the 28th. If the French had been closely pursued, as their left was turned by Paget's reserve, their ammunition exhausted, and the river Mero in full tide behind them, with only one bridge for retreat, it appears almost certain that their repulse might (as at Vimiera, if similar advantages had been seized on the instant,) have been converted into a most signal overthrow. But Sir John Moore was killed, his second in command, Sir David Baird, disabled by a severe wound, and General Hope, on whom the charge devolved, knowing that it had always been intended to embark during that night, withdrew the troops from the field of their victory, without difficulty or confusion. Hill's division, which covered the movement, followed on the 17th from the citadel, and Beresford, with the rear-guard, and the wounded, were the last who departed on the following day. The transports sailed, and thus ended the first British campaign in the Spanish portion of the Peninsula."

*The Siege and Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo.*—"On the 8th of January, 1812, the trenches were opened, and on the same night an important outwork, the redoubt of Francisco, was stormed by select companies of the light division, under the command of Colonel Colborne, (now Lord Seaton). On the 14th the batteries opened, and on the 19th two breaches were reported practicable. Lord Wellington examined them in person, and he issued the order for attack, concluding with these memorable words, 'Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening.' The larger

breach was to be assailed by the third, and the lesser by the light division. At seven in the evening the town clock struck, the signal was given by a rocket, and the columns rushed forward. The garrison were prepared for a desperate resistance; a mine was sprung in the principal breach by which many brave men perished; but in less than an hour the place was won. The stormers of the light division consisted of three hundred volunteers, led by Major George Napier (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir G. Napier), with a forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Gerwood. General Crauford accompanied them, and fell, pierced through the body by one of the first shots fired. Crauford's last address to his division, a moment before they moved on, was short and clear, in his usually decisive manner; 'Soldiers!' said he, 'the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady—be cool—be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts; and, in doing this, keep well together.' There have been many opinions expressed as to this brave officer's capability of command. It has been even asserted by his admirers, that with the same opportunities he would have equalled Wellington; but such hyperbolic eulogy is as injurious as detraction. Take him on the whole, he was one of the readiest and most dashing executive officers in the service; and his early death must be considered a national loss.

*General Lowry Cole and the Battle of Maida.*—"This distinguished officer was the second son of William Willoughby, first Earl of Emswicken, by Anne, his wife, only daughter of Galbraith Lowry Corry, Esq., and sister of the first Earl of Belmore. The antiquity of the family of Cole, and their honourable condition may be traced to a remote period. They are named as holding knightly rank in two deeds of William the Conqueror, and were originally of the county of Devon. By the marriage of Sir John Cole, of Nathway, in Devon, with the daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Bodrugan, in 1243, they trace connection with Henry III., through John, Duke of Lancaster, and the Earls of Westmoreland, Salisbury, Arundel, Warren, Surrey, and Oxford.

"From this match lineally descended Sir William Cole, Knight, who, in the reign of James I., settled in Ireland, and obtained large grants of forfeited lands in the county of Fermanagh, where he fixed his residence. The family being zealous Protestants, were always remarkable for their steady and active adherence to the principles they professed, in Church and State. During the rebellion of 1643, Sir William Cole raised a regiment at his

own expense, and commanded them in person; when the town of Enniskillen was incorporated, he was elected first provost. In 1760, his representative and great-great-grandson, John Cole, Esq., M.P. for Enniskillen, was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, as Baron Mount Florence of Florence Court. His grandson, William Willoughby, became Viscount and Earl of Enniskillen in 1776 and 1789. Lowry Cole, of whom we are now writing, was born in Dublin, on the 1st of May, 1772. Being intended from his earliest youth for the profession of arms, towards which his boyish predilections strongly pointed, he received a suitable military education, and entered the service before he had arrived at full manhood. He was endowed with a high and manly spirit, well fitted for daring enterprise, and found himself gazetted to a cornetcy in the 12th Light Dragoons before he had completed his fifteenth year; his first commission bearing date March 27th, 1787. Passing through the next grade of lieutenant in the 5th Dragoon Guards, he exchanged into the Infantry, and was promoted to a company in the 70th Foot, in November, 1792. There was nothing particularly rapid in this advance for a young man of good interest, with money and powerful family connections. The period was unfavourable for military achievement. The nations of Europe were at peace; except in India, the troops of England had no active employment, beyond home duty and the care of garrisoning the colonies. The ominous clouds of the French revolution were rapidly gathering, but had not yet burst into the overwhelming storm, which heralded in more than twenty years of general warfare. Old warriors, who complained that their swords were turned into inglorious ploughshares, and young ambitious soldiers, eager for active service in the field, were soon destined to see their aspirations indulged beyond what either could have expected, and to an extent far greater than the outward appearance of tranquillity rendered probable. So, from an almost imperceptible speck on the horizon, arises the dark hurricane which suddenly sweeps along with overwhelming violence. On the 1st February, 1793, the National Convention of France declared war against Great Britain, and her ally, the United Provinces,—the denunciation being practically followed up by the invasion of Holland two days after. Late in the same year, the English Government despatched a naval and military force, under Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis, for the capture of the French West India Islands. With this expedition Lowry Cole embarked at Cork, and soon afterwards was gazetted a Major in the 102nd Foot. He was present at the taking of

Martinique, March 24, 1794, and also at that of Guadeloupe and St. Lucia, in the month of April following. During the latter operations, he served on the staff as *Aide-de-camp* to Sir Charles Grey, the general officer commanding. Towards the close of the same year he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in Ward's regiment, which he afterwards exchanged for a company in the Coldstream Guards. Returning home, his next appointment placed him on the general staff of Ireland, in the *Adjutant-General's* department, under Sir John Cradock; and subsequently he became *Aide-de-camp* to the Earl of Carhampton, *Commander-in-Chief* in that country. In 1801, he accompanied the expedition to Egypt; and served throughout the campaign there on the personal staff of General (afterwards Lord) Hutchinson, who succeeded to the direction of affairs on the death of the lamented Abercromby. The short respite of the peace or truce of Amiens, occupied a feverish interval of one year and a half, at the expiration of which, the rival nations, having drawn a little breath, rushed once more into a mortal encounter. In 1804, the subject of our memoir, who had previously reached the brevet rank of full Colonel in the army (as early as January, 1801) obtained a regimental lieutenant-colonelcy in the 27th Foot; and in the year following repaired to the Mediterranean, expecting the appointment of Brigadier-General on his arrival at Malta. He was then in his thirty-third year; his appearance and bearing eminently graceful and aristocratic; his manners cordial and prepossessing. In every respect he conveyed the impression of a gallant leader, who would rise to distinction if the chances presented themselves. During the early part of 1806 the Island of Sicily was held by a British force of 7500 men, under Sir John Stuart. Their principal occupation consisted in watching the French, who, commanded by Regnier, were scattered in no great numbers through the opposite provinces of Lower Calabria. Circumstances seemed to favour an offensive movement on the part of the British General. Accordingly, having taken his resolution and formed his plans with secrecy, he embarked 5000 men without cavalry, and only a few light field-pieces and mountain guns. No opposition was offered to their landing, which took place on the 1st of July, in the Bay of St. Eufemia. With dawn on the 4th the troops moved forward, and before they had marched many miles, found themselves in presence of Regnier's army, well posted, superior in numbers, and ready to dispute their further progress. Then followed the battle of Maida, which has been often described, but can never

lose its interest and prominence in the catalogue of soldier-like achievements. In this brilliant action Brigadier-General Cole, who, from his seniority happened to be second in command, performed an important part. His brigade consisted of the first battalion of the 27th, his own regiment, and a battalion of grenadiers taken from all the different corps composing that small army. This custom of forming picked flank battalions has since been wisely abandoned. It produced very strong and effective bodies of troops, but crippled and reduced the regular regiments, while it mortified the commanding officers, by depriving them of their most active and available men. Cole's brigade was stationed on the left of the British line; and even after the defeat of the French left, who at the commencement of the action gave way and fled before Kempt's light infantry, they found themselves opposed by such superior numbers, including a body of cavalry, that the General was compelled to throw back the left wing of the 27th to secure his flank from being turned. Some inexperienced officers, led away by the success of Kempt's brigade on the right, strongly recommended him to advance headlong against the enemy; but he saw the danger of such inconsiderate movement, and held his ground steadily, until the opportune and unexpected arrival of the 20th, under Colonel Ross, enabled him to assume the offensive, when the last-named gallant regiment came up to his support. The overthrow of Regnier's army then became complete, and if we had been enabled to pursue them with two or three hundred fresh cavalry, very few would have escaped.

"In looking at General Cole's professional career, it is somewhat singular to observe that at Maida he was urged to undertake a precipitate advance, without orders, which might have compromised the army and endangered the fate of the day. This he refused to venture; and, acting on his own judgment, the event proved that he decided wisely. At Albuera he made a movement with his division which won the battle; and in this case also, he acted on his own responsibility, coinciding with the suggestion of Major Hardinge, that here an immediate advance was imperatively called for in the critical position of affairs. After the French had entirely disappeared from the field of battle at Maida, the English troops, by orders from their commander, Sir John Stuart, marched back to the beach, within a few miles of which the action was fought,

for [ repose, food, and supplies of ammunition. A ludicrous incident then occurred, which is thus related by Sir Henry Bunbury, who was present as Quarter-Master-General:—"A permission had been given that the men of each brigade, in turn, might refresh themselves by bathing in the sea, the rest lying by their arms. While the Grenadiers and Enniskillens were in the water, a staff-officer came galloping in from the front, crying aloud that the enemy's cavalry were coming down. In a moment the troops sprang to their arms and formed; and Cole's brawny brigade rushing out of the sea, and throwing their belts on their shoulders, grasped their muskets, and drew up in line, without attempting to assume an article of clothing. The alarm was utterly groundless."

LAURA GAY.

A NOVEL.\*

We are not often inclined to urge against a novel, as a cause of blame, the fact that it is contained in two volumes instead of three. If a short book be very good we do not so much find fault with its brevity as attribute to that brevity the secret of a great part of its power. But the perusal of "*Laura Gay*," leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind that it is in two volumes only because the author lacked energy to write the third; it is a good book spoiled by the want of due development. The want of a third volume reduces its plot to a mere incident, and leaves the characters of the heroes and heroines somewhat too much like cold abstractions. An inferior writer would, no doubt, have found two volumes amply sufficient for his purpose: the space which our author occupies with brilliant colouring, would have afforded to a common-place hand, room for a complete picture.

"*Laura Gay*" is essentially a novel of "character;" the author appears to have proposed to himself to write a story which should illustrate moral principles as earnestly, and at the same time as amusingly, as Mrs. Norton's "*Self Control*," without having recourse to the violence of incident with which that book abounds. In this effort he is not entirely successful, but yet

\* "*Laura Gay*."—A Novel.

triumphantly proves that the melodramatic and the unnatural are not necessary to the production of an interesting novel; whilst it must be admitted that he takes advantage of all the aids which a perfect acquaintance with society offers to the observant mind. The following extract, relating to one of the most important characters, will show the care and force which have been employed in the production of this entertaining work.

"The son inherited many of his father's peculiarities: his temper was impatient and despotic; his passions were uncontrolled, except by interest; his will was their slave, and his reason their pander. Happily for society the passions are generally in such cases, balanced pretty equally, and the result is peccadilloes and feebleness, rather than great crimes."

The concluding sentence is a fair specimen of the author's power of observation; every page breathes a similar spirit, and the story needed only a more liberal expansion to enable it to rank with the most exact and striking of modern novels. Many readers will probably think that the characters are drawn too much from one level in society, and are all somewhat of the same class of mind: and this is the case. The author had a purpose in view and was afraid of losing sight of it for a moment; he is not quite sure yet of his powers, and hesitates to plunge into the world of fiction. Refinement and cultivated intellect, whether based on largeness of heart or narrowness of mind, are the constructive instruments which he employs throughout. The sweet and gentle heroine is a blue-stocking, and the character whom he introduces as her complete foil and contrast, a satirist of no mean merit. We have a very strong suspicion, in spite of our charge of idleness against the author, that "Laura Gay" was originally written in three volumes, and that the missing book contained the satire of which there are still very

manifest traces. Let us remind the author that a conscientious expression, without fear or favour, of the truths which throng into his brain, is a part of the duty of every writer who looks upon his vocation as one which is to enlighten and improve humanity. Can he show Vice in her own image? let him show it. Can he paint the fleeting hues of folly? let him paint them.

#### LAYS OF THE WAR.\*

#### THE EMPEROR'S VIGIL, AND THE

#### WAVES AND THE WAR.\*

It has been said in explanation of the dearth of good poems on the present war, that it is too close to us—that an interval of time is necessary to enable us to behold it in proportions suitable for the poetic mantle. We are scarcely inclined to admit that this argument has much strength, for the flowers are close to us, and the wavering mists and the ceaseless battle of human passions, and of all these our poets sing, with full notes and clear. Tennyson has written a spirited ballad on the Balaclava charge, and one or two tender and graceful poems on the war have fallen from other pens; but the terrible interest of the subject has raised, as yet, no minstrel hand from amidst the ever-increasing group of our real poets. The two little books whose titles we have written above are both of them good, but not good enough to take away the reproach which certainly lies on the poetical world in respect to this subject. Mr. Barry's poems have a claim upon our respect, quite apart from any considerations respecting their intrinsic merit, for we know that the tearful eyes of new-made widows and orphans have read them, and that the aching brain of sorrow has found a relief in the perusal of their simple but earnest rhymes. The following stanzas are extracted from what the author calls the introduction:—

"The veteran quits the home of tranquil joys,  
That forty years of well-won laurels shade!—  
The boy girds on the arms he wore as toys,  
To gladden Beauty's eye, in gay parade!

\* "Lays of the War." By Michael Joseph Barry. Second Edition. "The Emperor's Vigil, and the Waves and the War." By Ernest Jones.

Right conscious now for other use they're made,  
 And hot to use them—all the glorious tide  
 Of free-born manhood in his cheeks displayed,—  
 He treads his free soil, with a freeman's pride,—  
 But yesterday a child by a fond mother's side.

The hour is come,—the sad, stern, parting hour,—  
 Sad hour, when thousands part who ne'er shall meet!—  
 Yet Hope and Pride can combat Sorrow's power,  
 And with the sadness mingle fancies sweet!—  
 Loud rings the Imperial City's every street,  
 And Queenly hands a kindly farewell wave,  
 And palaces the echoing shouts repeat,  
 That cheer, upon their onward way, the brave,  
 Who stake their gallant lives, the cause of right to save."

Mr. Barry has reprinted at the end of his volume some criticism, which implies that his poem on the Balaklava Charge is far superior to Ten-

nyson's "abortive effort" on that subject. We will not apologise for giving our readers an opportunity of forming their own judgment:—

"Morn smiles serene on sea and land;  
 Where looks it down on scene more grand  
 Than Balaklava's heights command,  
 This calm October day?  
 Light gleams on each proud mountain crest,  
 The deep ravines in shadow rest;  
 And Euxine's diamond glittering breast  
 Heaves in the sunny ray.

#### II.

With all the pomp of war displayed—  
 Artillery, horsemen, foot brigade—  
 The Czar's great army stands arrayed  
 Far on the spreading plain;  
 His charging squadrons' firm attack  
 Our island-sons have beaten back;  
 And bloody corpses strew the track  
 O'er which they rode in vain!

#### III.

The Russian guns peal death-knells out  
 To right and left from high redoubt,  
 From which the Turk, with sudden rout,  
 At morning dawn was driven;—  
 A pause is in the deadly fray.  
 Men deem 'tis over for the day;  
 Though by the dread artillery's play,  
 Rock after rock is riven!

#### IV.

With pride we saw the fœmen reel  
 Beneath our massive squadrons' steel;  
 And then in wild disorder wheel,  
 To fly with coward speed.  
 Our light brigade—in numbers few—  
 We know has souls of valour, too;  
 But what is there for them to do,  
 Of proud heroic deed?

Six hundred men—for statues fit,  
 Impatient in their saddles sit,  
 Whose pawing chargers champ the bit;  
 And sniff the sulphurous air,—  
 But who with spurring haste comes on,  
 As if himself and steed were one?—  
 His errand is already done—  
 His finger pointing there—

## VI.

Ay! there—where bristling cannon close  
 In front of thrice ten thousand foes;—  
 Why points he eagerly at those?—  
 What! charge those Russian guns?  
 Ay! such the order he has told:  
 We hear it, and our blood runs cold;  
 Could iron soul unmoved behold  
 So perish Britain's sons?

## VII.

"They know 'tis madness.—Forth they ride,  
 With all the death-doomed hero's pride,  
 To dash across that ambush wide—  
 A life for every pace.  
 They gallop forth—O, God! that cry;—  
 Poor Nolan, thou art first to die!  
 Back reels thy steed—on, on they fly!  
 In that tremendous race!"

## VIII.

On, on, with thinned, but closing ranks,  
 That keep their line, like rampart banks,  
 While shot and shell, from front and flanks,  
 Crash through them as they go!  
 On, on! their bloody path is spread,  
 Each step, with dying and with dead;  
 But each proud rider's manly head  
 Turns fearless t'wards the foe!

We are sorry that Earnest Jones should have been so eager to risk the reputation he has so justly earned by his "Battle-day, and other Poems," by the publication of a volume which is certainly of far inferior merit. There is a certain amount of talent in "The Emperor's Vigil," but a great portion of it bears a strong resemblance to a trite newspaper article turned into rhyme. The following are some of its most striking verses:—

"At Cronstadt in his granite palace  
 Walked the despot to and fro;  
 Gazing through the seaward windows,  
 Asking tidings of the foe.

Redly had the sun descended  
 On the sea-line cold and clear,  
 Barren wastes of tumbling waters  
 Spread before him far and near.

Trembling commerce fled their surface  
 Not a war-ship rode the sea;  
 And the despôt prayed in secret,  
 'May it long as desert be!'

Little clouds, a band in bigness,  
 Mount the limit of the sight;  
 'See ye not you specks in distance,  
 Fleck the evening's line of sight?'

'Sire! 'tis but the sea-mist driving—  
 'Tis the grey gulls airy train.  
 Signs like those, in stormy climates,  
 March before the hurricane!'

But the twilight swiftly thickens,  
 Sweeps the horizon from the view,  
 And, with deep foreboding voices,  
 Boom the tides the darkness through.

Glowing stars, with sudden lustre,  
 Leap from out the black expanse;  
 Thick the ships of England muster!  
 Fast the signal rockets glance!"



We have a right to expect better things than this from Ernest Jones;—words that will call up an answer from the heart of society, and thoughts which it will cherish amongst its choicest proverbs.

#### THE WANDERER IN ARABIA.\*

WHEN an English country gentleman, a member of the Hampshire Hunt, goes up the Nile with "Wilkinson" in his hand, and the "Arabian Nights" in his heart—when, at the commencement of the journey, he makes an agreement with his cook that he shall be at liberty to cut off his head if the soup be badly seasoned, and, at its conclusion, insists on having a full view of an Egyptian Bey's harem, in spite of the angry guardian, whom he threatens to shoot—when, from the internal evidence of his book, we find that he was duly furnished with those three necessary aids to all successful travel, a scholarly mind, a genial temper, and a kind heart, we are not much surprised to find the account of his travels worthy of a place in Hakluyt, whether we consider the fine spirit in which it is written or the vividness of the details with which it abounds.

Through Egypt and through Palestine.—Up the Nile, whose waters are among waters what champagne is among wines, and amongst whose ripples the artists who lived upon its banks loved to represent the happy departed souls—a delightful fancy, caught, very probably, from the country girls who, in the time of the inundation, swim in flocks from village to village. Up the Nile! Every reader in these days knows what that means. A few remarks about Malta, some longer remarks about Alexandria and some longest remarks of all about Cairo. But, in the mean time, the hire of a dragoman—a tall, bronzed Egyptian, handsome in face and figure, and well dressed. His dress is composed of a turban of snow white cotton, folded round a red tarboosh, a brown cloth-embroidered jacket, silk waistcoat, shawl round his waist, full and brilliantly white Turkish trousers, short to the knee, white stockings,

and red slippers. He has an erect figure, and well turned limbs, a grave face and beautifully formed hands. If you are fortunate, his name is Selim Hassan. So the voyage proceeds. The boat is very comfortable, and the result of the cook's skill very good. The Reis, or captain of the crew, comes up and addresses you—"We all on board your slaves, master. We doing what you liking—we going where you tell—we every one your slaves." This falls on your spirit as a refreshing balm; you give yourself up to delightful dreams of eastern rule and power; El Maschal and his basket of glass fit across your vision; you hear the ripple of water under your bedside, mingling with the low tones occasionally of the slaves on deck, and novel cries, at intervals, of night birds of the Delta of the land of Egypt—dark Egypt—and fall asleep.

Of course, it is not long before some practical experience of Egyptian law, and justice, against which your British heart rebels, introduces you to a solemn, silent governor, and coffee and pipes, which are the charms and the burden of all Egyptian travel. You are lucky enough to meet some friends pursuing the same course as yourself, and with them you race, gossip, and shoot; and attempt to subdue the light-heartedness, which results from the mode of life you are leading, by a false enthusiasm respecting inscriptions which you can't read, and obelisks which tire your eyesight. You see some villages—collections of crumbling mud hovels, the lowest in the scale of shelter for human beings, save only caves and dens in the earth and rocks. The huts stand in a lump, without order, or a garden or enclosure of any kind near them, or a tree to shade them. Not a tree, in fact, is in sight on any side, and nothing breaks the level plain for miles but these clusters of hovels on the low swells of ground. You think it necessary to make some reflections on the Fellaheen and their social position, and come to the conclusion that they are much in the same state as any other labouring population. Of course you happen to see a log of wood on the bank, which you turn into a crocodile by a shot

\* "The Wanderer in Arabia," by G. T. Lowth.

from your rifle. By and bye the Libyan desert comes down to the edge of the water, and lies there, as some mysterious being inviting with a beckoning hand. You remember the idea which you had of a desert in your youth: trees were near a well, and a tent was in their shade, and Arab horses were tethered at hand. Dark men of the wild breed, with spare vesture on their free limbs, were by; and you wandered away into the deep solitudes and were alone with the desert. But the sight of the desert now, in these, your elder days, brings a sense of responsibility to your mind, and makes you feel both more and less a man. As the skeletons of camels mark across it the track of the pilgrim's caravan, old habits and conventional ideas die one by one as you gaze onwards towards its horizon, and, by their corpses, trace out a path which leads you to where the sense of existence and the possibilities of creation are face to face. But you have not gone far in your desert reveries before a Copt monk startles them away by swimming off to the boat, shouting as he swims for a trifle of charity. There is a wild imperiousness in the man's gestures, as though he were demanding from you as from the representative of society, not an alms, but a recompense for all that he has lost of life and love within the walls of his weary home. Thus floating on and on, you pass through Girgeh, that is famous for its dogs, and the country of the Howara, that is celebrated for its breed of horses. Suddenly, when you had almost persuaded yourself that you had forgotten all things European, you are startled by the sight of a very English manufactory, where the Pasha chooses to employ hundreds of men in the manufacture of an article, which can be bought for less money than it can be manufactured for, while the land around them, which should grow corn to feed them, and which is of more value than the article manufactured, is lying waste. Here and there you see some sheikh tombs, standing quite alone out on the short turf at the desert's edge, and a few trees are near, and by them some humbler graves. With their white domed roofs and saracenic arched porticos, they are perfect, and make you wonder who were the builders of such delicate and

graceful structures. Now and then flocks of partridges and many snipes offer you a fair morning's sport. Sometimes you employ yourself in purchasing a scarabæus for a penny; sometimes in listening to the music of the long two reeded pipe of the chief musical performer amongst your crew. At length you reach Assouan. The arrival at Assouan is an event. You are at the foot of the cataract and on the borders of Nubia,—and so this is an important point of your voyage. It is a busy place; the port and capital of Upper Egypt; and there is good society, and you hear all that the Nile world of fashion is doing in Egypt and Nubia. How gay and cheerful is the little world of life, and how beautiful across the water is Elephantina! But half at least of life is an illusion. On that green shore, so lovely, lies a large and well appointed boat, a picture of luxurious quiet, by the edge of the fresh grass, and near the shading and feathery palm trees. Who possesses that beautiful yacht? While your boat lies on the rude but busy shore, you have health, blessed deity! for a companion; but over that luxurious and bright vessel, lying so deliciously by the rippling stream and the grass and the shading palms, the dark Angel of Death is already spreading his wings. A lady is there, dying of that malady which robs us of the fairest flowers of humanity, and the British flag waves lazily in the evening at the stern. Now comes the ascent of the cataracts: it is always an adventure; the water sweeps with a swift sly current round the jagged rocks, and, as the boat slowly yields to the strain of the palm leaf rope, watch the countenance of the old Reis, who stands erect in his blue and red mantle, and strive to glean some augury of safety. You have learned the value of life lately, and would scarcely choose to be drowned even in the Nile. You scarcely wish to leave a world where the weather is so lovely, the mornings and evenings so exquisitely beautiful; where the sky, by day, is transparent as crystal, at sunset, a sea of molten gold, rich beyond conception, and at night lighted by a moon and stars so brilliant and clear! The ascent is safely accomplished, and after a great drinking of coffee and sherry, you go by land to catch view of the second

cataract. Mr. Southwell describes the unwillingness (with which the traveller, who has been going on and on, forward ever, for so many days, begins to retrace his footsteps. We suspect that this feeling is partly founded on the conviction that now must commence that "respectable sight-seeing" which every traveller feels himself bound to go through with, but would so faintly avoid. You can no longer recline at ease and fill yourself with maschieh soap (the veritable pottage for which Esau sold his birthright), whilst you pass by temples of the sun and obelisks innumerable, and tombs of Rameses the Great; you must now make an almost daily excursion from your luxurious dahabeeh to encounter rough village dogs and rougher villagers, and see figures playing at draughts and cup and ball on the walls of sepulchres.

That books of eastern travel are generally monotonous arises from the fact that eastern travel is conducted under peculiar circumstances. A traveller in the east is not an exception to the established order of things, but is rather one of the institutions of the country. He is expected and calculated on; laws are made for him; tribes quarrel for him. And if the world there expect that he shall pursue an established course, much more so does the world at home. He must take an interest in such and such historical questions, he must feel such and such religious emotions. You would positively be ashamed to look your dragoman in the face if you did not at the proper time, gaze first abstractedly and then reflectively at the pyramids.

"Eöthen" was the first work which showed that a book of eastern travel need not necessarily be a weariness and a vexation. Mr. Kinglake threw a fresh spirit over old subjects. Mr. Lowth, has written an equally agreeable though more elaborate work, and has shown, as all men of talent can always show in respect to any subject, that there are vast fields of observation and reflection still untouched on the route of Egyptian and Syrian travel. In the present volumes he has thrown

a strong light on the subject of individual eastern character. His sketch of this odd crew is a cartoon finished with the perfection of a miniature; his caravan scenes are landscapes in tapestry work. He gives us the life romances of the swarthy, lazy, vigorous, snarling, good-humoured, dull, intelligent, passive and excitable (for they are all these by turns) creatures about him. He shows us the sulky, sullen boatman Ali, on whom good words and blows have an equally debasing effect; we watch him as the one dark spot in all the sunny landscape, until we begin to have a personal hatred towards the man; then, suddenly, as he stands on the roof of the cabin and sends forth a cry towards the palm trees, and from the palms comes a long low wail in answer—but we must leave our readers to the pleasure of perusing the story in the "Wanderer in Arabia" itself. Then we have the story of the Reis and his three wives, and that of Parthenus, which is too bitterly sad a tale.

Of the two volumes, one is devoted to the journey through Egypt and the other to that through Palestine; the one is gay and the other grave; but to reverse Johnson's criticism on "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," we may say that there is a good deal of gait in Mr. Lowth's gravity.

#### THE HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS THUMB.

We have always been sorry that Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels" to Lilliput; we should have liked the work to have fallen to Goldsmith, or, perhaps, better still, to Charles Lamb; the satire might have been less keen, the sarcasm less fierce; but we should have had all the story of the world spread open before us bathed in a twilight atmosphere of tenderness and repose. Then, perchance, seated on some mountain ledge, Gulliver would have dammed up a stream with his foot, and made a dozen mills to stop, whilst his hand fluttered away the scared eagle from its nest; half way down a little chapel bell would have tinkled; some little way off he would have seen two sweet children and two fierce men entering the green wood

together; and then how quaintly and touchingly would he have seen the tragedy acted out amidst the rich greenery and the warm sunlight of the summer afternoon. The fight of the two tickle men, the sudden flight of the victor, the terrified wandering of the children, the stern cold sleep of the dead man under the green brake, (he would have seen the robins gathering together, with soft melancholy notes, from branch to branch, and the leaves falling from their bills like a rain of asphæra in the first red rays of the newly risen sun.) We can but indicate roughly what we mean. The hearts of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb are as a Claude Lorraine; they show us the world in bright and exquisite miniature; and satisfy in part the craving of the human soul to see all things reduced to its own instantaneous comprehension. In this feeling lies, to some extent, the reason of our love of pictures; the artist so chooses his point of view, so groups his figures, so arranges the accessories, that we can grasp the subject at once, and render it a part of our intellectual perceptions without difficulty. In Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" we have rather a microscopic view than a Claude Lorraine one; he makes his Lilliputians small that their vices may appear the larger. Nothing was too great for him to find some littleness in it; no place so minute but that he could find room there for his immense contempt. We rejoice that it is not from him we learn the story of Titania's amours. And we are painfully aware that in his hands Puck would have been a very scurvy, back-stairs courtier. But the world has taken care to provide itself with plenty of miniatures, of which every trait is gentle and sweet; and in the book before us one of these is met in almost too

bright and pretty a framework. A child once told us a fairy story as we rambled through an unfrequented wood-path; sometimes the hazel nuts delayed us, sometimes the untractable bushes pleasantly half-strangled us, and the style in which the narrative progressed under these circumstances, reminds us forcibly of this more than pretty book, in which Sir Thomas Thumb pursues his adventures through a very wilderness of silver posset cups and purple pansy flowers, gossamer spiders, and pools of spirit ale; Queen Mabs, Lady Vivianes, and King Arthurs; great black cats, fairy haquets, and lordly castles on the wild sea shore.

## POEMS.\*

Will Mr. Cassels forgive us if we suspect him of having commenced his poetical career as a "spasmodic Poet," and of having repented of his aims against good taste and the spirit of pure poetry? His verse is constantly on the point of breaking forth into the turgid and conceited, and although it is completely free from anything that pains us by its affectation, it too frequently only escapes from the fantastic, by falling into the common-place. If, as we believe, the pruning-knife has been used with a liberal hand, there was no occasion to fill up the gaps which it had caused, by an elaborate structure of smooth uninteresting rhymes. There is enough sweet poetry in this volume of two hundred pages, to have formed one of half the size, which would have been worthy of being placed on the same shelf with the works of our choicest minstrels.

We extract the following verses, not because they are the best, but because they display most of the merits and defects of Mr. Cassels' muse.

## "IN THE HEART OF THE CHILD."

There is a little dove that sits  
Between the arches all alone,  
Cut and carved in old grey stone,  
And a spider o'er it flits:

Round and round his web is spun,  
With the still bird looking through,  
From among the beads of dew,  
Set in glories of the sun.

So the bird looks out at morn  
At the larks that mount the sky,  
And it gazes still and sly,  
At the new moon's scanty horn.

And the owls that fly by night  
Mock it from the ivied tower,  
Hooting at the midnight hour,  
Down upon it from the height.

But the little dove sits on,  
Calm between the arches there,  
In the holy morning air,  
When the owls with night are gone.

Then the bells for matins ring  
And the Grey Friars past it go,  
Into church in double row,  
And it hears the chants they sing.

And the incense stealing out,  
Through the chinks and through the seams,  
Floats among the dusty beams,  
And wreathes all the bird about.

All the children as they pass  
Turn to see the bird of stone,  
'Twixt the arches all alone,  
Wading to it through the grass.

Is the spider's pretty net,  
Hung across the arches there,  
But a frail and foolish snare  
For the little stone bird set ?

If the place should e'er decay,  
And the tower be crumbled down,  
And the arches overthrown,  
Would the dove then fly away ?

So that seeking it around,  
All some golden summer day,  
Mid the ruins as they lay,  
It should never more be found ?

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POTEMKIN, THE CRIMEA, AND THE IMPERIAL ARMY AND NAVY OF THE LAST  
CENTURY.—(CONCLUSION.)

IN 1781 the Crimea was reduced to a dreadful state of calamity and confusion. The insurrection of the Christians had suspended agriculture; the Tartar population was again considerably diminished by war and privation; which, added to the revolts in the Kuban, and among the Nogays, seemed to furnish to the ever-watchful Catherine a specious opportunity to interfere in, and take advantage of, those troubles.

The journey which Potemkin took in 1782, that he might inspect the districts ceded to Russia, on which he spared neither expense nor trouble (having removed to the Government of Azov alone one hundred German families, and even procured the settlement of some English farmers), had, therefore, greater reference to inducing Chagyn Gerei, and the subordinate chief of the Kuban, to at last acknowledge the complete supremacy of the Empress. And in truth it had now become no great concession on their parts, to admit the superiority of a power already grown so threatening; and when, to the arrival of large bodies of troops, Potemkin added bribes and delusive promises, it may be imagined how a bloodless conquest and a magnificent acquisition was achieved. The subtle negotiator received, on the part of his Sovereign, at Cherson, the homage of the last Khan of the Crimea, and the inglorious descendant of Ghinghis abdicated his throne for an annual pension of two hundred thousand roubles.

Nothing now remained but to take possession of the vast prize in a manner that should make Europe, as well as the inhabitants, sensible of the intrinsic nature of the change. This

was done by a manifesto of Potemkin's composition, published April 8th, 1783. It stated that "the last war against the Ottoman Empire, having been attended with the most signal success, the Empress had certainly acquired the right of uniting to her empire the Crimea, of which she was in possession; and that she had been obliged to interfere with her troops to quell insurrections and revolts; and to put an end, once for all, to the troubles in the Crimea, the Empress unites to her empire the peninsula of the Crimea, the Island of Taman, and all the Kuban, as a just indemnification for the losses sustained, and the expenses incurred, &c., &c." Potemkin hastened to use every exertion to reconcile the minds of these new subjects to the Russian sway, at the same time that he marched an army into the heart of their country, and the fickle oath of allegiance being taken to his mistress, he informed her in triumph that her dominions at last embraced the northern shores of the Euxine.

We may now reflect with astonishment on the indifference with which the powers of Europe beheld so extensive an appropriation; one which consolidated on its most important side a visibly aggressive nation, and submitted to it the control of a sea that marks the most commanding position in the old world. The annexation of the Crimea was unnoticed from its noiseless simplicity, and but one great mind perceived its ominous tendency. Had the warning of the illustrious statesman been heeded, and his preparations carried out, Cherson would have been occupied, and a British fleet have stayed Russian ascendancy in the Black Sea; but the factious

opposition of a constitutional assembly defeated the sagacious policy of William Pitt.

Potemkin, eager in the pursuit of his grand scheme, had excited all ranks in Russia with the imposing idea of overturning the Ottoman power in Europe, and he now prepared to secure the co-operation of Joseph the Second, by an offer of a portion of the spoil, and an assurance that the Court of St. Petersburg would use all its influence towards the election of his son to the dignity of King of the Romans. On these terms the bargain was struck, and the wily Potemkin proceeded to provoke the Porte into hostilities, by insisting on a full compliance with the treaty of commerce exacted in 1779. This consisted of eighty articles, every one of which was favourable to Russia; and so unskilled were the Ottomans in diplomacy, that they conceded to their enemies the same freedom in navigating the Black Sea and the Archipelago, as had been enjoyed by their ancient allies.

It might have been supposed that they would be little inclined to submit to new concessions, but actuated (as Potemkin conceived, by their fears, but more probably) by their known fidelity to their engagements, they fully ratified the stipulations.

The Prince then peremptorily demanded that the Porte should acknowledge the Crimea as a Russian province, and was again disappointed at his own success, being unaware that France had, at this period, secretly induced the ready compliance; for, engaged herself in a naval war with England, she wished to avoid the inconvenience of assisting a distant ally, and was in no condition to divide her resources by exciting the hostility of Russia.

The next attempt was to influence the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia to place themselves under the protection of the Empress, who promised Potemkin the petty sovereignty of these states, if he effected their subjugation; but in this arrangement they forgot an ally no less eager for appropriation than themselves, and who considered the Principalities as his special share. Joseph the Second loudly protested against being deprived of what has ever been the object of Austria's ambition and de-

ceptive manœuvring, and, as he was not to be slighted with impunity at the time, the temptation of the Hospodars was abandoned.

Catherine, however, resolved to confer upon Potemkin some suitable distinction for his late services; he was made Inspector-General of the army, which involved the rank of Field-Marshal; also constituted Grand Admiral of the Euxine, and receiving the governments of the Crimea, of Azove, and the other annexed provinces, he ruled over a broader tract than many a European king. In addition to those honours, another magnificent mansion was built for him in the capital, which, [as a record of his achievements, received the appellation of the "Tauridian Palace." The wealth of Potemkin at this time must have been immense. It is stated that, in the first two years of his ascendancy, he received nine millions of roubles, while his book-cases were filled with gold and diamonds, the rich offerings of foreign states. It would be impossible even to guess at the amount of "gratifications" he received from the Empress, whose known practice it was to conceal the sums she lavished on her favourites, but, with the revenues of his several posts, and the tax upon forty-five thousand slaves, his income has been roughly calculated at fifty millions of roubles. Yet, while he could be extravagant or princely on some occasions, he was penurious, and even mean, towards his tradesmen, and others, who found it impossible to recover their claims. As an instance of this, a French veterinary surgeon was engaged to cure a beautiful horse which had been presented to the Prince by Joseph the Second. The Frenchman built a stable on a peculiar construction, spared no expense, and devoted his attention to its recovery, in which succeeding, after infinite trouble, he brought the animal to the owner, but was refused admittance, and never after rewarded for his skill or his losses.

But there were at this time physicians of a different class, and of very opposite success, busy in the Imperial palace. The best beloved of all the favourites, and the man who most deserved the feeling, was rapidly passing from the transitory grandeur of an earthly court. Lanskoï was stricken

with a violent fever, of which he died. The Empress retired to her chamber, ordering it to be darkened, and for three months continued shut up in her apartment, while the Empire might be said to have lost its monarch.

There was only one power in the nation that could dispel this overwhelming gloom—but one being that dared intrude on the solitude of the Royal mourner, and Potemkin resolved to display a crowning instance of his irresistible influence. He entered the chamber of his Sovereign—his voice recalled her to the cares of life and Government—she came forth at the magic summons, and her rejoicing subjects, again beholding their Empress, were earnestly desirous of seeing the place of Lanakoi speedily filled, while the Princess Dashkoff was foremost in her anxiety, having her disinterested regard for her mistress stimulated by certain prospects for her son.

Prince Dashkoff was a fine, tall young man, with an imposing exterior; but Potemkin, resolving he should not be the person, feigned to favour his pretensions, while he made the Princess certain of success by his attentions to herself. At the same time, he secretly informed the Empress of the failings of the young Dashkoff, and mimicked his peculiarities so faithfully, that she laughed aloud at the representation. The day following this amusing scene, he sent her two trifling commissions, borne by Lieutenants Momonoff and Yermoloff, of his own regiment of cuirassiers, that her Majesty might have an opportunity of seeing those unassuming officers. The choice fell upon Yermoloff, and the lucky lieutenant exchanged his quarters for the luxurious apartments of the favourite.

The Princess Dashkoff, in ignorance of this quiet transaction, already anticipating the triumph of her son, and wishing to gain something for her nephew, the youthful Count Buterlin, wrote to Potemkin to request him to name the latter as one of his aide-de-camps.

The sarcastic strategist replied that "his number was complete, the only vacancy he had being filled by Lieutenant Yermoloff."

The Princess had never heard of the name, and forgot it after the annoyance of the moment, until she

recognised it with considerable surprise when she next waited upon her Royal mistress.

Potemkin's regiment of cuirassiers was known as the "Ekatharinoslaf," as every regiment in the Russian service is distinguished, in addition to the number, by a particular appellation, which is unchangeable, being taken from a province or a town. Thus, the first regiment of dragoons is denominated "The Smolensko," the second, "St. Petersburg," the third, "Kinburn," &c., &c.; as also the first regiment of infantry bears the name of "Pscove," the second "Riazan," and in like manner each regular battalion.

As Inspector-General of the army, Potemkin introduced several improvements and corrected numberless disorders and abuses which had crept in by the negligence or rapacity of commanders since the time of Peter the First. That monarch had the sagacity to perceive that the military system introduced by Louis the Fourteenth, involved the necessity of standing forces being ever after kept up by the European powers; but in forming his army on foreign models, he had, in his zeal, exaggerated the defects and inconveniences of their internal systems, more especially as regarded dress and accoutrements.

Potemkin gained the attachment of the troops by judicious changes calculated to please them. He saved the men an infinity of time, trouble, and expense, by ordering the hair to be cut short, instead of the ridiculously lengthy curls which they had been compelled to discolour with powder: he dispensed with the tedious whitening of their belts, and, taking away the side arms, left them only the bayonet and the musket, which latter was greatly improved at his suggestion from its former cumbrous clumsiness. He replaced the huge green hat with casques or morions, which better defended the head from cold, and substituted for the previous clothing, jackets with short lape, pantaloons, and half boots, thus rendering the action of the limbs free and unimpeded. To protect the soldier from the inclemency of the weather on their marches, he provided them with long great coats, which could be carried strapped over portable packs, they being heretofore sadly deficient



in these requisites, as in all other necessary equipments.

The Inspector-General was not without a precedent as to the benefit of those alterations, being aware how much General Prosorosky had effected in the last Turkish war, from having excited the heartfelt gratitude of his division by absolving them from the toil of hair-dressing, and permitting them to retain the green uniform, so much more desirable than the easily soiled white, in which, according to the Austrian fashion, Marshal Romanzoff had arrayed several battalions.

Potemkin superseded the long unwieldy blades of the cavalry, by more manageable and effective sabres, while the uniform of all dragoon corps was declared to be green coatees faced with scarlet, and red pantaloons.

As regards numbers and efficiency, the Russian army of the last century was on a far more respectable footing than might be supposed from its comparatively recent formation. In 1786 the forces of the empire comprised, first, the royal chevalier guard, numbering 60, with its upper and subaltern officers; one regiment termed "horse guards," amounting to 1,000 sabres; five regiments of cuirassiers, three of which were the "life guards," and consisted of 5,285; while the Grand Duke's corps numbered 980, and Prince Potemkin's 997. There were nineteen regiments of carbineers, each of 10,050; ten of dragoons, all rather over than under 1,000 men; and sixteen of light horse, counting severally 997. In addition to these, 27,000 Cossacks could be brought into the field, well adapted for all the purposes of hussars, which service they rendered in lieu of tribute, furnishing their own horses, but received their accoutrements and a small pay by the regulation of Potemkin, whom they had accepted as their "Hetman."

The infantry commenced with three regiments of guards, computed at 10,000 collectively; ten of grenadiers, reckoning 3,983 to every battalion; fifty-eight of musketeers, eighteen of which amounted to 2,044 men each; thirty-eight of 2,373, two of which had four battalions of 3,975 respectively. There were nine battalions of yagers, of fully the same strength,

two of which were "Tschernomorskian," or Black Sea yagers; and lastly, twelve field regiments, each of 975 rank and file. To these are to be added the garrisons, making up 109 battalions, or 85,206 men; not to speak of a distinct regiment of "Jemshiks," raised among the carriers and car-drivers, consisting of 1,000; and also two corps of Bashkirs, both of 500, together with one of "Mestchereks," amounting to the same number.

Then the artillery, which was astonishingly strong at this early period, being composed of one corps of bombardiers, 2,510 men; two regiments of cannoneers, 2,497; two of fusileers, of the same compliment; 1,065 engineers; 296 miners; pioneers, ordnance school, and pontoon men, together with those in the laboratories of Petersburg and Moscow, 1,835; and distributed amongst the garrisons and arsenals, were 9,544—coming to a grand total, in this arm of the service, of 29,061 men.

Taking all these together, they will be found to number nearly 600,000 troops, commanded, at the date\* we allude to, by three field-marsals, eleven generals, twenty-two lieutenant-generals, and fifty-four major-generals—the brigadiers not being particularly specified in consequence of their acting as colonels of regiments.

Every regular regiment was divided into six squadrons, the first of which was commanded by the colonel, the sixth by the lieutenant-colonel, the second by the senior major, the fifth by the second major, the third by the junior major, and the fourth by the senior captain. Of other regimental officers there were to every corps six captains, twelve lieutenants, and thirteen cornets or ensigns, of whom one was paymaster and commissary.

The pay and rations of every grade were fixed by a regular scale, a general in chief receiving annually 3,600 roubles, together with 80 rations, valued at 456 roubles, and he might avail himself of the services of twelve "deashiks" or servants, always taken from the recruits. This reduced gradually down to the brigadier, who was allowed 840 roubles a-year, 20 rations, or 171 roubles, and seven deashiks. The pay of a lieutenant-colonel amounted to no more than 360 roubles,

rations compounded for at 62 roubles and 70 kopeks, with four deashiks, while the ensign or cornet was obliged to content himself with 84 roubles by the year, 17 for rations, and the attendance of one deashik.

We are thus particular in an account of the Russian army of seventy years ago, for we are aware that this military force has been much undervalued by, and very generally unknown, to foreigners.

In a nation comparatively recent as regards civilization and European importance, as everything has been progressive, so also shall we find the population, which, however, bears no proportion to the extent of its territories.

By the first census of 1723, the persons subject to tax and military service were returned at 5,794,928; at the revision of 1743, this class had increased to 7,363,348. If we, at least, double this number for the female sex, and add what the provinces, not then subject to tax or service, may be reasonably taken to contain, we may fairly estimate that Russia could number 20,000,000 of inhabitants in 1763. After the lapse of twenty years more, the forty-one viceroynalties of Russia were found to contain 12,838,529 males available for tax and military service, and again computing the females as equal in number, the revision of 1783 registered 25,677,000, in all cases excluding the aged, the infirm, and children. The Cossacks of the Don and of the Euxine, according to the best account, were no less than 220,000, and of tribes impossible to be accurately numbered, as Tonguses, Ostiaks, &c., which, however, without any improbability, may be allowed 1,500,000, bringing the united population of that year to 27,397,000. Were we even destitute of good information, we could have no difficulty, according to the foregoing scale, in doubling this sum, as the increase of the seventy years that have since passed away, nor be surprised to find that a census of 1855 would shew a result far exceeding 50,000,000.

No soldier in Europe is raised and maintained at less cost to his sovereign and country than the Russian. Indeed, it is inconceivable how the private makes his small pay and slender provisions suffice for his most neces-

sary wants, though often, on various pretexts, deprived of a portion of his pittance by dishonest commanders. Yet does he live, and even manage to afford an occasional treat upon holidays, out of seven roubles per annum, and a stinted allowance of flour and grits weighed out to him with extreme nicety. He clubs with a certain number of comrades to purchase meat, grease, or oil for the mess, and frequently to procure a horse to carry his pack upon the long marches over his native steppes. He is made to rigorously account or pay for every button he may lose, and he must find all articles of clothing he may be absolutely in need of beyond the scanty regulation. The latter he is constantly burdened with, for his cheap pair of linen shirts, and boots of inferior leather, will not stand the continued work of a year. Nevertheless, the habit of a hard and frugal life enables him to bear hunger and thirst, while he traverses the sands of the desert under the load of his accoutrements, without murmur or complaint. Bred up to strict obedience, he executes every order without question, evincing the utmost patience under fatigue and suffering, and a passive fortitude in braving danger or awaiting death.

The defect which in the greatest degree counterbalances these valuable attributes, is the tardiness with which a Russian army is found to manœuvre before an active and experienced enemy. Placed always in large and compact masses in the field, it will maintain a stationary position, or attack a given point, with a perseverance second only to indomitable British bravery; but if a rapid change of place becomes necessary, they are ignorant or incapable of the celerity requisite for deploying, so as to give greater compass to their fire, or to alter their formation for the protection of a flank movement. For this reason, equal valour and determination, with superior tactics, will always be successful against them, even while they vastly preponderate in numbers; yet this drawback, serious though it be, is manifestly as attachable to the incompetence of, and want of genius in the commanders to the insufficiency of training and instruction, as to any slowness or inaptitude in the soldier. Peter the Great, who knew his coun-

trymen well, confidently said, that "his army would learn to beat Charles the Twelfth when they experienced a few more defeats, for at first, a regular and disciplined attack was strange to their rude notions."

This monarch was aware how singularly adapted they were to acquire knowledge in the art of war, and even in the stratagems of their opponents from the very length of a contest, and satisfied that they rarely retreated, if gallantly led, he spared no trouble to procure foreign officers of reputation to head them, among whom those of England predominated in his esteem. A battle in Finland, in 1790, proved, long afterwards, how correct was his opinion as to their being completely influenced by the example of their leaders. A colonel of a Yager corps sunk exhausted with his wounds, when his men, instantly raising him in their arms, exclaimed, "only command us and we shall conquer." Inspired by the words, he supported his bleeding body on his sword, and the promise of the Yagers was performed in the total defeat of the Swedes.

In the time of Potemkin the Russian army was only desirous of establishing its superiority over the Turks, but that able statesman, though equally anxious for the trial, felt that some interval of repose was necessary, until he should consolidate and repeople the annexed provinces, considerable diminution having been made in their inhabitants, especially in the Crimea, in consequence of the revolt of the Tartars, who, indignant at the conduct of the Khan resolved to return to the protection of the Sultan, in preference to the rule of unbelievers in the Koram. But Potemkin was not likely to quietly relinquish his triumph, and immediately despatched his cousin, Paul Potemkin, with an army and full powers to subdue them, who acquitted himself but too well in the eyes of humanity, for he followed up his easy victory by an indiscriminate execution of a multitude of prisoners of all ranks and ages, which caused numbers of people to fly the country, in addition to forty thousand arbitrarily transplanted into other governments. These severities secured the peninsula to the Empress, but she did not reign over half the original population, though she attempted to tify that terrible policy by giving

three millions of roubles to Potemkin to build villages in the Crimea and the annexed districts, to introduce an industrious population, and to endeavour to make them prosperous and contented.

Yermaloff now becoming ambitious of engrossing all influence, conceived a violent jealousy of the Prince, and eagerly seized every opportunity to injure him. Discovering what was suspected by many, that Potemkin had applied this money to his own purposes, Yermaloff, in conjunction with the Woronzoffs, artfully insinuated to the Empress, how glorious it would be for her to visit her lately acquired dominions, and receive their homage in person. They were successful in this, and when Potemkin suddenly became aware that a journey to Cherson, where Catherine expected to see wonderful progress, was decided on, he was forced to plead guilty, while he inwardly vowed implacable hatred to the man who had caused him this humiliation. He urged that he had always intended to replace this large sum, which should be punctually performed, as soon as he had disposed of an estate for the sale of which he had now an advantageous opportunity. In the meantime, however, he entreated permission to borrow the same amount from the imperial treasury, it being required for its original destination so much sooner than he anticipated, and was authorised to draw three millions more from the funds of the State, yet was never after called on to account for the previous transaction.

But for the first time in his life he was received with coldness by a sovereign whom he imagined he had firmly attached to him, and his inward rage knew no bounds, as he determined on a decisive explanation with the Empress; but not finding himself summoned as usual, he forced his way into her presence, and vehemently declaring "that her Majesty should choose instantly between that *white negro* and him—that there was no alternative between dismissing Yermaloff or him, and that he hoped he should in future be more fortunate in the choice he would make for her." The Empress was literally intimidated by his threatenings to withdraw from her service for ever; she remembered his achievements, his ability, and his

devotion, and no time being allowed her for argument or remonstrance, she consented to the immediate dismissal of her favourite, while Potemkin, declaring his determination not to quit the presence until the matter was irrevocably concluded, the thunder-stricken Yermoloff, after vainly endeavouring to obtain a personal farewell of his mistress, set out on his travels, leaving his trembling supporters to the indignant contempt of his adversary.

Potemkin, far too cautious to leave a dangerous void in the heart of the Empress which might cause regret for her hasty decision, took immediate care to select Captain Momonoff of the guards, as his aide-de-camp, and sent him, by agreement, on the following day, with a roll of drawings to the palace. "The opinion" he wrote, "which your Majesty expresses about the drawings, will acquaint me with what your Majesty thinks of the bearer." Catherine leisurely observed the aide-de-camp, and returned the drawings, remarking, "the outlines were beautiful but the colouring bad;" a judgment well suited to the regular features and sallow complexion of Momonoff. He bore, however, the recommendation of Potemkin, and to avoid any distressing controversy on the subject, he was established in the usual apartments, and presented his patron with the accustomed "gratification."

Secure of the Empress by this conclusive arrangement, Potemkin became himself the proposer of a journey which had been planned for his destruction, but which he now resolved to turn into a conspicuous instance of his unrivalled power, and the grandeur and importance of his sovereign. His preparations were adequate to the occasion, that Catherine might be satisfied her liberality had not been lost, and that the additions he had made to the Empire were worthy of her highest interest and the glory of the Russian name.

He commenced his operations by putting all the troops of the interior in motion towards Kief and Cherson, and the provinces through which the Empress was to pass, designing by this to unite the objects of having a

strong line of protection on the road, to inspire other nations with an idea of the military importance of his country, and to dazzle Catherine with a view of her own power which she would, not unnaturally, ascribe to him and confirm his unlimited sway. He therefore had it pompously given out that the Empress should review one hundred thousand men at Kief, a similar force at Cherson, and sixty thousand dispersed at various posts along the route. He then applied himself with unwearied ardour to carrying out the details for a magnificent progress, sparing neither labour nor money to complete the extensive and showy works he had caused to be undertaken, and which were incessantly laboured at night and day. When informed that his orders were nearly executed, he wished to inspect their completion himself that he might be assured whether they had produced the intended effect, and if the illusion would come up to his conception. For this purpose he contrived several excuses to conceal his secret expedition, and in order to allay suspicion, he proceeded by the indirect route of Livonia to Kief, where he proposed to receive the Empress.

On the 14th of January, 1787, Catherine the Second set out upon her memorable journey; a select number of the ladies of her court, together with Counts Narischkin, Juan Czernicheff, and Schuvaloff, were appointed to attend her; and, of the foreign ministers, Mr. Allen Fitzherbert, the British Ambassador, and Counts Segur and Cobentzel, the representatives of France and Austria, were alternately honoured by travelling in the sledge which contained the Empress, the favourite Momonoff, and the first maid of honour. Every morning the long train of sledges was in motion by the hour of nine, and at noon the travellers halted for the mid-day meal, which was always found prepared with taste and profusion, either in some crown building, purposely prepared and decorated for the single occasion, or, where a suitable habitation did not occur, small palaces of elegant designs had been erected; and occasionally private houses were honoured by a sojourn, the owners being before-

hand liberally supplied by the prime manager, to enable them to receive their sovereign with befitting respect.

Each repast on the way was distinguished by new services of plate and fresh table linen of the most costly kind, both of which either became the complimentary perquisites of the proprietors of mansions, or were shared among the retinue, many of whom were permanently enriched by this royal progress. At three in the afternoon, her Majesty was again upon the road, and her night quarters were always reached by seven, where she and her numerous attendants were sure to find the most ample and luxurious accommodation.

In this easy manner sixty versts, or about forty English miles, were daily accomplished, a fortnight being required to reach Kief, where Catherine was received by two nieces of Potemkin, the Countesses Branitzki and Savouski, who were specially selected, as being married to Polish noblemen, whose estates lay in this district. Potemkin arrived immediately after, having completed the stupendous enterprise of the transformation of the shores of the Dnieper for three hundred miles, when commenced a splendid series of varied entertainments, on which more treasure was expended in a month, than would have maintained an ancient Grand Prince of Kief in magnificence for his entire life.

On a beautiful morning in the early spring, the bright sun shone upon fifty decorated galleys, ready to convey the Empress and all her suite down the river in a style of grandeur that might make the philosopher smile to imagine the contrast to the adventurous ascent of the rude Sclavi, the fathers of the Russian name, up the same stream nine hundred years before. Catherine stepped on board the principal galley with almost eastern pomp, and found the interior divided with artistic skill into gorgeous apartments, hung round with Chinese silks, and furnished with massive tables and luxurious loungers. The rest of the fleet was fitted up in nearly the same manner, while twelve chosen musicians occupied the bows of the largest vessels.

It was now that Potemkin felt some satisfaction at the success of his performance, as the grand panorama commenced, with which he had determined to enrapture and surprise the

beholders. Both sides of the Dnieper presented the appearance of English parks, through which grazed herds of the finest cattle, and adorned in the most picturesque parts by elegant villas, or castellated mansions. Populous and handsome villages were seen at different intervals, towards which parties of well-clad peasants were bearing the produce of their industry, while manufacturing establishments seemed in full employment at the most favourable positions, and apparent opulence reigned over this favoured district. The towns passed on the way were full of active and commercial bustle, the shops displayed quantities of merchandize, bales of goods were ranged and ticketed, and magazines were overflowing with sacks of corn. The prospect was cheering and delightful, and Catherine would have been the sovereign of a flourishing state, if but half had been reality.

Inquisitive people, however, on passing through the country, were surprised to perceive unfinished backs of mansions, remarkable for imposing fronts, and romantic villas and manufacturing edifices were tenanted, when they faded from the view of the Empress. While the travellers admired shops built and finished with free-stone, and the colonnades of generals' and governors' palaces, those behind the scenes might view hastily put up stores of sacks, stuffed with worthless articles, bales labelled for what they did not contain, and drilled and newly clad peasantry, wearied with the moving from station to station during the night, and acting the same interesting part over again.

It may be a question whether Catherine was deceived, or was privately aware of the plans of her minister; perhaps she was partially both, for it is hardly to be supposed that her sagacity could be so thoroughly imposed on, as to believe that a district so recently devastated by war, could be the seat of peace and affluence, or that the splendid receptions she experienced were not the preparations of an accomplished and powerful hand.

It may also be supposed that Potemkin would be unwilling to sacrifice all credit for creating a picture which he might naturally have intended to exhibit as a memorial of his zeal and ability, as well as an honour and a novelty for his Royal mistress.

After a favourable voyage, the fleet came to anchor before Kanief, where occurred a meeting that must have been interesting to the spectators and calculated to awaken peculiar feelings in the two principals. Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, was here waiting to receive Catherine, Empress of all the Russias, whom he had not seen since the Count Poniatowski was the lover of the Grand Duchess, when neither ambition, selfishness, or policy had aught to do with a mutual and secret attachment. Years had since passed, their hearts had been otherwise occupied, they had both mounted to the highest dignities by questionable means, and they were now to view each other as jealous potentates, the one suspicious, and the other treacherous.

The generous heart of Stanislaus was, nevertheless, disposed to banish doubt and apprehension at an interview with one whom he had formerly regarded with affection, but the now haughty and subtle Catherine determined to assume the superiority of an Empress, and to inspire her once favoured admirer with respect and awe for her power and dignity.

On his arrival, therefore, on board the royal galley, she received him ceremoniously in the presence of Potemkin, Momonoff, and several courtiers: for a moment only was Stanislaus slightly embarrassed by her manner, when, remembering his own position, he addressed the Empress with the graceful ease for which he was ever so remarkable, and he won her irresistibly into an affability she had scarcely intended. The Polish monarch and Prince Potemkin had never met before, though the career and character of each were well known to the other, and they were therefore objects of mutual curiosity, but the unaffected urbanity of Stanislaus made so favourable an impression on the entire court that the highest compliments and courtesies were freely exchanged.

The royal entertainment was sumptuous; the King's health was drunk under a triple discharge of artillery; cheerfulness beamed on every face, and the frank nature of Stanislaus was so encouraged, that he preferred some requests to Catherine and her ministers respecting the free navigation of the river for his subjects, and their influence to procure an increase

of revenue for himself, both of which were instantly acceded to, though there was not the slightest intention of ever performing the promise.

Flattered with the hospitality he had received, the King returned to Kanief, where he entertained the principal courtiers at a superb supper, during which, and for the remainder of the night, the surrounding country was lit up in honour of the friendship of the two sovereigns, nor did the gratified Stanislaus anticipate that the next illuminations which should celebrate the attentions of Catherine the Second, were to be the flames of the capital of Poland.

Amid the almost incredible difficulties overcome by the perseverance of Potemkin to render the voyage down the Dnieper both safe and agreeable, the rocks in the bed of the stream had been blasted as far as "the cataracts," by the labour of thousands of workmen, but the state of the timber of the royal galley had been culpably neglected, which omission well nigh proved fatal to the royal passenger in a violent storm that arose immediately after leaving Kanief. The unskilful crew were useless in the struggling vessel, and the personal exertions of the Prince of Anhalt, and the minister Biborodko, alone, under Providence, saved the Empress from an awful termination to her triumphs, in the raging waves of the Dnieper. Catherine, at this trying moment, displayed the collected coolness which so distinguished her, although the terrors of the scene were heightened by the burning of a boat, laden with wine, in fearful proximity to the royal galley. After a day of the utmost peril and suspense, she was safely landed at Kremenzchuk, and lodged in a beautiful palace just built for her reception, surrounded by a garden in which rare exotic shrubs appeared to have sprung up in obedience to the wand of a magician; and here twelve thousand cavalry, in brilliant uniforms, were ready to escort her, headed by Potemkin's showy regiment of cuirassiers.

This military parade was purposely organized by the politic Prince to produce a grand effect on Joseph the Second, who had been specially invited to complete former arrangements; and having travelled incognito to Cherson, under the name of Count Falkenstein,

set out immediately to meet the Empress at Kaidak, on hearing of her late danger.

Potemkin was well aware that the attention of the Emperor would be particularly arrested by the appearance of the army, for which object he arranged the details so judiciously, that the admiration of Joseph was unreservedly expressed as the chosen squadrons manœuvred before him. From Kaidak, Catherine proceeded, with her illustrious guest to Cherson, so interesting as the capital of a new realm, where Potemkin, desirous that she should appear with magnificence, fitted up the Admiralty for her residence at an enormous cost, the throne in the presence chamber alone requiring fourteen thousand roubles for its construction.

Cherson had been so carefully made busy and populous, many houses having been only just finished and inhabited, that Catherine was enchanted as she proceeded through the streets of her southern metropolis, being imperceptibly conducted forwards until she stood before the Eastern gate, over which appeared the appropriate inscription "This is the road that leads to Byzantium."\* She smiled with pleasure at what she affected to consider an encouraging omen, and Potemkin was rewarded by feeling that he was united in her heart with the enthusiasm the idea had inspired.

The Empress was no less delighted than surprised by the extensive warehouses filled with valuable merchandise which, though recently transported to their present mart from Moscow and Warsaw, at the expense of the state, found ready purchasers in the extraordinary concourse of strangers. Edward Dillon and the eccentric Alexander Lameth had come there from France to witness this published visit; there, too, Miranda, the Spaniard, soon to be known as the founder of the free states of Southern America, might be seen escorting one of the fairest of Britain's daughters, the celebrated Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspack; and, most noted and worshipped of all, with a daily host of admirers that rivalled the imperial levée, was the

famous Madame de Witte, "the Queen of Hearts, and the most beautiful female in the universe," with Russian counts and foreign lords, ambassadors, and plenipotentiaries, from the Prince de Ligne to the captivated Potemkin, indiscriminately at her feet. Almost in opposition to Catherine, she had the rich government of Cherson conferred then on her husband, Colonel de Witte, and retained her undisputed empire over the hearts of men, until the Empress of Russia eventually shut her up for ever in a convent.

But the most substantial part of all this bustle was the shipping and the activity in the docks, which needed no artificial incitement; and surely the man, whose successful care had watched over this most essential branch for the extension of Russian influence, may be excused having employed some forced means in other departments to give *éclat* to his acknowledged achievements. The increase of her navy had ever occupied the anxious attention of the Empress, and ship-building was unceasing at every suitable port; it was therefore with pleasure she beheld at Cherson six ships of the line, which was the more creditable to the energy of Potemkin, as the situation is inconvenient, not only on account of the scarcity of timber, but because large vessels cannot, without difficulty, be brought across the Liman, for which purpose they must be unloaded and dismantled. She beheld, also, with satisfaction, "the fleet of the Liman," consisting of thirty-five gun boats—vessels which had not escaped the sagacity of her indefatigable minister as being so indispensable for service in shallows of the neighbouring sea, which are unapproachable for large ships.

"The flotilla of the Dniester," too, consisting of forty schooners of from six to twelve guns, exhibited its efficiency, and the harbour was crowded with the transports as well as merchant vessels of all nations, attracted by a rising commerce, of which Catherine might well be proud.

The journey from Cherson to Perekop, across the level and trackless plain, principally in the possession of

the Nogay Tartars, was rendered peculiarly unpleasant by the clouds of impalpable dust, against the penetrating power of which the stranger finds it impossible to protect himself, the Nogays even using an ingenious kind of glass for the eyes, to secure themselves from its injurious effects. In the intervals of this annoyance, they were interested by the halted caravans, loaded with Crimean salt, the value of which taxable commodity the Russian government speedily discovered.

The conductors sat near large fires in front of their vehicles, while their oxen grazed around, and formed picturesque groups in the dreary landscape. So powerful, however, is early prejudice, that the Nogays are still persuaded that no traveller can view this bleak expanse without envying them the rich possession.

The royal train soon reached the little town of Or-capi, now called Perekop, which has been fortified from the earliest ages, but was much improved by the labour of the Turks, the line of wall running eight versts and a half from the Euxine to the Sivache, being defended by batteries. This town has ever been of the highest importance, or rather necessity, to the possession of the peninsula, for to enter the Crimea travellers were obliged to pass a bridge and an arched gate near the fortress, which could thus cut off all communication with the interior.

About four versts from this, Aman-skoi-Bazar was passed, which consisted of a few houses and shops, inhabited by Greeks and Armenians, and fourteen versts farther on were seen the richest and most important of the "Salt Lakes," known as "Starné-Oséro" or the *old lake*, and "Krasnó-Oséro" or the *red lake*. The salt is found from the middle of June until August, in which interval the heat causes an evaporation and accelerates the condensation of the saline substances; the shallowness of the water and the solidity of the bottom, then admitting the caravans and oxen almost to the centre of the lake, they are easily laden with the salt, which is thus conveyed to the interior of Russia or to the ports of the Black Sea. Ak-Metahet, or the *White Church*, at the foot of the mountains near the river Salghir, was the next town upon the route, which place was henceforward

destined to be called "Simpheropol," a name also given to the adjoining plain, where was soon to arise a Government palace and extensive improvements. At Bakchi-serai (situated between two high mountains, in a narrow valley, through which runs the Dshuruk-su), the Empress entered the ancient palace of the Crimean Khans, which was a compound of Moorish, Arabian, Chinese, and Turkish architecture, adorned with numerous fountains, gardens, and gilt ornaments, together with the never-failing inscriptions in every corner. It was approached by means of a stone bridge, built across the rivulet, near to which a gate opened into the outer court; to the left appeared the large and handsome mosque of the Khan, beyond it the stabling of the cherished steeds, and to the right, the principal habitation, consisting of only one story, but presenting, with the roofs of its numerous fronts, an agreeable variety of structure. On the neighbouring declivity, Catherine wandered through the gardens divided into four terraces, and behind the mosques she could now peaceably walk and muse over the silent cemetery, where slept the descendants of the renowned Ghinghis, once the lords of the soil and the terror of the Russian name.

Bakchi-serai then contained thirty-one mosques, seventy-five fountains, and a principal street, almost entirely occupied by two rows of wooden shops, in the exclusive proprietorship of "Karait" Jews, who dwelt about two versts distant at Dehufutkali, on the summit of a mountain, from which they repaired every morning on horseback to the bazaars, and returned in the evening in the same manner to their habitations. Those Jews adopted the costume and language of the Tartars, they rejected the Talmud, and received their Bibles from Poland. Outside the town was their cemetery, full of Hebrew inscriptions, and few sights could be more impressive than this little valley of Jehoshaphat, with its ranges of tombs in the form of sarcophagi, and shaded by trees of ancient growth, through which the sighing wind alone disturbed the repose of that abode of peace.

The houses of Bakchi-serai were built in the valley and on the slopes of the hill, one above another, the gardens of which, with the mosques,



the Italian poplars, and the rocks, seemed about to fall and crush all beneath, affording a view which, for romantic effect, could be scarcely equalled.

The Mirzas crowded here with the most lively demonstrations of respect and attachment to the Empress, who, probably impressed by the occupation of the palace of the illustrious dead, and touched with the sacredness of the spot, made over the place freely to the Tartars, nor during her time did it acknowledge either Russian governor or magistrate.

A few hours journey brought the interested travellers to the vale of Aluchta, which separates the eastern part of the high mountains of the Crimea from those of the west. It commences at the foot of the "Tchattyrdagh" or *tent mountain*, (called by the Greeks *τραπέζος*), the summit of which is the highest point of the peninsula, being near 1,200 feet above the level of the sea. The valley is intersected by rivulets that run towards Aluchta, which is built on an isolated elevation contiguous to the sea, and where still may be found the vestiges of an ancient Greek fortification. Here the view opened over the Euxine, the bases of the cliffs being washed by the sea along to Kutchouksambut, in front of which is the Ayon-dagh, or the *Bear's mountain*; four versts farther appeared the village of Parthenik, inhabited entirely by Greeks, and remarkable for its gardens and fruit trees; and between Nikita (situated on a promontory of the same name) and Yalta were seen the ruins of the chapel, shaded by old walnut trees, beneath which murmured a crystal rivulet, and near it the accommodation of a wooden bowl, placed on a projection of the rock, inviting the wayfarer to rest and drink, attested the native hospitality of the Tartars.

From Yalta the valley of Alupka was reached, which is one of the most sultry on the southern coast, being surrounded by the famous *Криветаров* so well known to ancient navigators, by which it is securely sheltered from cold winds, and exposed only towards the south. Vines shoot round the

rocks, while fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives grow between the fissures, and a celebrated traveller\* was astonished to hear the word "Daphne," from a Tartar, proving that the laurel was not indigenous to the Crimea, but transplanted by the colonists, and retained its Grecian name. From the village of Pechutka, Foros was attained, which is situated near the valley of Baidar, from whence the road to Balaklava was specially constructed for this royal visit.

The latter remarkable place is given by Strabo to the Heracleotic Chersonesus, which was once enclosed by a wall extending from it to the harbour of Sebastopol. This harbour, one of the finest and most secure in the world, though, at this time, owing almost everything to nature, presented the grateful sight of another busy dockyard, together with twelve line-of-battle ships, twenty-four frigates, six gun-boats, and a great number of transports. Well might Catherine and her minister unite in a feeling of proud satisfaction at the unexampled progress of the Russian navy under their auspices, for the fleet of the Euxine now numbered eighteen sail of the line, the foregoing frigates and gun-boats, besides the light flotillas of Liman and the Dniester. Its strength, however, has always been more variable than that of any other sea, as in the year following (1789) it amounted to no more than eleven first-rates in actual service, with several large frigates. The *Hamburg Gazette* of 1790, states it at twelve of the line, the usual numerous frigates, and two hundred flat-bottomed gun-boats. The *Petersburg Gazette* gave it sixteen of the line, and two frigates in the engagement with the Turks, July 31st, 1791; while in the spring of 1796, the Sebastopol fleet, after the old vessels were condemned, consisted of one 90-gun ship, one of 80, three of 74, six of 64, and eight large frigates.

But this happened rather from a local cause, than any neglect on the part of the government; for in the Black Sea, and especially on the Crimean coast, a species of worm abounds, four or five inches in length,

with a white mucilaginous body and arrow-shaped head, which is able in two years to destroy the sides of the strongest vessels. The remedy against them at that time, was to careen the ship for two years, and pay the sides with burning pitch and juniper—a tedious and dangerous operation, entirely superseded by the application of copper.

This fleet was under the sole direction of its own grand admiral, and entirely independent of the admiralty of St. Petersburg;\* it had its special office at Nicolaieff, and was afterwards commanded by the French Marquis de Traversie, assisted by Rear-Admiral Prisman, an Englishman, as was also General Copley, commandant of Odessa, and General Fench, Governor-General of Caffa. At the same time, the dockyards of Petersburg, Cronstadt, and Archangel, were busily employed in adding to the "Baltic Fleet," which, in 1781, numbered thirty-four ships of war; and in 1788, was able to defeat the Swedish navy, the force off Hockland consisting of seventeen of the line, and seven large frigates, while some sailed to Copenhagen, and six lay at Archangel ready for sea. From the autumn of 1788, to the summer of 1789, three vessels of 100 guns, four lesser ships of the line, three of 36 guns, six schooners of 28, with several gallies and gun-boats, were built at St. Petersburg and Cronstadt; and, in the same year, the fleet which appeared at sea, numbered thirty-three sail of the line. At the close of 1789, twenty new ships lay ready at Archangel, exclusive of which, the fleet that put to sea, May 26th, 1790, amounted to thirty ships of the line, and eighteen frigates.

It has been authentically affirmed, that in 1791, there lay off Cronstadt, thirty-two ships of the line, and ten large frigates, "to be ready in case of emergency," together with all necessary transports, and an indispensable fleet of two hundred and forty gallies, while the *Hamburgh Gazette* computed the Russian force in the Archipelago, to be not less than twelve vessels, which, however, were not of the line.

As the Empress, even in profound peace, was always building ships of war, which only awaited crews to appear at sea, there were several at the same time unrigged in the mole of Cronstadt, and many more lay ready at Archangel. In 1795, the fleet fitted out at the former place to cruise in the Baltic, was composed of six ships of 100 guns, ten of 74, three of 66, six frigates, and three cutters; while the auxiliary force sent by the Empress to England, consisted of four vessels of 74 guns, eight of 66, six frigates, and two cutters.

From this it will appear that the known aggregate navy of Russia, amounted in the year 1788, to forty-one of the line, and thirty-one frigates; in 1789, fifty-one of the line; in 1790, fifty of the line, and eighteen frigates; and, in 1795-6, forty-two of the line, and fourteen frigates; a formidable force to be put together since Peter the First brought a 60 gun ship from England, and a striking instance of what can be accomplished by undivided authority, energy, and ambition.

Catherine returned to Moscow by the way of Poltava, while Potemkin remained on the frontiers, for England, at this period anxious to alienate the Porte from France, inflamed its resentment, by insinuating that the Court of Versailles had made a secret alliance with Catherine for the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, and the Divan, relying on promises of assistance, discovered unusual boldness in imprisoning the Russian ambassador Bulgakoff in the "Seven Towers," and declaring war against the Empress, August 18th, 1787. The Turks prepared for the struggle with a portion of their former vigor; the standard of Mahomet was unfurled by the grand Vizier, who immediately led a formidable army to the Danube, and extended it between the Pruth and the Dniester, while the grey-haired Capitan Pasha assumed the command of a fleet of sixteen ships of the line, and eight frigates, with a vivid recollection of the fatal disaster of Tchesme.

The command of the Russian naval force assembled at Cherson, was shared with the Prince de Nassau by the

\* Tooke II., p. 206.

celebrated Paul Jones, and nothing that prudence, experience, or skill could suggest, was omitted to add to its efficiency and equipment. Potemkin, having under him Field-Marshal Romanzoff, together with Generals Suwarrow, Saltichoff, and Repnin, had formed the army into two grand divisions; that of the Ukraine, which he destined for Moldavia, and the second, that of Ekatharinoslaf, which he retained under his immediate direction, and led towards Oczachof. Opposite this place, on the other side of the Dnieper, is the fortress of Kinburn, which had been providently secured by Potemkin, and nothing short of the destruction of an army could be of greater moment to the Ottomans than the recovery of this stronghold. But Kinburn was commanded by Alexander Suwarrow, one of those indomitable heroes gifted by nature with perseverance, and by fortune with success, and the nocturnal assault of the devoted Mussulmen being vigorously repulsed, their enemies at the same time sallied from the gates, when a desperate encounter ensued. Three times were the Turks reinforced, and as often did the reanimated Russians return to the charge, until victory at last crowned the obstinacy and valour of their leader, whose loss was trifling as compared with the four thousand Turks which covered the field; and this first success was acknowledged by a general "Te Deum," in the Imperial churches.

Potemkin's preparations to invest Oczachof, were not completed until the April after, when he compelled the Turkish army to fall back upon Jassy, during which movement they were closely watched by an Austrian corps, that succeeded in capturing their heavy guns and baggage, and making a prisoner of Prince Ypsilanti, the Hospodar of Moldavia, who was seeking an ignominious safety in flight.

As the army of Potemkin approached the Euxine, the Russian fleet stood out from Cherson, and bore up directly for that of the Ottoman, which was anchored under the walls of Oczachof. The Prince de Nassau was at first nearly overpowered by the impetuous fire he sustained, but Paul Jones coming to his aid at the moment that the Capitan Pasha re-

ceived a reinforcement, the action was renewed with fresh desperation, until the Turks at last gave way with the loss of three gallees, when the Russians bombarded the walls which their opponents had been sent to defend.

But the fate of Oczachof depending on the command of the sea, the Ottoman fleet reappeared on the 17th of June, at 4 o'clock in the morning, and the battle commenced with equal fury on both sides. The Turks fought with heroic resolution against a superior force, contending on an element which required, and against a commander who understood the application and advantage of science. After a fierce and sanguinary engagement of five hours, the loss of fifty-seven vessels, and six thousand men, killed or taken prisoners by Suwarrow, as they landed in their boats, attested the triumph of the Russians, and the annihilation of the Turkish fleet.

On the morning of the 6th of December, 1788, orders were given for the assault of Oczachof, when four columns under Prince Repnin, proceeded to storm the east side, while two, under General Müller, performed the same duty on the west.

The valour of the Ottomans amounted to fanatical desperation, as they contested what they knew to be a decisive struggle with their enemies. Their fire was murderous and well sustained, but General Pahlen, with the first column, succeeded, after a deadly resistance, in carrying the fort of Hassan Pacha, while General Baikoff, with the second, forced the suburbs and occupied the main road leading to the citadel. The devoted Turks, caught between two fires, retreated from the fortifications, and the Russians, stimulated by liquor, vengeance, and the promise of plunder, spared neither sex nor age in their butchery—nay more, they tortured their helpless victims, putting them to lingering and excruciating deaths. The slaughter lasted three days, and space being neither convenient, nor attention thought necessary, to bury nine thousand Ottomans, the bodies of women and warriors, children and patriarchs, were piled upon carts, dragged out of the town, and thrown in heaps upon the ice, to be devoured by hungry dogs and vultures.

Potemkin, in his official return

after this victory, stated his loss as no more than three field officers, thirty subordinates, and nine hundred and twenty privates; but a more truthful calculation, supported by incontestible proofs, shewed a result which guilty ambition will never allow. Twelve thousand Russians fell at the storming of Ocsachof, and it is undeniable that a siege of several months cost at least thirty thousand more.

The spring of 1790 brought Potemkin before Ismail, which commands one of the mouths of the Danube, and its reduction would have insured the conquest of Moldavia. Seven months did the Russian thousands surround its walls, without evoking from the defenders a symptom of abated resolution, until Potemkin wearied by the tedium, and neither aroused by danger nor excited by victory, relapsed into one of those strange contrasts of himself, when, alike oblivious of duty, dignity, and fame, he would revel with females, courtiers, and satellites, suffering his camp to be converted into an arena for games, entertainments, and dramas. He who could negotiate the transfer of states, who at one time thought a kingdom not beyond his reach, could, at other times, sink into listless sloth, and the most abandoned luxury and licentiousness.

At length the fascinating Madame De Witte undertook the apparently hopeless task of rousing him from his apathy, with the ingenious device of reading his fortune from a pack of cards, by which she foretold, that in three weeks he should be the conqueror of Ismail, and appear before his sovereign in triumph.

But could she have lifted the veil of futurity in reality, and forewarned him how soon he should be summoned before a Higher Monarch, he might have dwelt with solemn reflection on the vain glory of a passing world.

Her words recalled him to recollection, and a retrospect of months wasted in disreputable pastimes, during which a single town defied his efforts before the eyes of the world, and he answered with a smile, "that he would make her divination infallible, by desiring Suwarrow to capture Ismail in three days."

This was an order congenial to the soul of Alexander Suwarrow; he formed around him his redoubted division, and addressed the grim vete-

rans as his children, baptized by him in so many bloody fields, telling them that they were now not only to fight but to conquer, that they must follow him to victory or death—that they must enter Ismail or the grave. Unhappily, experience had taught him that no excitement is so effectual with the Russian soldiers as the prospect of slaughter, and he ended his energetic speech with the fatal, but talismanic words, "no quarter." Ismail was stormed, the excited troops leaped madly into the trenches; twice did they clash in mortal strife with their foes, and twice was even their fierce determination rolled back by the desperate Turks; but the indignant and reproachful voice of Suwarrow rose above the conflict; at the third effort, the ramparts were passed, the infuriated Russians dashed into the town, and so eagerly exercised their savage license that the streets flowed with the blood of thirty thousand victims, among whom were six thousand women and children, and two thousand Moldavian Christians, who found neither pity nor distinction in the indiscriminate massacre. Potemkin forwarded to the Empress the successful general's brief and characteristic announcement, "The haughty Ismail is at your feet."

Thus ended the campaign of 1790, and on the 11th of March, 1791, Potemkin made his last triumphant entry into St. Petersburg to receive the eager demonstration of his sovereign, the adulations of his countrymen, and to plunge into voluptuous dissipation with such apparent zeal, as to be thought to have laid aside all aspirations of power, patriotism, and ambition. Not satisfied with moderation in anything, his excesses soon became injurious to his mental, as well as to his physical powers; the infirmities of his disposition were exaggerated, while his virtues disappeared. The state of his health began visibly to affect his conduct, opposition exasperated, obsequiousness disgusted him; pleasure cloyed and amusement wearied, and he began to present the melancholy spectacle of an abused life, of wasted strength and irresolute designs, which deprived him almost of the power of resuming his former position. At length the intelligence of the peace, which Repnin, by a secret order from the Empress, concluded without his

knowledge, inflamed the impetuosity of his temper, and exerting his remaining strength, he set out for Jassy, to which place having summoned Reppin, he overwhelmed him with the bitterest reproaches; but every day he visibly declined, while he dismissed his physicians, and lived on raw turnips and salt meat, drinking brandy and hot wines.

His blood became inflamed, and his disease grew worse, yet he struggled with the remnant of life to reach Oc-zachof, that he might expire on the theatre of his glory, and setting out at three o'clock in the morning on the 15th of October, 1791, he had scarcely

travelled a few versts when he could no longer bear the motion of his carriage, and alighting, a carpet was spread for him at the foot of a tree, where the conqueror of the Crimea, the ruler of his country and his sovereign, who, endowed with every gift that can make man distinguished, having exhausted glory and fortune—who presented to the world such an impressive example of great qualities and unworthy foibles—such a wonderful instance of success in life, and such a solemn lesson of human frailty—expired, after feebly pressing the hand of his favourite niece, the Countess Branitzia.

LOVE IN CURL-PAPERS; A TALE.—PART III.

"**THERE** are the towers of Munich!" said a voice proceeding from a heap of cloaks at my side. I had travelled in the same coupé of the same diligence, side by side with this identical human bundle for three days and nights, and this was the first remark it had made, which had elicited the slightest notice from me. We had passed over a vast amount of varied country; we had stopped for two or three hours at different interesting towns; we had made three breakfasts, three luncheons, and three dinners, and yet the whole had passed on without leaving the faintest impression upon me, so completely had the one feeling of despondency—the one picture of all I had lost and forsaken—absorbed me. To this day I remember no more of the long journey from Mannheim to Munich (the railroad was then still a thing of prophecy) than the eternal sharp back and shaggy neck of the lean outrigger, which ambled along with a melancholy polka-step at the side of the other horses, apparently quite unconnected with them, and quite as absorbed and despondent as myself.

I arrived at Munich, and alighted at the "Golden Stag." My first effort—my first return to life—was to find out Konrad. I had resolved to tell him everything honestly, and I looked forward to his generous consolation; but this was denied me. He had left some days before, and the people with whom he had been staying either did not

know, or would not tell me, where he had gone to.

I was now thrown back entirely on the past. Day after day dragged by in listless wanderings. Nothing could interest me, nothing even excite a passing thought, except what by chance reminded me of the days that were fled. I lived over again every hour that I had spent at Niederlahnstein; I recalled and dwelt on every word that had been spoken; I speculated on and examined every mystery that had been presented in that short but happy period; and that I might tell my tale to some one or something, I wrote down every minute detail. I found most solace in the beautiful park, which they call the English Garden. Here I wandered by the bubbling stream, and listened to Beatrix's voice in its ripples. Here I strolled beneath the leafy avenues, and heard her whisper in the rustling boughs. Here I lay full-length upon the turf, and saw her bright face in the blue infinity above.

The English Garden is surrounded on one side by a number of public resorts, which bear the romantic names of Beer Gardens; yet they are less vulgar than their titles. Rows of chairs and tables are placed beneath the cool umbrage of cheanuts and sycamores, and while all classes of the inhabitants of Munich sip their much-loved beverage—the liquor which they assert to have been discovered by Gambrinus, some ancient

king of Brabant—and smoke their dreamy meerschauams, their ears are charmed and their spirits enlivened by the strains of orchestras which Costa himself would scarce despise.

Thus I found this retreat delightful, for while I could escape the eyes of the curious, in the knolls and recesses of the labyrinthan gardens, the distant music was wafted to me softened and soothing.

At length I determined to occupy myself in something. I took a small villa in a distant part of the park, and interested myself in furnishing it simply, but tastefully. I found that I was quite a millionaire in the capital of Bavaria, which was then one of the cheapest places in Europe, and I selfishly indulged in the pre-eminence, as I had none to share with me. You will smile when I tell you that I furnished a little bed-room expressly for a lady. There was a most elegant little bed, with curtains of white silk, and a charming ottoman, on which I placed a guitar, which I bought because I thought it resembled hers. Then I covered the table with the books which I knew she loved, and the little knick-knacks which had, in some trifling way or other, been associated with her. When all was done, I would every evening knock at the door, as if there were really some one within. I would enter, and opening the window, place two chairs by it, and sitting on one of them, would go over the conversations we had held, till I almost believed, her to be seated by me.

Yet the charm of all this soon faded, and I could not disguise the dreadful reality. I relapsed again into the sombre stillness of despondency, in the midst of which I constantly reproached myself with my weakness in submitting to my father's injunctions. He wrote to me full of delight at my abandonment of what he termed "a passing fancy," and sent me a bundle of introductions to the best families in Munich, which I negligently put away in a drawer. Among them was one to our "Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary," which I found useful, and another addressed to a Countess Von Dornheim. The name struck me immediately, and as I could not but imagine her to be a relation of Konrad's, I sought her out. I was told she was at her country-house in

the Tyrol, and I did not care to follow her thither.

Five or six months rolled slowly by in this manner without a single event, and I gradually settled down to a life of melancholy routine. A letter or two from mine host of the "Crown" was all that varied my dreamy existence. But these were more full of his own little troubles, and his invectives against the inventions of Watt, than with news of those whom I so longed to hear of. But he told me of the active goodness of Beatrix—of her intimacy with all the humble villagers, and her endeavours to help the needy.

This provoked a humiliating comparison. I was leading a life of complete uselessness, thinking and living for myself alone. I made some attempt to do good in my sphere, but soon found that the poor of Munich were well cared for, and that my endeavours to aid them were regarded with jealousy and distrust by the priests under whose charge they were. I looked about for another sphere of action, and compared the life of Beatrix with all that I had been accustomed to see in English society. I compared my own ideas and feelings, raised and ennobled by her, with those of my previous career, and came to the conclusion that, as a writer, I might do something to remove the prejudices, and raise the standard of feeling in English society generally. To accomplish this, however, required much preparation, and to this I now purposed to devote myself.

Probably you, my dear friend, and the majority of mankind, have little idea what a course of self-improvement really is, and what a happy state is an earnest and constant striving after perfection. I had indeed the advantage of Von Ritter's lofty mind, and had profited by his Utopian ideas, but these were all surpassed and supplanted by the actual practice. Two things seemed necessary at least for the commencement of the undertaking—a separation from the intimacy of one's fellow-creatures, and the constant presence of nature; for whatever may be said for mankind, evil has undoubtedly a large share in social intercourse, and some of the best men intrinsically are very indifferent friends. Nor can the mind, which is constantly occupied with the trifles of this world—for its most important things are trifles compared

with infinite and eternal interests—and which is accustomed to look on them as all-important, and magnify them to an extent which obliterates every other consideration, really rise to the contemplation of the Divine wisdom. Again, the good must be accompanied by the beautiful. Nature—God's masonry, is so far more beautiful than man's mightiest efforts, that the latter are literally ugly to the real lover of Nature, and every lover of God must be a lover of his fair handiwork.

When the world disappoints and rejects us, how eagerly do we seek the consolation of Heaven! When man refuses us his love, how much more precious does that of the only true Friend become to us! When we are disgusted at a sordid humanity, how easily do we recognise, how passionately pant for the mercy of a fond and ever-forgiving Father—the Father of us all.

I wandered in the fields around Munich in undisturbed solitude, and took a joy in realising the real presence of the Eternal One around me, and in striving to please Him and show my gratitude for his mercies by a constant purification of my heart. There nestled Hope and Faith, and thence I endeavoured diligently to thrust out every thought or feeling not akin to charity. Thus I gained strength, till when called on to mingle with my fellow-men, I felt how much better I had become. It was now so difficult to be selfish or uncharitable when one had no real interest in the things of the world. It was so easy to love one's fellow-men when one saw how much the common Father loved them all in the mercies he dispensed, but which they blindly claimed as their rights. It was such a happy feeling, that we were all, high and low, good and bad, rich and pauper, the helpless children of the same kind, watchful Parent.

Now I looked from afar upon the corrupt and faithless world, and while I loved could not but pity and blame mankind. I saw that we have sinned, because our whole lives are without God; because even our religious observances are as far from real communion with, or real honour to, our Creator and Preserver as the long prayers of the Pharisees.

I was not only a better, but a happier and a more sensible man. The highest view of all matters is always the wisest, and if we are duped from a

resolute honesty and frankness, we are at least spared the degradation of stooping to the crooked policy of deceit and meanness. I saw that the world might be made better, if man could be induced to think more of God and less of earth; to remember infinity, and contrast our tiny planet with it; to love Nature, and to see God's hand in everything.

In the nineteenth century men's ideas are directed by two things—in-tercourse and literature. But the latter has a great influence over the former. How few there are who do not read some newspaper or other every day, and have often no other literature to refer to. The influence of journalism becomes enormous, and yet who can deny that that influence is diametrically opposed to Christianity? To say nothing of the animosity of party-spirit in politics or creed, by which the heart is taught to hate, where it was before indifferent, there is often an undue and untrue importance attached to the most trivial events: interest and not principle is admitted as the legitimate motive to all action; respect of persons is carried to excess; and sin and crime are talked of with the same utilitarian indifference as the state of the funds. It is by this constant association with wrong ideas that men are gradually tutored to look on right as a romantic impossibility, and the commands of Heaven are regarded as Oriental indignities, which civilization and common-sense have the right to modify. Our Saviour says, "Consider the lilies, and trust, like them, in Providence." Common-sense, in the nineteenth century, puts in the amendment, "Consider the prices in the market, and trust to nothing but your own power of driving the hardest possible bargain, and filling your own pockets with anything that your neighbour is fool enough to let you get out of him." The old law was, "Bless them that spitefully entreat you." The new one says, "Go to law even with your own father, if he robs you of a sixpence." The Bible says, "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh." Society says, "It is wrong to marry without your parents' consent and plenty of money; and if your tempers disagree separate from your wife." Ah! but there I strike home.

As the last days of autumn began to close in, I found that nature was no longer the enjoyable companion she had been. The cold increasing, forced me into a pace which was the death of contemplation; and physical exercise was a poor substitute for the eagle flights which my mind had hitherto indulged in. I could not flap my wings in upper æther when I was confined to four papered walls and a solitary hearth. I began to feel the necessity for the sympathy of my fellow creatures, now that the birds and flowers had fled, and the leaves rudely fluttered, brown and dreary, round my ears. I bethought me of my letters of introduction, and, at length, having examined and reformed my toilette, made my way, one cold afternoon, to the British Legation. I found the minister sufficiently affable; but how strange did his stiff politeness, how unnatural did the reserve of his conversation appear to me. I had been so long living in a boundless world of thought, that I was quite at a loss to conceive the deep interest he expressed in the narrow topics of the day. When we spoke of the state of Europe, his judgment on the different acts of different governments, struck me as utterly devoid of real principle. He seemed almost afraid to sound any one of them to the bottom; the motives were canvassed with a partiality, and a party spirit, that were to me incomprehensible. He deprecated the indignant wrath of an oppressed race, while he praised the unflinching severity of some military governor. Again, all seemed, to his mind, to be justly subservient to the interests of commerce; and when I hinted that the only men who suffered by a law of tolerance were the millionaires of trade, who could afford to suffer, he opened his eyes in amazement, and said, "the measure would ruin the country." The topics for which I could expend but three words, would occupy him an hour, and I felt that our modes of thought were utterly at variance.

Yet, for all this, I warmed both towards himself and his wife, and when his hospitality had drawn us closely together, we got on admirably. I discovered that there were scarcely any English in Munich, and that he was therefore more pleased at our increas-

ing intimacy. Thus I gradually lapsed back into the old world, and found my wornout interests revive. His introductions, and my other letters, opened the doors of the Munich salons to me; and when the new year came with the season, I was as different from my summer self, as the bare brown branches were from their "green felicity."

Yet it was long before my interest in society returned in full force. I found that of Munich in a terrible condition. The court-circle followed the flagrant example of the Electress Dowager and her sons. The nobility in general emulated the court, and the *bourgeoisie* could not be behind. Even art, which had already begun to circle round its royal patron, was far from pure from this taint, and intrigue only vied with luxury, in patronising vice in Bavaria's capital.

I was at first thoroughly disgusted with all that was told me of this state of things, but curiosity led me to judge for myself. The more I mingled with these gay epicureans, the more I found my long-loved solitude wearisome. If I were alone for an hour, my thoughts ran on the vices which surrounded me; and while I grew disgusted with the rottenness of mankind, I found it now difficult to throw off the remembrance of them, and rise to better things. I was sinking gradually in the slough of worldliness, and had no power to raise myself out of it.

I heard much that grieved me about Von Ritter. All spoke of him as a man of wonderful abilities, and a master-mind; but all remembered the life he had led among themselves. His superior nature, his powers of conversation, his wit, his sarcasm, his very contempt for the vices he indulged in, had made him dreaded, admired, and yet popular with all alike. He had, at one time, had great influence with royalty, and many confessed that he had used it conscientiously. Again, the men had known him as the brightest ornament of their club, their most reckless gambler, (he had ruined himself at their tables), and their most brilliant wit. Among the women, he had been the constant centre of attraction, and the difficulty of subduing him, only made him a more continual object for their fascinations. His choice, too, had always been most eccentric. At one time his favours



had been lavished on some insignificant nonentity, while refused to a duchess of unsurpassed beauty. At another, he revived the fashion of some *passée* favourite, whose star had long begun to set. The supposition that profound political interest were hidden beneath the guise of simple intrigue, only added zest to the interest, and none were astonished when his *liaison* with a certain Dowager Highness, whose conduct was the amusement of the whole country, was publicly avowed. All this, however, had taken place some fifteen or twenty years back, and a new generation filled the lists where the Philosopher had once been the champion.

Among the few who had renounced this mode of life, was the Countess Von Dornheim. I found her fair and forty, but neither fat nor a widow; on the contrary, she still looked very young, still very interesting. The rose was not quite withered, and I could see at once how lovely it had been in its freshness. But what age had spared, grief had rudely attacked. There was a settled melancholy, a gentle sadness, that made her more attaching and far more interesting than her gayer acquaintance. Her husband was a stout puffy Bavarian, who got up in the morning round as a beer-barrel, and retired at night a barrel of beer.

After half an hour's conversation, in which I was able to discover a lurking genius not wholly to be despised, I ventured to speak of Konrad. I saw her colour go and come suddenly, and yet she replied in a tone of indifference, "I think it must be my nephew you have met. How long have you known him?"

I told her the time and place, and she continued a string of interrogatories, which proved that she was more interested in her kin than the generality of married aunts. But when I came to our arrival at Niederlahnstein, and mentioned the name of Von Ritter, she stopped me short, and eagerly enquired what our host was like. When I had fully described him, she said, "Thank you, thank you!" with much warmth. "He is a very old friend of mine, of whom I have not heard for years. Come, you must tell me all about him."

She drew her chair nearer to mine, and we seemed to be on intimate

terms immediately. I entered into those details, which it was such pleasure to me to recall, and which it seemed no less so to her to listen to. Every now and then she interrupted me with "Yes, yes, that is just like him, that is just he!" I praised the beauty and the goodness of Beatrix with more than sincerity, but she only shook her head.

I know not how the Countess Von Dornheim managed to worm out my secret from me. She did it, as every woman can, by attacking my weakest points, and recalling my sweetest recollections. Somehow or other, towards the end of the Carnival, she fathomed my heart in a single conversation, and swore a constant secrecy afterwards.

"You are going to the ball to-night?" she asked, as at length I rose to go.

"What, to the mask? I don't know. I suppose I must do so; but, as I have nothing important to discover, I shall go *en bourgeois*, and leave the domino to more zealous intriguers. What are you going to wear?"

"A mask, of course, and a domino."

"Of what colour? if I may dare to ask, Comtesse."

"What, wretch! have you not been bribing my maid for the last fortnight to tell you of what colour my domino was to be? No? Well, I forgive you. You had more interesting thoughts to occupy you—adieu!"

A masked ball at Munich, the very head-quarters of intrigue, political and erotic, possessed a more important character than it would do elsewhere. Held in the theatre, on the last day of the Carnival—Shrove Tuesday—it was sought by everybody of every rank and every disposition. The gay were there, to take one deep draught of reckless pleasure, ere they settled down to the austere regime of Lent's forty days; the grave were there, either to spy on the gay, or to take advantage of the mask to sound some long hidden secret. Every species of liberty, short of actual license, was there allowed. Ambitious statesmen, foolish princes, disappointed Phillides, jealous husbands, and desperate lovers, took refuge beneath a domino and a falsetto voice, to satisfy and clear up mysteries, or entrap and torment a victim.

As I did not come under any of

these categories, I went in simple evening dress.

I had not been long in the crowded theatre, talking to an old friend, when my adventures began.

"Is the Court here to-night?" I was asking of him.

"I think not, though some of the princes may be indulging in a little freedom. The Electress, for one, you may be sure, is playing some strange tricks to-night."

At this moment I received a light rap on the head from a wand, and a voice by my side said—

"Never mind the Electress, but follow me." Good God! it was the voice of Beatrix. I turned to see a stout figure in a pink-silk domino rushing away through the dense crowd.

There was no clue to her identity. The figure seemed to be a little shorter than Beatrix, and was certainly much stouter. Yet there could be no mistake as to the voice. Sharp as had been the manner, it was still so exactly like Beatrix's, that the few words thrilled through me like an electric shock.

I did not stop to reflect, but bounded after the stranger, in the hopeless endeavour to catch her. But she seemed to glide like a cat, between the thickly-packed masses, and when I had made my way with great difficulty to where I had last seen her, her wand would appear in a distant part of the theatre.

Yet I was determined to catch her and discover who and what she was. It was impossible Beatrix should be at Munich, yet it was very strange her voice should be so exactly imitated. Just as I was giving up the attempt, the same voice behind me whispered "Sherwood, Beatrix von Ritter is waiting for you; she has forgiven your desertion of her at Niederlahnstein." Before I could turn the pink domino was already gone.

It was now in vain that I pushed after my tormentress. Like a wild will-o'-the-wisp, she waved her wand from time to time to lure me on, only to find her gone—darted, perhaps, to the other end of the enormous *salle*. Once I thought I should succeed at last. I saw her talking to a remarkably tall personage in a thick black domino, closely drawn round. She was evidently deeply interested in what he was saying, as he bent down

and seemed to whisper to her. There were but a few paces between me and my long hunted quarry, but the space was thickly crowded. I managed gradually to glide between the stout figures of the maskers, and was within an arm's length of my object, when I was suddenly lifted off my legs, and carried along some way by the retreating crowd. At the same moment the orchestra, one of the finest in Germany, struck up a most lovely mazurka, one of those airs of Poland's happy days, which seem to have been composed for fairies to dance to on some broad moonlit lawn. I discovered that the masters of the ceremonies were opening as large a space as possible for this graceful dance, and that already a number of couples were entering the ring.

A Polish mazurka danced in domino is a strange and lively scene. It is then that the long black cloaks, carelessly fastened, fly back in the whirl of the spirited measure, and disclose the light ball dresses of the ladies and the slim proportions of their partners, not, alas, always so slim as might be desired.

I was looking on at the commencement of this exciting dance, when I felt a small hand placed in my own and that same magical voice close to my ear: "Let us take a turn in this mazurka; this music is irresistible."

"In the name of Heaven!" I replied, "tell me first who you are; are you really Beatrix?"

"Hold your tongue 'till the dance is over," was the sharp answer, in a tone of authority which I had never heard from the lips of Beatrix.

She drew me into the circle, and away we went hand in hand, gliding first to this side, and then to that, stamping our feet to keep time to the measure. Away we went, the pace quickening every moment and the dance growing more and more exciting, while at every corner, I flung my arm round my partner's waist and whirled her round. Then at last came a respite, while the leader of the dance led out the couples in turn to perform a figure in the centre.

"I would give a thousand pounds," I said, taking advantage of the moment, "I would give some of the sweetest memories of my life, to know who it is that is thus befooling me."

"And what," returned my partner,

"if I were Beatrix Von Ritter? Would it matter the least to you?—you, who could leave her suddenly and without a better cause than a father's wish."

"Beatrix," I said passionately, "if you be really here in this guise, this is a vile reproach that you make against me. You cannot know the depth of all the reasons which induced me to leave Niederlahnstein; you cannot tell how far I was right in breaking an intimacy which might have been misery to both."

"Yet you *pretend* to love Beatrix,—you still seem to have some interest in her; you fancy, nay, you may be sure, that she is not utterly indifferent to you."

"May I be sure of that?" I cried. "Tell me, you, whoever you are, Beatrix or a sorceress, could I be certain that she—she cared for me?"

"How do I know? Still a girl alone in a remote village, you a handsome—yes, a tolerably handsome—stranger, wandering about with her alone; her father's best friend; is that not enough presumptive evidence?"

"But I was not her only companion," I replied.

"Ah! yes, the other; but then I know the other, and take the word of—of a sorceress, if you will, that it is *impossible* Beatrix should love Von Dornheim."

"How so?" I asked eagerly.

"No matter, there is an insurmountable barrier. But to return. You appear to love this girl. Is that love sincere? Is it unaltered by absence?"

The more I heard the unknown one speak, the more I was convinced that it could not really be Beatrix. The voice, indeed, was her own, though less sweet and round perhaps, but the manner was quite alien to her gentleness. Still, when I remembered the license granted to her disguise and the peculiarity of the position, I could not reply to this question without the warmest asseveration.

"The absence of a hundred years would not alter what I feel."

"And that is love?"

"Love, the purest, the highest, the noblest!"

"Which could surmount all prejudice, all shame?" she asked.

"Which would almost follow her to Hell, if it were possible she could go there," I replied.

"Friend," said the unknown one, "there is a ban upon this poor girl—a ban of the harsh world's judgment: could you love her in spite of the world?"

"I could."

"Could you marry her in spite of the world?"

Oh! that voice, how it worked me to frenzy as I answered—

"I could, in spite of all!"

"Then hear her sentence—"

Before she could finish, one of the couples making the round, tripped over my unwary foot and fell heavily on the ground before me, the lady seizing my coat for support, and dragging me down with her. I was not long in extricating myself, but as I was stooping over the fallen pair, the well-known voice whispered in my ear, "Beatrix is a bastard—a child of sin!"

I broke fiercely away and turned hotly upon my partner, but she was already gone—disappeared amid the dense crowd of spectators. I looked wildly round, but could see nothing of the pink wand, and recklessly dashed through the crowd in the direction I supposed her to have taken.

For a full half-hour I sought her in every direction, excited by all that had passed, and more than all by the last incomprehensible words, and determined to sound the mystery to the bottom.

Wearied at last by the vain search, I sat down to think over it all. That the pink domino was not Beatrix seemed almost positive. It was impossible she should have spoken in that manner of herself and especially to me. Who, then, could it be? The only person in Munich who knew any thing of my feelings towards Von Ritter's daughter was Madame Von Dornheim. It was possible for her to have imitated a voice which she knew well enough; it was possible for her to make herself appear stouter and taller; and it was very probable that she should play me the trick just after our conversation in the afternoon. I arrived at this conclusion just as a pretty little blue domino tripped up to me.

"Come state, Signor," said an ill-disguised voice, which did not puzzle me long to discover.

"A merveille, and you Comtesse?"

"Coui-coui," was the reply. "I was a little shaken by my fall, for

causing which you have not yet made any apology, Monsieur le vrai Anglais."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, confused, "I did not know I had had the honour of tripping up the Comtesse Von Dornheim."

"Nor did I," she replied, "but you had the misfortune, or, perhaps, I may say, the unpoliteness, to cause myself and my partner a heavy fall, and you disappeared without stopping to say a single word of excuse."

"The fact is," I blundered out, "that I imagined I was dancing with the Comtesse herself, and as my partner, whoever she was, was at that very moment making the most extraordinary disclosures to me, I am ashamed to say I was too much interested to remember what politeness required of me."

"Never mind politeness," said the Comtesse, giving up in despair her attempt at incognito, "but tell me who or what that pink domino conceals. She has been telling me strange things about my—my nephew. She says he is here and that I have been dancing with him, and—and that—no that was all; but is it not strange?"

"Von Dornheim here!" I exclaimed. "I should much like to discover him. How can we manage it?"

"I am sure I don't know. I have only danced three times—once with a man who was much too short, then with another who was much too tall, and lastly with one who was much too disagreeable."

"The last is the most probable," said I; "nephews don't always treat their aunts with the respect they would claim."

As I spoke, I spied the pink wand; I rushed after it for some distance, but I was suddenly stopped by a rude arm.

"Sherwood," said a deep gruff voice, "it's useless to chase that will-o'-the-wisp. There is a demon beneath that pink disguise who will do you only more harm than good. Stay, tell me who is the blue domino you have just been talking to?"

I looked at my questioner: it was the same tall black figure that I had seen talking to the pink incognito.

"And why do you want to know?" said I.

"Because I believe her to be a relation of mine."

"Indeed! perhaps your aunt?" said I, thinking of Von Dornheim.

"No, my mother."

"Then you must be mistaken, that lady has no children."

"None that you know of, perhaps," replied the stranger. "It is not common to publish the birth of—of an illegitimate offspring." There was a strange bitterness in the tone which struck me, as the stranger spoke.

"Look you here," he continued.

"There is no wrong so great as the wrong of one's birth. There is no cruelty, no villany, so great as the scorn with which the world oppresses those whose birth is their only fault. Would you blame a man, who, spurned as a bastard, turns again, and curses the immorality of the age which has laid him under that ban? Would you blame him if he sought to reform that immorality, and infuse a better spirit through the age? This country is the scum of Europe. Its nobility is ignorant, proud, and licentious as that of the middle ages. Its vices are encouraged by the example of a polluted court, and the proffered absolution of a pampered and vicious priesthood. The people, the real strength, the real vigour of the nation, of which the aristocracy is merely the useless blossom, are oppressed and strained. Its ignorance and superstition, worse here than anywhere, are encouraged and preserved by a cowardly hierarchy. Progress can only come through the people, and if Bavaria will rise from the slough in which she has sunk, it must be through the people alone. What then? Because I go among them—because I teach them their own value, and point out their duty—because I tell them a time will soon come, when they, their own governors by nature, and not the slaves of an idiot despôt and the false laws he may coin, will be called upon to act, and prepare themselves for self-government and self-improvement—because I do this, a price is set upon my head, and I am cursed as a revolutionist and a lover of disorder."

He spoke very low, as he continued—

"The blow must come ere long. France, as she has done before, will lead the way. Corruption cannot

secure peace; it will only breed nausea; then their weapon will recoil on their own head. The monarchy and the nobility of Bavaria will share the common lot, and those now around us will be left to regret their licentiousness and blindness. I would fain avert this blow. I am not Von Ritter's only pupil. Ten other fellow-workers are in this room beside myself, and each has his complete disguise, for our end will not sanction foolhardiness. We labour to avert this blow; we do our utmost to awaken the people, and for this our names are cursed and our lives are in jeopardy. I tell you this that you may know me, and appreciate what other men will cry down. In the eyes of the law I have no father, but I have a country, which I love the more, because I am, as it were, an orphan, and worse than an orphan. I can speak to you thus because you are an Englishman, and my friend. Go now after the little pink sorceress, and remember never to betray Von Dornheim."

"Von Dornheim!" I exclaimed, my own friend." But he had torn away from me, and I followed him in vain. Von Dornheim the son of the Countess! How many doubts this explained. And who, then, was his father?

I sank upon a bench, stupified by these two strangest of revelations. Dornheim a child of shame—and Beatrix—ah! but that could not be true! And Konrad in the condemned path of patriotism. Alas, for patriots! if true patriots there are any—in the nineteenth century. There is but one road to success for them, and that is—Power. If they do not begin with money and selfishness, they can never end in raising or reforming their beloved country. There is but one key to all good beyond one's narrow circle in this age, and that is of gold. Without this the patriot will be an adventurer, a place-hunter, or a revolutionist in the eyes of the people he desires to save.

I sat long brooding on this quaint subject, till I again remembered my interest about the strange pink domino.

I got up and hunted throughout the place for her, but as uselessly as before. I could find no trace of her. The crowd was already thinning, and as it was very late, there was soon a continuous stream towards the great exit.

Luckily there was but one door through which the crowd could leave, at least, as far as I knew. I instantly bethought me that by placing myself there I should be sure to see her pass out, if she were not already gone. I remained watching each motley figure till the theatre was empty. When I re-entered it, the huge chandeliers were being let down, and the lights put out, while the whole of the gay scene was converted to one of double desolation.

I went into every nook and recess, and dived stealthily into every side-chamber, ere I gave up the search. Then, at last, with a heavy heart, I loitered reluctantly away, and finding that the doors were being closed, I issued into the dark night. A number of carriages were still taking up their human burdens, and a number of small groups dispersing across the open square. In vain I sought through the dark night for the object of my interest, till at length I gave up the hunt, and took the direction of my home at a sharp pace.

I had not gone far, however, before I heard angry voices proceeding from a narrow street, or rather alley, the entrance to which I was now passing. I was far from being in a humour to mingle in a brawl, and was quickening my pace, when I heard a loud cry for help. I could not pass by without answering this appeal, the more so that it seemed to be in a woman's voice. I turned down the dark and gloomy lane, little dreaming where I was going to, and seeing scarcely a yard before me. The noise was increasing, and I could hear struggling footsteps on the rough stones a few feet before me. The next moment I could perceive a tall stout figure, dragging a woman across the road by the arm, and evidently making for an open door hard by.

Without a moment's reflection, I collared the man, and, as he was taken by surprise, I had no difficulty in throwing him down.

"Drag him into the house, and shut the door on him," said the woman who was thus released.

I had little difficulty in doing so, and the door closed on him. The woman locked it by turning a key which was sticking in it, and calling out, "Follow me," disappeared down the dark lane.

I did so, and soon overtook her.

"I cannot thank you," said she, hastening on, in the same voice which had been tormenting me all the evening, "for you have done me as much harm by putting me under an obligation to you, as you have done me good by rescuing me."

"You are then the little pink domino!" I exclaimed, astonished at the change of dress which she had undergone, for she was now in complete black.

"Look," said she, turning up the corner of her cloak, as we issued into a broader street, and showing me its pink lining.

"Then the least you can do, in return for my services, is to explain to me the meaning of your strange conduct."

"I am not altogether sorry we have met," she said, "though I wish it had been under other circumstances."

"And I am delighted I have overtaken you, for I am determined you shall explain the calumny you have uttered against Beatrix Von Ritter."

"I wish to heaven it were a calumny," she replied. Then musing a moment, she added, "you have seen Von Dornheim, and he has told you everything?"

"How can you know that?" I asked in amazement.

"No matter; I have no time to explain mysteries, suffice that I know all that you can. Dornheim has told you of his parentage, and though his account is strange, you believe him. Why not believe what I say of Beatrix? And what motive do you think I could have in such a revelation? Do you imagine that I could be interested in maligning a young innocent creature? I must be a demon indeed to do that."

#### A HANDFUL OF JACOBITE SONGS.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

##### THE CALVE'S HEAD CLUB.\*

(CHARLES THE SECOND'S BRIG.)

With calve's head on a stately dish  
The landlord hurried in,  
A bitter smile crept round the board,  
But never shout or din;  
Then wine from the cobwebb'd cellar,  
Came in the wattled flask,  
And the man who sat at the table end  
Looked grim in a velvet mask.

With cautious step the chairman rose,  
Slipp'd softly over the floor;  
With a silver nail that hung from his neck  
He clamp'd the oaken door.  
But first they brought a roasted pike,  
With a gudgeon in his jaw—  
Type of the way that nations lie,  
Torn in a tyrant's maw.

Then a second door they surely locked,  
Threw the key in the red-hot fire.  
But they spoke in murmurs soft and low,  
Scarce than a whisper higher.  
'Twas the thirty-first of the month, at night,  
In a tavern near Whitehall,  
That a man in a mask, on a pale calve's head,  
A red wine-stream let fall.

\* A Nonconformist society, at whose dinners a calve's head was the well-understood sneer at Charles the Second's execution.

The man of the mask, with a solemn air,  
 As an angur would have done,  
 Hewed in parts, with a strong broad knife,  
 The head, and gave each one.  
 They had scarcely drank three cups of wine  
 When open burst the door:  
 There was fighting at the table end,  
 And stabbing on the floor.

Loud cries of "Zion! sword of God!  
 Now hew this Baal down!"  
 With "Sink me! use your pistols!  
 And fire the cuckold town!"  
 The man in the mask flung down a bench  
 Set back unto the wall,  
 Flung a heavy flask at the foremost men,  
 And blew a silver call.

There were blood-pools mingled with the wine,  
 Red broken glass and swords,  
 Gay feathers wet, in brave men's gore,  
 Flapping upon the boards.  
 And that day week, at Tyburn-tree,  
 Ten "calves' heads" drain'd a flask;  
 But they never touch'd, with villain rope,  
 The neck of the man in the mask.

For him they built a scaffold  
 On the old blood-mantled hill:  
 He stepped up bold, as a marriage guest  
 To a marriage banquet will;—  
 Bowed three times to the hissing crowd,  
 Bid the headsman do his task;  
 And, flinging some gold to the rolling mob,  
 So died the man in the mask.

#### THE WHITE ROSE OVER THE WATER.

(EDINBURGH. 1744.)

THE old men sat with hats pulled down,  
 Their claret cups before them:  
 Broad shadows hid their sullen eyes,  
 The tavern lamps shone o'er them,  
 As a brimming bowl, with crystal fill'd,  
 Came borne by the landlord's daughter,  
 Who wore in her bosom the fair white rose,  
 That grew best over the water.

Then all leap'd up, and join'd their hands  
 With hearty clasp and greeting,  
 The brimming cups, outstretched by all,  
 Over the wide bowl meeting.  
 "A health," they cried, "to the witching eyes  
 Of Kate the landlord's daughter!  
 But don't forget the white, white rose  
 That grows best over the water."

Each others' cups they touch'd all round,  
 The last red drop outpouring;  
 Then with a cry that warm'd the blood,  
 One heart-born chorus roaring:  
 "Let the glass go round, to pretty Kate,  
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter.  
 But never forget the white white rose  
 That grows best over the water."

"Then hats flew up and swords sprang out,  
 And lusty rang the chorus :  
 Never," they cried, "while Scots are Scots,  
 And the broad Frith's before us."  
 A ruby ring the glasses shine  
 As they toast the landlord's daughter,  
 Because she wore the white, white rose  
 That grew best over the water.

A poet cried, "Our thistle's brave,  
 With all its stings and prickles;  
 The shamrock with its holy leaf  
 Is spar'd by Irish sickles.  
 But bumpers round, for what are these  
 To Kate the landlord's daughter,  
 Who wears at her bosom the rose as white,  
 That grows best over the water?"

They dash'd the glasses at the wall,  
 No lip might touch them after;  
 The toast had sanctified the cups  
 That smash'd against the rafter;  
 Then chairs thrown back, they up again,  
 And toast the landlord's daughter.  
 But never forgot the white, white rose,  
 That grew best over the water.

#### THE FIGHT IN THE HAWKING FIELD.

Pipes blowing, drums beating, colours flying, cries and laughter,  
 Ribbons driving, bells jingling, merry cheering fore and after,  
 Mad spurring, hot whipping, and all because Sir William Grey  
 Has match'd his white horse Sorel against Sir Robert's bay.

Hawks whistling, scarves blowing, horns blasting, hither, thither,  
 Horse neighing, kicking, fretting, at the gall upon their wither,  
 Strap-pulling, stirrup-lowering, eyes looking at the sky,  
 When, with a blast of trumpets, they let the falcon fly.

Cloud-piercing, wind-scouring, lightning-pinioned, flew the falcon,  
 High soaring, proud of plumage, keen-talon'd for the hawking.  
 There was whooping, yelling, shouting, because Sir Robert swore,  
 A braver bird, from gentle wrist, flew never up before.

White against the dark sky, all a-smother with grey clouds,  
 When the sullen mists of autumn hung upon the woods in shrouds ;—  
 Rose the falcon piercing heaven, arrow-swift, and fiery eyed.  
 High above the swelling vapours and the sunset's burning tide.

Drums beating, pipes blowing, trumpet-banners, all a-flutter,  
 Pages gambol, ladies whisper, falconers look black and mutter  
 And all because Sir Robert Grey drew off his falcon's hood,  
 And flung him up to catch his mate, above the Castle wood.

Now above the tallest poplar, now above the last red cloud,—  
 Ah! should not any gentleman of such a bird be proud ?  
 Now on his towering prey he falls, a smiting thunder-bolt,  
 And strikes him in a bloody leap, stone dead upon the holt.

"Ill-doing!" "cruel!" "knaveish!" "foul-playing!" cry a dozen,  
 "Fall upon them!" "this a wager?" "draw!" "don't let the villain cozen!"  
 "Scurvy practice!" "hear me!" "fell him!" "listen!" "tap the cuckold's blood!"  
 So cried the rabble, undulating, like a spring-tide at the flood.



Then flew out in face of heaven, scarcely less than thirty swords  
 In a circle round Sir Robert, who grew angry at these frauds.  
 Horns blowing, drums beating, horsemen hurried in and out,  
 Calm hands were laid on hasty weapons, as the murmur grew a shout,

There was pawing and curvetting, snatches at the helmet laces,  
 There was flashing off of feathers, long gloves flung in troopers' faces.  
 Pulling strong men from their saddles, gashes bleeding at their breast—  
 Groans and screaming, cries and clamours, running east and running west

In among the press and struggle rode Sir Robert on his sable,  
 He had hand on every gullet, and he swore down all the babel.  
 When he struck, flew out the crimson, on the satin and the lace;  
 When he frown'd, a coward pallor spread on every brawler's face.

Tearing trumpet from a villain puffing out his swollen cheek,  
 Striking down a dozen weapons, stopping one who fain would speak,  
 Spurring, pushing, till curvettings bore him to Sir William's side:  
 Then he smote him on the jaw-bone in his anger and his pride.

Bridle-cutting, firing, stabbing, rapiers flashing keen and deadly,  
 Arrows flying, bullets ringing, swords dripping, bright and redly,  
 Beaver-chopping, wound-making, steel-crossing, clashing, clashing.  
 Gun-loading, match-lighting, yellow light of sulphur flashing.

When the *melée* broke and scatter'd, pages dragg'd away the dead;  
 There were feathers wet and crimson, there were trappings burnt and red.  
 On a bier of boughs and hurdles they bore Sir Robert Grey,  
 As night came down, a dreary pall, closing the hunting day.

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#### THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

[King William the Third's death was occasioned by the horse he was riding stumbling at a mole-hill. This mole became afterwards famous as a Jacobite toast, by the name of "The Little Gentleman in Black Velvet."]

THE club had met, the cups stood full,  
 The chairman stirr'd the bowl,  
 The bottle as it circling flew,  
 Gave wings to every soul;  
 "'Tis *Orange Boven*" that they cry,  
 When a voice at the chairman's back  
 Said, "I pray you drink with three times three  
 'The Gentleman in Black.'"

The chairman filled his glass again,  
 And each one chinked his spoon;  
 The fiddlers in the corner sat,  
 Stopp'd half way in their tune;  
 The *Boven*, and the Kentish fire,  
 The wainscoat echoed back;  
 When silence came, the voice replied,  
 "The Gentleman in black."

Then every eye was turned to see  
 What the intruder meant.  
 He was a man with shaggy brows,  
 And long nose hook'd, and bent,  
 "Death, Devil, or a Doctor!" cried  
 The shrewdest of the pack,  
 The stranger merely smil'd, and said  
 "The Gentleman in Black"

"An honest man, who digs as well  
 As any sexton, sand or clay,  
 And throws up heaps—a miner good  
 By night as well as day ;  
 He's not a friend to Dutch or Whigs,  
 And Holland would let pack :  
 Still, drink a glass, my gallant Sirs,  
 To "the Little Man in Black."

Sallow and grim the speaker stood,  
 A stranger to them all,  
 He had a muffler round his mouth,  
 And never let it fall.  
 They drank the toast to humour him,  
 He laugh'd at the chairman's back,  
 Then glided out, as all repeat  
 "The Gentleman in Black."

He coldly smiled as he passed out,  
 His lips moved with a sneer ;  
 The wrinkles crept about his brow,  
 When they began to cheer.  
 The chairman said, "A riddle this,  
 I'm not upon the track,  
 But ne'ertheless, here's wishing well  
 To the Gentleman in Black."

An hour had gone : a pale-faced man  
 Ran in, not greeting any,  
 Said, "Friends, I bring but sorry news,  
 And what will stagger many ;  
 The King at noon was thrown and hurt  
 As Hampton Park he crossed,  
 He is just dead."—"What dead !" they shriek—  
 "Our cause and England's lost !"

"What lam'd the horse ?" a dozen cry—  
 "A mole-hill in the way—  
 It stumbled, and the king was thrown—  
 He's now five foot of clay."  
 "A mole, I see !" the chairman foamed,  
 "I'm on the villain's track ;  
 And this is why he made us toast  
 The Gentleman in Black."

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OLD SIR WALTER.

A STORY OF 1734.

Stout Sir Walter was old but hearty :  
 A velvet cap on his long grey hair,  
 A full white rose at his gold-laced button :  
 Many were laughing, but none looked gayer.

Such a beast as his jet black hunter,  
 Silver-spotted with foam and froth,  
 Brawny in flank and fiery-blooded,  
 Stung by the spur to a curbless wrath.

Gaily blowing his horn, he scrambled  
 Over the stone wall four feet two ;  
 See saw over the old park railing,  
 Shaking the thistle-head rich with dew,

A long black face the sour Whig huntsman  
Pulled, when he saw Sir Walter come  
Trotting up gay by the oak wood cover.  
Why when he cheered did they all sit dumb?

Why when he flung up his hat and shouted,  
"God save King George!" they bawling cried,  
As a Justice, drawing a long-sealed parchment,  
Rode up grim to Sir Walter's side,

"In King George's name, arrest him, lieges!  
This is the villain who fought at Boyne:  
He sliced the feather from off my beaver,  
And ran his sword twice into my groin."

Then out whipp'd blades: the horns they sounded,  
The field came flocking in thick and fast,  
But Sir Walter flogged the barking rabble,  
And through them all like a whirlwind pass'd.

"A hundred guineas to seize the traitor!"  
Cried the Justice, purple and white with rage.  
Then such a spurring, whipping, and flogging,  
Was never seen in the strangest age.

The hunter whipped off, Spot and Fowler,  
Viper and Fury, and all the pack,  
And set them fast, with their red tongues lolling  
And white teeth fix'd, on Sir Walter's track.

Loud on the wind came blast of bugle,  
All together the hounds gave tongue,  
They swept like a hail-storm down by the gibbet,  
Where the black rags still in the cold storm hung.

The rain cut faces like long whip lashes,  
The wind blew strong in its wayward will,  
And powdering fast, the men and horses  
Thundering swept down Frampton Hill.

There half the grooms at last pull'd bridle,  
Swearing 'twould ruin their bits of blood;  
Three Whig rogues flew out of the saddle,  
And two were plumped in the river mud.

Three men stuck to the leading rebel;  
The first was a Whig lord fat and red,  
The next a yellow-faced lean attorney,  
And the last a Justice, as some one said.

Slap at the fence went old Sir Walter,  
Slap at the ditch by the pollard-tree,  
Crash through the hawsels, over the water,  
And wherever he went, there went the three.

Into the hill-fence broke Sir Walter,  
Right through the tangle of branch and thorns,  
Swish'd the rasper up by the windmill,  
In spite of the cries and the blowing of horns.

Lines of flames trailed all the scarlet  
Streaming, the dogs half a mile before,  
Whoop! with a cry all after Sir Walter,  
Driving wildly along the shore.

Over the timber flew old Sir Walter,  
 Light as a swallow, sure and swift,  
 For his sturdy arm and his "pull and hustle"  
 Could help a nag at the deadeast lift.

Off went his gold-laced hat and bugle,  
 His scarlet cloak he then let fall,  
 And into the river spurr'd old Sir Walter,  
 Boldly there, in the sight of all.

There was many a sore on back and wither,  
 Many a spur that ran with red,  
 But none of them caught the stout Sir Walter,  
 Though they counted of horses sixty head.

Many a fetlock cut and wounded,  
 Many a hock deep lam'd with thorns,  
 Many a man that two years after  
 Shuddered to hear the sound of horns.

But o'er the fallow, the long clay fallow,  
 Foundered his black mare, Lilly Lee,  
 And Sir Walter sat on the tough old saddle,  
 Waiting the coming of all the three.

Never such chase of stag or vermin,  
 Along the park pale, in and out;  
 On they thunder, fast over the railing,  
 Driving the fence in splints about.

The first he shot with his long steel pistol,  
 The second he slew with his Irish sword,  
 The third he threw in the brook, and mounted  
 Quick on the steed of the fat Whig lord.

Then off to the ship at the nearest harbour,  
 Gallop'd Sir Walter, sure and fleet.  
 He died, 'tis true, in an old French garret,  
 But his heart went true to the latest beat.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 A white rose, stifed and very sickly,  
 Pined for air at the window-sill,  
 But the last fond look of the brave old rider  
 Was fixed on the dying emblem—still,

All alone in the dusky garret,  
 He turn'd to the flower with a father's pride,  
 "God save King James!" the old man murmured,  
 "God—save—the—King!"—he moaned and died.

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#### THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL.

He tripp'd up the steps with a bow and a smile,  
 Offering snuff to the Chaplain the while,  
 A rose at his button-hole that afternoon—  
 'Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it was June.\*

Then shrugging his shoulders he look'd at the man  
 With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran  
 Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see  
 The gaoler kneel down, and receiving his fee.

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\* The Pretender's Birthday.

He look'd at the mob, as they pushed, with a stare,  
And took snuff again with a cynical air.  
"I'm happy to give but a moment's delight  
To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he look'd at the block, and with scented cravat  
Dusted room for his neck, and then, doffing his hat,  
Kiss'd his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,  
Then smiling, turn'd round to the headman and bow'd.

"God save King James!" he cried bravely and shrill,  
And the cry reach'd the houses at foot of the hill,  
My friend, with the axe, *à votre service*," he said;  
And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed he stood firm as a rock;  
Then kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block,  
And kiss'd a white rose, in a moment 'twas red  
With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

#### NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

PREVIOUS to the sixteenth century clever women, as far as history tells us, were scarce. The English authoresses, prior to the year 1500, are so few that they might be enumerated in a very brief space. Juliana, the Anchorite of Norwich, wrote her book of revelations in the reign of Edward the Third. The delightful work of the "Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery," which is known to every sportsman of education under the title of "Julian Barne, her Gentlemans Academie of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Armorie, &c.," was printed in 1481, having been composed some years before. Then there were Margery Kempe of Lynn, and Margaret, the countess mother of Henry the Seventh, who, with two or three more, complete the list of talented English ladies who flourished before the year 1500.

In the next century there was no such dearth of female wit. Margaret Roper, that first of blue-stockings, and the other daughters of Sir Thomas More, Lady Elizabeth Fane, the Ladies Anne, Margaret, and Jane Seymour, Queen Mary, Mary Queen of Scotland, the mother of Verulam, the wife of Sir Roger Ascham, Lady Russel, Queen Elizabeth, and Katherine Killigrew are amongst those who earned a new respect for their sex. There was a great run on the part of the ladies on literature. *Monachi literas nesciunt, et femine libris indulgent*;—the clergy

cannot read Latin, the ladies can talk it—was the observation of Erasmus. The justly celebrated William Wotton, a native of Suffolk, well versed in the history of this period, affirms, that the sixteenth century was more fruitful than any other in learned women. Every young lady of rank affected the jargon of the schools. Little Misses of sixteen years could not tear themselves away from their dear Eclogues, and sighed piteously over the mental abasement of their brothers who cared for hawks and horses more than hexameters. "It was so very modish, that the fair sex seemed to believe that Greek and Latin added to their charms; and that Plato and Aristotle, untranslated, were frequent ornaments to their closet." The artful, roguish minxes: can you not picture to yourself the pains they were at to make the most of their little wealth? how they took care, for fear of false quantities, not to quote their authors in the presence of a man of learned repute; but rattled out line after line of Ovid to their untought lovers who, poor fellows, listened with admiration and awe to the hard words?

To us such a state of things is not so astonishing, as it was to the few observers of that era, and to the speculative historians of the next century. We know scores of young curates not such good scholars as their sisters, and we find no cause for bewonderment in the fact. But intelligent men in the

days of Erasmus opened their eyes in amazement at such a strange position of human affairs, and thinkers for ages after exercised their ingenuity in accounting for it. One said it was a consequence of the care Henry the Eighth took in the education of his daughters—the example of royalty was always followed. Another attributed it to the fame Sir Thomas More's daughters achieved by their skill in the learned languages—it was desire for approbation that roused in-

dolent beauties to intellectual exertion. A more sagacious philosopher laid the marvel at the door of the discovery of the art of printing, and the consequent plenty of books.

The accomplishments the ladies of the sixteenth century were proficient in, may be learnt from the following verses, which were placed to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar, in the parish church of St. Michael, in Crooked-lane, London :—

Every Christian heart seeketh to extoll  
The glory of the Lord, our only Redeemer :  
Wherefore Dame Fame must needs inroll  
Paul Witthypoll his childe, by love and nature,  
Elizabeth, the wife of Emanuel Lucar,  
In whom was declared the goodness of the Lord,  
With many high vertues, which truly I will record.

She wrought all needle-works that women exercise,  
With pen, frame, or stoole, all pictures artificial,  
Curious knots, or trailes, what fancy could devise,  
Beasts, birds, or flowers, even as things natural ;  
Three manner hands could she write them faire all,  
To speake of Algorism, or accounts in every fashion,  
Of women, few like (I think) in all this nation.

Dame Cunning her gave a gift right excellent,  
The goodly practice of her science musical,  
In divers tongues to sing, and play with instrument,  
Both vial and lute, and also virginnall ;  
Not only upon one, but excellent in all.  
For all other vertues belonging to nature,  
God her appointed a very perfect creature.

Latine and Spanish, and also Italian,  
She spake, writ, and read with perfect utterance ;  
And for English, she the garland wan,  
In Dame Prudence schoole, by Graces purveyance,  
Which cloathed her with virtues from naked ignorance ;  
Reading the Scriptures, to judge light from darke,  
Directing her faith to Christ, the only marke.

The said Elizabeth, deceased the 29th day of October, A.D., 1537, of yeeres not fully 27. This stone and all hereon contained, made at the charge of the said Emanuel, Merchant-Taylor.

Clearly she was too clever to live !

The movement continued. The pen of the Countess of Lincoln produced that true womanly work, "The Countesse of Lincolne's Nurserie." Lady Eleanor Davies was born in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and Anne, Countess of Pembroke, about the year 1589. The pious Elizabeth Walker first saw the light in 1623 ; and towards the end of King James's reign, just before a time which it is the fashion now to call remarkable for the mean instruction given its women, came Margaret, the notorious Duchess

of Newcastle, whom the *truthful* Dryden declared to "be a lady whom our age may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks, or the Sulpitia of the Romans."

Ballard, in his famous and interesting, but inaccurate, "Memoirs of Ladies," states that Margaret, the Duchess of Newcastle, was a daughter of Sir Charles Lucas ; but in saying so is guilty of an error into which he would never have fallen had he read the best of the noble lady's books. The unfortunate Sir Charles Lucas

was one of her brothers. She mentions him frequently in her writings, and in her autobiography, entitled "*A true Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life,*" she informs us particularly that her father had no title, although his estate might easily have purchased one, and she speaks of herself as "daughter to one Master Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex." It is interesting to see the fruits of Ballard's mistake. Sir Walter Scott and numerous biographers of great merit have adopted it.

The family of Lucas was one of high repute and considerable wealth in the counties of Essex and Suffolk. Thomas Lucas, the father of the Duchess of Newcastle, was the representative of his house in the reign of Elizabeth, who banished him her kingdoms for having killed in a duel a Mr. Brooks, a relation, probably a brother, of her favoured Lord Cobham. He was in exile as long as that queen lived, but on the accession of James the First, who "gratiously gave him his pardon," he returned to his native country, "wherein he lived happily, and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children—three sons, and five daughters." Of these children, Margaret, the future duchess, was the youngest, being only an infant when her father died.

The widow of Thomas Lucas was a woman of rare virtue and charms. She conducted the business of her children's estate with energy and judgment, and was not only an indulgent, but a good mother. The Duchess, after speaking of the disasters the civil wars brought on her family, and the great difficulties her mother had to contend with, goes on to say, "but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help: she was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestick grandeur, as it were, continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest; I mean the rudest of civilized people; I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of Heaven, had they had power, as they did royaltie out of his throne; also her beauty was beyond the ruin of time, for she had a

well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red, nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years, and by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her; also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but everyways proportionable, likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others, plain speeches, tunable voices—I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly."

It was a gladsome home under that best of mothers. "As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it; for we were so far from being in debt before these wars, as we were rather before hand with the world. \* \* \* 'Tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessities, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father as well as herself did abhor; likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vices were discovered, and the graces, and virtues were presented unto us; also we were bred with respectfull attendance, every one being severally waited upon, and all her servants in generall used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself, for she suffered not her servants, either to be rude before us,

or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftimes which some have leave to do; likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving men to be in the nursery amongst the nurse-maids, lest their rude love-making might speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children. . . .

"As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtuosus, as singing, dancing, playing on musick, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formalitie than benefit, for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of severall languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honorably, and on honest principles."

When the children grew up, and entered London life, most of them as married people, "their customes were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of the people; in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hide-park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have musick, and sup in barges upon the water."

Margaret joined the court at Oxford, and became a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Her brothers and sisters disapproved the step, because she was painfully bashful, and unaccustomed to society. "For though they knew I would not behave myself to their, or my own dishonour, yet they thought I might to my disadvantage, being inexperienced in the world." Her timidity did not prevent her beauty working her high fortune at the court in which she remained almost two years, until she was married. "For my Lord, the Marquis of Newcastle, did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another, for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunn'd mens companies, as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with; neither was I ashamed to own

it, but gloried therein, for it was not an amorous love; neither could title, wealth, power, or person, entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joy'd at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he profest for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, seal'd by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes me happy in despite of fortunes and frowns." And men have dared to ridicule such a woman as this, and treat her memory with contempt, because she was guilty of some absurdities!

Her love for her husband remained unabated to her dying day. She was his joy and chief solace during his long exile; she smiled on him in his broken fortunes, and looking at those smiles he could not murmur at the rebels for having plundered him of the far greater portion of his wealth, since Heaven had bestowed on him so precious a companion. There was no make-belief in their devotion to each other; it was genuine and unforced. She had a noble heart and her mother's beauty, and he merited the possession of them.

There have been many who have tried to sneer away the excellence of this nobleman; but his is a fame which can afford to meet with detraction. His services to the Stuarts none are ignorant of; he fought bravely for them in the field, he shared their exile, he lost enormous wealth in their cause, and he remained true to them after the restoration, when they slighted him and rewarded him with poverty and a dukedom! Titles and wealth were not, in those days, conferred together on men of honour! William Cavendish, the first duke of Newcastle, was an ornament to his family, and not unworthy his connection with Suffolk, to which county the Cavendishes originally belonged, and from a parish in which county they take their honourable name. He was the model cavalier, with all the virtues and none—or almost none—of their failings—courageous, and yet gentle. His temper was proof even against an unruly horse, "I rarely beat them, or punish them with either rod or spur, but



when I meet with a great resistance, and that rarely." "His bearing was courtly, easy without formality, and yet had something of grandeur in it that caused an awful respect to him." His demeanour to others, especially to those beneath him in rank, was kind and considerate as a really great man's ever is. "To the meanest person he would put off his hat, and suffer everybody to speak to him." His costume was scrupulously neat and cleanly, but unostentatious. "In his diet he was so sparing and temperate, that he never ate nor drank beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy only his natural appetite. He made but one meal a-day, at which he drank two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner, which glass of sack he also used in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consisted of an egg, and a draught of small beer; and by this temperance he found himself very healthful at the age of seventy-three." His recreations were riding and training his splendid horses, the exercise of weapons, the practice of music, and the study of poetry and architecture.

If he had a great blemish, it was a too passionate fondness for women, but even this in him was pardoned by his generous wife. "In short," she says, "I know him not addicted to any manner of vice, except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex; which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies." The prisoner, it is needless to say, was acquitted.

The works he has left show him to have been a man of no ordinary capacity, though Clarendon said he was fitter to break Pegasus for a ménage, than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. His comedies are sprightly and pleasant, showing a lively appreciation of character, and no mean power in delineating it. Without a doubt they are far superior to the less happy productions of the best writers of that time. Of his books on horses it is not easy to speak with too great praise. Every line of them is that of a practical man. He examines all previous writers on equestrian matters—

Italian authors, French, Spanish, and English—laughs at their blunders, and concludes by begging every man to try his horses before buying. A generous indignation breaks from him at cruelty to dumb animals, which is scarcely more vehement than his scorn for the pedants of the schools who profess a contempt for his favourite brute. "What makes scholastics degrade horses so much proceeds (I believe) from nothing else but the small knowledge they have of them, and from a persuasion that they themselves know everything. They fancy they talk pertinently about them, whereas they know no more than they learn by riding a hackney horse from the University to London and back again." Many other fine qualities are unintentionally revealed in the pages. In a frank, ingenuous manner, altogether free from vanity, he mentions the compliments paid him on his horsemanship. "The Marquess of Carasena was so civilly anxious to see me ride, that he was pleased to say, it would be a great satisfaction to him to see me on horseback, though the horse should but walk." Charles the Second was his pupil, and was placed by him on the first horse he mounted. Don John of Austria and the Dukes of York and Gloucester were his guests, and he lets you know it—but with high-bred simplicity, not with a mean adoration of the great. The work on horses and horsemanship is illustrated with pictures of a superior style of art. In one of them Monseigneur le Marquis appears in a triumphal car drawn by centaurs, and surrounded by horses on their knees paying homage to their great king. In another, Monseigneur le Marquis is leaping on his steed bang up into the clouds, and the gods, clustering together in their celestial abode, look with approbation at such a model of chivalrie as Monseigneur le Marquis. Without doubt there is no slight vanity on the part of the noble equestrian displayed in these drawings; but then was he not 'best' in his art? and if best, why should he not rejoice in his power, and wish men to know it?

But had he no other claim to applause, his earnest love for his wife, and his being the object of such an ennobling love as hers would en-

title him to it. She did not hesitate to declare him the equal of Cæsar (Julius) in every thing but good luck. Neither want of success, nor the evil tongues of his enemies, could lessen him in her esteem. "Although Nature," she writes, "had favoured my lord and endued him with the best qualities and perfections she could inspire into his soul, yet fortune hath ever been such an inveterate enemy to him, that she invented all the spite and malice against him that lay in her power: and, notwithstanding his prudent counsels and designs, cast such obstructions in his way, that he seldom proved successful, but where he acted in person. And since I am not ignorant that this unjust and partial age is apt to suppress the worth of meritorious persons, and that many, will endeavour to observe my lords noble actions and fame, by casting unjust aspersions upon him, and laying (either out of ignorance or malice), Fortunes envy to his charge, I have purposed to represent these obstructions which conspired to render his good intentions and endeavours ineffectual." This is something like faith! He was not less generous to her. Some one said she was not the originator of the works that went in the world under her name. The Duke came to her defence, with "an epistle to justify the Lady Newcastle, and truth against falsehood; laying those false and malicious aspersions of her, that she was not authour of her books," in which he said, "This ladie's philosophy is excellent, and will be thought so hereafter; and, the truth is, that it was wholly and onely wrought out of her own brain, as there are many witnesses, by the several sheets that she sent daily to be writ fair for the presse. As for her poems, where are the exceptions to these? Marry, they misse sometimes in the numbers and in the rimes. It is well known by the copies, that those faults lie most upon the corrector and the printer. But put the case, there might be some slips in that kinde: is all the book damned for it? No mercy, gentlemen? When, for the numbers, every schoole-boy can make them on his fingers; and for the rimes, Fenner would have put down Ben Johnson; and yet, neither the boy or Fenner so good poets. No; it is neither of those either makes or condemns a poet; it

is new-born and creating phansies that glorifies a poet; and in her book of poems, I am sure there is excellent and new phansies as have not been writ by any, and that it was onely writ by her, is the greatest truth in the world. \* \* \* As for the book of her *Philosophical Opinion*, there is not any one thing in the whole book that is not absolutely spun out by her tedious phancy; and if you will lay by a little passion against writers, you will like it, and the best of anything she has writ; therefore, read it once or twice, not with malice, to finde a little fault, but with judgement to like what is good.

"Truely I cannot beleieve so unworthily of any scholar (honouring them so much as we both do), that they should envie this ladie; or should have so much malice or emulation, to cast such false aspersions on her that she did not write those books that go forth in her name." The Duke's original abilities must not be condemned as mean from this letter, for it was penned by him when he was more than three score years and ten of age. He was considerably older than the Duchess Margaret, who was his second wife.

Whether a profound scholar, or any English thinker, posterior to Bacon, would be likely to appropriate the Duchess's productions, the reader may form his opinion from the following extracts. One of her many folio volumes bearing the impressive title of "Grounds of Natural Philosophy," is a collection of little chapters on things in general, from "the clouds" to "corns on the feet." The following chapter on "Weakness," is a fair sample of the lady's *Philosophical Concepts*, as she called them:—

"CHAPTER. V  
"OF WEAKNESS.

"THERE are many sorts of weakness; some weakness proceeds from age, others, through want of food; others, are occasioned by oppression; others, by disorders and irregularities; and so many other sorts, that it would be too tedious to repeat them, could I know them; but such sorts of weakness as human creatures are subject to, after some disease or sickness, are somewhat like weariness after a laborious or over-hard action; as, when a man hath run fast, or laboured hard,

he fetches his breath short and thick ; and as most of the sensitive actions are by degrees, so is a returning to health after sickness ; but all irregularities are laborious."

The above is the entire chapter, beginning, end, and middle : we hope the reader is the wiser for it.

From "the World's Olio," another large folio in which things in general are philosophically conceited, we give the following extract from a chapter, headed "Men ought not to strive for superiority with women." In it the Duchess gives evidence of a profound knowledge of her sex.

"He is either a fool or a coward that strives for the preheminency with a woman ; a coward, because he domineers over weakness ; a fool, to dispute with ignorance. For men should use women as nurses do children, strive to please them, and yield to them in all things but what will do them harm ; as not to suffer them to degrade themselves of their honours by their wantonness, or to spend their estate by their vanity, or destroy their health by ill orders ; but strive to delight them, by giving them liberty in all honourable and honest recreations, in moderate expenses and harmless vanities."

Again—

"OF THE DISSEMBLING OF WOMEN.

"All women are a kind of mountebanks : for they would make the world believe they are better than they are ; and they do all they can to draw company ; and their allurements is their dressing, singing, dancing, painting, and the like ; and when men are caught, they laugh to see what fools they were to be taken with such toys ; for womens ends are only to make men profess, protest, lye, and forswear themselves in the admiration of them ; for a woman's only delight is to be flattered of men ; for they care not whether they love truly, or speak falsely, so they profess honestly."

Was it indeed so ? The Duchess had a very low estimate of her sex, and yet she was both a kindly woman, and did not feel it her mission to lash the vices of the age.

The reader has had good specimens of the Duchess's literary style, and in that style she wrote volumes upon volumes. *Conceits* rose from her brain like vapours from a marsh in the hot days of early summer. She was always conceiving, hard and sharp. She kept

a bevy of maidens of honour, who were obliged, at all hours of the night, to attend the summons of her bell with a light and materials "to register her Grace's conceptions." John Rolleston, also, the Duke's secretary, was made to lie in a truckle-bed in a closet within her Grace's bed-chamber, and when she called out, "John, I conceive," poor John had to get up and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress's reveries. She seldom or never revised the copies of her works, "lest it should disturb her following conceptions."

Though we now have no great reverence for the literary reputation of this lady, she had an abundance of praise during her life. The *Illustissima Domina, Excellentissima Dux, Illustrissima Princeps, Excellentissima Domina, Illustrissima Marchionissa, Illustrissima Heroïna, Eminentissima Princeps, Illustrisimaque Princeps*, had letters of congratulation written to her in the most superb Latin, from philosophers of every European nation, declaring her the most wonderful woman that had ever breathed. The Rector Magnificus of the University of Leyden, addressing her, said, "*Princeps ingenii, Princeps terrarum, Princeps fœminini sexus merito diceris.*" The Vice-Chancellor and Senate of Cambridge made this speech :—"Non dum (quod scimus) annalibus excidere, neque certe per nos unquam excident erudita nomina, Aspasia Peredlis, Odenati Zenobia, Polla Lucani, Boethii Rusticiana ; quæ tamen, si reviviscent hodie, adeo tecum (*Inclita Dux*) de eruditionis palma non contenderent, at famæ tuæ potius ancillantes, solam Margaretam, consummatissimam Principem et agnoscerent, etposito genu certatim adorarent." If this is not glory, what is ?

Faugh ! thank God, servility is not so rife in these days ! Oxford and Cambridge did not use such language to the Countess of Blessington !

While all this adulation was going on in the lady's presence, there were sneers and laughter enough where she was absent. Sir Walter Scott, in one of the best scenes in "*Peveril of the Peak*," makes Charles the Second say to an attendant, when the Duchess of Newcastle is supposed to be waiting admittance in an ante-chamber—"In the name of madness, then, let us admit her. Her Grace is an entire raree-

show in her person, a universal masquerade; indeed, a sort of private Bedlam hospital, her whole ideas being like so many patients crazed upon the subjects of love and literature, who act nothing in their vagaries, save Minerva, Venus, and the Nine Muses." It was a good touch that of Sir Walter's, and better, we are inclined to think, than he meant it to be, in making Charles jest coarsely at the expense of a lady whose family and whose husband's family, had spilt their treasures and blood in his service, when his fortunes were most desolate.

Besides nineteen plays, innumerable philosophical essays, letters, orations, and poems, the Duchess of Newcastle produced some "tales in prose," which are amongst our earliest novels of English manufacture.

As a specimen, we transcribe

#### "THE CONVERTS IN MARRIAGE.

"There were four young gentlewomen, whose fathers were near neighbours to each other, whereupon there grew up an acquaintance, and so a society.

"The first was reserved and coy.

"The second was bold and ranting.

"The third was merry and gay.

"The fourth was peevish and spiteful.

"She that was reserved and coy, was generous and ambitious.

"She that was bold and ranting, was covetous and wanton.

"She that was merry and gay, was vain and phantastical.

"She that was peevish and spiteful, was cross and unconstant.

"It chanced the four fathers were offered four husbands for their four daughters all at one time, and, by reason they had good estates, they caused their daughters to marry.

"The husband that was to marry the first lady was covetous, miserable, and timorous, as all miserable, covetous persons, for the most part are, fearfull; but being very rich, the father to this lady forced her to marry him.

"And he that was to marry the

second lady was temperate, prudent, and chaste.

"And he that was to marry the third lady was melancholy, solitary, and studious.

"And he that was to marry the fourth lady was cholerick and impatient.

"And after they had been married some time, the covetous and timorous man became hospitable, bountifull, valiant, and aspiring, doing high and noble deeds.

"And she that was bold and wanton became chaste, sober, and obedient.

"And he that was melancholy became sociable, conversible, and pleasant, and she thrifty and staid.

"But he that was cholerick and impatient, who married her that was peevish and spiteful, did live like dogs and cats, spit, scrawl, scratch, and bite, insomuch that they were forced to part; for, being both faulty, they could not live happily, because they could never agree; for errors and faults multiply being joined together, &c."

The foregoing is the entire story. The reader might think from the concluding, &c., that there was more in the original, but there is not; the introduction, plot, denouement, moral conclusion, and the &c., have been copied as the authoress had them printed.

The Duchess of Newcastle died in the year 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, erected to her memory, has this inscription:—

"Here lies the Lord Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue; Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. This Duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous and loving, and careful wife, and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when she came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirements."

## MARRYAT'S SEA STORIES.

"List, ye landmen, all to me!  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Tell the dangers of the sea!"

UNDOUBTEDLY the most popular naval novelist Great Britain has yet produced is Captain Marryat, R.N. We are far from admitting that the popularity of an author is an impregnable certificate of his degree of merit. We could easily name popular living authors, in various departments of literature, who are arrant quacks, unblushing charlatans, whose pretensions are regarded with scorn and contempt by all honest and competent critics; and yet, by dint of puffery, cliqueism, business tact, and immeasurable impudence, they have wriggled their way into public favour, have got what is called a "Name," and their trashy books sell by thousands, and tens of thousands, whilst works of incomparably greater merit don't even pay their expenses. This is a melancholy truth, much to be deplored by all right-thinking men who have the interests of literature at heart—for literature is the glory of a nation, and if it is in an unhealthy state (as it must ever be when quacks flourish and gullible readers abound), shame and discredit accrue to that nation. Of course, a few years suffice to consign these pretenders and their works to congenial obscurity, quickly followed by oblivion; but whilst their mushroom popularity endures much mischief is done; Again, authors really of great ability in their peculiar line, will occasionally attain amazing temporary popularity, by dexterously humouring some whim of the day, some ephemeral literary fashion, and, by thus stimulating and catering for what is, as they well enough know, a false or morbid appetite, they, for a fleeting period, career triumphantly o'er the unstable billows of popular applause, and enjoy a fame and prosperity exceedingly pleasant—whilst it lasts. The reaction comes: the public has been gorged to repletion by high-spiced artificial dishes, and it loathes its unwholesome banquet, and very penitently returns to honest roast-beef and plum-pudding. Then

it is that these foolscap-crowned authors, who awoke one morning and found themselves famous, awake another morning and find themselves—dismissed, ignored, forgotten. They went up like rockets, they come down like sticks. There let them lie: we don't pity them; and we sincerely hope that a similar fate will speedily overtake certain literary mountebanks who are at this very moment capering and prancing, and spouting away, to the apparent delectation of immense audiences of gaping gomerals, but to the intense disgust of all sensible people.

But Captain Marryat was not in any way a charlatan, and he did not truckle to win temporary popularity; and yet he was, and continues to be, a pre-eminently popular author in his line. Now these facts—two negative, and one affirmative—point to the inevitable conclusion that Marryat must have produced works of genuine merit, and of a kind calculated to permanently command the sympathies, to interest and amuse, a very wide circle of readers. Such, indeed, is the simple general fact. He has not, in our opinion, written the best nautical fiction extant, but taking his works altogether, they place him at the very head of (British) naval novelists; the only other two who may be classed immediately after him being Michael Scott (author of "Tom Cringle," &c.), and Captain Chamier. Our other chief naval novelists, viz.: Captain Glascock, H. M. Barker (the "Old Sailor"), Howard (best known as author of "Rattlin the Reefer," which is often erroneously attributed to Marryat himself, although he merely "edited" it), Johnson Neale (author of "Cavendish," "Paul Periwinkle," &c.), and some others, must be ranked a long chalk (to use an expressive Americanism) below the above-named, notwithstanding they have all more or less distinctive merit. "Peter Simple" was the work that first effectually introduced Captain

Marryat to the public, and made his name famous. It was the most successful English naval fiction ever published. No work of the kind had such immense success before, nor has any whatever (even by Marryat himself), rivalled it in popularity since. The author, we believe, received in all the large sum of £2,000 for its copyright. Ah! what would we not give to enjoy "Peter Simple" now, as we did in our happy boyhood! When we turn over its familiar pages, we involuntarily sigh, and exclaim, in the words of Goethe:—

"Give, oh give me back the days,  
The time when I myself was young!  
The longing for the true—the real,  
The pleasure in the bright ideal!"

'Twould be worth being young again, could we only feel the hilarious delight we experienced on first reading "Peter Simple," and others of Marryat's works. He received a "Good Service Pension" as a post-captain, and we think he also richly deserved another pension for good service of a different kind; and the reason it was not accorded probably may be attributed to the fact, that neither the Admiralty nor the Government are sufficiently enlightened and patriotic to appreciate the value of that man's services, who, by the magic influence of his writings, upholds the honour of the Navy, and inspires spirited youths to enter it as cadets. No author, whomsoever, has sent so many young gentlemen to sea as Captain Marryat. We solemnly warn, advise, and conjure all tender and loving mammas, who wisely wish to keep their darlings safely at home, not to permit Marryat's sea-fictions to be read, devoured, gloated over, by their ingenuous boys, until the latter are well on to seventeen, for, by a recent regulation, youths are now allowed to enter even at sixteen years of age. Above all, guard against "Peter Simple," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy!" for the adventures of these model reefers exercise an irresistible fascination over all lads who have an innate predilection for the sea, and they are straightway seized with an almost unquenchable emulative thirst, which will too probably only be satiated when they have swung their hammocks in one of her Majesty's ships or vessels of war. So beware, mammas, say we!

Our conscience being materially lightened by the delivery of the above sage and sound piece of advice, we will now proceed, by no means oblivious of our own youthful reminiscences of Marryat's sea-stories, to pass them in review, and give our mature critical judgment of them in mass. Our old friend "Peter Simple," of course, heads the phalanx, or, we ought to say, fleet. The others we must enumerate, not in the order in which they were launched on the ocean of literature, but just as they now come to hand: "Jacob Faithful," "King's Own," "Frank Mildmay," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Masterman Ready," "Midshipman Easy," "Newton Forster," "Percival Keene," "Poor Jack," "Pirate and Three Cutters," "Snarleyow," "Privateer's Man." Most of them are well thumbed—the degree of *thumbing*, in fact, which a work of fiction has undergone, is often a tolerably correct indication of its merit. Your Public is, after all, the best critic! So thought my Lord Byron—so think we.

These books are of various degrees of merit, however. We should class four as being decidedly the best liners of the fleet; namely, "Peter Simple," "Frank Mildmay," "King's Own," and "Midshipman Easy." A good seaman, who was also well read in sea-fictions, once assured us that, in his own opinion, the last named work was the very best Marryat ever wrote; but we did not agree with him. As second-raters, we would class "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet," "Masterman Ready," and "Percival Keene." We propose to notice the above, more or less, in the course of this article, but not in separate detail, as that would be unnecessary, for a reason we shall hereafter give.

Five works of the thirteen are, comparatively, so inferior, that we shall, once for all, dismiss them here, each with a few lines of remark, which is all they can justly claim at our hands.

"Poor Jack" is, like all Marryat's works, amusing and humorous, and in some parts graphic and instructive; but, as a whole, it is a strange jumble, and hardly worthy the illustrations with which our edition is embellished. The *title* is capital for a sea-story, but the hero is a very different personage from what any one would reasonably

anticipate. The best parts of the book are those descriptive of the life led by the old pensioners of Greenwich.

"Newton Forster; or, the Merchant Service," is mediocre, but contains a few striking scenes. Captain Marryat was not sufficiently *au fait* with the merchant service to do justice to his subject, and anything but a good idea of the service in question is conveyed in his veracious pages.

"The Pirate and the Three Cutters" is not, as its title would seemingly imply, a single story, but two in one volume. The "Pirate" is a bustling and thorough melo-dramatic sort of a yarn, exceedingly well adapted to please sentimental young ladies, and it is garnished with divers cut-throat corsair episodes, which Byronic youths will gloat over, although the afore-said thrilling scenes are a great deal too much in the style of Holywell-street horrors to elicit anything but a feeling nigh akin to disgust from people of taste and judgment. We marvel that a man like Marryat should have condescended to scribble rawhead-and-bloody-bone-claptrap. (He did as bad, or worse, by the bye, in describing the doings of a pirate-schooner in "Percival Keene.") The pirate vessel is called the *Avenger*—and this reminds us of the melancholy fate of the *Avenger* frigate, which a few years ago was totally lost off the coast of Africa, and all on board, except four, perished. A son of Captain Marryat was first-lieutenant of this ill-fated ship, and bore a high character as a most gallant and popular officer. He had repeatedly saved men at the peril of his life, and only a few weeks before he was lost, he leaped overboard and preserved a poor fellow. His death was a terrible shock to the veteran post-captain and author, who, it was said, never recovered the blow, and he certainly died in less than a year after the catastrophe. Not many months ago, the last surviving son of Captain Marryat, Frank, died at the early age of twenty-nine. He had served as a midshipman, and subsequently went to California. He was a clever writer, and an accomplished sketcher and draughtsman, and produced an interesting book on "Borneo," and also a lively account of his adventures in California, under the whimsical title of "Mountains and Molehills." To resume. The second part

of the work we are noticing, "The Three Cutters," is a mere spun-out magazine sketch, brisk enough, but outrageously improbable in its incidents. The book, however, is remarkable for having been published in a sumptuous edition, illustrated by twenty exquisite plates, from designs by that prince of marine artists, Clarkson Stanfield.

"Snarleyow; or the Dog Fiend," possesses no literary merit, but it is certainly a laughable book, though we suspect it will hardly bear to be twice read. It is all about a cutter, and smugglers, &c. The scenes ashore, at the sailors' Dutch drinking-houses (or "boozing-kens," to use flash English), are graphic, albeit coarse, and the dog Snarleyow figures prominently, though he is not quite so diabolical as the title of the book would imply.

"The Privateersman a Hundred Years Ago," is the very poorest fiction Marryat ever published. It is only fitted for the perusal of very good little boys, of from five to ten years of age—and it would not entertain them much, we believe. The only thing in it worth print and paper is a page or two wherein the author soundly denounces privateering as immoral and inexpedient.

The rubbish being cleared away, we have prepared a good foundation for our edifice. In other words, having summarily disposed of the chaff, we have eight grains of wheat—eight books more or less able—left as wholesome food to be masticated by our critical grinders. We have already said that we do not intend to review them in separate detail, and the reason is, there is such a family likeness—all so much resemble coins from the same mint—that it would be a work of supererogation. We shall, therefore, only refer to these works individually when we find occasion to seek for passages to illustrate our remarks on their characteristics as a group of sea-fictions.

Captain Marryat was not a man of *genius*. That is an important fact to commence with. Herein, we conceive, is the key to explain the immense difference between him and that mighty transatlantic sea-novelist, Fennimore Cooper. Marryat had great and versatile talent, and was full of genuine humour, but he lacked genius. His

best books are all constructed on one system—a very simple and easy one for the writer, and one that no man could better succeed with than himself. They usually open with a richly humorous chapter or two, introducing us to the hero and his family, and this hero is pretty sure to be a mischief-loving ne'er-do-well, who is sent to sea to learn good morals and manners, or else he personally elects to enter a man-o'-war from an innate conviction that he will be amazingly happy in a shipman's berth. The books are mainly occupied by the escapades of these interesting young gentlemen, until they become lieutenants, commanders, and post-captains, and of course we have then details of their actions with French ships, Dutch corvettes, and Spanish gun-boats and feluccas, and their love-makings, intrigues, and marriages. As to plot, there is rarely one worth naming (but this is *not* a fault in a sea-fiction), nor is there any leading incident which strongly rivets our attention. Marryat could not powerfully excite our interest, neither in his individual ships, his leading characters, or his general story. We care little or nothing for the fate of either. We read only for amusement, for occasional recreation, and in that are never disappointed. He is, par excellence, the prince of nautical gossipers. We do not doubt that the majority of the innumerable anecdotes and little episodes introduced in his stories, are genuine; that is, they are not mere coinages of the brain, but actual facts which the author had either witnessed or heard at first or second hand; but no doubt he coloured them to heighten effect and suit his purpose. He must have been a greedy picker-up of mess-table gossip, and of galley-yarns (but in full-length galley-yarns Captain Glascock decidedly excelled him), and his memory was either uncommonly tenacious, or else, which is highly probable, he jotted down in his note-book any tit-bit he heard.

Marryat's style is remarkably fluent and easy, but rather slovenly and slipshod; he never troubled himself to amend and correct his first draught, we will be bound. In one of his books he coolly tells us how he wrote it, at odd spells, and subject to all manner of interruptions, in his cabin at sea (whilst captain of the ship), on

a cruise in sweltering latitudes; and he mentions this by way of explaining the random nature of the work, giving us a sort of impression that he privately exclaimed, in reference to his readers—"There, take that, you dogs! and be thankful for what you can get. It isn't every post-captain of His Majesty's navy who would condescend to scribble disjointed yarns in his leisure hours at sea to amuse a set of land-lubbers like you, who don't know the difference between a handspike and a marlingspike!" We don't recollect whether he quoted (as he very aptly might have done) the first stanzas of the Earl of Dorset's celebrated ballad:—

"To all you ladies now on land,  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand,  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,  
We must implore to write to you.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la."

"For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet if rough Neptune rose the wind,  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and me,  
Roll up and down in ships at sea.  
With a fa, la, la, la, la."

We have a vehement suspicion that Captain Marryat's readers are not a little indebted to the printer, and the printer's reader, for even as it is, we notice in his works many badly-constructed sentences, and grammatical errors. We dare say that the gallant captain's copy (as MS. is technically called) required a great deal of careful revision. Post-captains are not often very elegant and precise writers, and we all now know that even distinguished admirals write in utter defiance of all the ordinary rules of grammar, spelling, and punctuation. It was, by the bye, an ungenerous and cruel act of the *Times* to publish Sir Charles Napier's recent letter *verb. et. lit.* Whatever the provocation, still, we say, the Leviathan of the press ought to have forborne, in consideration of the long roll of gallant services performed of yore by the old sea-king, and not have pilloried him, that every puny school-boy and Miss might laugh at blunders for which they themselves would have been soundly and deservedly whipt, had they been the perpetrators thereof.



Setting aside Fighting Charley's lubberly spelling, &c., there was nothing to despise in his letter, for it contained much sound sense and manful remonstrance. We cry shame to the *Times*, and in spite of it yet exclaim—"Charley is our darling!" And we really should like to see an MS. of Captain Marryat's. Who knows whether it would be spelt and punctuated a bit better than old Charley's letters?"

Marryat abounds with humour—real, unaffected, buoyant, overflowing English humour. Many *bits* of his writings strongly remind us of Dickens, and we must bear in mind that most of them were written before Dickens became the bright star, "observed of all observers," in our literary firmament. He is an incorrigible joker, and frequently relates such droll anecdotes and adventures, that the gloomiest hypochondriac could not read them without involuntarily indulging in the unwonted luxury of a hearty cackination. He is certainly a prosaic writer, yet his plain, matter-of-fact way has an especial charm for many readers; and his books abound in shrewd worldly remarks and valuable snatches of practical philosophy. Although it perhaps would not be unfair were we to assert that the adventures and misadventures, the doings and misdoings, the tricks, quips, pranks, and wanton wiles of middies, form the staple material of his writings, yet there are other prominent ingredients. A landsman will derive a good general idea of the navy (*as it was*), from Marryat's stories; and they also contain many interesting and graphic descriptive sketches of the scenery and manners of foreign countries, especially the West India. His writings are interspersed with much sound and excellent practical advice to young officers, and we should opine that the latter could hardly fail to derive professional benefit from a careful perusal of such passages. Marryat also clearly and ably details the manœuvres of ships, and his "Peter Simple" contains the very best description ever written of that delicate and momentous evolution, the *club-hauling* of a ship. Of course, he also gives some occasional dashing pictures of minor naval exploits during the last war, but we should not be disposed to accept them as historically accurate; and in des-

cribing even imaginary actions at sea, it seems to us that Marryat was rather prone to exaggeration. In "Percival Keenc," he describes the capture of a Dutch 38-gun frigate by an English frigate, and gives the loss of the Dutchman at 147 killed, 151 wounded; total 298! It is true the Dutchman is said to have had a detachment of troops on board, and we all know how doggedly obstinate those broad-bottomed gentry are. Marryat nearly always makes his actions desperately bloody; but in this case, the fight reminds us rather too much of the celebrated battle-royal between the two Kilkenny cats, who fought all night, and in the morning nothing remained of them but the tail of one, and a fore paw of the other! The cowardly old purser of the English frigate is represented as having, whilst stupified with fear, presented *his* report of the killed and wounded to the captain, and it was found to read thus:—"Pieces of beef, 10; ditto, pork, 19; raisins, 17; marines, 10." Bravo, Marryat! you never stick at a trifle, provided you could make your readers laugh. Poor old purser Culpepper might well be excused for entering raisins in his list of killed and wounded, for his store-room had recently been robbed by an illustrious young reefer, one Mr. Tommy Dott, who was detected in the very act, with his pockets stuffed full of juicy raisins. Mr. Culpepper solemnly predicted that he should live to see Mr. Tommy hanged; but he did'n't, which must have been a sore disappointment to the vindictive old purser.

Although Captain Marryat was himself emphatically an officer of the old service, and deeply imbued with its spirit and traditions, we feel cordial pleasure in noting the fact that in more than one respect, he nobly rose superior to its prejudices, and manfully maintained opinions diametrically opposed to those doggedly upheld by the school in which he had been professionally educated. He not only drew some over true characters (especially a full-length portrait of a Captain G——, one of those demons incarnate, who too frequently disgraced and cursed the old service, but the like of whom, happily, cannot be found in the navy now-a-days), with a view to gibbet such diabolical sea-

tyrants, and expose them to the abhorrence of the world; but he also strongly deprecated flogging, and said that he himself, in his capacity of a captain, never resorted to it except when absolutely compelled, and then ordered and witnessed (as in duty bound) its infliction, with profoundly painful feelings. He evinced a similarly liberal spirit on the vexata questio of press-gangs. In "Frank Mildmay," speaking of press-gangs, he describes his hero as commanding a party of seamen at Quebec; thus employed in kidnapping men, and puts the following impressive words in his mouth—words, which the few remaining advocates of press-gangs may ponder with profit:—"I became an enthusiast in man-hunting, although sober reflection has since convinced me of its cruelty, injustice, and inexpediency, tending to drive seamen from the country, more than any measure the government could adopt. I cared not one farthing about the liberty of the subject, as long as I got my ship well manned for the impending conflict; and as I gratified my love of adventure, I was as thoughtless of the consequences as when I rode over a farmer's turnips in England, or broke through his hedge in pursuit of a fox."

We have, ourselves, written strongly against press-gangs, and we need hardly add that we deeply sympathize with all that Captain Marryat said to advocate their permanent abolition. We regret to add that Captain Glascock (whose writings we otherwise hold in much esteem) wrote energetically in support of impressment. We believe that Captain Marryat wrote a pamphlet expressly against press-gangs. We have either read or heard that Marryat's humane and enlightened, aye, and just and wise, opinions on this subject were exceedingly unpalatable to our somewhat bigotted and not over gifted sailor-king, William the Fourth, who, it is said, on Captain Marryat's name being submitted to His Majesty as one deserving of a pension for good services (or some similar reward), exclaimed—"What! Marryat? Why, that's the fellow who wrote against impressment. He shall not have it!" (We quote the words from memory.) Even so, oh, most sapient monarch! and yet Captain Marryat *did* eventually receive the well-earned reward.

If the above anecdote be authentic (and for aught we know it is), we need not marvel if Captain Marryat chewed the cud of reflection thereon; and that he apparently did so, there is some curious evidence in more than one of his works. For example, in "Frank Mildmay," he writes a short passage, which we shall here quote, (from the original edition, published in 1842,) not only for its intrinsic significance, but also because it justifies our previous strictures relative to the slovenly style of writing too frequent in Marryat's books. He says:—"Strange to say, for a succession of reigns, the navy never has been popular at Court. In that region, *where merit of any kind is seldom permitted to intrude*, the navy have [has] generally been at a discount. Each succession of the House of Hanover has been hailed by its members [our careless author means the members of the navy, not those of the House of Hanover] with fresh hopes of a change in their favour, which hopes have ended in disappointment; but perhaps it is as well. The navy require [requires] no prophet to tell it, in the literal sense of the word, that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled; but there is a moral pitch, the meanness, the dishonesty, and servility of the Court, with which, I trust, our noble service will never be contaminated." We think the reader of this will exclaim with us—"By'r lady! but these be bitter words!" Aye, bitter enough, good sooth, but are they not also true? At any rate, they *were* true when Marryat wrote.

Captain Marryat rarely treated his readers to any but the briefest pictures of the phenomena of ocean, and of the manner in which ships are handled so as to battle with and triumph over imminent elemental dangers. "Frank Mildmay," however, contains a really capital (albeit concise) description of a ship overtaken by a hurricane in the West Indies. It is evidently truthful, and it is, we think, the most graphic and interesting passage of the kind in all Marryat's writings; yet we have only to compare it with similar pictures of a ship struggling with the elements, in Fennimore Cooper's greatest works, and we see at a glance the immeasurable superiority of the American author in that style of writing. Let the reader even refer to

two of Cooper's latest sea-novels, "Homeward Bound" and "Afloat and Ashore," and he will perceive the truth of our allegation, although these two books are not to be named with Cooper's earlier works. In justice to Marryat, we will give the most material portions of his hurricane scene:—

"The wind was from the north-west—the water, as it blew on board, and all over us, was warm as milk; the murkiness and close smell of the air was in a short time dispelled; but such was the violence of the wind, that on the moment of its striking the ship, she lay over on her side with her lee-guns under water. Every article that could move was danced to leeward; the shot flew out of the lockers, and the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed below, while above deck things went still worse; the mizenmast and the fore and main-topmast went over the side; but such was the noise of the wind that we could not hear them fall, nor did I, who was standing close to the mizenmast at the moment, know it was gone until I turned round and saw the stump of the mast snapped in two like a carrot. The noise of the wind 'waxed louder and louder;' it was like one continued peal of thunder; and the enormous waves as they rose were instantly beheaded by its fury, and sent in foaming spray along the bosom of the deep; the storm-staysails flew to atoms: the captain, officers, and men, stood aghast, looking at each other, and waiting the awful event in utter amazement.

"The ship lay over on her larboard side so heavily as to force in the gun-ports, and the nettings of the waist hammocks, and seemed as if settling bodily down, while large masses of water, by the force of the wind, were whirled up into the air; and others were pouring down the hatchways, which we had not time to batten down, and before we had succeeded, the lower deck was half full, and the hammocks were all floating about in dreadful disorder. The sheep, cows, pigs, and poultry were all washed overboard, out of the waist, and drowned. ["And drowned!" What need to tell us that? Any living thing washed overboard in a hurricane *must* perish.] No voice could be heard, and no orders were given—all discipline was suspended—captain and sweeper clung alike to the same rope for security.

"The fore and mainmasts still stood, supporting the weight of rigging and wreck which hung to them, and which, like a powerful lever, pressed the labouring ship down on her side. To disengage this enormous top-hamper, was, to us, an object more to be desired than expected. Yet the case was desperate. . . . The danger of sending a man aloft was

so imminent, that the captain would not order one on this service, but, calling the ship's company on the quarter-deck, pointed to the impending wreck; and by signs and gestures and hard bawling, convinced them, that unless the ship was immediately eased of her burden, she must go down.

"At this moment every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression on her. She descended rapidly in the hollows of the sea, and rose with a dull and exhausted motion, as if she could do no more. She was worn out in the contest, and about to surrender, like a noble and battered fortress, to the overwhelming power of her enemies. The men seemed stupefied with the danger; and, I have no doubt, could they have got at the spirits, would have made themselves drunk, and, in that state, have met their inevitable fate. At every lurch the mainmast appeared as if making the most violent efforts to disengage itself from the ship: the weather-shrouds became like taught bars of iron, while the lee-shrouds hung over in a semi-circle to leeward, or, with the weather-roll, banged against the mast, and threatened instant destruction, each moment, from the convulsive jerks. We expected to see the mast fall, and with it, the side of the ship to be beaten in. No man could be found daring enough, at the captain's request, to venture aloft and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topsail-yard resting upon it. There was a dead and stupid pause while the hurricane, if anything, increased in violence."

This is very good indeed, (setting aside some loose and misty writing which the intelligent reader will easily discover without our aid), and we will honestly admit that if we had never read Cooper's grand and unrivalled pictures of storms and hurricanes, we should rate Marryat's much higher than we are now disposed to do.

The most valuable—perhaps the only permanently valuable quality of Marryat's writings, apart from their incidental instructive lessons to young officers, consists of his vivid pictures of life in the Old Service. Thoroughly at home was he on this (to him) genial topic. He was cognizant of the traditions of the old service to an extraordinary degree, and could minutely depict its ships, its captains, and officers, and its gallant pig-tailed tars, hitting off their several peculiarities with free yet firm and graphic touches. Marryat is rather too much an old service man himself in one or two respects—we allude to his not unde-

quent coarseness of both language and ideas. The oaths and blasphemy which he puts in the mouths of many of his characters are quite indefensible. Nor is that the worst. He does not hesitate to relate the broadest jokes and anecdotes, which, even admitting them to be allowable at the mess-table, (which we very much doubt) are certainly not fit for appearing in type. He never could let slip an opportunity to indulge in *double entendres* and in delicate innuendoes, and on this ground alone we distinctly state our opinion that certain of his works are not exactly proper to be placed in the hands of a modest youth or a pure-minded maiden. Look at "Frank Mildmay," too, as a specimen of the very questionable incidents which Marryat sometimes detailed. We object to Frank's criminal intrigues with Eugenia in England, and with Carlotta in the West Indies, as being, to say the least, in very bad taste. We really believe that Captain Marryat honestly intended to inculcate good lessons by showing what misery resulted from these intrigues, but we cannot conceive what good could result from detailing them. They may sully the innocent mind, but they can hardly reform the already guilty. Marryat's *intentions* generally were excellent, and in themselves praiseworthy, but like most officers of the old school he had unconsciously contracted habits of speaking and writing with too much freedom and levity, and his notions of what is and is not permissible to be openly spoken of in reference to the sex, appear to have been cloudy and indistinct. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means imply that Marryat was anything so coarse as Smollett, and sure are we that the gallant captain had not the remotest idea that he trespassed too much beyond the bounds of decorum and sound morality. His head was to blame, not his heart.

We have, however, another charge against him. He too often related stories of an irreverent tendency. We abhor cant, but we protest, far more in sorrow than in anger, against the shocking expressions which so many of his prominent characters indulge in. It is not to be expected that rough seamen, and old-school officers, should talk as correctly and devoutly as the Archbishop of Canterbury; but surely

an author is not justified in making them utter blasphemies which cause us to shudder with horror; nor is he to be defended when he relates anecdotes which are intrinsically profane, although related in such a manner that the thoughtless will laugh. We nevertheless acquit Captain Marryat of *intentional* profanity; and innumerable brief passages throughout his writings also bear witness that at heart he was sincerely impressed with sound religious convictions and aspirations. We have deemed it our duty to refer to and deprecate the above grave faults of our old favourite, and now gladly turn to pleasanter parts of our task.

Captain Marryat's works contain quite a gallery of striking sketches of original characters. We can never forget his daguerreotype portraits of Captain G——, the brutal, infamous tyrant; of Captain Kearney, the good-natured and generous commanding officer, but such a consummate and unparalleled liar, that he never in his life spoke the truth, *unless by mistake*; of Captain Horton, young and brave as a lion, but so inordinately slothful, that he would not even get up from his cot when his ship was in imminent danger during a gale, preferring, apparently, to go to the bottom in his bed rather than be at the trouble to turn out on deck; of Captain Hawkins, the mean, spying, creeping coward; and of many other captains and officers whom we cannot enumerate. As a specimen, however, of the clever and humorous way in which Marryat could exhibit, for our amusement, an officer remarkable for some idiosyncrasy, let us quote the description which O'Brien gives to Peter Simple of a captain aptly nicknamed "Avoirdupois":—

"What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called, because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse. Well, the ship was no sooner brought down to the dockyard to have her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed everything that was put on board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain Averdupois. He had a large body, in which he inserted the weight of the bal-

last, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and everything else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers, with everything belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and nobody knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report, that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought that they would sink his ship, or for what, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight."

The above paragraph is, as the French cook said of his chef d'œuvre, *impayable*—like a good many similar bits in Marryat's books. Ere quitting the subject of old service captains, we may remark that in speaking of Peter Simple when he passed his examination for lieutenant, Marryat says that most captains knew little or nothing of navigation, for they merely acquired it by rote when mids, and forgot nearly all about it when lieutenants, and when captains could merely prick off the ship's position on a chart, the *master* being responsible for the reckoning. He broadly declares his opinion, that were captains themselves examined as to their knowledge of navigation, nineteen in twenty would be disgracefully plucked! This might be true enough of the old service, but we should say not of the new. Captains, and all officers, now-a-days, are required to possess more scientific knowledge. So far as thorough practical seamanship was concerned, however, we have little hesitation in expressing our opinion that the old service officers were superior to the majority of those of Queen Victoria's. Rely upon it, steam screw-liners are *not* the best possible schools for seamanship, neither for officers nor blue-jackets. But the progression of the navy—practical seamanship only excepted—since the

close of the last war, has been truly immense. The ships are incomparably superior; the officers are more gentlemanly, and infinitely less cruel and tyrannical; navigation, and naval gunnery especially, have vastly improved; the men are now treated *as men*, and though brave and daring as ever, are better informed, and have more self-respect than the pigtailed Jacks of past generations. Just let us hear what Captain Marryat has to say of a frigate half a century ago! He calls it "a ship crowded with 300 men, where oaths and blasphemy interlarded every sentence; where religion was wholly neglected, and the *only honour paid to the Almighty was a clean shirt on a Sunday*; where implicit obedience to the will of an officer was considered of more importance than the observance of the Decalogue; and the commandments of God were in a manner abrogated by the articles of war—for the first might be broken with impunity, and *even with applause*, while the most severe punishment awaited any infraction of the latter." There's an awful picture for you! Well might men-o'-war be called Floating Hells! And when we boast of the past triumphs of our navy, it would be well to bear in mind these fearful revelations of an eye-witness.

Great as Captain Marryat was on the subject of old service captains, he was yet greater on midshipmen. We suppose he himself must have been a prime specimen of a youngster—mischievous as a monkey, and continually in scrapes and dangers, but somehow always managing to alight on his feet again like a cat; for otherwise, how *could* he describe mids and their doings in the way he has done? We always picture him to our mind's eye as a reefer, very like his own Percival Keene; and how he ever could find in his heart to punish midshipmen, when he became a captain, is more than we can conceive—but his first lieutenant would save him any twinge of conscience. Marryat, as an author, intensely *enjoyed* describing the peccadilloes of middies. How he must have chuckled behind his pen when portraying Mr. Tommy Dott, and other demure young gentlemen of kindred genius! We are much afraid that a perusal of Post-captain Marryat's works has suggested many a naughty trick to modern reefers,

though their own brains are certainly fertile enough in all matters of mischief. The medal has a graver side.

The life of a midshipman partook of the general coarseness and severity prevalent in every grade of the old service. The arrangements of the midshipmen's berths were not merely devoid of all personal comfort, but really were hardly consistent with common decency; and the license of conduct prevalent was such, that the characters of the "young gentlemen" inevitably became morally deteriorated to a melancholy degree. No matter how gentlemanly, and modest, and innocent, a young lad might be when he first joined his ship, he could not resist the contagion of the berth. He was hourly habituated to blasphemous and obscene language; he was sworn at, cuffed, kicked, robbed, beaten, and maltreated in all manner of ways; he could not help beholding the vicious practices of his messmates, their brutality, drunkenness, and licentiousness; and what at first shocked, frightened, and revolted him, soon became fatally familiar. A few weeks, or at most a few months, were sure to be sufficient to make him just as bad as the rest. He must either become one of them in all respects, or else quit the service in disgust. There was no alternative. However morally and religiously a boy had been brought up at home, however anxious he might be to avoid evil and continue good, he could not overcome the contaminating influence of the midshipmen's berth. We cannot enter into unseemly details on this sad topic, but our assertions are based on incontrovertible testimonies. Of course there were some rare, very rare, exceptions, especially when the captain of the ship happened to be a good, moral, and religious man, who felt it his duty to look strictly after the personal conduct of his midshipmen. But alas! how few captains were of this class in the old service! We might count them upon the fingers of one hand, we verily believe!

Let us now hasten to say that the old service midshipmen were hard-worked fellows, and very rapidly learnt the arduous duties of their profession. They soon became enthusiastically attached to the service, and were exceedingly eager to distinguish themselves, which they had superabundant opportunities of doing. And

although, as we have plainly intimated they were permitted a shameful and degrading license in their berth, they were yet subjected to severe discipline *on duty*. The youngest had to strictly keep watch, and were taughtly looked after on deck. Little mercy was shown them when they had incurred punishment. Half-a-dozen mids were almost daily perched at the mast-heads of any ship of size, and we have somewhere read of a ship's cross-trees being so loaded with delinquent reefers, that the boatswain humorously suggested the propriety of setting up preventer-stays to save the topmasts from toppling overboard! Mast-heading is now nearly obsolete, and a very good thing too, for it was, in cold rough weather, rather too severe a punishment, and one marvels that frequent fatal accidents did not occur from the practice, especially when we recollect that some luckless youngsters actually spent one-half of their time at the cross-trees! Worse than mast-heading, youngsters were liable to be flogged in the cabin, with a cat (the midshipmites cat!) solely dedicated to their private use, service, and benefit. A captain, moreover, could (and not unfrequently actually did) at his will and pleasure, turn a poor mid forward to do duty before the mast, until his High Mightiness thought the peccant youngster sufficiently punished, and so permitted him to resume duty on the quarter-deck.

We have made the foregoing observations as preliminary to Marryat's pictures of life in the midshipmen's berth, which we shall now introduce to the notice of the reader. We intend to confine ourselves to a single work of our author—viz., "Frank Mildmay," one of the very best he produced. First let us have a glimpse of poor Frank on the eve of joining his dashing frigate at Plymouth. We think it is a capital and characteristic fragment:—

"One of the red-letter days of my life was that on which I first mounted the uniform of a midshipman. My pride and ecstacy were beyond description. I had discarded the school and schoolboy's dress, and with them my almost stagnant existence . . . I had arrayed myself in my uniform; my dirk was belted round my waist; a cocked hat, of an enormous size, stuck on my head; and perfectly satisfied with my own appearance, at the last survey

which I had made in the glass, I rang for the chambermaid under pretence of telling her to make my room tidy; but, in reality, that she might admire and compliment me, which she very wisely did; and I was fool enough to give her half-a-crown and a kiss, for I felt myself quite a man. The waiter, to whom the chambermaid had in all probability communicated the circumstance, presented himself, and having made me a low bow, offered the same compliments, and received the same reward, save the kiss."

When Frank at length gets on board, and duly joins, we are favoured with a description of a midshipman's berth (in 1803), very graphic, and we know it to be perfectly faithful—that is, it describes unexaggeratedly the miserable dog-hole in which young gentlemen were then berthed, like hogs in a sty. Marryat tells us how his hero descended from the half-deck to 'tween decks, and into the steerage:—

"In the forepart of which, on the larboard side, a-broast of the mainmast, was my future residence,—a small hole, which they called a berth; it was ten feet long by six, and about five feet four inches high: a small aperture, about nine inches by six, admitted a very scanty portion of that which we most needed—namely, fresh air and daylight. A deal table occupied a very considerable extent of this small apartment, and on it stood a brass candlestick, with a dip candle, and a wick like a full-blown carnation. The table-cloth was spread, and the stains of port-wine and gravy too visibly indicated the near approach of Sunday."

We pass over Frank's reception by his messmates—which would be much more entertaining to the reader than it was to him, poor fellow!—and quote a graphic picture of the young gentlemen at their luxurious supper, on which interesting occasion they sat on their lockers round the table, almost as tightly jammed as Lochfine herrings in a barrel:—

"The population here very far exceeded the limits usually allotted to human beings in any situation of life, except in a slave ship. The midshipmen, of whom there were eight full-grown, and four youngsters, were without either jackets or waistcoats; some of them had their shirt-sleeves rolled up, either to prevent the reception or to conceal the absorption of dirt in the region of the wristbands. The repast on the table consisted of a can, or large black jack, of small beer, and a japan breadbasket full of

sea biscuit. To compensate for this simple fare, and at the same time to cool the atmosphere of the berth, the table was covered with a large green cloth with a yellow border, and many yellow spots withal, where the colour had been discharged by slops of vinegar, hot tea, &c., &c.; a sack of potatoes stood in one corner, and the shelves all round, and close over our heads, were stuffed with plates, glasses, quadrants, knives and forks, leaves of sugar, dirty stockings and shirts, and still fouler table-cloths, smalltooth combs, and ditto large, clothes brushes, and shoe brushes, cocked hats, dirks, German flutes, mahogany writing desks, a plate of salt butter, and some two or three naval half-boots. A single candle served to make darkness visible, and the stench nearly overpowered me."

A pretty enumeration of the living occupants of a middy's berth, and the furniture and garnishing thereof! One would fancy this description quite enough to knock on the head all romantic notions of a reefer's life, or out of the head, rather, of any enthusiastic school boy sighing to write R.N. after his name! And the doings in this little pandemonium—for such it was—and such was every midshipman's berth in the old service! We repeat, that if a lad had a spark of modesty or self-respect, it would be inevitably stifled there in a few weeks at most. Fighting, swearing, obscene language, blackguard and cruel practical jokes, and immoral conduct, were the order of the day and night. Ah! poor, fond, tender-hearted, pious mother! You, who had sent your boy to sea, with fervent prayers that he might do his duty to his King and his country, and fear and honour his Maker,—you, oh Mother! who sate in your widowed room, yearningly praying for that boy's welfare, and striving to fancy what he was then, at that moment, doing; oh! could you have beheld him amid his messmates! Ah, God amend us all. 'Tis oft a mercy unspeakable that we know not what the loved one may be in the act of doing at the instant we are picturing him to our mind's eye. We write with bitter earnestness.

With a sigh, and almost a tear—albeit we have grown unused to the melting mood—we return to Marryat's pages (magic pages they were once to us! Alas! for the days that will ne'er return!) Captain Marryat tells us that the same language, the same manner,

which prevailed among the superior officers of the old service, were to be found—*not* refined—in the midshipmen's berth. The only pursuits, he says, of the midshipmen when on shore (we fear we ought to put a note of sadly-significant interrogation after the word *only* ?), were "intoxication to be gloried in and boasted of when returned on board. My captain said that everything found its level in a man-of-war. True, but in the midshipmen's berth it was the level of a savage, where corporeal strength was the *sine qua non*, and decided whether you were to act the part of a tyrant or a slave." We may add that Mr. Frank Mildmay felt soundly inculcated with his captain's sage observation that "everything and everybody finds its level in a man-o'-war;" and so did he at length, as a matter-of-course, but it is at least satisfactory to know that he fought his way manfully, until he became cock of the berth, and caterer for the mess. There we will leave him, and the mids of the old service altogether.

How different is the midshipmen's berth of Queen Victoria's service to that of her grandfather's, George the Third! We hear old fogies—genuine relics of the old service, who are already nearly as scarce as bustards on Salisbury Plain, or as sovereigns in an author's purse, and who will soon be a species as extinct as the dodo—we occasionally hear these venerable vikings growling ominously, and swearing roundly against screw-liners and all modern innovations, for, as they tremulously tell us, they clearly perceive that the service is going headlong—whither it certainly has no business to go. It is hardly worth while to break a spear with these old growl-aways, for if you were to argue with them from sunrise to sunset on the longest day of all the year, you would only render them yet more dogmatic (if possible) and impenetrable to conviction. Ever since we can remember, we have from time to time been startled and frightened by two awful predictions—that the Navy is going to the, &c., and, consequently, that the downfall of the British Empire was at hand. Whenever the first prediction is realized, we certainly *do* potently believe that the second will quickly ensue, and then certain people will doubtless be ineffably gratified by wit-

nessing the interesting phenomenon of the sun of England setting to rise no more. To resume. In no respect is the difference between the old and the new service more striking than in the midshipmen's berth. Modern midshipmen are gentlemanly fellows, and much bitter reason as there is to complain of the excessive degree of favour shown, in the shape of rapid promotion, to the scions of aristocracy who now swarm in the Navy, yet we will most cordially admit that we owe, in no slight degree, to their admission, the fact that the *tone* of the service has become so refined.

Our modern reefers are not the same race as their renowned predecessors. They are, as we have said, gentlemanly, and a majority of them are naval dandies to boot. They read reviews and belles lettres, they waltz and play on the piano, and are *au fait* in the latest systems of etiquette. They criticise operas, singers, dancers, actors, poets, parsons, legislators, and everything and everybody worth talking about. They bet knowingly on horse-races, and are much given to private gambling and fashionable dissipation generally. They dress in tip-top style, and frequent the best society in which they can obtain admission. They mess luxuriously on board, and live extravagantly at first-rate hotels on shore. They are rarely out of debt, and spend thrice their proper allowance, to the dismay of their unhappy parents. They care comparatively little for the service, shirk their duties as much as possible, and don't think it the correct sort of thing to appear very zealous as officers. Can we marvel at this when we reflect how hopeless promotion is without interest, and how certain it is with friends at head quarters? Moreover, until this Russian war broke out, most of our large ships lay hulking in harbour, nine months at least out of twelve, and their midshipmen were brought up in idleness and exposed to every temptation to dissipate. The old service midshipman was rough, coarse, and low in his manners, tastes, and habits; but he was a practical seaman every inch, and devoted heart and soul to his profession. The modern midshipman is refined in manners, and gentlemanly even in his vices; but he is not much of a seaman and officer, and does not care to be. Yet, after



all, let us bear in mind that the modern midshipmen are of the same true British stuff as their predecessors, and they can, with proper opportunity and inclination, be not only gentlemen but good seamen to boot. And we have reason to hope and believe that the present war, by rousing up our Navy from its long apathy, will do much to secure this desirable result.

Perhaps the reader would not object to a picture of the modern midshipmen's mess, just by way of contrast to the dismal extracts we gave from Marryat? We can easily gratify him with the help of that clever writer, Mr. James Hannay, who drew from personal experience on the Mediterranean station. He tells us that, "on board the *Sovereign*, Brummell might have attired his person with all the care which it demanded." And now hear how he describes the mess-table! (We quote from his work, entitled "Sand and Shells")—

"The mess-dinner of the *Sovereign* is laid out. Some twenty-five fellows sit down. The steward (elaborately attired) bows as he sees Fitz-Gubin seat himself with the knot at the head of the table—Riddel, Corbleton, Siddington, &c. His satisfied eye welcomes the mild familiar glass, china, and silver, and the pleasant gleam of the huge decanters of iced wine. The dinner is the object of constant admiration, and Cuckles daily jokes on its splendour, as compared with that which he supposes to be the habitual fare of the mess (except, of course, those of our degree) at home. (Pleasant Cuckles! thou man of fine heart and fine taste!)

"The steward, with a profound bow, now hands to Lord Fitz-Gubin the *carte*. I say distinctly the *carte*. Shade of Lord Collingwood, shade of Benbow, wag your ghostly pigtails, and let us look at the items of the *carte*. (The cook of the *Sovereign* was a man of genius, and will probably die a baronet.) '*Cotelettes à la Trafalgar; Vol au vent, au maintop; Fricassee de gibier en pigtail antique; Brimousky marine, &c., &c.*' These were the leading features of the entertainment that day, with sufficient substantials, of course; which, by-the-bye, were highly necessary to the youngsters,\* who could not always, if we are to believe some people, get any of the finer specimens of the *cuisine*. Bung, the master's assistant,

made a democratic agitation on the subject, by hawling to the servants after some of the '*ong pigtail hontick*;' but the roar of laughter which his pronunciation justly raised, soon caused him to subside into silence and boiled beef. What was worse, he never heard the last of the matter. You don't, indeed, often hear the last of a joke in the service; and many a fellow who has got himself a nickname in the first week, retains it for life, carries it over the whole globe, and through every grade of rank, and dies in it. Accordingly, the youngsters were perpetually at Bung: 'Bung, any *hontick* to-day,' &c.

"Lord Alfred, a glass of wine," said Cuckles, ordering champagne; a luxury in which, to do him justice, he did not often indulge. They drank.

"I like the dinner," said Fitz-Gubin, with his usual deliberation. "The cook is really not bad. *He ranks, of course, as a petty officer!*"

Now, reader, glance backward a few pages, and compare Hannay's midshipmen's mess with that of Marryat's, if you please! Can any greater contrast be imagined? One all refinement and splendour, the other all squalor, meanness, and brutality. And if we condemn the modern mess as being too luxurious and costly (thereby compelling *poor* midshipmen to spend beyond their means, and, perhaps, being sometimes the primary cause of their future ruin), yet we still ask, is it not far better, on the whole, than the miserable mess of the old service? Where there is luxury, or even comfort (and reasonable comfort is all that *ought* to prevail in a midshipman's berth), there is sure to be refinement of manners in a corresponding degree; and where there is refinement, there will be greater social morality—outwardly, at any rate, for perhaps it won't do to go too deep into the subject. Anyway, a youngster now-a-days is not exposed to open demoralisation. He is not compelled to drink, and swear, and fight, and forget every good lesson he received at school. He may continue to be a gentleman, and keep a good conscience—if so he wills.

We must prepare to bid adieu to our subject. We have done justice to Captain Marryat; impartially weighing his claims to distinction,

\* By "youngsters," Mr. Hannay of course means the young naval cadets. The others of the mess are called "oldsters."

cordially pointing out his excellencies, and not sparing his faults. The majority of the extracts we have given from his writings not only illustrate our observations, but also are themselves specimens of his best style. We have previously alluded, incidentally, to his celebrated description (in "Peter Simple") of *club-hauling* a ship, and all naval men who have read it will admit that it is a wonderfully fine piece of writing, and perfectly accurate in a professional sense, and yet a man may pass his life at sea, and never have an opportunity to see a ship club-hauled! On referring to the book, we perceive that we can give all the essential parts of the description in a moderate compass, and will therefore do so, by way of a parting extract:—

"It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous waters; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers."

The ship behaved nobly, but the wind suddenly headed her, and she broke off from her course a couple of points. The best bower cable was then double-bitted, and stoppered at thirty fathoms. We now resume from Marryat:—

"The ship continued to hold her course good, and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expecting to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quartermaster,' cried the Captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words; I am going to *club-haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance of safety you have is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence, there, fore and aft. Quartermaster, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the Captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around

us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continuous surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quartermaster at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the Captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor! We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the Captain. Not a word was spoken; the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the Captain had said he should haul all the yards at once; there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the Captain; but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the Captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which, for a moment or two, had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel [gunwale] with all its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock-rails, holding on by the main-rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad on the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable!' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the cheas-tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land."

Thus it was that the gallant frigate escaped her imminent danger by *club-hauling*. Her perils, however, were not over, for in a few hours she was in deadly jeopardy again, weathering a rocky point only by a few yards; thanks, under Providence, to the consummate seamanship of the Captain. The whole description is incomparably the finest and most thrilling piece of writing Captain Marryat ever produced, and it is really worthy of

having been written by Cooper himself in his palmiest days. Higher praise than *that* we cannot possibly accord.

In the course of this article we have several times alluded to Fennimore Cooper, and it will not be objectionable if we conclude by instituting a searching parallel between the greatest American and the greatest English sea-novelist. Let it be clearly understood that our mature opinion here delivered, is founded on the *best* works only of each author.

Cooper's *style* is beyond compare superior to Marryat's on the score of precision and accuracy of language, and his sentences are grave, sonorous, and majestic. Marryat writes in an off-hand, free-and-easy, conversational manner, which is certainly exactly adapted to the subject-matter of his works. Cooper's mind was essentially poetic; Marryat's essentially prosaic. Cooper constructed enthralling stories, which held us in breathless suspense, and made our brows alternately pallid with awe and terror, or flushed with powerful emotion; Marryat gleefully dashed off a reckless yarn, full of unconnected adventures and anecdotes. Cooper's books, when once taken up, are so fascinating that we must, perforce, read on from beginning to end, panting to arrive at the thrilling denouement; Marryat's are just gossiping volumes for odd leisure hours, or half-hours, to be taken up, opened at random, lightly read, laughed at, and laid carelessly down again, as the humour suits. Cooper's writings are so subtle, that they must be studied, and read o'er and o'er again; Marryat's are merely surface reading. In Cooper's works our interest is irresistably enlisted in the fate of the ship, and of the leading characters, whose fortunes we follow with absorbing anxiety; in Marryat's we don't care a straw for any particular ship, hero, or character, they amuse us for the moment, and that is all. Cooper can make us weep with sympathy, with pity, with yearning love and admiration; Marryat cannot excite any tears but those of laughter. Cooper created original characters so marvellously true to nature that they seem living beings present to our corporeal vision—witness Tom Coffin (of the dainty *Ariel*), and honest Dick Fid, and his friend the noble negro, Scipio (of the

*Red Rover*);—Marryat never drew a single character worthy to be ranked alongside the above. Cooper (who was a man of sincere piety) never shocked us with blasphemy and immoral levity of language on the part of his characters; Marryat too frequently did. Cooper occasionally was richly humorous; but Marryat undoubtedly excelled him in broad comic fun and humour. (Neither of them had *wit*.) Cooper's works delight young and old, of all classes; and so do Marryat's in a lesser degree; and yet Marryat is relished more by *seamen* than Cooper, and we attribute this to the fact that seamen prefer entertaining professional anecdotes and mess-table gossip, in which line Marryat was unrivalled. Cooper's writings abound with the noblest conceptions of the terrors and sublimity of the hoary ocean; Marryat's rarely do more than hastily glance at the marvels and mysteries which Cooper delighted in expounding and exploring to their hidden depths. In two respects the authors are alike. Cooper's heroines generally are dead failures; so are Marryat's. Cooper's early works are his best; so are Marryat's. Both wrote worse when veterans than at the outset of their career of authorship. If we might hazard a simile, we should say that Cooper was a magnificent first-rater, moving majestically, 'mid cloud and storm, through the heaving billows; Marryat, a dashing frigate, bounding saucily along from wave to wave, flaunting, all a-taunt-o with tackle trim, in the morning sunbeams. Finally—Marryat's works have been read by tens and by hundreds of thousands; Cooper's literally by millions and by tens of millions, for they have passed through numberless editions in America and England, and have been translated into almost every civilised language throughout the globe.

Such were Marryat and Cooper. If the former was the *King* of the naval novelists of Great Britain, Cooper was the *Emperor* of the naval novelists of all countries; and there is this enormous difference between the King and the Emperor—the former was an estimable writer of versatile talent, and the latter a glorious prose-poet of the very loftiest genius. The gulf between the two is, and ever will be, impassable.

We have done.

## THE AMBER MOUTHPIECE—AN ADVENTURE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

We all grow garrulous as we advance in years, and if we have had the misfortune in our youth to have been robbed, or nearly murdered, to have fought a duel, or any other escapade on which to hang a tale, beyond the mere vague assertion that they speak of us as "mad, shallow," &c., we inflict it on our friends, until they begin insensibly to wish that the highwayman had done for us altogether, or that our antagonist had lodged a bullet in our thorax, beyond the aid of surgical skill, rather than have had the greater barbarity of leaving us with a whole skin, to inflict the relation of our adventure on our unsuspecting friends when they unwittingly allude to a pick-pocket, or hazard a remark on a revolver. It is with such feelings, worthy of a humane man, that I intend, by publishing it, to put it beyond my reach to inflict this adventure any more on my friends and acquaintances, for I have remarked lately that an allusion to Turkey has been met with a hurried remark as to the weather, and an offer of a pipe of genuine Latakia, as a concealed insult which could not be resented, while my indubitably following remark—"By the way, did you ever hear the story of that Amber Mouthpiece?" has been received with that amiable contortion of visage which people assume when politeness obliges them to conceal the knowledge of a fact which they have heard, on the average, once a week for the last six months, and which, although improved considerably on each relation, has not, however, been sufficiently idealising to render it as agreeable as it was the first half-dozen times that it was heard.

The traveller who arrives at Constantinople out of the Black Sea, after he has passed through the Bosphorus, and left behind him the beautiful palaces that rise from the water's edge, first sees Tophani, and above it Pera, or the Christian quarter of Constantinople, and beyond it Galata, a species of Turko-Christian quarter—in the time of the Greek Emperors a colony of Genoese merchants—beyond

it, and separated by the arm of the sea called the Golden Horn, is Stamboul, or Constantinople proper, a long strip of land, bounded on one side by the Golden Horn, and on the other by the Sea of Marmora. At the extreme end of the promontory of Stamboul is the celebrated palace of the Seraglio, with its gardens, shaded with tall black cypress trees, and its once famed secret portal, for which all who have read "Don Juan" must feel an interest. Close to the palace is the Mosque of St. Sophia, and beyond it, stretching along the ridge of the hill, are the line of mosques, with their tall white minarets, which make Stamboul the most picturesque and beautiful city in the world. A few days after my arrival there, I was seated at breakfast in the hotel with a fellow-traveller whom I had "picked up" on the Danube; we had got over the vague impression which travellers have on entering a strange country, that our fare would be kibobs, or lamb stewed in assafetida, or other Turkish dishes, and had breakfasted off tea, coffee, ham, fried eggs, toast, and European fare, all excellent; for Constantinople is admirably supplied, with the exception of the butter, brought from the interior in cow-skins, which, after sweltering for a week in the sun, do not improve its flavour.

Since our arrival we had suffered ourselves to be led about captive by a most villanous-looking guide named Dhemetri, and had, under his care, paid at least four times the proper price for every article we purchased, from coffee and sweetmeats, up to ottar of rose; but we resolved no longer to groan under his despotic power, but, with the help of a dictionary, to try and go about alone, and, for this purpose, put on, for the first time, red fez caps, intending, if possible, to pass for true believers—a piece of diplomacy which, like most others, turned out exactly opposite to what we had intended. It was in vain that Dhemetri, who did not at all approve of losing such profitable customers, warned us of our danger: we laughed at his fears, and started,

our knowledge of the Turkish language being nearly comprised in "*Mashallah*," and the cardinal numbers up to twenty, for the purpose of making purchases. Our way led through a Turkish burial-ground, and beyond it we stopped for a few moments to enjoy the prospect from the top of the Genoese Tower of Galata, and smoke a *Narguilly*, and drink a cup of Turkish coffee.

The view from the Tower of Galata is one of the finest in Constantinople. At our feet lay the old Genoese quarter, surrounded by a wall, strengthened by towers; beyond it the Golden Horn, with the Turkish fleet riding at anchor close to the quay; at the other side *Stamboul*, rising in terraces of wooden houses from the water's edge, and crowned with mosques and minarets, ending with the palace and gardens of the *Seraglio*, and to our left, at the opposite side of the *Bosphorus*, the burial-ground of *Scutari*, covered for miles with dark, melancholy cypresses; beyond all, the azure Sea of *Marmora*, with the Islands of the Princes glittering like jewels in its bosom. Smoking the *Narguilly* is an accomplishment more necessary than agreeable; its utility is chiefly to astonish one's friends who have not been to the East, its pleasure is lessened by the fit of coughing which inevitably ensues from the fact of smoke being inhaled into the lungs. We were each furnished with one, and commenced smoking with the air of people who were thoroughly accustomed to it. We arranged our tubes, which were about ten yards long, in the most orthodox fashion, but it was all bubble, bubble (through the water which cooled the smoke, and, although we assumed expressions of the most extreme content and pleasure, I could see that the Turkish attendant knew that we were novices. He tried to explain to us in Turkish, but he might as well have spoken Chinese for all we understood. We bowed, and answered, "*Allah Kerim*"—"God is great"—part of our small stock of Turkish, and having finished our coffee, paid a piastre-and-a-half, or three pence, and parted, mutually satisfied.

Our way down to the bridge lay through a steep, narrow street, villainously paved, like all the streets in Constantinople: it required the greatest care to get along in safety.

On one side we got a shove from a barelegged porter, with a load about the size of a feather-bed on his back; on the other we were jammed against the wall by a string of donkeys, with panniers laden with bricks and stones; in trying to escape, we ran against a sweetmeat-seller's stall, or trod on one of the dogs; but at length we reached the bridge in safety, and after treading equally dirty, narrow and ill-paved streets, found ourselves in the *Bazaar*. This is one of the few things in the interior of Constantinople which does not disappoint the traveller. The *Arms Bazaar*, lofty, and surrounded by weapons of every age and description, is almost as fine as the pictures of it, and the grave bearded *Osmanlis*, who chiefly deal in arms, are infinitely beyond the skill of any painter to do justice to.

We stop to examine some silver-mounted *yatagans*. He makes a graceful motion to us to get up and seat ourselves on the little platform on which he sits smoking, which is covered with a rich carpet, while he hands down the weapon which we point out to him. We ask the price. Six hundred piastres—about one half what it is worth. We offer three hundred, about the real value—by holding up three fingers; but to-day he is rich, and will not abate a shilling; so, with bows on both sides, we retire, and he resumes his smoking with the same grave, courteous manner, as unlike a shopkeeper in all things as it is possible to conceive.

The difficulty in dealing with a Turk passes comprehension, as the value he sets on an article has nothing in the least to say to the market price, but solely to the state of his own finances: if he is rich he sets an exorbitant price upon it; if he wants money he will sell it for a quarter the sum; but as to buying and selling in a commercial point of view, he has not the least idea. Not so the Greeks.

"Sir, will you buy some nice *otlar* of rose, very cheap?" we hear in good English from a small, cleanly-shaved, cunning-looking rascal—for the rascals invariably speak English. He is the very counterpart of the Turk—merry, cunning, and roughish, he seems removed from every very deep feeling, and as incapable of a magnanimous as of a villainous action. We pass on, having been forewarned not to buy

anything from a Greek who speaks English, and pass out at the far-end of the Bazaar.

I had for some time been looking out for an amber mouthpiece for my chibouque, and as we now came by chance on a street altogether inhabited by manufacturers of amber, I determined to purchase one. After bargaining in vain for about an hour at various shops, I was about to give up in despair, as most of the sellers were Turks, when I came to one man who seemed more reasonable in his demands. His appearance did not strike me much at the time, so intent was I on my purchase, but long after it became impressed on my mind with a vividness which I could never shake off. It was one of those faces in which intensity of purpose is the ruling impression, which conquers the secondary parts of good or bad. He was an Armenian, and wore a long black serge dress, such as Shylock is represented in. His face was long and sallow, with a large, hooked nose, small, deep-set, piercing black eyes, and jet black hair falling over his narrow forehead. Had I been as good a physiognomist then as experience since has made me, I would have left the shop had he offered me the mouthpiece for half its value. As I stood bargaining, two or three Jews came up, one of whom spoke a little French; he commenced acting interpreter, and we were so busy as to forget our instructions, never to have anything to say to any person who spoke English or French, but Greeks or Jews more especially. After a long time I concluded a bargain for one mouthpiece, which struck me as being very cheap,—the price was about a pound sterling, being a hundred piastres. I paid him in a hundred piastre note which I had received the day before from the English banker, and went further down the street to purchase a cherry-wood tube for it. We delayed at least half an hour, and I felt afterwards, when it was too late, that the Jew who still accompanied us, delayed us on purpose.

Suddenly, as we stood in the street, we were surrounded by a crowd with the Armenian at their head, who held a bank note in his hand, while he pointed me out to the multitude. He rushed up, his countenance distorted

as if with passion, and held it before me.

"It is a forged note you have given him," said the Jew, "and if you do not change it he will put you in prison as a forger."

I was thunderstruck. The crowd, who look upon a passer of false money with greater hatred than any other criminal, increased every moment, and I could see savage faces of every shade and description looking on me with lowering eyes. I took the note out of his hand, and in an instant perceived that it was not the one I had given him, as all of mine which I had received the day before from the English banker had four stamps upon them in token of four quarters interest being paid on them by the Government, while this one had five. I could also see that it was evidently a forged note which he had changed for my one. I desired the Jew to tell him so, which he did, advising me at the same time to give him a good one for it, as I would otherwise certainly be taken up as an utterer of false notes, besides the greater danger of being murdered by the mob, who every moment looked more threatening. I told him to tell the Armenian to come with me to the British Consulate or Embassy, and that I would abide by their decision, but he refused to do so, and as I persisted in refusing to change, he began to harangue the crowd, who now pressed on us from all sides, and denounced me, I could see, in the most violent language. As I was on my way the Armenian laid his hand upon my shoulder to detain me. I shook him off with so menacing a look that for an instant he was cowed, and the crowd fell back a few paces: when I looked round for the Jew who had acted as interpreter, he was gone.

I now saw clearly the snare I had been led into: the Jew, who was an accomplice, and had played his part in the game, now left me, perfectly unable to make myself understood, or to offer any explanation. I strode on, the crowd made way for me, and then, headed by the Armenian, followed in a body, hooting and yelling, while he continued to denounce me. My German friend kept with me, but they took little notice of him. The Armenian again advanced with threatening gestures before me; but now I was

thoroughly enraged, and raised my stick to strike him, when he fell back, and they followed me at a little further distance, but still hooting and yelling like demons.

I have often, in the course of my life, been in scenes of danger and horror, but never can I recollect any thing to equal this. A stranger, unable to speak a word of the language, utterly ignorant of the place and its customs, to find myself suddenly in the position of a criminal, and of a class that excites in the breasts of the Turks the greatest loathing and abhorrence; followed and pressed on by a vile rabble, who execrated me in every tone of voice—men, women, and children, all united with the same object; dreading that I would get further and further into the bad part of the town, when I would perhaps be torn to pieces by the mob, for I could not see a soldier or any one whose protection I could claim. It was a prospect of undivided horror and misery, worse than which I can scarcely believe it possible to endure, unless it were that of one on the verge of public execution, judged guilty of some base crime. I would have given all that I was, or ever hoped to be, possessed of, for escape, but none was open to me.

How long this lasted I know not; it seemed ages; I felt as though I had lived years since the morning. I was hunted in this manner up one street, down another, the crowd before me taking up the cry and then joining in, until I felt like some mad animal, and would have wreaked my fury on them had I only had weapons: I could feel myself foaming with rage. At length a lucky turn brought me to the bridge leading to Pera, and I saw a chance of escape. At all events, there was a guard of Kawasses there, and I would be safe from the violence of the crowd. The Armenian who, up to this, had sought to gain his purpose by terror, now got alarmed lest I should escape him if I got into the Christian quarter of the town, and delivered me up to the Kawasses as an utterer of forged money. There were a few respectable people about the bridge, and one of them, who seemed a European and spoke French, undertook to interpret for me. My story made some impression on the guard: they were good-humoured, sleepy-looking fellows.

The magic term, "Inglese!" I could see had some effect; but I learned from the person who interpreted for me, the real cause of my disaster—"Why did you wear that infernal Turkish cap? They do not believe that you are an Englishman; they think that you are a Hungarian, or Slavonian, or one of some nation whose government will not protect him. If they were certain you were English they would not dare to molest you."

However, the Kawasses seemed inclined to believe me, and had all but agreed to let me go with the Armenian to the British Consulate, one of them going with us, which was the proper course for them to have pursued, when another Kawass of a different stamp made his appearance. I now was watching the expression of their countenances so intensely that I could read pretty plainly what was passing. He was a cunning-looking fellow, much more knowing than the others. He quickly changed the aspect of the matter; I could almost understand what he said, although I did not know a word of Turkish. As he took the mouthpiece from me and the note from the Armenian, he said, "This will not do, you must go before the Pasha." There was no help for it; I begged of my German friend to go as quickly as possible to the British Consulate, and try and have me released. He was let go, and the person who had interpreted for me shook me by the hand in a melancholy manner. Bad as the case was, I could not help smiling, it was done so much with the air of one who wishes another farewell on the scaffold, for whom there is no chance of a reprieve—"Good bye, my poor fellow, I wish you were safely out of it."

The crowd moved off, and I found myself alone with the Armenian and the Kawass, who had the possession of the amber mouthpiece and the forged note. He made me a sign to follow him. I was in hopes that they would have kept me at the guard-house at the bridge, but such was not his object. It was now getting dusk, and he led me on through all the worst streets, until at length I was totally bewildered. I tried to make signs, but he shook his head. At length we stopped before a cook-shop, on the counter of which was seated, cross-legged like a tailor, a grim-looking old

Turk without his turban. His shaved head gave him a most ridiculous appearance, so that I, with difficulty, refrained from laughing, but to judge from their faces it was no laughing matter. The Armenian told his story.

The bald-headed old Turk turned towards me, I could feel in his eye, "I pause for a reply"—

"Inglese!" was all I could ejaculate — "Inglese!" He looked at me sternly, as though I was trifling with him, and as though he would have applied the bastinado with great pleasure, had it been in his power. He was the very picture of an old-fashioned magistrate at a petty sessions, where he has it all his own way.

"Inglese!" I uttered.

The old Turk said something in a pompous stern voice, I could feel not in my favour.

All the Kawasses round murmured faint applause. He waved his hand solemnly, and again I was led on through the narrow filthy streets. Since I had been freed from the crowd at the bridge, up to this the affair had worn such an absurd aspect that I did not mind it much, and was buoyed up with the hopes of release from the Consulate; but now it began to grow dark, and I felt that shortly at sunset the gates would be closed, and all hopes of release cut off, as they could not get into Stamboul on any pretence after that. I now began for the first time to feel alarmed at my situation. I was in the lions' den, and they might, if they chose, cast me into prison, from which I might never come out alive; for, as far as I had learned, the Turkish prisons yet were almost in as bad a state as they were when described in "Anastatius." The dread of being put in there, amid the sweepings of the crime and ruffianism of Constantinople, filled my mind with horrible images. I fancied the Bagnio, with the plague raging in it as described so vividly, or I thought of being thrust into some horrible close room, filled with low criminals for the night, when I might perhaps be murdered before assistance could reach me.

The Kawass stopped and began to talk with the Armenian; he then beckoned to me, slapped his pocket, smiled, held out his hand and laughed. I could see, without the aid of an interpreter, that he wanted money to let me free. The only money I had was

about five piastres, a gold piece of fifty, or about half-a-sovereign value. Spite of my dread of the prison, I felt ashamed at having to stoop to bribe the fellow, so I put a bold face on the matter and refused. He now turned round angrily, and muttering to himself, ordered me to follow. We went on through streets that seemed getting narrower and more filthy, and every step brought us further into the more remote and dangerous quarter of the town. I was thoroughly in his power, and I felt that he might either imprison or murder me as it suited his convenience. So, after some reflection, I determined to give him the fifty piastres as a bribe, and next day to bring the matter before the British Embassy and, if possible, have him, the Armenians, and the Jews punished. I held out the fifty piastre-pieces. He took it, gave me the forged note, and the Armenian the amber mouthpiece, and I was free.

No one who has not been a prisoner, charged with a serious crime, can conceive the delight of being once more a free man. My situation had been a much more serious one than those of the melodramatic individuals who, on being imprisoned, find instantaneously a trap-door ready for them to open, and if that is still not enough, a second one in the next chamber, and then a rope ladder, if it is more convenient for them to get out in that way, so that finally we cease to wonder at their escapes, and are only surprised that any one should be at the trouble of taking them prisoners. There are no trap-doors in Constantinople, and I felt that if I once got in I would have but little chance in getting out in any such agreeable or romantic manner.

I was for the moment forgetful of the time, of the streets, and everything else, but the consciousness of liberty; and it was not until I had left the Kawass and Armenian far out of sight—for I dreaded lest the former might change his purpose and try to get more money out of me—that I began to feel that only half the danger was over. I was alone in a most lawless town, the night was now set in, no lamps, the gates shut, and all egress by law prohibited, and I knew not a word of the language, and had only five piastres, or tenpence, and a forged bank-note in my pocket.

Where I went, or how many narrow



streets I treaded, I have not the least idea. I felt as if I were in a maze, for every street was like the other, and there was no landmark. I was afraid to give myself up to the guard lest I might meet some who had cognisance of the affair of the morning, and I should be again a prisoner; and I could not ask my way. I wandered about until I became weary and sick at heart, and almost careless of my fate; from mere fatigue I began to lose all anxiety, and the calm settled feeling took possession of me that I should never escape out of it alive. Dreadful murders were of almost nightly occurrence; and I had heard of one or two since I had arrived at Constantinople, and I saw nothing to prevent the like taking place. I was unarmed and had a valuable watch and chain. For the first time death, with a calm firm aspect, stared me in the face.

Death, in the abstract, has but little terror, for when it is inevitable we see the weakest and most timid meet it without shrinking; but it is the manner which appals us. As it seemed to me now to be inevitable, I felt all terror for my situation disappear. I resolved to meet it like a man, and grasped my stick more firmly, determined to make the catastrophe less painful by having a fight for my life. I had up to this avoided looking like a lost person: now I watched for any Turks or Greeks whose countenances gave me any hope of goodness, and asked them the way in French, German, and as much Italian as I could muster; but it was useless, they all shook their heads. At length a Greek passed me, whose dress was more respectable than that of most of the others whom I had asked. I tried him in the same languages, but he could not understand me. He seemed more anxious to assist me than the others, and if I had had my wits sufficiently about me to try a few words of ancient Greek, I might have succeeded; but as it was, the only way that struck me of trying to tell him what I wanted was by naming the European part of the town.

"Inglese—Pera!" and I pointed as near as I could judge where it lay.

He understood me, and beckoned me to follow him. After walking for some time he came to a house where he was joined by two other men. The

thought of treachery instantly struck me. I was one to three. I let them walk before me, my mind now again in the most painful state of uncertainty, until, after walking for about twenty minutes we stopped before one of the gates of the town. He spoke to the man, and made me a sign to give him something to open the gate. Two piastres were all that I could offer; fortunately it was enough. The gate opened, and I found myself near the bridge. I thanked my conductor as well as I could by signs, and, as the bridge could not be passed at that hour, took a caïque, for which I paid the boatman two more piastres, so that I had now only one more left, and I had still to pass through Galata before I reached home. The gate at Galata, which is not so strictly kept shut as at Stamboul, was open for some other people, and a piastre got me through without any difficulty. I tried to retrace my steps of the morning, but again lost my way; however, by good luck, I met a Frenchman, who directed me to the gate near the Tower, where we had taken our coffee and smoked the Narguillies in the morning. It was shut, and my entire wealth was a forged note for one hundred piastres, as I had paid away my last one at the other gate. I roused the man, put my hand in my pocket as if I were taking money out; he opened it and held his hand out for it, and I bolted as fast as I could run.

I felt a load taken off my mind. I was safe. As I ran over the events of the day, for the first time I felt thoroughly conscious of the dangers I had passed through, and the excitement, which had supported me up to this, gave way; I felt for the moment weak, my knees trembling, and heart beating loudly; I leant for support against one of the tombstones of the Turkish burial ground, and shuddered as I strained my eyes towards Stamboul; all that had looked so heavenly and beautiful in the morning, now filled my mind with loathing and disgust. In a few moments I recovered myself, and made the best of my way to the hotel. My German friend was delighted to see me safe.

"I never thought I should see you alive again. I have been to the British Consulate, but it was too late for them

to be able to release you, as the gates had closed. You had better go there now, while dinner is getting ready, as they are in great alarm about you."

I went to the house of M——, then acting for the Consul-General, who was absent, and was received with the greatest kindness. I learned from them, with even greater certainty than I had thought myself, of the danger of my situation after I had been released by the Kawass. They seemed to look on my escape as next to a miracle, and I heard stories of murders that made my blood run cold, and of people who had been attacked and robbed even in the Christian quarter of Pera, which is by far the safest. I found, however, that had I been brought before the Pasha, I would most likely have been sent across to the Consulate by him to have the matter tried there, but as the intention of the Kawass had been to extort money, there would have been very little likelihood of my ever being brought before the Pasha, but rather of being put into some lock-up place with all the sweepings of Constantinople, until I had paid for my deliverance.

I returned to the hotel after we had made arrangements for having the whole affair brought before the Turkish authorities on the morrow, backed by the entire force of the British Embassy and Consulate.

The most gorgeous palace, or the richest feast, could not give me again feelings of pleasure such as those which I felt when I sat down to dinner at the hotel. The excitement had taken away my appetite, although I had eaten nothing since the morning, but the sensation of being again free and safe, was greater than anything I had ever felt, or perhaps shall ever again feel.

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The Court, where all crimes and offences are tried is in Stamboul; the judge is the Pasha, the Minister of Police, and he has for his advisers the Muftis and the Mollahs, who still, I believe, combine law and religion, and the Ulemas, or professors, and other learned doctors of the law.

We entered through a lofty gate into a quadrangle. At the end of it was a large painted wooden building, in which justice was dispensed. The entrance and broad flight of stairs,

at the bottom of which were hundreds of pairs of slippers, taken off before entering the presence of the Pasha, were shaded by an Arabesque-looking portico.

The large hall at the top of the steps was crowded with men and women. Kawasses lounged about, and sellers of lemonade and sherbet disposed of their beverage at half a piastre a glass. The women sat in groups by themselves, their faces, as usual, except the eyes, covered with the yasmac; and in quiet corners might be seen, here and there, men with their carpets spread, performing their devotions, and salaaming and rubbing their foreheads to the ground, perfectly unconscious of the crowd around them. Before the doors of the rooms leading off the hall were large curtains, some of them half rolled up, others hanging down, which the people pushed aside as they entered or went out. The whole thing was so like a theatre that I felt as though some drama was about to be performed, in which I was to bear a principal part. I was introduced to the Pasha by M——, one of the Dragomans of the British Embassy, who accompanied me, and was to conduct my case. After the statement which I had drawn up had been translated into Turkish by the Dragoman, and written out by one of the scribes, it was submitted to the Pasha, who asked me if I could identify the Armenian, and ordered a couple of Kawasses to go with me and take him prisoner. The Kawass of the Dragoman also accompanied us, and we started so attended in search of the Armenian. We soon found the street: the Armenian was seated in his shop, near the door. There was on his countenance an expression of contented knavery: he was probably thinking of the hundred piastres which he had got for the mouthpiece, which was again in his window. He looked up, and his eyes fell upon me attended by the three Kawasses. The game was now changed; I was no longer the ignorant, helpless stranger totally at his mercy, but an Englishman, armed with the full powers of the law, and backed by the most powerful Government in the world.

His cheeks became livid; his jaw fell; the whole man in an instant changed, and seemed to collapse with terror, like a dead body after it has

ceased to be moved with galvanism. I pointed him out, and showed the mouthpiece, which was taken by one of the Kawasses, and in a few moments his shop was shut and locked, himself a prisoner, and the crowd, who now witnessed it, slunk away in terror, seemingly afraid lest I should recognise in them the individuals who had hunted and almost torn me in pieces the day before.

When we came again before the Pasha, he directed us to attend on the morrow, when the Kawass, whom the Armenian was compelled to produce, and the Jews, would be brought before him.

The next day, as we entered the hall at the appointed hour, I saw the Armenian guarded by Kawasses. He was loud in his appeals for mercy, and, I learned, offered now to give me up the amber mouthpiece if I would not proceed against him; but, although such a course would have saved me much trouble, I determined, for the sake of other travellers, to make an example of him. His countenance now struck me most forcibly; it had something revolting in it; his long yellow fangs gave him the look of some unclean beast, and his breath was so foul and horrible that I could not bear to stand near him.

The Pasha was seated on a raised part of the divan: we saluted him in the Turkish manner, to which he answered gracefully, and pointed to us to seat ourselves on the divan close to him. In a few moments, three splendidly-mounted chibouques, with large amber mouthpieces, were brought in and handed to us, and small cups of thick, black coffee of the most delicious flavour. We smoked and drank our coffee, and when the case before him was dismissed, the Armenian, the Jews, and the Kawass were produced.

I could scarcely help laughing at the chapfallen appearance of the latter as he looked at me in an appealing manner. It was indeed a great change from the last time that we had met, when he was leading me a prisoner through the streets of Constantinople. I was very much pleased at one thing, which was that the Armenian never now for an instant pretended to think that I had given him the forged note. He now declared that the English gentleman had given a good note, but that it had passed through the hands

of the Jew before reaching his, who had changed it for the forged one. To this the Jew swore by every book in the Old Testament that he had seen the English gentleman, for whom he had interpreted, take a good note out of his pocket-book, which he could swear had been a good note, and which he handed to the Armenian, and which the Armenian had changed for a forged one when they all left the shop. It was most amusing to watch the two rogues, each now trying to inculcate the other, while they both joined in exonerating me from any share in it. After the Pasha had heard the case, he sent it in for the Muftis and Mollahs to hear and give an opinion on. We went into the other room to hear it, having laid down our pipes and saluted the Pasha.

The head Mufti was a fat old fellow, dressed in a black robe and a huge white turban. Before he had heard a word he proposed to the Dragoman that we should compromise it, each bearing half the loss. To this the Dragoman replied that the honour of England was bound up in it, and that the entire English nation, down to the crossing-sweepers, would be filled with rage and revenge if a distinguished English Effendi, of high birth, and distantly related to the Royal family, was to be treated in this outrageous manner; and that a fleet appearing before Constantinople was one of the lightest events which might be supposed to follow from such a course of proceeding.

The Mufti seemed to be moved by these considerations, and looked wisely round, benevolently at us and sternly at the prisoners, and ordered them to state their case. The other Mollahs and Muftis put on wise faces and prepared to discuss the matter thoroughly, except one, who spread his carpet in the corner and commenced saying his prayers, which lasted the entire time that we were in the room.

The Armenian and the Jews now stated their case again, and once or twice almost came to blows in trying to inculcate each other. The Kawass had nothing to say, and threw himself on the mercy of the Court. At length, after a great deal of discussion, in which the chief Mufti again proposed that we should compromise it, which the Dragoman again as firmly refused,

the three chief Mollahs and the chief Mufti laid their heads together, and the prisoners were removed. After they had thought over it for a long time, one of them went in to report their decision to the Pasha, and we were again summoned into the Pasha's room. We seated ourselves in the same places, and again pipes and coffee were brought, and the Pasha proceeded to give sentence.

As far as I could learn, he said that the English gentleman, who had been always perfectly innocent, and had never had the bad note in his possession, had been most disgracefully treated, especially by the Kawass, who ought to have taken him under his protection and brought him to the British Consulate, for which offence the Kawass was sentenced to be dismissed from his office and imprisoned and further punished, after having first given back the gold piece of fifty piastres which the English gentleman had been obliged to give him to recover his liberty; and the Pasha further ordered that the identical gold piece, and no other, should be returned, and for this purpose the Kawass was marched off between a file of other Kawasses to recover the identical piece, which had by this time perhaps been through half Constantinople. I got it before I left the Court, and to all appearance it was the identical one which I had given him.

The sentence to the others was, that the Armenian and the Jew should bear the loss of the hundred piastres between them, and that the amber mouthpiece should be returned to me, for that it was perfectly plain that they were all rogues, and that one or other of them had changed my good note for the forged one; in addition to this they were to be imprisoned and fined.

After this comprehensive and salutary sentence had been passed, I received the amber mouthpiece and the gold piece of fifty piastres, and with another salutation we took our leave of the Pasha. The guards outside made low obeisances to us as we passed through them, as men with whom it was no joke to trifle, and who rose in estimation proportionately as they were feared. In the court-yard we were surrounded by about a hundred relations of the Jews, including their wives, children, grandfathers, and

grandmothers, who all besought us to try and release them. I felt, certainly, rather sorry for the Jews, as although one of them, the interpreter, was evidently a partner with the Armenian in the trick, yet, against the others, there did not seem any strong grounds for condemnation; but there was no help for it. I begged of the Dragoman, if he had an opportunity, to speak to the Pasha about them, and I believe they were only imprisoned for a short time. I also learned that this trick had been played with great success on one or two foreigners not long before, who had given a good note for the bad one, and who had not moral courage to brave the consequences as I had done. I quite put a stop to the thing for the time, and once or twice was amused by hearing myself described as the lion of the adventure, in glowing terms, by strangers, who did not know that they were detailing it to the principal actor in it.

Such is the strange current of adventurous circumstances over which we have no control—which make us one day their slave, another their lord, and change us in an instant from a prince to a pick-pocket, or a pick-pocket to a prince. Not a month after this adventure, by a string of equally insignificant events, I found myself, under the mistaken character of a celebrated English Prince, followed by an applauding and a delighted crowd, who marked and noted down every movement and action I made, and perhaps held me up to their children, as they held them up to look at me, as a pattern of everything grand and noble. This more agreeable and more amusing adventure happened equally from circumstances over which I had no control, and yielded much amusement for the time, while they both gave me a lesson which I shall long remember: never to judge hastily of another in how high or how low a condition he may be placed by chance, and never myself to be elated by good, or depressed by bad circumstances, but to bear them all with the same equanimity and good temper. And now my chibouque is empty, and the last puff of my Latakia has faded into air, and if this should entertain any of my readers, I will hope, some future day, to smoke another pipe of Latakia with them through the amber mouthpiece.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

So slow to wake!—so slowly—silently!  
 To wake, as if the wafture of a hand  
 Would pass me back to sleep!—How slowly, too,  
 Come trickling back the streams of consciousness  
 Upon my brain!—

Where am I? There was war—  
 And now such stillness on the dusky field!—  
 And it was day—but this must be my sight—  
 Dim—dim.—And—oh, such pain! What? not a stir?  
 Stretched here to die?—Great God! what rage of thirst  
 Racks me!—A drop of water, for my life!—  
 Oh rage and madness! I must—*must* be free,  
 And wrench my body from the horrible clutch  
 Of this all-grasping earth that holds me down!—  
 Peace—folly. All is over. Here I lie,  
 Wretch that I am! and yield myself to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forms pass athwart the dusk—a shadowy rush—  
 Vanished. And—hark! the sullen roar of drums.—  
 Far off the battle rolls—rolls farther still—  
 A faint hurrah—again—the day is ours!  
*Ours*, did I say? Alas! *my* day is done.  
 Others will have their sunrise, and their noon,  
 But morning's light shall dawn no more for me.  
 —Ha! 'twas a groan beside me. What? alive?  
 Come, soldier, help me up. He's silent now.  
 That was his soul that rushed upon his breath.  
 I feel 'twas his last sigh he rendered up,  
 Though he's beyond my view. Faint—faint again!—  
 One star looks down upon mine upward eye,  
 Which can no more refuse to glass its light,  
 Than can a lake the moon's. One star,—high—high—  
 Terribly high:—yet near;—and emptiness  
 Open between. Such awful silence, too!  
 Silence upon the white lips of the night,  
 Which seems to hold her breath, and draw herself  
 Shuddering away from this accursed field!—  
 And yet she holds me here!

\* \* \* \* \*

Silence—I feel the trampled grass astir—  
 Daring to rustle, in the dark. Some blades  
 Steal up again, like lance-points, near my head,—  
 But will not thrust me through. That were to waste  
 Their stabs. I shall enrich their roots.—

But, hark!

The muffled thunder of a thousand drums!  
 The pealing of a thousand organ-stops!  
 Bells from the steeples of a thousand churches!  
 Oh, God! the blood bursts through my brain—

From sleep

Once more!—The drums pass muffled unto graves.  
 The organ-anthems die among the arches—  
 The bells that battled with the thunder, far  
 Up 'midst the minster-roofs, have rocked themselves  
 Into an echo. The last wave of sound  
 Has broken on the shore of silence. Here

Lie I alone—alone, on this wide world.

Drops on my brow—the dews of evening drip  
 Into the dews of death ; and, bead by bead,  
 Roll from my icy temples, nor have rest  
 Till down the tangle of my twisted hair  
 They rush, to meet the bloodier dews, which start  
 Up from the ground, and mingling, cry to God  
 Against the nameless horrors of this day.

Was that a hurtling, as of wings?—Perchance  
 The Angel of the Covenant,—come down  
 To claim the souls that from their bodily forms  
 Oozed into nothingness this hour.—Again?  
 Oh, death!—my sword! where is my sword?—to be  
 Torn out of life by beak and claw—my sword!—  
 'Tis here—beside me—laced about my wrist,—  
 Shimmering and rusting underneath the stars.  
 What? Cannot wield it?—Well—God's will be done.  
 And—with funereal pinion looming low,  
 See, he sails off. There's feasting far and wide.  
 My horse—ha! where is *he*? I'll fight for him  
 Against a host of wings. Ah, here he lies—  
 Stark—cold—long dead—his noble nostril dabbled  
 And dark with gore—his eye a polished shield  
 Against the shafts of light,—which was a door  
 Through which the broad sun bounded—a blank stare  
 Against the stare of the whole universe:  
 His loins begirthed and saddled for the fight,  
 As if it needed but his master's word  
 To have him up again. Brave steed! farewell.  
 Thy rider envies thee, as thou liest there,  
 Painless and cold. No more the trumpet's call  
 Erects thy nervous ear, or arches up  
 The glories of thy neck. Yes! we have done  
 With chase, and charge, from henceforth evermore.—  
 Oh, the farewells that follow upon thine!  
 A cruel, cruel thrust!—but that's enough—  
 The cause is now between my soul and God.  
 Oh, mother—mother mine, farewell—farewell!  
 Where are ye all, poor, pallid sisters, now?  
 She who was more to me than all of these,  
 If *she* could know—farewell, my first, last love!  
 Doomed to the blight of our sole hopes below,  
 We'll meet again. Thy soldier dies as true  
 As he'd have lived—she'll not doubt *this*, though I  
 Am never heard of more.

God! If I were but found, and carried back  
 Within our lines!—I now can recollect  
 That with my sword I clove my way alone  
 Through an opposing host. And—was it dream?  
 A shout rose, ere I dropt. Why, this was *FAME*!  
 Yet I die here!—Well! what is fame? A breath  
 More fleeting than the breath of life I give  
 Out to the winds of heaven. Suppose I live—  
 Survive these gashes, and the dreadful night!  
 Go home—applauded, followed, fêted, cheered!  
 Break from congratulating friends, and bow  
 Up the broad avenue which sweeps away  
 Through the old park—in which the welcoming elms  
 Rank back and bow themselves—as, once within  
 My father's hall, the gazing menials greet  
 Their master's heir, returning from the wars,  
 In their poor eyes a hero! And in eyes  
 More bright than theirs a hero.—Oh, my heart,  
 Full of that peerless one—my dying heart,

Its last pulse beats for her.—No—not the last,—  
*That* must be kept for heaven.—I pass—in prayer—

What? footsteps! torches! faces! eager words!  
 Oh, spoilers, let me die!—But—dare I hope—  
 The helms and hands of friends! And tears upon  
 Those glad and glowing cheeks! Ah, yes—you see  
 What he has come to!—Live? Oh, no—no—no.  
 But die in peace.—Brave hearts, I'm happy now.  
 I fought for God and for my country—just  
 As any soldier might—as ye have done.  
 It was my lot to fall—to live is yours.—  
 Nay, move me not. Oh, agony! There—there—  
 Rest, till I die. I scarce can speak with thirst—  
 One drop of water!—Not at hand?—Well—well—  
 This amongst other things.—Come close, old friend!  
 Whisper—my tent—give *her*—the locket—let  
 My father have my sword—my mother, she  
 Will treasure up the Testament she placed  
 Within my hand, the last, last time—and—and—  
 Bury my charger at my feet—

Farewell!

Now doth my soaring soul ascend—ascend—  
 Like the last smoke-wreath from the exploded mine,  
 Leaving the devastation all below,  
 And soaring upwards into peace and light.  
 Oh, mighty change!—What—what do I become?—  
 But this is not for mortals.—God! I die,

#### HISTORY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

BY J. T. GILBERT, M. R. I. A.

THE history of cities is the history of nations—the most perfect index of the social altitude, mental development, physical perfection, and political freedom, which at any given period a people may have attained. Every stone within a city is a hieroglyphic of the century that saw it raised. By it we trace human progression through all its phases: from the first rude fisher's hut, the altar of the primitive priest, the mound of the first nomade warrior, the stone fortalice or simple fane of the early Christian race, up to the stately and beautiful temples and palaces which evidence the luxury and refinement of a people in its proudest excess, or human genius in its climax of manifestation.

Thus Babylon, Thebes, Rome, Jerusalem, are words that express nations. The ever-during interest of the world circles round them, for their ruins are true and eternal pages of human history. Every fallen column is a fragment of a past ritual, or a symbol of a dynasty. The very dust is vital with great memories,

and a philosopher, like the comparative anatomist, might construct the entire life of a people—its religion, literature, and laws—from these fragments of extinct generations—these fossil paleographs of man.

Statue and column, mausoleum and shrine, are trophies of a nation's triumphs or its tragedies. The young children, as they gaze on them, learn the story of the native heroes, poets, saints, and martyrs, leaders, and law-givers, who have flung their own glory as a regal mantle over their country. Spirits of the past, from the phantom-land, dwell in the midst of them. We feel their presence, and hear their words of inspiration or warning, alike in the grandeur or decadence of an ancient city.

Modern capitals represent also, not only the history of the past, but the living concentrated will of the entire nation. Thus is it with London, Berlin, and Vienna, while Paris, the *cité verbe*, as an audacious Frenchman calls her, represents not only the tendencies of France, but of Europe.

Dublin, however, differs from all other capitals, past or present, in this wise—that by its history we trace, not the progress of the native race, but the triumphs of its enemies; and that the concentrated will of Dublin has always been in antagonism to the feelings of a large portion of the nation.

The truth is, that though our chief city of Ireland has an historical existence older than Christianity, yet this fair *Áth-Cliath* has no pretension to be called our ancient mother. From first to last, from two thousand years ago till now, Dublin has held the position of a foreign fortress within the kingdom; and its history has no other emblazonment beyond that of unceasing hostility or indifference to the native race.

"The inhabitants are mere English, though of Irish birth," wrote Hooker three hundred years ago. "The citizens," says Holingshed, "have from time to time so galled the Irish, that even to this day the Irish fears a ragged and jagged black standard that the citizens have, though almost worn to the stumps." Up to Henry the Seventh's reign, an Englishman of Dublin was not punished for killing an Irishman, nor were Irishmen admitted to any office within the city that concerned either the government of the souls or bodies of the citizens. The Viceroy, the Archbishops, the Judges, the Mayors, the Corporations, were all and always English, down to the very guild of tailors, of whom it stands on record that they would allow no Irishman to be of their fraternity. As the American colonists treated the red man, as the Spaniards of Cortez treated the Mexicans, as the English colony of India treated the ancient Indian princes, tribes, and people, so the English race of Dublin treated the Irish nation. They were a people to be crushed, ruined, persecuted, tormented, extirpated; and the Irish race, it must be confessed, retorted the hatred with as bitter an animosity. The rising of 1641 was like all Irish attempts—a wild, helpless, disorganised effort at revenge; and seven years later we read that Owen Roe O'Niel burned the country about Dublin, so that from one steeple there two hundred fires could be seen at once.

This being the position of a country and its capital, it is evident that no

effort for national independence could gain nourishment in Dublin. Our metropolis is associated with no glorious moment of a nation's career, while in all the dark tragedies of our gloomy history its name and influence predominate. Dublin is connected with Irish patriotism only by the scaffold and the gallows. Statues and columns do indeed rise there, but not to honour the sons of the soil. The public idols are foreign potentates and foreign heroes. Macaulay says eloquently on this subject, "the Irish people are doomed to see in every place the monuments of their subjugation; before the senate-house, the statue of their conqueror—within, the walls tapestried with the defeats of their fathers."

No public statue of an illustrious Irishman has ever graced the Irish capital. No monument exists to which the gaze of the young Irish children can be directed, while their fathers tell them, "This was to the glory of your countrymen." Even the lustre Dublin borrowed from her great Norman colonists has passed away. Her nobility are remembered only as we note the desecration of their palaces; the most beautiful of all our metropolitan buildings but remind us that there the last remnant of political independence was sold; the stately Custom-house, that Dublin has no trade; the regal pile of Dublin Castle, that it was reared by foreign hands to "curb and awe the city."

It is in truth a gloomy task to awaken the memoirs of Dublin, even of the last fifty years. There, in that obscure house of Thomas-street, visions rise of a ghastly night-scene, where the young, passionate-hearted Geraldine was struggling vainly in death-agony with his betrayers and captors, Pass on through the same street, and close by St. Catherine's Church you can trace the spot where the gallows was erected for Robert Emmet. Before that sombre prison pile two young brothers, handsome, educated, and well-born, and many a fair young form after them, expiated by death their fatal aspirations after Irish freedom. Look at that magnificent portal, leading now to the tables of the money-changers; through it, but fifty years ago, men, entrusted with the nation's rights, entered to sell them, and came forth,



not branded traitors, but decorated, enriched, and rewarded with titles, pensions, and honours.

We began by noticing the anomalous relation between our country and its capital. We shall see presently that it springs naturally from the antecedents of both. Dublin was neither built by the Irish nor peopled by the Irish: it is a Scandinavian settlement in the midst of a southern nation. Long even before the Norman invasion two races existed in Ireland, as different as the lines of migration by which each had reached it; and though ages have rolled away since Scythian and Southern first met in this distant land, yet the elemental distinctions have never been lost; the races have never blended into one homogeneous nationality. Other nations, like the English, have blended with their conquerors, and progression and a higher civilization have been the result. Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, each left their impress on the primitive Briton; and from Roman courage, Saxon thrift, and Norman pride has been evolved the strong, wise, proud island-nation that rules the world—the Ocean-Rome. A similar blending of opposite elements, but in different proportions, has produced Scotch national character—grave, wise, learned, provident, industrious, and unconquerably independent. But the Irish race remains distinct from all others, as Jew or Zincoli. It has no elective affinities, enters into no new combinations, forms no new results, attracts to itself no Scythian virtues—the bold love of freedom, the indomitable spirit of independence; but retains all the old virtues and vices such as they were—vices of slaves and virtues of victims—that make its three thousand years' history so sad a record of human weakness and misery. If destiny be the result of character, there must be something widely different in English and Irish nature. The English, whatever may be their faults, are able not only to rule themselves, but to rule us; while *we*, so fascinating, yet so worthless, eloquent, gifted, brave and generous, have, as a nation, never done a single deed for humanity, for Europe, or for ourselves during the six thousand years of our existence. We had even the advantage of an earlier education. We taught England her letters, Christianised her people, sheltered her saints, educated her

princes; we give her the best generals, the best statesmen, the best armies; yet, withal, we have not power or energy amongst ourselves to make one good parish regulation, much less to govern our own kingdom. Ethnologists will tell you this comes of race. It may be so. Let us then sail up the stream of time to Aararat, and try to find our ancestry amongst the children of the eight primal gods, as the ancients termed them, who there stepped forth from their ocean-prison to people the newly baptised world.

A very clever German advises all reviewers to begin from the deluge, so that by no possibility can a single fact, direct or collateral, escape notice connected with the matter in hand. When treating of Ireland this rule becomes a necessity. Our nation dates from the dispersion, and our faults and failings, our features and our speech, have an authentic hereditary descent of four thousand years. Other primitive nations have been lost by migration, annihilated by war, swallowed up in empires, overwhelmed by barbarians: thus it was that the old kingdoms of Europe changed masters, and that the old nations and tongues passed away. Here only, in this island-prison of the Atlantic, can the old race of primitive Europe be still found existing as a nation, speaking the same tongue as the early tribes that first wandered westward, when Europe itself was an unpeopled wilderness.

We learn from sacred record that the first migrations of the human family, with "one language and one speech," was *from* the East; and every successive wave of population has still flowed from the rising towards the setting sun. The progression of intellect and science is ever westward. The march of humanity is opposed to the path of the planet. Life moves contrary to matter. A metaphor, it may be, of our spirit-exile—the travelling "daily further from the East;" yet, when at the farthest limit, we are but approaching the glory of the East again.

Gradually, along the waters of the Mediterranean, the beautiful islands on its bosom serving as resting-places for the wanderers, or bridges for the tribes to pass over, the primal families of the Japhetic race reached in succession the three great peninsulas of the Great Sea, in each leaving the

germ of a mighty nation. Still onward, led by the providence of God, they passed the portals of the Atlantic, coasted the shores of the Vineland France, and so reached at length the "Isles of the Setting Sun," upon the very verge of Western Europe.

But many centuries may have elapsed during the slow progression of these maritime colonies, who have left their names indelibly stamped on the earth's surface, from Ionia to the Tartessus of Spain; and Miriam may have chanted the death-song of Pharoah, and Moses led forth the people of God, before the descendants of the first navigators landed amidst the verdant solitudes of Ireland.

The earliest tribes that reached our island, though removed so far from the centre of light and wisdom, must still have been familiar with all science necessary to preserve existence, and organise a new country into a human habitation. They cleared the forests, worked the mines, built chambers for the dead, after the manner of their kindred left in Tyre and Greece, wrought arms, defensive and offensive, such as the heroes of Marathon used against the long-haired Persians; they raised altars and pillar-stones, still standing amongst us, mysterious and eternal symbols of a simple primitive creed; they had bards, priests, and law-givers, the old tongue of Shinar, the dress of Nineveh, and the ancient faith, whose ritual was prayer and sacrifice.

The kindred races who remained stationary, built cities and temples, still a world's wonder, and arts flourished amongst them impossible to the nomads of the plains, or the wanderers by the ocean islands; but the destiny of dispersion was still on the race, and from these central points of civilization, tribes and families constantly went forth to achieve new conquests over the yet untamed earth.

Whatever wisdom the early island colonisers had brought with them, would have died out for want of nourishment, had not these new tribes, from countries where civilization had become developed and permanent, constantly given fresh impulses to progress. With stronger and more powerful arts and arms, they, in succession, gained dominion over their weaker predecessors, and by com-

merce, laws, arts, and learning, they organised families into nations, enlightening while they subjugated.

The conquest of Canaan gave the second great impetus to the human tides ever flowing westward. Irish tradition has, even in a confused manner, preserved the names of two amongst the leaders of the Sidonian fugitives who landed in Ireland. Partholan, with his wife Elga, and Gadelius, with his wife Scota.

"This Gadelius," say the legends, "was a noble gentleman, right-wise, valiant, and well spoken, who, after Pharoah was drowned, sailed for Spain, and from thence to Ireland, with a colony of Greeks and Egyptians, and his wife Scota, a daughter of Pharoah's; and he taught letters to the Irish, and warlike feats after the Greek and Egyptian manner."

These later tribes brought with them the Syrian arts and civilization, such as dying and weaving, working in gold, silver, and brass, besides the written characters, the same that Cadmus afterwards gave to Greece, and which remained in use amongst the Irish for above a thousand years, until modified by Saint Patrick into their present form, to assimilate them to the Latin.

Continued intercourse with their Tyrian kindred soon filled Ireland with the refinement of a luxurious civilization. From various sources, we learn that in those ancient times, the native dress was costly and picturesque, and the habits and mode of living of the chiefs and kings splendid and oriental. The high-born and the wealthy wore tunics of fine linen of immense width, girdled with gold, and with flowing sleeves after the eastern fashion. The fringed cloak, or *cuchula*, with a hood, after the Arab mode, was clasped on the shoulders with a golden brooch. Golden circlets, of beautiful and classic form, confined their long, flowing hair, crowned with which the chiefs sat at the banquet, or went forth to war. Sandals upon the feet, and bracelets and signet rings, of rich and curious workmanship, completed the costume. The ladies wore the silken robes and flowing veils of Persia, or rolls of linen wound round the head like the Egyptian Isis, the hair curiously platted down the back and fastened with

gold or silver bodkins, while the neck and arms were profusely covered with jewels.\*

For successive centuries, this race, half Tyrian and half Greek, held undisputed possession of Ireland, maintaining, it is said, constant intercourse with the parent state, and, when Tyre fell, commercial relations were continued with Carthage. Communication between such distant lands was nothing to Phœnician enterprise. Phœnicians in the service of an Egyptian king had sailed round Africa and doubled the Cape of Good Hope two thousand years before the Portuguese. The same people built the navy of King Solomon a thousand years before Christ; and led the fleet to India for the gold necessary for the Temple. They cast the brazen vessels for the altar, employing for the purpose the tin which their merchants must have brought from the British Isles. Thus, to use the words of Humboldt, there can be no doubt that three thousand years ago "the Tyrian flag waved from Britain to the Indian ocean."

A king of the race, long before Romulus founded Rome, erected a college at Tara, it is said, where the Druids taught the wisdom of Egypt, the mysteries of Samothrace, and the religion of Tyre. Then it was that Ireland was known as *Innis-Alga*—the Holy Island—held sacred by the Tyrian mariners as the "Temple of the Setting Sun;" the last limit of Europe, from whence they could watch his descent into the mysterious western ocean.

But onward still came the waves of human life, unceasing, unresting. Driven forth from Carthage, Spain, and Gaul, the ancient race fled to the limits of the coast, then surged back, fought and refought the battle, conquering and yielding by turns, till at length the Syrian and the Latin elements blended into a new compound, which laid the foundation of modern Europe. But some tribes, disdaining such a union, fled to Ireland, and thus

a new race, but of the old kindred, was flung on our shores by destiny.

The leaders, brave, warlike, and of royal blood, speedily assumed kingly sway, and all the subsequent monarchs of Ireland, the O'Briens, the O'Connors, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, and other noble races, claim descent from them; and very proud, even to this day, are the families amongst the Irish who can trace back their pedigree to these princely Spaniards.

We have spoken hitherto, but of the maritime colonists—that portion of the primal race who launched their ships on the Mediterranean to found colonies and kingdoms along its shores; then passing out through the ocean straits, the human tides surged upon the western limits of Europe, till the last wave found a rest on the green sward of ancient Erin. The habits of these first colonists were agricultural, commercial, and unwarlike; and ancient historians have left us a record of their temperament; volatile and fickle; passionate in joy and grief, with quick vivid natures prone to sudden excesses, religious and superstitious; a small, dark-eyed race, like of limb and light of heart; the eternal children of Humanity.

For specimens or illustrations we need not here refer to the Royal Irish Academy, for as they looked and lived three thousand years ago, they may be seen to this day in the mountains of Connemara and Kerry.

While this race travelled westward to the ocean by the great southern sea, other families of the Japhetic tribes were pressing westward also, but by the great northern plains. From western India, by the Caspian and the Caucasus, past the shores of the Euxine, and still westward along the great rivers of central Europe, up to the rude coasts of the Baltic, could be tracked "the westward marches of the unknown crowded nations," carrying with them fragments of the early Japhetic wisdom, and speaking

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\* These relics of a civilization three thousand years old, may still be gazed upon by modern eyes in the splendid and unrivalled antiquarian collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The golden circlets, the fibules, torques, bracelets, rings, &c., worn by the ancient race, are not only costly in value, but often so singularly beautiful in the working out of minute artistic details, that modern art is not merely unable to equal them, but unable even to comprehend how the ancient workers in metals could accomplish works of such delicate, almost microscopic, minuteness of finish.

the primitive language common to all the race; but, as they removed further from the great lines of human intercourse, and were subjected to the influence of rigorous climates and nomadic habits, gradually becoming a rude fierce people of warriors and hunters, predatory and cruel, living by the chase, warring with the wild wolves for their prey, and with each other for the best pasture-grounds. Driven by the severity of the seasons to perpetual migration, they built no cities and raised no monuments, save the sepulchral mound, which can be traced from Tartary to the German Ocean.

Without the civilizing aids of commerce or literature, their language degenerated into barbarous dialects; their clothing was the skin of wild beasts; their religion, confused relics of ancient creeds, contributed by the wandering colonies of Egypt, Media, Greece, and Troy, which occasionally blended with the Scythian hordes, wherein Isis, Mercury, and Hercules, the symbols of wisdom, eloquence, and courage, were the objects worshipped, though deteriorated by savage and sanguinary rites, whose sacrifices were human victims, and whose best votary was he who had slain most men.

From long wandering through the gloomy regions where the sun is darkened by perpetual clouds, they called themselves the "Children of the Night," and looked on her as the primal mother of all things.

Their pastimes symbolised the fierce daring of their lives. At their banquets they quaffed mead from the skulls of the slain, and chanted war-songs to the music of their clashing bucklers, while their dances were amid the points of their unsheathed swords.

From the influence of climate, and from constant intermarriage amongst themselves certain physical and mental types became permanently fixed, and the gigantic frame, the fair hair and "stern blue eyes" of the Scythian tribes, along with their bold, free, warlike, independent spirit, are still the marked characteristic of their descendants. For amidst these rude races of lion-hearted men, who cleared the forests of Central Europe for future em-

pires, there were great and noble virtues born of their peculiar mode of life: a love of freedom, a lofty sense of individual dignity, bold defiance of tyranny, a fortitude and courage that rose to heroism—the spirit that brooks no fetter either on the mind or frame. We see that such men were destined for world-rulers. To them Europe is indebted for her free political systems; the chivalry that ennobled warfare and elevated woman, and the religious reformation that freed Christianity from superstition. Every charter of human freedom dates from the Scythian forests.

The great northern concourse of fierce wild tribes, comprehended originally under the name of Scythians, or Wanderers, having spread themselves over the north to the very kingdom of the Frost-Giants, amidst frozen seas and drifting glaciers, turned southward, tempted by softer climes and richer lands, and under the names of Goth, Vandal, Frank, and Norman, devastating tribes of the Scythian warriors poured their rude masses upon the early and refined civilisation of the Mediterranean nations, conquering wherever they appeared and holding bravely whatever they conquered.

The Roman empire trembled and vanished before the terrible might of the long-haired Goths. They sacked Rome and threatened Constantinople: Africa, Italy, Spain, France, and Germany yielded to the barbaric power. Before the fifth century the Scythians had conquered the world, and every kingdom in Europe is ruled by them to this hour.

How strangely contrasted the destinies of the two great Japhetic races! What vicissitudes of fortune! The refined, lettered, oriental light-bringers to Europe—the founders of all kingdoms, the first teachers of all knowledge, the race that peopled Tyre, Carthage, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Gaul, degraded, humbled, and almost annihilated; the last poor remnant of them crushed up in the remote fastnesses of the hills along the coast-line of Europe; step by step driven backwards to the Atlantic, as the red man of America has been driven to the Pacific, till, over the whole earth they

\* The expression of Tacitus.

can be found nowhere as a nation, save only in Ireland, while the rude fierce Scandinavian hordes have risen up to be the mightiest of the earth. Greece subdued Asia, and Rome subdued Greece, but Scythia conquered Rome! The children of night and of the dark forests rule the kingdoms that rule the world.

They have given language and laws to modern empires, and at the present day are at the head of all that is most powerful, most thoughtful, most enterprising, and most learned throughout the entire globe.

The story of how the Scythian first came to the British Island has been preserved in the Welsh annals, which date back three thousand years. The legend runs that their ancestors, the nation of the Cimbri, wandered long over Europe, forgetting God's name, and the early wisdom. At length they crossed "the hazy sea" (the German Ocean) from the country of the pools (Belgium) and came to Britain, the sea-girt land, called by them Cambria,\* or, first mother; and they were the first who trod the soil of Britain. There their poets and bards recovered the lost name of God, the sacred I.A.O., and the primal letters their forefathers had known, called the ten signs. And ever since they have possessed religion and literature, though the bards kept the signs secret for many ages, so that all learning might be limited to themselves.

The paramount monarch of the Cimbri nation reigned at London, and a state of poetry and peace long continued, till the Dragon-Aliens appeared on their coasts. The ancient Cimbri retreated into Wales, where they have ever since remained. The Picts seized on Caledonia, and the Saxons on England, until, in their turn, they were conquered by the Danes.

Ireland at that period was the most learned and powerful island of the West. Through all changes of European dynasties she retained her independence. From the Milesian to the Norman, no conqueror had trod her soil.†

Meanwhile England, who never yet successfully resisted an invading enemy, passed under many a foreign yoke. For five hundred years the Romans held her as a province to supply their legions with recruits, and the abject submission of the natives called forth the bitter sarcasm, that "the good of his country was the only cause in which a Briton had forgot to die."

The acquisition of Ireland was eagerly coveted by the imperial race, but though Agricola boasted he would conquer it with a single legion, and even went so far towards the completion of his design as to line all the opposite coasts of Wales with his troops, yet no Roman soldier ever set foot on Irish soil.

Rome had enough of work on hand just then, for Alaric the Goth is at her gates, and Attila, the scourge of God, is ravaging her fairest provinces. The imperial mother of Colonies can no longer hold her own or aid her children; England is abandoned to her fate, and the Irish from the west, the Scythian from the north, the Saxon from the east, assault, and desolate, and despoil her.

The Scythian Picts pour down on her cities, "killing, burning, and destroying." The Irish land in swarms from their *corrals*, and "with fiery outrage and cruelty, carry, harry, and make havoc of all. Thus bandied between two insolent enemies, the English sent ambassadors to Rome "with their garments rent, and sand upon their heads," bearing that most mournful appeal of an humbled people—"To Ætius, thrice Consul: the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us (to the sea, the sea drives us back to the barbarians; thus, between two kinds of death, we are either slaughtered or drowned."

But no help comes, for Rome herself is devastated by Hun and Vandal, and the empire is falling like a shattered world.

Thus England passed helplessly under the Saxon yoke, and so rested some hundred years; Ireland the while remaining as free from Saxon

\* This is the Latinised form of the original word.

† The Danes were never more than a colony in Ireland.

thrall as she had been from Roman rule.

Through all these centuries the current of human life still flowed westward from the unknown mysterious regions of central Asia.

It was about the close of the eighth century, when the Scythian Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of Rome in the city of the Cæsars, that the fierce children of Thor and Odin, after having swept across northern Europe to the limit of the land, flung their fortunes to the stormy seas, and began to earn that terrible yet romantic renown with which history and saga have invested the deeds of the Scandinavian sea kings. The raven on their black banner was the dreaded symbol of havoc and devastation all along the sea coasts and islands of the Atlantic. In England, Saxon rule fell helplessly before the power of the new invaders, as wave after wave of the ruthless sea-ravagers dashed upon the sluggish masses of the heptarchy.

After two hundred years of protracted agony and strife, Saxon sway was annihilated for ever, and Canute the Dane reigned in England.

Meanwhile, the well-appointed fleets of Norsemen and Danes were prowling about the coast of Ireland, trying to obtain a footing on her yet unconquered soil.

When these pagan pirates first appeared on our shores, Ireland had enjoyed a Christian civilization of four centuries. The light of the true faith had been there long before it shone upon rude Saxon England. The Irish of that early era excelled in music, poetry, and many arts. They had a literature, colleges for the learned, an organised and independent hierarchy, churches and abbeys, whose ruins still attest the sense of the beautiful, as well as the piety which must have existed in the founders. Their manuscripts, dating from this period, are older than those of any other nation of northern Europe; their music was distinguished by its pathetic beauty, and the ballads of their bards emulated in force of expression those of ancient Homer. At the time that the Scots were totally ignorant of letters, and that the princes of the heptarchy had to resort to Irish colleges for instruction in the liberal sciences, Ireland held the proud title of the "Island of Saints and Scholars;"

and learned men went forth from her shores to evangelize Europe.

One Irish priest founded an abbey at Iona; another was the friend and counsellor of Charlemagne; a third, of equal celebrity, founded monasteries both in France and England. The Irish of eleven centuries ago were the apostles of Europe!

The Norsemen, or "white strangers," as the Irish called them, who swept like a hurricane over this early civilization, were fierce pagans, who respected neither God nor man. Not till three centuries after their arrival in Ireland were they converted to the Christian faith. They pillaged towns, burned churches, destroyed manuscripts of the past which no future can restore, plundered abbeys of all that learning, sanctity, and civilization had accumulated of the sacred, the costly, and the beautiful, and gave the Irish nothing in return but lessons of their own barbarous ferocity. Then it was we hear how Irish mothers gave their infants food on the point of their father's sword, and at the baptism left the right arms of their babes unchristened that they might strike the more relentlessly. The Syrian and the Scythian, the children of the one Japhetic race, met at last in this *ultima thule* of Europe, after a three thousand years' divergence; and even then, though they met with fierce animosity and inextinguishable hatred, yet lingerings of a far-off ancient identity in the language, the traditions, and the superstitions of each, could still be traced in these children of the one mighty father.

Great consternation must have been in Ireland when the report spread that a fleet of sixty strange sail was in the Boyne, and that another of equal number was sailing up the Liffy. The foreigners leaped from their ships to conquest. Daring brought success; they sacked, burned, pillaged, murdered; put a captive king to death in his own gyves at their ships; drove the Irish before them from the ocean to the Shannon; till, with roused spirit and gathered force, the confederate kings of Ireland in return drove back the white foreigners from the Shannon to the ocean. But they had gained a footing, and inroads, with plunder and devastation, never ceased from that time till the whole eastern sea-border of Ireland was their own.

There they established themselves for four centuries, holding their first conquests, but never gaining more, until they were finally expelled by the Normans.

To these red-haired pirates and marauders Dublin owes its existence as a city. The *Ath-Cliaith* of the Irish, though of ancient fame, was but an aggregate of huts by the side of the Liffy, which was crossed by a bridge of hurdles. The kings of Ireland never made it a royal residence, even after Tara was cursed by St. Rodan. Their palaces were in the interior of the island; but no doubt exists that *Ath-Cliaith*, the Eblana of Ptolemy, was a well-known port, the resort of merchants from the most ancient times. There were received the Spanish wines, the Syrian silks, the Indian gold, destined for the princes and nobles; and from thence the costly merchandise was transported to the interior.

But Dublin, with its fine plain watered by the Liffy, its noble bay, guarded by the sentinel hills, at once attracted the special notice of the bold Vikings. Their chiefs fixed their residence there, and assumed the title of Kings of Dublin, or Kings of the Dark Water, as the word may be translated. They erected a fortress on the very spot where the Norman Castle now rules the city, and, after their conversion, a cathedral, still standing amongst us, venerable with the memories of eight hundred years.

Their descendants are with us to this day, and many families might trace back their lineage to the Danish leaders, whose names have been preserved in Irish history. Amongst sundry of "these great and valiant captains" are named Swanchean, Griffin, Albert Roe, Torbert Duff, Goslyn, Walter English, Awley, King of Denmark, from whom descend the Macaulays, made more illustrious by the modern historian of their race than by the ancient pirate king. There are also named Randal O'Himer, Algot, Ottarduff Earl, Fyn Crossagh, Torkill, Fox Wasbagg, Trevan, Baron Robert, and others; names interesting, no doubt, to those who can claim them for their ancestry.

The Norsemen having walled and fortified Dublin, though including but a mile within its circumference, whereas now the city includes ten, proceeded to fortify Kingstown, to

secure free passage to their ships. Then, from their stronghold of Dublin, they made incessant inroads upon the broad rich plains of the interior. They spread all along Meath, which received its name from them, of "Fingall," (the land of the white stranger;) they devastated as far north as Armagh, as far west as the Shannon; Wexford, Waterford, and Limerick became half Danish cities. Everywhere their course was marked by barbaric spoilation. At one time it is noticed that they carried off a "great prey of women"—thus the Romans woo'd their Sabine brides; indeed the accounts in the Irish annals of the shrines they burned, the royal graves they plundered, the treasures they pillaged, the ferocities they perpetrated, are as interminable as they are monotonous.

When beaten back by the Irish princes they crouched within their walled city of Dublin, till an opportunity offered for some fresh exercise of murderous cunning, some act of audacious rapine. Thus the contest was carried on for four centuries between the colonists and the nation; mutual hatred ever increasing; the Irish kings of Leinster still claiming the rights of feudal lords over the Danes; the Danes resisting every effort made to dislodge them, though they were not unfrequently forced to pay tribute.

Sometimes the Irish kings hired them as mercenaries to assist in the civil wars which raged perennially amongst them. Sometimes there were intermarriages between the warring foes—the daughter of Brian Boro' wedded Sitric, King of the Danes of Dublin. Occasionally the Irish kings got possession of Dublin, and ravaged and pillaged in return. Once the Danes were driven forth completely from the city, and forced to take refuge upon "Ireland's Eye," the lone sea rock, since made memorable by a tragic history. Malsoby, King of Meath, besieged Dublin for three days and three nights, burned the fortress, and carried off the Danish regalia; hence the allusion in Moore's song to "The Collar of Gold which he won from the proud invader." But the most terrible defeat the Danes ever sustained was at Clontarf, when ten thousand men in coats of mail were opposed to King Brian; but "the ten thousand in armour were

out in pieces, and three thousand warriors slain besides." Even the Irish children fought against the invader. The grand-child of King Brian, a youth of fifteen, was found dead with his hand fast bound in the hair of a Dane's head, whom the child had dragged to the sea.\*

Still the Danish colony was not uprooted, though after this defeat they grew more humble, kept within their city of Dublin, and paid tribute to the kings of Leinster, and to the paramount monarch of Ireland.

Up to this period, therefore, we see that the Irish race had no relationship whatever with their capital city; they never saw the inside of their metropolis unless they were carried there as prisoners, or that they entered with fire and sword; and, stranger still, during the many centuries of the existence of Dublin as a city, up to the present time, the Irish race have never ruled there, or held possession of the fortress for one single year.

But the time of judgment upon the Danes was approaching though it did not come by Irish hands. As the Saxons in England fell before the Danes, so the Danes had fallen before the Normans. The Normans, a Scythian race likewise, but more beautiful, more brave, more chivalrous, courtly, and polished, than any race that had preceded them, came triumphant from Italy and France to achieve the conquest of England, which yielded almost without a struggle. One great battle, and then no more, William the Norman, or rather the Scythian Frenchman, ascends the throne of Alfred. Dane and Saxon fall helplessly beneath his feet, and his tyrannies, his robberies, his confiscations are submitted to by the subjugated nation without an effort at resistance.

His handful of Norman nobles seized upon the lands, the wealth, the honours, the estates of the kingdom, and retain them to this hour. And justly; no noble a race as the Norman knights were made for masters. The Saxons sank at once to the level

of serfs, of traders and menials, from which they have never risen, leaving England divided into a Norman aristocracy who have all the land, and a Saxon people who have all the toil; crushed by the final conquerors they sank to be the sediment of the kingdom.

The Irish had a different destiny; for five hundred years they fought the battle for independence with the Normans, nor did their chiefs sink to be the pariahs of the kingdom, as the Saxons of England, but retain their princely pretensions to this hour. The O'Connors, the O'Briens, O'Nials, Kavanaghs, O'Donnells, yield to no family in Europe in pride of blood and ancestral honours; while, by intermarriage with the Norman lords, a race was founded of Norman Irish—perhaps the finest specimens of aristocracy that Europe produced—the Geraldines at their head, loving Ireland, and of whom Ireland may be proud.

A hundred years passed by after the Norman conquest of England. Three kings of the Norman race had reigned and died, and still the conquest of Ireland was unattempted; no Norman knight had set foot on Irish soil.

The story of their coming begins with just such a domestic drama as Homer had turned into an epic two thousand years before. A fair and faithless woman, a king's daughter, fled from her husband to the arms of a lover. All Ireland is outraged at the act. The kings assemble in conclave and denounce vengeance upon the crowned seducer, Dermot, King of Leinster.

He leagues with the Danes of Dublin, the abhorred of his countrymen, but the only allies he can find in his great need. A battle is fought in which Dermot is defeated, his castle of Ferns is burned, his kingdom is taken from him, and he himself is solemnly deposed by the confederate kings, and banished beyond seas. Roderick, King of all Ireland, is the inexorable and supreme judge. He

\* Hogan, the great historical sculptor of Ireland, has illustrated this proud era of Irish history by a fine group, heroic and poetical in idea, as well as beautiful in execution, like every work that proceeds from the glowing and gifted mind of this distinguished artist.



restores the guilty wife to her husband; but the husband disdains to receive her, and she retires to a convent, where she expiates her crime and the ruin of her country, by forty years of penance. The only records of her afterwards are of her good deeds. She built a nunnery at Clonmacnoise; she gave a chalice of gold to the altar of Mary, and cloth for nine altars of the Church, and then Dervorgil, the Helen of our Iliad, is heard of no more.

Dermot, her lover, went to England, seeking aid to recover his kingdom of Leinster. In a year he returns with a band of Welsh mercenaries, and marches to Dublin; but is again defeated by the confederate kings, and obliged to pay a hundred ounces of gold to O'Rourke of Breffny, "for the wrong he had done him respecting his wife," and to give up as hostage to King Roderick his only son. But while parleying with the Irish kings, Dermot was secretly soliciting English aid, and not unsuccessfully.

Memorable was the year 1170, when the renowned Strongbow, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and his Norman knights, landed at Wexford to aid the banished King; and when Dermot welcomed his illustrious allies, little he thought that by his hand

"The emerald gem of the Western world,  
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

The compact with the foreigners was sealed with his son's blood. No sooner did King Roderick hear of the Norman landing, than he ordered the royal Kavanagh, the hostage of King Dermot, to be put to death; and henceforth a doom seemed to be on the male heirs of the line of Dermot, as fatal as that which rested upon the house of Atrides.

Dermot had an only daughter remaining. He offered her in marriage to the Earl of Pembroke, with the whole Kingdom of Leinster for her dowry, so as he would help him to his revenge. After a great battle against the Danes, in which the Normans were victorious, the marriage was celebrated at Waterford;—

"Sad Eva gazed  
All round that bridal field of blood, amazed;  
Spoused to new fortunes." \*

No record remains to us of the beauty of the bride, or in what language the Norman knight wooed her to his arms; this only we know, that Eva, Queen of Leinster in her own right, and Countess of Pembroke by marriage, can number amongst her descendants the present Queen of England. Of the bridegroom, Cambrensis tells us that he was "ruddy, freckle-faced, grey-eyed, his face feminine, his voice small, his neck little, yet of a high stature, ready with good words and gentle speeches."

The same authority describes Dermot from personal observation—"A tall man of stature, of a large and great body, a valiant and bold warrior, and by reason of his continued hallooing his voice was hoarse. He rather chose to be feared than to be loved. Rough and generous, hateful unto strangers, he would be against all men and all men against him."

From Waterford to Dublin was a progress of victory to Dermot and his allies, for they marched only through the Danish settlements of which Dermot was feudal lord. At Dublin, King Roderick opposed them with an army. Three days the battle raged; then the Danes of Dublin, fearing Dermot's wrath, opened their gates, and offered him gold and silver in abundance if he would spare their lives; but, heedless of treaties, the Norman knights rushed in, slew the Danes in their own fortress, drove the rest to the sea; and thus ended the Danish dynasty of four centuries. Never more did they own a foot of ground throughout the length or breadth of the land. An Irish army, aided by Norman skill, had effected their complete extinction. The Kingdom of Leinster was regained for Dermot, and he and his allies placed a garrison in Dublin. This was the last triumph of the ancient race. The kingdom was lost even at the moment it seemed regained. That handful of Scythian warriors, scarcely visible amid Dermot's great Irish army, are destined to place the yoke upon the neck of ancient Ireland.

The brave Roderick gathered together another army, and, with sixty thousand men, laid siege to Dublin, O'Rourke of Breffny aiding him. They were repulsed. O'Rourke was taken

\* The Irish Celt to the Irish Norman, from "Poems," by Aubrey de Vere.

prisoner and hanged with his head downwards, then beheaded and the head stuck on one of the centre gates of the castle, "a spectacle of intense pity to the Irish;" and Roderick retired into Connaught to recruit more forces.

There is something heroic and self-devoted in the efforts which, for eighteen years, were made by Roderick against the Norman power. Brave, learned, just, and enlightened beyond his age, he alone of all the Irish princes saw the direful tendency of the Norman inroad. All the records of his reign prove that he was a wise and powerful monarch. He had a fleet on the Shannon, the like of which had never been seen before. He built a royal residence in Connaught, the ruins of which are still existing to attest its former magnificence, so far beyond all structures of the period, that it was known in Ireland as the beautiful house. He founded a chair of literature at Armagh, and left an endowment in perpetuity, to maintain it for the instruction of the youth of Ireland and Scotland. A great warrior, and a fervent patriot, his first effort, when he obtained the crown, was to humble the Danish power. Dublin was forced to pay him tribute, and he was inaugurated there with a grandeur and luxury unknown before. When Dermot outraged morality, he deposed and banished him. When Dermot further sinned, and traitorously brought over the foreigner, Roderick, with stern justice, avenged the father's treason by the son's life. His own son, the heir of his kingdom, leagued with the Normans, and was found fighting in their ranks. Roderick, like a second Brutus, unpitied, yet heroically just, when the youth was brought a prisoner before him, himself ordered his eyes to be put out. His second son also turned traitor, and covenanted with the Normans to deprive his father of the kingdom. Roderick, surrounded by foreign foes, and domestic treachery, quitted Connaught, and went through the provinces of Ireland, seeking to stir up a spirit as heroic as his own in the hearts of his countrymen. Soon after his unworthy son was killed in some broil, and Roderick resumed the kingly functions; but while all the other Irish princes took the oath of fealty to King Henry, he kept aloof beyond the Shannon, equally disdaining treachery

or submission. His last son, the only one worthy of him, being defeated in a battle by the Normans, slew himself in despair.

The male line of his house was now extinct; the independence of his country was threatened; Norman power was growing strong in the land, and his continued efforts for eighteen years to arouse the Irish princes to a sense of their danger were unavailing. Wearied, disgusted, heart-broken, it may be, he voluntarily laid down the sceptre and the crown, and retired to the monastery of Cong, where he became a monk, and thus, in penance and seclusion, passed ten years—the weary ending of a fated life.

He died there, twenty-eight years after the Norman invasion, "after exemplary penance, victorious over that world and the devil;" and the chroniclers record the title upon his grave—

"Roderick O'Connor,  
King of all Ireland, both of the Irish and  
English."

Six centuries and a half have passed since then, yet even now, which of us could enter the beautiful ruins of that ancient abbey, wander through the arched aisles tapestried by ivy, or tread the lonely silent chapel, once vocal with prayer and praise, without sad thoughts of sympathy for the fate of the last monarch of Ireland, and perchance grave thoughts likewise over the destiny of a people who, on that grave of native monarchy, independence and nationality have as yet written no RESURGAM.

Exactly ten months after the Normans took possession of Dublin, King Dermot, "by whom a trembling sod was made of all Ireland, died of an insufferable and unknown disease—for he became putrid while living—without a will, without penance, without the body of Christ, without unction, as his evil deeds deserved."

Immediately the Earl of Pembroke assumed the title of King of Leinster in right of his wife Eva, Henry of England grew alarmed at the independence of his nobility, and hastened over to assert his claims as lord paramount. To his remonstrances Strongbow answered, "What I won, was with the sword; what was given me I give you." An agreement was

then made by which Strongbow retained Dublin, while Henry appointed what nobles he chose over the other provinces of Leinster.

When the first Norman monarch landed amongst us, the memorable 18th day of October, 1172, no resistance was offered by any party; no battle was fought. The Irish chiefs were so elated at the Danish overthrow, that they even volunteered oaths of fealty to the foreign Prince who had been in some sort their deliverer. Calmly, as in a state pageant, Henry proceeded from Wexford to Dublin; his route lay only through the conquered Danish possessions, now the property of the Countess Eva; there was no fear therefore of opposition. On reaching the city, "he caused a royal palace to be built, very curiously contrived of smooth wattels, after the manner of the country, and there, with the kings and princes of Ireland, did keep Christmas with great solemnity," on the very spot where now stands St. Andrew's Church.

King Henry remained six months in Ireland, the longest period which a foreign monarch has ever passed amongst us, and during that time he never thought of fighting a battle with the Irish. As yet, the whole result of Norman victories was the downfall of the Danes, in which object the Irish had gladly assisted. Strongbow and Eva reigned peaceably in our capital. Henry placed governors over the other Danish cities, and in order that Dublin, from which the Danes had been expelled, might be re-peopled, he made a present of our fair city to the good people of Bristol.

Accordingly a colony from that town, famed for deficiency in personal attractions, came over and settled here; but thirty years after the Irish, whose instincts of beauty were no doubt offended by the rising generation of Bristolians, poured down from the Wicklow hills upon the ill-favoured colony, and made a quick ending of them by a general massacre.

In a fit of penitence, also, for the murdered A'Beckett, Henry founded the Abbey of Thomas Court, from which Thomas-street derives its name, and then the excommunicated King quitted Ireland, leaving it unchanged, save that Henry the Norman held the possessions of Terkil the Dane,

and Dublin, from a Danish, had become a Norman city. Five hundred years more had to elapse before English jurisdiction extended beyond the ancient Danish pale, and a Cromwell or a William of Nassau was needed for the final conquest of Ireland, as well as for the redemption of England.

Nothing can be more absurd than to talk of a Saxon conquest of Ireland. The Saxons, an ignorant, rude, inferior race, could not even maintain their ascendancy in England. They fell before the superior power, intelligence, and ability of the Normans, and the provinces of Ireland that fell to the first Norman nobles were in reality not gained by battles, but by the intermarriage of Norman lords with the daughters of Irish kings. Hence it was that in right of their wives the Norman nobles early set up claims independent of the English crown, and the hereditary rights, being transmitted through each generation, were perpetually tempting the Norman aristocracy into rebellion. English supremacy was as uneasily borne by the De Lacys, the Geraldines, the Butlers, and others of the Norman stock, as by the O'Connors, the Kavanaghs, the O'Neils, or the O'Briens. The great Richard De Burgho married Odierna, grand-daughter of Cathal Crovdearg, King of Connaught. Hence the De Burghos assumed the title of Lords of Connaught.

King Roderick, as we have said, left no male issue. His kingdom descended to his daughter, who married the Norman knight, Hugo de Lacy. Immediately De Lacy set up a claim as independent prince in right of his wife, assumed legal state, took the title of King of Meath, and appeared in public with a golden crown upon his head, and so early as twenty-five years after the invasion, John de Courcy and the son of this De Lacy marched against the English of Leinster and Munster. Many a romance could be woven of the destiny and vicissitudes of this great race, half Irish, half Norman; independent princes by the one side, and English subjects by the other.

The great Earl of Pembroke lived but a few years after his capture of Dublin. The Irish legends say that St. Bridget killed him. However, he and Eva had no male heir, and only

one daughter, named Isabel, after the Earl's mother, who was also aunt to the reigning king of Scotland.

This young girl was sole heiress of Leinster and of her father's Welsh estates. Richard Cœur de Lion took her to his court at London, and she became his ward. In due time she married William Marshall, called the great Earl, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, and Earl of Pembroke and Leinster, in right of his wife. High in office and favour with the king, we read that he carried the sword of state before Richard at his coronation, and as a monument of his piety, he has left Tintern Abbey, in the County Wexford, erected by him on his wife's property.

Isabel and Earl William had five sons and five daughters. The five sons, William, Walter, Gilbert, Anselm, and Richard (we see that Isabel called no son of hers after the royal traitor Dermot, her grandfather) inherited the title in succession, and all died childless. We have said there was a doom upon Dermot's male posterity.

The inheritance was then divided between the five daughters, each of whom received a province for a dower. Carlow, Kilkenny, the Queen's County, Wexford, and Kildare were the five portions. Maud, the eldest, married the Earl of Norfolk, who became Earl Marshal of England in right of his wife.

Isabel, the second, married the Earl of Gloucester, and her granddaughter, Isabel also, was mother to the great Robert Bruce, who was therefore great-great-great-grandson of Eva and Strongbow. Eva, the third daughter, married the Lord de Breos, and from a daughter of hers, named Eva likewise, descended Edward the Fourth, King of England, through whose granddaughter Margaret Queen of Scotland, daughter of Henry the Seventh, the present reigning family of England claim their right to the throne. Through two lines, therefore, our Most Gracious Majesty can trace back her pedigree to Eva the Irish princess.

Joan, whose portion was Wexford, married Lord Valentia, half brother to King Henry the Third, and the male line failing, the inheritance was divided between two daughters, from one of whom the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, inherit their Wexford estates.

From Sybil, the youngest, who married the Earl of Ferrars and Derby, descended the Earls of Winchester, the Lords Mortimer, and other noble races. She had seven daughters, who all married Norman lords, so that scarcely a family could be named of the high and ancient English nobility, whose wealth has not been increased by the estates of Eva, the daughter of King Dermot; and thus it came to pass that Leinster fell by marriage and inheritance, not by conquest, into the possession of the great Norman families, who, of course, acknowledged the King of England as their sovereign; and the English monarchs assumed thenceforth the title of Lords of Ireland—a claim which they afterwards enforced over the whole country.

The destiny of the descendants of De Lacy and King Roderick's daughter was equally remarkable. They had two sons, Hugh and Walter, who, before they were twenty-one, threw off English allegiance, and set up as independent princes. To avoid the wrath of King John they fled to France, and found refuge in an abbey, where, disguised as menials, the two young noblemen found employment in garden-digging, preparing mud and bricks, and similar work. By some chance the abbot suspected the disguise, and finally detected the princes in the supposed peasants. He used his knowledge of their secret to obtain their pardon from King John, and Hugh De Lacy was created Earl of Ulster. He left an only daughter, his sole heir. She married a De Burgho, who, in right of his wife, became Earl of Ulster; and from them descended Ellen, wife of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. It is singular that the mother of Robert Bruce should have been descended from Eva, and his wife from King Roderick's daughter. The grand-daughter of Robert Bruce, the Princess Margery, married the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and through her the Stuarts claimed the crown. From thence it is easy to trace how the royal blood of the three kingdoms meet in the reigning family of England. Another descendant of the Earls of Ulster (an only daughter likewise) married Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward the Third, who, in right of his wife, became Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, and these titles finally merged in the English crown in the person of

Edward the Fourth. From all these genealogies one fact may be clearly deduced, that the present representative of the royal Irish races of Eva and Roderick, and the lineal heiress of their rights, is her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The proud and handsome race of Norman Irish, that claimed descent from these intermarriages, were the nobles, of whom it was said, "They were more Irish than the Irish themselves." The disposition to become independent of England was constantly manifested in them. They publicly asserted their rights, renounced the English dress and language, and adopted Irish names. Thus, Sir Ulick Burke, ancestor of Lord Clanricarde, became MacWilliam Oughter (or upper), and Sir Edmond Albanagh, progenitor of the Earl of Mayo, became MacWilliam Eigher (or lower). Richard, son of the Earl of Norfolk, and grandson of Eva, set up a claim to be independent King of Leinster, and was slain by the English. We have seen that Walter and Hugh De Lacy, grandsons of Roderick, were in open rebellion against King John. A hundred years later, two of the same race, named Walter and Hugh likewise, were proclaimed traitors for aiding the army of Robert Bruce, who claimed the crown of Ireland for his brother Edward, and the two De Lacys were found dead by the side of Edward Bruce at the great battle of Dundalk, where the Scotch forces were overthrown.

Once, even the Geraldines and the Fitzmaurices took prisoner the Justiciary of Dublin, as the Lord-Lieutenant of that day was named. Meanwhile the Irish princes of the West retained their independence; sometimes at feud, sometimes in amity with the English of the Eastern coast. We read that "the English of Dublin invited Hugh, King of Connaught, to a conference, and began to deal treacherously with him; but William Mareschall, his friend, coming in with his forces, rescued him, in despite of the English, from the middle of the Court, and escorted him to Connaught." Both races were equally averse to the domination of the English crown. The Geraldines and Butlers, the De Burghos and De Lacys, were as intractable as the O'Connors of Connaught, or the O'Neils of Ty-

rone; even more so. The Great O'Neil submitted to Elizabeth; but two hundred years later the Geraldines had still to add the name of another martyr for liberty to the roll of their illustrious ancestors.

Frequently the Normans fought amongst themselves as fiercely as if opposed to the Irish. The Earl of Ulster, a De Burgho, the same who is recorded to have given the first entertainment at Dublin Castle, took his kinsman, Walter Burke, prisoner, and had him starved to death in his own castle; a tragedy which might have been made as memorable as that of Ugolino in the *Torre del Fame*, had there been a Dante in Ireland to record it. For this act the kinsmen of Walter Burke murdered the Earl of Ulster on the Lord's-day, as he was kneeling at his prayers, and cleft his head in two with a sword.

It was unfortunate for Ireland that her Irish princes were so unconquerable, and that her Norman lords should have caught the infection of resistance to the crown. Eight hundred years ago the Saxons of England peaceably settled down with the Normans to form one nation, with interests and objects identical.

The Norman conquerors, better fitted, perhaps, for rulers than any other existing in Europe, established at once a strong vigorous government in England. The Kings, as individuals, may have been weak or tyrannous, but there was a unity of purpose, a sense of justice, and a vigour of will existing in the ruling class that brought the ruled speedily under the order and discipline of laws. Not a century-and-a-half had elapsed, from the Conquest before Magna Charta and representation by Parliament secured the liberty of the people against the caprices of kings; and the Norman temperament which united in a singular degree the instincts of loyalty with the love of freedom, became the hereditary national characteristic of Englishmen. But Ireland never, at any time, comprehended the word nationality. From of old it was broken up into fragments, ruled by chiefs whose principal aim was mutual destruction. There was no unity, therefore no strength.

If, at the time of the Norman invasion, a king of the race had settled here as in England, the Irish would

gradually have become a nation under one ruler, in place of being an aggregate of warring tribes; but for want of this chief corner-stone the Norman nobles themselves became but isolated chiefs — new petty kings added to the old—each for himself, none for the country. It was contrary to all natural laws that the proud Irish princes, with the traditions of their race going back two thousand years, should at once serve with love and loyalty a foreign king whose face they never saw and from whom they derived no benefits. And thus it was that five hundred years elapsed, from Henry Plantagenet to William of Nassau, before Ireland was finally adjusted in her subordinate position to the English crown.

Meanwhile the Danish Dublin was fast rising into importance as the Norman city, the capital of the English pale. Within that circle the English laws, language, manners, and religion were implicitly adopted; without, there was a fierce warlike powerful people, the ancient lords of the soil, but with them the citizens of Dublin had no affinity; and the object of the English rulers was to keep the two races as distinct as possible. Amongst other enactments tending to obliterate any feeling of kindred which might exist, the inhabitants of the pale were ordered to adopt English surnames, derived from everything which, by the second commandment we are forbidden to worship. Hence arose the tribes of fishes—cod, haddock, plaice, salmon, gurnet, gudgeon, &c.; and of birds—crow, sparrow, swan, pigeon; and of trades, as carpenter, smith, baker, mason; and of colours—the blacks, whites, browns, and greens, which in Dublin so conspicuously replace the grand old historic names of the provinces. Determined also in annihilating the picturesque, at least in the individual, lest the outward symbol might be taken for an inward affinity, the long flowing hair and graceful mantle, after the Irish fashion, were forbidden to be worn within the pale.

Neither was the Irish language tolerated within the English jurisdiction, for which Holingshead gives good reason, after this fashion—"And here," he says, "some snappish carpers will

snuffingly snib me for debasing the Irish language, but my short discourse tendeth only to this drift, that it is not expedient that the Irish tongue should be so universally gagled in the English pale; for where the country is subdued, there the inhabitants should be ruled by the same laws that the conqueror is governed, wear the same fashion of attire with which the victor is vested, and speak the same language that the vanquished parleth; and if any of these lack, doubtless the conquest limpeth." The English tongue, however, seems to have been held in utter contempt and scorn by the Irish allies of the pale. After the submission of the Great O'Neil, the last who held the title of king in Ireland, which he exchanged for that of Earl of Tyrone, as a mark and seal of his allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, "One demanded merrilie," says Holingshead, "why O'Neil would not frame himself to speak English? 'What!' quoth the other in a rage, 'thinkest thou it standeth with O'Neil his honour to writhe his mouth in clattering English.'"

As regarded religion, the English commanded the most implicit obedience to the Pope, under as strict and severe penalties as, five hundred years later, they enacted against those who acknowledged his authority. One provision of the ancient oath imposed upon the subjugated Irish was—"You acknowledge yourself to be of the Mother Church of Rome, now professed by all Christians." That the Irish of that era little heeded papal or priestly ordinances, may be inferred from the fact, that during the wars of Edward Bruce, the English complained that their Irish auxiliaries were more exhausting than the Scots, as they ate meat all the time of Lent; and it is recorded, that in 1331, when the Leinster Irish rose against the English, "they set fire to every thing, even the churches, and burned the church of Kingstown with eighty persons in it, and even when the priest in his sacred vestments, and carrying the Host in his hands, tried to get out, they drove him back with their spears and burned him. For this they were excommunicated by a Papal Bull, and the country was put under an interdict. But they despised these things,"

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and again wasted the county of Wexford."\*

The energetic and organising spirit of the Normans was, however, evidenced by better deeds than those we have named. Courts of law were established in Dublin, a mayor and corporation instituted, and Parliaments were convened after the English fashion. Within fifty years after the Norman settlement, the lordly pile of Dublin Castle rose upon the site of the old Danish fortress, built, indeed, to overawe the Irish, as William the Conqueror built the Tower of London to overawe the English; yet, by Norman hands, the first regal residence was given to our metropolis. St. Patrick's Cathedral was next erected by the colonists, and gradually our fair city rose into beauty and importance through Norman wealth and Norman skill. From henceforth, the whole interest of Irish history centres in the chief city of the pale, and the history of Dublin becomes the history of English rule in Ireland. For centuries its position was that of a besieged city in the midst of a hostile country; for centuries it resisted the whole force of the native race; and finally triumphantly crushed, annihilated, and revenged every effort made for Irish independence, so that no more can that poor sgment dare to show its head.

In truth, Dublin is a right royal city, and long may she retain her just feelings of gratitude and reverential respect towards her English mother.

Many great names are associated with the attempt to write a history of Dublin. The work in all ages was laborious; there were no printed books to consult, and the records of Ireland, as Hooker complains three hundred years ago, "were verie slenderlie and disorderlie kept." Whitelaw's work, though it employed two editors ten hours a day for ten years, yet goes no farther than a description of the public buildings; but the object of Mr. Gilbert's work is distinct from all that precedes it. It is from the decaying streets and houses that he disentombs great memories, great fragments of past life. It is not a mere record of Ionic pillars, Corin-

thian capitals, or Doric pediments he gives us, Whitelaw has supplied whole catalogues of these; but records of the human life, that has throbbed through the ancient dwellings of our city century after century; of the vicissitudes of families, to be read in their ruined mansions; of the vast political events which in some room, in some house, on some particular night, branded the stigmata deeper on the country; or the tragedies of great hopes crushed, young blood shed, victims hopelessly sacrificed, which have made some street, some house, some chamber, for ever sacred.

The labours of such an undertaking are manifest; yet none can appreciate them fully who has not known what it is to spend days, weeks, months buried in decaying parchments, endless pipe-rolls, worm-eaten records, dusty deeds and leases, excavating some fact, or searching for some link necessary for the completion of a tale, or the elucidation of a truth.

Mr. Gilbert tells us that twelve hundred statutes and enactments of the Anglo-Irish Parliament remain unpublished, though all the ancient statutes of England, Scotland, and Wales have been published at the public expense. From these, and such like decayed and decaying manuscripts, ancient records which have become almost hieroglyphics to the present age, he has gathered the life-history of an ancient city; he has made the stones to speak, and evoked the shadows of the past to fill up the outline of a great historical picture.

Fifty, even twenty years hence, the production of such a work would be impossible; the ancient records shall have well nigh totally perished; the ancient houses, round which the curious may yet gather, shall have fallen to the ground; and the ancient race, who cherished in their hearts the legends of the past with the fidelity of priests, and the fervor of bards, shall have passed away.

Dublin is fortunate, therefore, in finding an historian endowed with the ability, the energetic literary industry, the untiring spirit of research, and the

vast amount of antiquarian knowledge necessary for the production of so valuable and interesting a work before records perish, mansions fall, or races vanish.

In a history illustrated by human lives and deeds, and localised in the weird old streets, once the proudest, now the meanest of our city, many a family will find an ancestral shadow starting suddenly to light, trailing long memories with it of departed fashion, grandeur, and magnificence.

Few amongst us who tread the Dublin of the present in all its beauty, think of the Dublin of the past in all its contrasted insignificance. True, the eternal features are the same; the landscape setting of the city is coeval with creation. Tyrian, Dane, and Norman have looked as we look, and with hearts as responsive to Nature's loveliness, upon the emerald plains, the winding rivers, the hills draped in violet and gold, the mountain gorges, thunder-riven, half veiled by the foam of the waterfall, and the eternal ocean encircling all; scenes where God said a city should arise, and the mountain and the ocean are still, as of old, the magnificent heritage of beauty conferred on our metropolis.

But the early races, whether from southern sea or northern plain, did little to aid the beauty of nature with the products of human intellect. Dublin, under the Danish rule, consisted only of a fortress, a church, and one rude street. Under the rule of the Normans, those great civilizers of the western world, those grand energetic organisers, temple and tower builders, it rose gradually into a beautiful metropolis, the chief city of Ireland, the second city of the empire. At first the rudimental metropolis gathered round the castle, as nebulae round a central sun, and from this point it radiated westward and southward; the O'Briens on the south, the O'Connors on the west, the O'Niels on the north, perpetually hovering on the borders, but never able to regain the city, never able to dislodge the brave Norman garrison who had planted their banners on the castle walls. In that Castle, during the seven hundred years of its existence, no Irishman of the old race has ever held rule for a single hour.

Mr. Gilbert has promised the "His-

tory of Dublin Castle" in a forthcoming volume; and what a history it will be of tragedies and splendours; crowned and discrowned monarchs will flit across the scene, and tragic destinies, likewise, may be recorded of many a viceroy! Piers Gavestone, Lord-Lieutenant of King Edward, murdered; Roger Mortimer—"The Gentle Mortimer"—hanged at Tyburn; the Lord Deputy of King Richard the Second, murdered by the O'Briens; whereupon the King came over to avenge his death, just a year before he himself was so ruthlessly murdered at Pomfret Castle. Two viceroys died of the plague; how many more were plagued to death, history leaves unrecorded; one was beheaded at Drogheda; three were beheaded on Tower Hill. Amongst the names of illustrious Dublin rulers may be found those of Prince John, the boy Deputy of thirteen; Prince Lionel, son of Edward the Third, who claimed Clare in right of his wife, and assumed the title of Clarence from having conquered it from the O'Briens.

The great Oliver Cromwell was the Lord-Lieutenant of the Parliament, and he in turn appointed his son Henry to succeed him. Dire are the memories connected with Cromwell's reign here, both to his own party and to Ireland. Ireton died of the plague after the siege of Limerick; General Jones died of the plague after the surrender of Dungarvon; a thousand of Cromwell's men died of the plague before Waterford. The climate, in its effect upon English constitutions, seems to be the great Nemesis of Ireland's wrongs.

Strange scenes, dark, secret, and cruel, have been enacted in that gloomy pile. No one has told the story yet. It will be a Ratcliffe romance of dungeons and treacheries; swift death and slow murder. God and St. Mary were invoked in vain for the luckless Irish prince or chieftain that was caught in that Norman stronghold; but that was in the old time—long, long ago. Now the Castle courts are crowded only with epauletted languor and idleness, and the Castle halls are brilliant with loyal and courtly crowds, gathered to pay willing homage to the illustrious successor of five hundred viceroys.

The strangest scene, perhaps, in the annals of vice-royalty, was when Lord



Thomas Fitzgerald, (Silken Thomas), son of the Earl of Kildare, and Lord-Lieutenant in his father's absence, took up arms for Irish independence. He rode through the city with seven score horsemen, in shirts of mail and silken fringes on their head pieces, (hence the name Silken Thomas,) to St. Mary's Abbey, and there entering the council chamber, he flung down the sword of state upon the table, and bade defiance to the king and his ministers; then hastening to raise an army, he laid siege to Dublin Castle, but with no success. Silken Thomas and his five uncles were sent to London, and there executed; and sixteen Fitzgeralds were hanged and quartered at Dublin. By a singular fatality, no plot laid against Dublin Castle ever succeeded; though to obtain possession of this foreign fortress was the paramount wish of all Irish rebel leaders. This was the object with Lord Maguire and his papists, with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his republicans, with Emmet and his enthusiasts, with Mr. Duffy and his nationalists—yet they all failed. Once only, during seven centuries, the green flag waved over Dublin Castle, with the motto—"NOW OR NEVER! NOW AND FOR EVER!" It was when Tyrconnel held it for King James.

In the ancient stormy times of Norman rule, the nobility naturally gathered round the Castle. Skinner's-row was the "May Fair" of mediæval Dublin. Hoey's-court, Castle-street, Cook-street, Fishamble-street, Bridge-street, Werburgh-street, High-street, Golden-lane, Back-lane, &c., were the fashionable localities inhabited by lords and bishops, chancellors and judges; and Thomas-street was the grand Prado where vice-regal pomp and Norman pride were oftener exhibited. A hundred years ago the Lord-Lieutenant was entertained at a ball by Lord Mountjoy in Back-lane. Skinner's-row was distinguished by the residence of the great race of the Geraldines, called "Carbric House," which from them passed to the Dukes of Ormond, and after many vicissitudes, the palace from which Silken Thomas went forth to give his young life for Irish independence, fell into decay, "and on its site now stand the houses known as 6, 7, and 8, Christ Church-place, in the lower stories of

which still exist some of the old oak beams of the Carbric House."

In Skinner's-row, also, two hundred years ago, dwelt Sir Robert Dixon, Mayor of Dublin, who was knighted at his own house there by the Lord-Lieutenant, the afterwards unfortunate Strafford. The house has fallen to ruins, but the vast property conferred on him by Charles the First for his good services, has descended to the family of Sir Kildare Barrowes, of Kildare. In those brilliant days of Skinner's-row, it was but seventeen feet wide, and the pathways but one foot broad. All its glories have vanished now; even the name no longer exists; yet the remains of residences once inhabited by the magnificent Geraldines and Butlers can still be traced.

Every stone throughout this ancient quarter of Dublin has a history. In Cook-street Lord Maguire was arrested at midnight, under circumstances very similar to the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and "to commemorate this capture in the parish it was an annual custom, down to the year 1829, to toll the bells of St. Andrew's Church at twelve o'clock on the night of the 22nd of October."

In Bridge-street, great lords and peers of the realm resided. The Marquis of Antrim, the Duke of Marlborough's father, Westenan, the Dutch merchant, who founded the family afterwards ennobled, and others. It was the Merrion-square of the day. In Bridge-street the rebellion of '98 was organised, at the house of Oliver Bond; and one night Major Swan, led by Reynolds the informer, seized twelve gentlemen there, all of whom were summarily hanged as rebels. Castle-street was the focus of the rebellion of 1641; Sir Phelim O'Neil and Lord Maguire had their residences there, and concocted together how to seize the Castle, destroy all the Lords and Council, and re-establish Popery in Ireland. But a more useful man than either lived there also—Sir James Ware, whose indefatigable ardour in the cause of Irish literature caused him to collect, with great trouble and expense, a vast number of Irish manuscripts, which, after passing through many vicissitudes, are now deposited in the British Museum. The French family of Latouche came to Castle-street about one hundred years ago, and one of them, in 1778,

upheld the shattered credit of the Government by a loan of £20,000 to the Lord-Lieutenant. Fishamble-street has historical and classic memoirs, and traditions of Handel consecrate this now obscure locality. Handel spent a year in Dublin. His "Messiah" was composed here, and first performed for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital. How content he was with his reception is expressed in a letter to a friend:—"I cannot," he says, "sufficiently express the kind treatment I receive here, but the politeness of this generous nation cannot be unknown to you."

Dublin Quays are likewise illustrated by great names. On Usher's-quay may still be seen the once magnificent Moira House, the princely residence of Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India. Seventy years ago it was the Holland House of Dublin, sparkling with all the wit, splendour, rank, and influence of the metropolis. The decorations were unsurpassed in the kingdom for beauty and grandeur. The very windows were inlaid with mother-o'-pearl.

After the Union, the family in disgust, quitted Ireland; Moira House was left tenantless for some years, and then finally was sold for the use of the pauper poor of Dublin. The decorations were removed, the beautiful gardens turned into offices, the upper story of the edifice was taken off, and the entire building pauperised as much as possible, to suit its inmates, and its title—"The Mendicity."

In the good old times the Lord Mayor treated the Lord-Lieutenant to a new play every Christmas, when the Corporation acted Mysteries upon a stage in Hoggin-green, where the College now stands. The Mysteries were on various subjects. In one, the tailors had orders to find Pilate and his wife clothed accordingly; the butchers were to supply the tormentors; the mariners and vintners represented Noah. At that period the Lord-Lieutenants held their court at Kilmainham, or Thomas Court, for Dublin Castle was not made a vice-regal residence until the reign of Elizabeth. The parliaments, too, were ambulatory. Sometimes they met in the great aisle of Christ Church, that venerable edifice whose echoes have been destined to give back such

conflicting sounds. What changes in its ritual and its worshippers! What scenes have passed before its high altar since first erected by the Danish bishop, whose body, in pallium and mitre, lay exposed to view but a few years since, after a sleep of eight hundred years. Irish kings and Norman conquerors have trod the aisles. There Roderick was inaugurated, the last king of Ireland; there Strongbow sleeps, first of the Norman conquerors, and, until the middle of the last century, all payments were made at his tomb, as if in him alone, living or dead, the citizens had their strength; there Lambert Simnel was crowned with a crown taken from the head of the Virgin Mary; there Cromwell worshipped, before he went forth to devastate; there the last Stuart knelt in prayer, before he threw the last stake at the Boyne for an empire; and there William of Nassau knelt in gratitude for the victory, with the crown upon his head, forgotten by James in his ignominious flight.

And how many rituals have risen up to heaven from that ancient altar, each anathema maranatha to the other—the solemn chants of the early church; the gorgeous ritual of the mass; in Elizabeth's time, the simple liturgy of the English Church in the English tongue; this, too, was prohibited in its turn, and for ten years the Puritans wailed and howled against kings and liturgies in the ancient edifice; there the funeral oration for the death of Cromwell was pronounced, entitled "*Threni Hibernici*, or, Ireland sympathising with England for the loss of their Josiah (Oliver Cromwell).” Once again rose the incense of the mass while King James was amongst us; but William quenched the lights on the altar, and established once more, and we hope for evermore, the English Liturgy, in its simplicity and beauty. But so little, during all these changes, had the Irish to do with the cathedral of their capital, that by an act passed in 1380, no Irishman was permitted to hold in it any situation or office, and "so strictly was the law enforced, that Sir John Stevenson was the first Irishman admitted, as even vicar-choral."

We have but indicated the many themes of interest to be found in Mr. Gilbert's "History of Dublin," concerning those ancient times when

Sackville-street was a marsh, Merrion-square an exhausted quarry, the undulations so beautiful in its present verdant state being but the accident of excavation; when St. Stephen's-green with its ten fine Irish acres was a compound of meadow, quagmire, and ditch; when Mountjoy-square was a howling wilderness, and North Georges-street and Summer-hill were far away in the country, and when the Danes, rudely expelled by Norman swords from the south of the Liffy, were stealing over the river to found a settlement on the north side.

Our fathers have told us of Dublin in later times, before the Union, when a hundred lords and two hundred commoners enriched and enlivened our city with their wealth and magnificence. Dublin was then at the summit of its glory; but when the colonists sold their parliament to England, and the Lords and Commons vanished, and their mansions became hospitals and poor-houses, and all wealth, power, influence, and magnificence were transferred to the loved mother country, then the "City of the Dark Water" sank into very pitiable insignificance. The proud Norman spirit of independence was broken at last, and there was no great principle to replace it. Having no large sympathies with the Irish nation, no idea of country, nationality, or any other grand substantive by which is expressed the resolve of self-reliant men to be self-governed, the colonists became petty, paltry, and selfish in aim; imitative in manners and feelings; apathetic, even antagonistic to all national advance; bound to England by helpless fear and servile hope; content so as they could rest under her great shadow, secure from the mysterious horrors of Popery, preserved in the blessing of a church establishment, and allowed to worship even the shadow of her transcendent Majesty, then, Dublin ambition was satisfied and happy. There is no word so instinctively abhorrent, so invincibly opposed to all the prejudices of Dublin society, as patriotism; and well for us it is so, or the link which binds us to the kind and beneficent government of England might have been long since dismally shattered.

From the cursory glance we have given over the antecedents of our metropolis, the cause of her anti-

Irishism is plainly deducible from the fact that at no epoch was Dublin an Irish city. The inhabitants are a blended race, descended of Danes, Normans, Saxon settlers, and mongrel Irish. The country of their affections is England. They have known no other mother. With the proud old princes and chiefs of the ancient Irish race they have no more affinity than (to use Mr. Macaulay's illustration) the English of Calcutta with the nation of Hindustan, and from this colonial position a certain Dublin idiosyncrasy of character has resulted, which makes the capital distinct in feeling from the rest of Ireland.

Modern Dublin, in its glory and its decadence, is to form the second volume of Mr. Gilbert's history, and from the learning, ability, and research he has already displayed we may feel certain that no point of interest will be omitted or forgotten. The history of the Castle will complete this great national work, which will, in fact, be the history of Norman colonisation and English rule in Ireland.

Meanwhile the destiny of the ancient race is working out, not in happiness or prosperity, but in stern severe discipline. Unchanged and unchangeable they remain, so far as change is effected by impulses arising from within. "Two thousand years," says Moore, "have passed over the hovel of the Irish peasant in vain; such as they were when the first light of history rested on them, they are now. Indolent and dreamy, patient and resigned as fatalists, fanatical as Bonzees, implacable as Arabs, cunning as Greeks, courteous as Spaniards, superstitious as savages, loving as children, clinging to the old home, and the old sod, and the old families, with a tenderness that is always beautiful, sometimes heroic; loving to be ruled, with veneration in excess; ready to die like martyrs for a creed, a party, or the idol of the hour, but incapable of extending their sympathies beyond the family or the clan; content with the lowest place in Europe; stationary amid progression; isolated from the European family; without power or influence; lazily resting in the past while the nations are wrestling in the present for the future. Children of the ocean, yet without commerce; idle by thousands, yet without manufactures; gifted with quick intellect and passionate hearts,

yet literature and art die out amongst them for want of aid or sympathy; without definite aims, without energy or the earnestness, which is the vital life of heroic deeds; dark and blind through prejudice and ignorance, they can neither resist nobly or endure wisely; chafing in bondage, yet their epileptic fits of liberty are marked only by wild excesses, and end only in sullen despair."

Yet, it was not in the providence of God that the fine elements of humanity in such a people should still continue to waste and stagnate during centuries of inaction, while noble countries and fruitful lands, lying ailing since creation, were waiting the destined toilers and workers, who, by the sweat of the brow, shall change them to living empires.

Two terrible calamities fell upon Ireland—famine and pestilence; and by these two dread ministers of God's great purposes, the Irish race were uprooted, and driven forth to fulfil their appointed destiny. A million of our people emigrated; a million of our people died under these judgments of God. Seventeen millions worth of property passed from time-honoured names into the hands of strangers. The echoes of the old tongue—call it Pelargian, Phœnicæan, Celtic, Irse, or Irish, what you will, still the oldest in Europe, is dying out at last along the stony plains of Mayo and the wild sea cliffs of the storm-rent western shore. Scarcely a million and a half are left, of old people, too old to emigrate, amidst roofless cabins and ruined villages, who speak that language now. Exile, confiscation, or death was the final fate written on the page of history for the much-enduring children of Ireland. One day they may reassert themselves in the new world, or in other lands. Australia, with its skies of beauty and its pavement of gold, may be given to them as America to the Saxon, but how low must a nation have fallen at home when even famine and plague come to be welcomed as the lovers of progression and social elevation. Some wise purpose of God's providence lies, no doubt, at the reverse side, but we have not yet turned the leaf.

The ancient race who, thousands of years before, left the cradle of the sun to track him to the ocean, are now flung on the coast of another

hemisphere, to begin once more their destined westward march, and like the Israelites of old, they, too, might tell in that new country: "A Syrian ready to perish was our father!"

They fled across the Atlantic like a drift of autumn leaves—"pestilence-stricken multitudes"—and the sea was furrowed by the dead as the plague-ships passed along.

One would say a doom had been laid upon their race—the wandering Io of humanity—a destiny of expiation, a doom of weeping and unrest.

Of old the kings at Tara sat throned with their faces to the west: was it a symbol or a prophecy of the future of their nation, when from every hill in Ireland could be seen

"The remnant of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild, and woeful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like withered leaves of autumn."

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the rocky mountains bar like a portal the land of gold—through the islands of the Southern Ocean to the great desolate world of Australia, seeking as it were the last home of their fathers, and doomed to make the circuit of the earth—still onward flows the tide of human life—that inexhaustible race who have cleared the forests of Canada, who have built cities and made all the railroads of the State, who have given thousands to the red plains of the Crimes, who have overcome California and peopled Australia—the race whose destiny has made them the instruments of all civilization though they have never reaped its benefits.

No colonies recross the Atlantic. Immutable as the path of the planet is the destined cycle of human progression, never ending, never ceasing, until perhaps, the ancient race, after its weary wanderings, will arrive once more at "the partings of the ways" in the far eastern land of Paradise and the dispersion. It is but a sombre vaticination, yet it is evident that from Ireland the old people will soon pass away. The old language will become a tradition. The Scythian races, with their free spirit, and purer faith, will pour in to repeople the desolate lands, and to build up the waste plains; and the ancient children of the south, of Tyre, of Carthage, of the Isles of the Sea, must flee

before them, as they have ever done, step by step, across the broad plains of Europe, till from their last refuge, that rock of the Atlantic to which they have clung lovingly, trustingly, at last despairingly, during two thousand years, the old race must be rent and severed to make room for their triumphant successor, the conquering Scythian. Yet, though

kings, princes, and races perish, though a nation may be obliterated, still the singular and beautiful literature of that ancient people, the literature of two thousand years ago, will live for ever in Ireland, to interest and instruct the poet, the historian, and the antiquary—the records of a people more ancient than the pyramids.

## THE CAVALIER AND THE PURITAN.

BY THOMAS MOOD, ESQ.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the days of King James the Second, there lived at Burnley Manor "a right loyal gentleman," as he was called at that period. His ancestors, from time immemorial, had lived in the old house. I need not go through the long pedigree, to show how one of the "Burnleighs of Burnleigh" had been to the Holy Land (was not his long red-cross shield hanging up in the old hall?) or how one of them sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, or how, in later years, Geoffrey Burnley was killed at the battle of Naseby—that fatal fight, when so many noble English families perished. Burnley's son, concealed by the friendship of a Puritan called Crane, who lived at Burnley, had returned to his estates at the time of the Restoration, and, in turn, extended his protection to Crane's son, who was nearly suffering imprisonment. One would have thought that such mutual kindness would have bound their descendants together for ever; but, as will be seen hereafter, avarice stepped in, and broke up friendship that promised to be so lasting.

The Burnley we last mentioned married a lady of good family, who bore him one son. While the merry-making and carousing were going on at the Manor House for the birth of the heir, the wife of the rescued Crane died in giving birth to a male child. The two infants thus ushered into the world on the same day, and almost at the same hour, seemed as if born to be playmates and friends—a still stronger

tie between the two families—but fate had destined them to play a different part in the great drama of life. Young Cyril Burnley and Roger Crane went to the same school, where the latter soon outstripped his school-mate, not less in learning than in intelligence, for Cyril was an easy, quiet lad, not remarkable for shrewdness. His friends called him a "good-natured fellow," that being the euphuism for the epithet "fool," accorded him by his enemies; while Roger, far from being a "fool," inclined a little more to the "knave." After spending some time at school, the two youths went to Oxford, where Cyril entered at Christ Church, while Roger obtained a scholarship at the neighbouring Hall of Broadgates, which some time before had been raised to the dignity of a college. Here he progressed rapidly, and after leaving college, became a studious Templar.

Cyril led a jolly life at Oxford, but was at length expelled by the college authorities for some irregularity—I believe, for a dispute with a Puritan Doctor of Divinity, which ended in his flooring the worthy divine—after which exploit he retired to his native village, and, his father being dead, began the life of a country squire. About the same time Crane, having arrived at the dignity of a "Counsellor," came down to Burnley, and from that period our history commences.

Discords and dissensions soon began, and King James was driven from his

throne, and in the struggles and troubles that followed, Cyril was suspected of assisting; the celebrated Dundee. Certain it is that he raised a small body of men, and disappeared from the neighbourhood, only re-appearing some time after the fatal battle of Killiecrankie, when, with the shattered remnants of his followers, he returned to Burnley; but the few who went with him on that secret expedition were tried, and faithful, and kept their own counsel, so that, in spite of the lectures and cross-questionings of their respective wives, the truth was never elicited, and, though dangerously compromised, Cyril escaped unpunished.

But his heart was with King James, and not to be behind his ancestors in loyalty, he determined not to take the oath of fealty to the usurper, as he invariably called William of Orange.

He was not a man of great moral courage, so he laid a plan by which he might escape an open refusal, and yet satisfy his conscience—he was sensible enough to see that open resistance was useless, and there was no hope left for James.

In the year 1688, then, or the year following, Cyril, while in London, fell in with William Penn, the well-known Quaker. Penn about this time was suffering for his close friendship with the exiled King. Four several times was he carried before King William in council, and accused of being in secret correspondence with James. His own people cried out against him as a Romanist, nay, as a Jesuit in disguise—and numerous rumours of the most horrible description were circulated about him. Cyril was irresistibly attracted towards him by his real goodness and sterling worth, which all the calumnies in the world could not destroy. He communicated his difficulties, and Penn advised him, rather unwisely, perhaps, to start for the new colony on the banks of the Delaware. After talking it over, Cyril returned to Burnley, and sent down early on the morning after his arrival to beg Roger Crane to come up, as he had important business to communicate to him.

A close friendship still existed between the two, although the Puritan seldom visited the Manor House, for the jolly life of the Cavalier, and his

revelries and merry-makings, were hardly suited to his taste.

We will take a look at Cyril while he is waiting for Crane in the little library, for, although the former thought it necessary to have a library, seeing that he had been a magistrate and justice of the peace under King James, he adorned the walls with only just enough books to give it a right to that title; and, of those books most were works of no very justiciary weight—Philip Sidney's "*Arcadia*," "*The Faerie Queene*," a mighty gathering of jovial Cavalier song books, with a scanty, very scanty, sprinkling of sermons, most of them being upon the King's Supremacy. Cyril had now grown a fine man, just in the prime of life; his long dark hair hung in curls upon his shoulders, for he despised the idea of a wig; his moustache had in it a slight tinge of auburn, that contrasted well with his black love-locks. His face was marked, not disfigured, by a scarcely-healed scar that he had brought back with him from the mysterious expedition we have mentioned. He was tall, and straight, though his stout, well-formed limbs took away slightly from his height.

Very different was the figure that now entered the room. Roger Crane, although of the same age as Cyril, seemed twenty years his senior. His figure was bowed with long study, and deep furrows and lines, arising from the same cause, did not add beauty to a face that in itself was not pleasant. His hair was already grizzled, and his figure was lean and spare. At his knee toddled a little girl of about five years of age—his daughter—for Roger was married, and though folks said he was a cruel husband, and a hard lawyer, it would have been difficult to have found a more kind and loving father.

Putting the child on a chair, whence she could look out of the window down a long avenue of elms, where the little grey rabbits kept darting about from among the ferns on either side of the drive, Roger seated himself in an arm-chair, and waited for Cyril to speak.

Cyril was striding up and down with a sort of desperate air, whistling the tune of one of his favourite songs, the first verse of which ran as follows:—

The stars were winking in the sky,  
And the moon went dancing along,  
When we fell on the Roundhead rebel's  
camp,  
Full fifteen hundred strong.

Come carol us a carol oh! \*  
The Roundheads to the devil go,  
And God save our good King!

Suddenly recollecting that perhaps Crane might not relish the ditty, he stopped short, threw himself into a chair, and filling a glass of claret, tossed it off, and began business.

"Roger, old friend, I've made up my mind to leave the old country. Odds fish, man! do you think that after swearing fealty to our good King James—whom God restore to his throne say I—I can turn about, weather-cock fashion, and bow down to a fat Dutch herring. Phsaw!" he continued, as he saw that Crane was about to protest against this abuse of William of Orange; "I do not often run a-tilt at your prejudices, but I must have my say out now, and you must e'en bear with me this once, for you may never see me again. While I was staying in London, I fell in with the worthy Penn, and have made up my mind to set out for his settlement, that he has named after him—Pennsylvania. Now seeing, Roger, that I have neither chit nor child, I be-thought me of the old friendship of our families; and, albeit, since we left Oxford you have seldom come up here, still I have much friendship for my old college friend, and respect your scruples, though odd's life! I cannot see iniquity in cracking a joke, or a bottle of claret, or sin in singing a roaring song. But let that pass, old friend, we have all our hobbies. So now to tell you why I required to see you. Seeing, as I have said, that I have no children, I have determined to leave my estates in your hands, if you will undertake the charge, until I either settle down in the new country, as is most probable, or return to England. I will not insult you, old friend, by offering to pay you as a steward, but do you live on the income of the property as it falls in. Bring up your wife and youngster, and live here. By my soul! the old house wants some piety to air it, for

it has been the scene of roystering and mirth these many long years. Well, what say you Roger? Will you undertake the trouble on these conditions?"

"In sooth, Cyril Burnley," answered Roger, "sith you wish it to be—though I like not the thought of being an hireling."

"Fish, man," interrupted the Cavalier; "I do not ask thee to do so, but I had rather an old friend lived in my father's house, than a stranger or a steward, who would defraud me of the moneys that I offer you as a gift. So no more words to the bargain. If you will get ready your chattels, the house shall be vacant to-morrow at sunset."

So saying, Cyril shook Crane by the hand, who, seeing that the other seemed to wish to say no more on the subject, did not oppose him longer. The Cavalier, having called together his servants, told them that he was about to set out for a far country, and amply paid them their wages, thanking them for their good services. There was many a moist eye among them, for rough and hot-headed though he was, there never breathed a kinder or better master. So the domestics packed up their baggage, and departed to their homes.

The next day, Cyril and the Counsellor were walking up and down the avenue in deep conversation. Cyril now spoke more freely, and, the first plunge taken, seemed able to think and act more freely.

"There is much to be feared, mind you," said Roger; "'tis marvellous unhealthy, this same America they tell me, where there be numbers of savage beasts, besides savage men, of which there be tribes, and exceeding fierce, too, for did they not kill my worthy uncle Josiah Wax-confident-in-bonds, who went forth among them to preach the Gospel?"

"A man must die somewhere, and at some time," said Cyril, "and the bare idea of danger gives a smack to life, like the lemons in a rousing bowl of punch; besides, too, if I like it not, I shall return, and if aught brings me back, why, I shall know where to

\* The inscriptions on the coins of Charles the Second, "*Carolus a Carolo*."

find you, and will relieve you of the cares of the stewardship."

"But you may never return, Cyril Burnley."

"Well, if I do not, then you may have the lands, and welcome, for of all the world I shall then want barely six feet of earth, and I may not want even that if I be eaten by the savages, which, they tell me, be mighty eaters of human flesh."

So, with a laugh, Cyril strapped the little valise (containing the money he intended to take with him), to the saddle-bow of his horse, which was just led out from the stable. Flinging himself on its back, he shook Roger warmly by the hand, and rode off at full speed, followed by a servant leading the horse that bore the rest of his baggage.

Cyril did not turn back for a last glance—he could not trust himself to look again on his ancestral home. If he had turned he would have seen little, for in spite of his forced gaiety, there was a dimness before his eyes that might almost have been called tears.

Without any adventure, Cyril reached London, and there embarked on board the *John Key*, a ship called after the first child born at the settlement of Philadelphia, who died, in 1767, an old man of eighty-five, having gone all his life by the name of First Born.

After a long and tedious voyage, the vessel at length reached the Delaware, and sailing up, dropped anchor off the rising colony of Philadelphia. Here Cyril landed, and here we will leave him.

The old Puritan settled down at Burnley Manor, and brought his child to dwell there—and the house became so familiar to him, that he looked upon it as his own, and forgot all about Cyril Burnley.

#### CHAPTER II.

YEARS passed by, and Roger, perhaps too readily believing Cyril to be dead, began to act as Lord of the Manor, altering and improving, selling, buying and exchanging at his own pleasure. While this was going on, poor Penn had been brought into disgrace by the false accusations of Fuller, and after years of neglect was only just reinstated in the King's

favour and restored to his government. In the meantime, Cyril had found out how sadly he erred in coming to the settlement. He had bought a farm, which he did not know how to manage, and which, after a struggle of many long years, he was obliged to give up, broken in health and fortunes.

During the first year after his arrival at Philadelphia, he began to discover that the customs of the rigidly simple and often fanatic inhabitants—for the most part men who, for religious reasons had sought a new home—were little calculated to suit a roystering cavalier; so after vainly seeking for companions after his own heart, he took unto himself a wife, the daughter of a worthy old Dutchman, who parted with her for the slight consideration of a hogshead of tobacco. She, however, did not survive these nuptials many years.

For some years before her death the farm had been going fast to rack, so at last the Cavalier, with a sigh, turned his back upon the settlement, and set out with an only son for England.

Few would have recognised in him the fine hearty man who came there from the old world. Indeed, one or two of the inhabitants confided as much to each other, as they watched him going off to the ship, as the vessel unfolded her white wings, and rounded the woody Cape. Poor Cyril! his hair was grey, and, in contrast to his face, tanned by exposure to the sun, seemed almost white. His limbs were shrunk and wasted, and he had lost his former erect carriage in a fever through which the homely, affectionate little Dutchwoman had nursed him with unceasing care.

When he reached London, Cyril left his little son in the care of the innkeeper's wife, and travelled with all speed to Burnley. It was a hot summer's day, and Roger Crane was seated at the open library window, watching his two girls tending the flowers on the lawn; for the ferns on either side of the avenue were gone, and with them the timid rabbits that used to flit among them. It was now a trim lawn, dotted over with quaintly-shaped beds filled with gorgeous flowers.

Suddenly a figure sprang in at the window, and before Crane could distinguish who it was, his hand was seized in a firm grasp, and a voice



that he knew only too well, altered though it was, exclaimed—

"God bless you, Roger! God bless you! it is a comfort to see an old well-known face again. Odsife, but you're little changed with all these long years. Art tired of the stewardship? I have come to relieve you, for I have lost every farthing I had in that infernal old psalm-singing settlement, so I have come back to end my days in peace in the home of my childhood. But you shall not budge, man, there's room enough for us all, and your wife must be a mother to my boy, for I've been married, old friend, since I saw you last," and here his voice began to falter; "poor heart, she was a good woman, God bless her. But, by my soul, Roger!"—he exclaimed, observing the cold look of astonishment with which Crane regarded him, "don't you remember me? Cyril, Cyril Burnley! your old friend! surely you've not forgotten?"

"In good sooth, no, my good man," said Crane, "I cannot have forgotten you in that I never knew you; and let me tell you that if you think to act Cyril Burnley, you will not find me very ready of belief."

Burnley stood aghast. At first he thought Crane was joking, but there was that in his tone which showed him to be in earnest. At length he found words to speak.

"Roger Crane, for Heaven's sake don't jest with me!"

"Jest! sirrah! I advise you to beware how you carry your jest farther. If you do not get hence I will soon make you "

The truth began to dawn upon Cyril; he pressed him again and again, until at length Crane exclaimed—

"You must produce your papers. Doubtless you will find many living who will recognise in you the fine, hearty, roystering Burnley, of Burnley."

"Heartless wretch!" exclaimed Cyril. "Now I can see your cold-blooded villainy; you know as God is judge between us, that I trusted my lands to you, as I would to my mother's son. I know that friendless and penniless as I am, I have no hope left. You may rob the son of your father's preserver of his birthright, but mark me, your ill-got riches shall not prosper you!"

He was gone; but before his sha-

dow had passed from the room, Roger Crane had fallen senseless to the ground: whether it was the excitement or the terror of that interview, or whether it was a direct punishment from Heaven, no one can tell; but from that hour one half of his body, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, was dead—paralyzed.

Cyril went to London, and, embarking with his young son, he sought a home in Holland among his wife's kindred; and it was there on his deathbed, some years after, that he imparted to his son the facts that our readers are already acquainted with.

This son, Hugh, grew up into a fine youth, and obtained a commission in one of the Dutch regiments, where he passed by the name of Börnhagh. The thought struck him that in Captain Börnhagh, the young Dutch officer, few people would recognise the son of Cyril Burnley, of Burnley; so with all the romance of youth he determined to visit the place that should have been his own, and try to recover the estates which his father, worn out by long troubles and age, had too easily despaired of recovering.

For a long time after Cyril's departure, Crane had been fearful lest he should strive to recover his estates, or perhaps, attempt to take personal vengeance. Conscience was not still, and the worm that never dies was not asleep, and the old man, as he went trailing one half of his body a dead weight about with him, would often curse himself and his fate, and long for death to release him from his sufferings.

His only delight was in his daughters; the younger, a fair, delicate-looking girl, quiet and meek, yet, as she proved afterwards, not without a little of her father's determined spirit, when roused. The elder was a dark beauty, but her features bore an unpleasant resemblance to her father, as, indeed, did her character, for she was proud, and fierce, and unflinching, and if she was not wicked like him it was only because she had had no opportunity of being so. As time wore on, blindness was added to old Crane's other afflictions, and then his daughters became his only solace. They read to him, sang to him, and played to him, and became so necessary to his existence that the selfish old man would hardly suffer them to go out of his

hearing, and drove away, by increasing churlishness, the suitors who had come to seek them in marriage.

#### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Hugh Börnhagh arrived at Burnley, he took up his quarters at the village inn—the “Cup and Capon,” as the signboard gave out—and having ordered a good bowl of punch, he cleverly opened the campaign by inviting his host to partake of it with him. Hugh was sufficiently well versed in the tricks of the mess-table to ply his host, without seeming to hang back himself, and at length, when the genial liquor began to take effect, and the victim became talkative and communicative, he led him round to the subject of the Counsellor, and got out of him all the information he had to impart.

Mine host's opinion of Crane was perhaps less complimentary, though assuredly not less candid than it would have been, had he not seen so deep into the punchbowl. After informing Hugh that the Counsellor was “just the queerest old fish that ever snored a psalm”—for the jolly host was at heart a real foe to the Roundheads, like all other good fellows—he assured him that his daughters were “as pretty lasses as you might see within fifty miles;” that the old fellow was a great worshipper of King William the Third; and that he drove away all the “goodly youths that went a courting the two sisters by his crabbed ungainly ways.”

This and a thousand other things the host told his guest, though somewhat indistinct occasionally. Hugh sat up late that night, revolving plans of attack: first one and then another was adopted and thrown aside, until he fixed upon one that pleased him. The next morning Crane was called out to meet a visitor, and leaning on the arm of Liliās, his youngest daughter, he crawled into his consultation room. As they entered, the stranger made a low bow to Liliās, in which his eyes certainly did their best to let her understand the impression she had made upon him; nor did they fail, if we are to believe the little fluttering blush that her cheeks hung out as an answering signal, as she left the room after returning Hugh's greeting with no small trepidation.

As soon as she was gone Hugh announced himself as “Captain Börnhagh.” At the sound of his voice the old man leant eagerly forward in his chair, his bony hands grasping the arms tightly, and his eye-balls glaring terribly. “Speak again,” he murmured trembling, “surely my ears deceive me. Quick! speak! I think I know that voice!” Hugh repeated his name more clearly, adding the reason of his visit—an imaginary case of some intricacy. The old man grew calm, giving his advice here and there, as the narration proceeded, with great shrewdness.

Hugh managed very cleverly in the course of conversation to let fall, as if by accident, that he was a Dutchman, and a favoured protégé of the King's. Crane took the bait readily, became very civil, and taking great interest in his case, invited the young man to partake of some refreshment. In a word, Hugh had opened the campaign successfully, and from that day became a frequent visitor.

He followed up the advantages he had obtained, and in no long time made himself master of Liliās' heart. It was not until they had made their mutual confession of love that the lovers began to think how their attachment could be brought to a happy issue.

Taking the Counsellor aside one evening, Hugh said, “My good Sir, I'll give twenty gold pieces to the man who will solve for me a knotty point that entirely baffles my sagacity. Will you assist me in unravelling it?”

“Gold pieces are not so plenty now-a-days,” said Crane, “that I should think of refusing twenty of them for advice that it may not take me as many minutes to give.”

“Well then, Sir, the case is this:—Before I came here I was attached to a young lady of good family; in fact, Sir, as far as ourselves were concerned, we were betrothed. I applied to her relatives for consent. I have just received their refusal, and from what I can judge, and from knowing them to be Jacobites, I fear that the King's favour, instead of assisting me, is the cause of my rejection. The first idea that presented itself to me was to carry her off, but prudence reminded me that the young lady was not of age; in this perplexity, therefore, I thought

that perhaps your great skill might assist me."

"The thing's plain and easy enough," said the Counsellor, "get the young lady to carry you off!"

"How do you mean?" enquired Hugh.

"Why simply thus—Get your horse ready, strap a pillion on in front. Let the young lady mount first, and give you her hand to assist you to mount behind her. This done, nothing remains but for her to ply whip and spur and carry you off; and I defy all the judges in the world to lay a finger on you."

"Odslife, a most excellent plan!" cried Hugh, laughing more at the idea of old Crane's outwitting himself than anything else; so he paid the twenty pieces without grudge, and bade the Counsellor "good night."

When he left the house, instead of going down the avenue, he turned to the left, and keeping in the shadow of the house, crept round quietly to the back. The watch-dog came out of his kennel and shook and stretched himself, but after reconnoitring, turned round and coiled himself up to sleep again; so it seems that it was not the first time that Master Hugh had stopped under the little casement, at which he now tapped lightly with a long slender willow wand. At the first tap the window opened, and Lilius appeared, to whom he explained the advice he had received.

To Lilius' credit be it said, that it was not until after considerable persuasion, and when she saw that there was no other way left, that she consented to fly with Hugh; but her scruples once overcome she was ready to adopt any plan he might suggest.

The next night found Hugh at the same place, but this time, instead of a willow wand, it was a ladder that he drew out from among the shrubs.

Lilius opened the window, and stepping lightly down the ladder, found herself in her lover's arms. After wasting a few precious moments in joyful whispers and kisses that were perhaps too loud to be discreet, she mounted the horse, which was waiting at the end of the avenue, and went through the farce of assisting Hugh to mount behind her; for truth to tell, the only use he made of the hand she offered him was to press it to his lips as he bounded lightly to his seat.

Before the next morning they were many miles away; and almost as soon as he discovered the loss of his daughter, old Crane received a note which Hugh had left for him at his inn, in which he thanked the old lawyer for his excellent advice, "that," as the letter said "he would see was not thrown away."

#### CHAPTER IV.

It would be folly to attempt to describe the Counsellor's rage when he saw how he had been outwitted. For several days he was so savage and surly that even his eldest daughter did not dare go near him. After a time, however, he grew calmer, and would even sometimes speak of Lilius, but he never uttered a word about Hugh. But from the hour she left him, he began to break up rapidly, and before the year was quite out he was seized with a violent attack, which laid him on a sick bed, and his life was then despaired of. For a long time he lay raving and delirious, and from his lips Bridget gleaned, during his paroxysms, the tale of crime which is already known to the reader. When, as he drew near his end, he became calmer and more sensible, she questioned him about it, and he told her all.

At the first announcement of his illness his son-in-law hurried to the house, but no sooner had Hugh crossed the threshold than, with a loud yell, he sat upright in the bed, stretching out his arms as if to keep him off, screaming, "Cyril! Cyril Burnley! Spectre or devil—avaunt! Bridget, my child! protect me! drive him hence! Oh, Heaven! mercy! mercy!"

He sunk back, his eyes closed, and in a moment he was motionless—dead!

Hugh came up to the bedside, and looked the dead man in the face, and said, turning to Bridget, "It is too true—you see in me the son of Cyril Burnley, the man whom your father robbed of his birthright. I did not think to witness such a terrible scene. Heaven have mercy on his soul;" and with a shudder he turned away, and, mounting his horse, set out homeward.

Gently he broke to his wife the news of her father's death, and the story of his wrongs. Poor Lilius! She had loved her father dearly, selfish and stern though he was, and it

was a sad blow to her to know that he was guilty of so heartless a crime.

After a time, she recovered her health and spirits, and her husband established his claim to the estates by an arrangement with the elder sister,

who was at first very loth to give up the property, but at last consented when she found she had no means of proving her father's title. In their new home Hugh and his loving little wife lived long and happily together.

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#### THE OPENING SESSION.

It is said to be a good sign of the happiness of a nation when the facts recorded in its history are few and uninteresting; and if the indication be true, the commentator upon passing events must pronounce England the happiest of nations during the brief period that has elapsed since the arrival of the news of the acceptance by Russia of the Austrian propositions of peace. A sudden convulsion on the Stock Exchange, just sufficient to mark the epoch, having been safely got over, a profound tranquility set in after the momentous event of the 16th of January, and has continued, unruffled, through the season of the opening of the Session of Parliament, down to the time at which we write. May the augury be propitious! In the meantime, although we have not much of a story to tell, in the heroic sense, the occasion is favourable for observation and reflection, and we shall take advantage of it to examine "the situation," and to consider the state of the currents that may exist beneath this smooth and placid surface.

It is now seven months since the indiscretion of the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons completed the re-establishment of Lord Palmerston in the confidence of the nation, by dividing against him in opposition to a resolution authorising the Crown to guarantee the Turkish Loan. The people then saw that there was but one chance for obtaining an administration likely to represent its own determination to carry on the war with vigour, and there was thenceforward no room left for mistake as to the frank acceptance of Lord Palmerston as the chief of the Government and the champion of England. From that moment to this there has really been but one party in the country, and when the Queen addressed the Legislature on the 31st of January, the constitutional element of an Opposi-

tion was practically wanting in both the Houses. Lords and gentlemen did, indeed, sit among their friends, respectively on the right hand and on the left of the Chancellor and of the Speaker; but they were not practically divided. The speech from the throne was, in truth, one of the simplest productions of the kind that, perhaps, has ever been addressed to the great Council of England in modern times; and in its simplicity it most truly reflected the sentiment of the nation. The war was the staple of the public thoughts, and the war was the main subject of the royal speech; the pending negotiations for peace were referred to, in a passing allusion, as if but for the opportunity of promising that hostile preparations should be continued as though a pacific idea had never entered the ministerial mind. A few announcements of intended measures of "internal improvement" were made, yet so slightly touched upon, that they seemed but a chaff of words in which the substance of the communication from the Government to the country was conveyed. All the nation desired to know was that its rulers would not lose sight of the objects for which the war was undertaken, and would not abate their exertions to give vigour to its operations until a satisfactory peace shall be concluded: and a solemn pledge to that effect was given in those identical words from the Queen's lips. The right man was employed in the work of inditing that morsel of official eloquence, and the result was accordingly successful. The Houses of Parliament fell into the general feelings of the country: inquiries necessary to vindicate the national honour were postponed, and the general determination to support the Government in concluding a satisfactory peace or in prosecuting a necessary war was declared by a silence more expressive than the most clamorous cheers.

No one can deny that Lord Palmerston has got fair play; it will be his own fault if he fails to employ the opportunity so as to advance his own credit and reputation in the face of any possible solution of the important question that now engrosses the attention of the world. A severe trial, no doubt, awaits him in his approaching struggle with the craft of Russia, the double-dealing chicanery of Austria, and, it may be, with the faint-heartedness of France; but he may encounter it with a mind free from doubt that, whatever may be the event, he has only to put himself upon his country, frankly and manfully, to insure a safe deliverance. The vast majority of the nation will rejoice in the conclusion of an honourable peace: no one will shrink from the necessity of resisting a disgraceful and perilous truce, even though England should be left singly to fight the battle of the world. To renew the war, side by side with France, in open defiance of the friendship or enmity of the German powers would, we sincerely believe, be the contingency most generally agreeable to the British people of any that could result from the conferences of Paris. In truth, it is impossible for any man, whose vision is not obscured by the thick atmosphere of a government office, not to discern that the public judgment pronounces against the probability of a firm and honourable peace being concluded at the present moment, and the common desire is that the shortest possible time may be wasted in negotiation. In the minds of all men, the origin of the war is traced to the feebleness and protraction of the Aberdeen diplomacy, and no opinion is now more generally held and expressed than that safety is to be found only in a course directly opposite to that which led to the suffering and dangers of the last two years. "If all parties be honestly disposed, peace can be made as easily in half an hour as in half a year," is the formula in which the public conviction is expressed in every place where men most do congregate, and the hopes of the people rise in proportion as they see any reason to think that the minister is impressed with a similar belief. The peril in Lord Palmerston's way is the turbid eddy of languid negotiation. He will be tempted into it by all manner of wiles, and can only escape un-

damaged by rapidity and energetic firmness. By the exercise of these qualities he will, in any event, secure confidence at home: in no other way will he be so likely to establish a real peace abroad.

So much we think it necessary to say, in reference to the great topic of the day, because it seems to us that throughout the eventful period that has elapsed since the beginning of the year 1853, the gravest errors of the successive administrations have sprung out of their ignorance of the opinions of the people. Lord Palmerston, it is true, has shown himself, since his accession to the Premiership, less liable to this charge than his predecessors; but that his government is not altogether to be absolved from it, is but too evident from circumstances, to which we shall probably have occasion presently to refer. That the warnings we have ventured to offer may be unneeded, is certainly our most sincere wish, and, having expressed it, we shall turn from the subject, in order to glance rapidly at some other features of the political situation.

The abeyance of party is now a necessity of the public will, and although it has resulted as a natural consequence of successive exposures of incapacity, and even of unwillingness to accept responsibility, made by the old leaders, it must not be supposed; nor is it, perhaps, to be desired, that the quietude which has marked the opening of the Session, can have any long continuance. We have seen how every topic likely to be irritating was eschewed in the Queen's Speech, and the known leanings of Lord Palmerston render it unlikely that he will wantonly throw down such a bone of contention as would provoke a great party duel; nor is there any subject now engaging the national mind at all likely to give a public character to such a combat. The question of protection is at rest for ever. Parliamentary reform assumes no shape that could allure or frighten men into earnest civil strife. There is not a man, much less a party, in Parliament, willing to encounter the many-headed monster of corruption and extravagance, which is in these days the great enemy of the constitution. Nevertheless, as the existence of an Opposition is a neces-

sity of our system, an Opposition there will doubtless be, and it is the interest of the nation that its objects should be respectable in themselves, and such as will unite constituencies and representatives in a common sentiment. To get up a long debate, and even a strong division in either House of Parliament, upon a matter of limited interest, is no more than a gladiatorial exhibition; it never fails to excite disgust if, as in the case of the opposition to the Turkish Loan, its object be manifestly of a factious character. Yet of this very patent truth, it appears to us that the great Conservative party has no accurate perception, and in order that we may not lay ourselves open to the charge of vagueness and want of definite purpose which we bring against the eminent men who conduct its operations, we will endeavour to make a practical application of our meaning to the topics that seem at this moment to invite, or do actually engage, the attention of a parliamentary Opposition.

The subjects indicated in Lord Derby's speech upon the address, as likely to be made *chevaux de bataille* in opposition, were the American quarrel, and the fall of Kars. The latter was also significantly pointed to by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, as though it were possible that it might become at no distant period the theme of a grand party debate. Two other topics have since been brought into notice—the Wensleydale peerage, and the Crimean Commissioners' Report—the one of which has engaged the attention of the House of Lords, and the other certainly ought to receive the gravest consideration of both branches of the Legislature. If it was the design of the Conservative leaders to turn the dispute with the United States to party uses, they have already been anticipated by Mr. Cobden who, with manifestly the best intentions to employ it for a like purpose, and notwithstanding his acknowledged ability in that line, totally failed in the attempt. A long and laboured speech delivered by the advocate of peace, in the tone and manner best fitted to inflame a transatlantic disposition for war, was answered by Lord Palmerston with a simple explanation of the facts of the controversy, which may be summed

up, for the benefit of our readers, in a few words. The Clayton-Bulwer convention concluded between the British and American Governments on the 19th of April, 1850, was entered upon with "a desire of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between the nations," and for the immediate purpose of facilitating the construction of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Darien. It was then agreed upon that the site and vicinity of the proposed canal should be neutral ground, and the contracting parties specifically bound themselves not to "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." At that time Great Britain held the town and settlement of Belize, in the Bay of Honduras, and the island of Rattan or Ruetan, on the Honduras coast, which had been formally settled by the English so early as 1742, was subsequently abandoned, and again, of late years, was spontaneously occupied by British subjects without any instigation on the part of the Government. At the date of the convention, and ever since, Great Britain also exercised a sort of protectorate over the Indians of the Mosquito coast, whose king (so called) it had been for many years an occasional custom to crown at Jamaica. The meaning of the treaty, so far as concerns the British settlements at Honduras and its island dependencies, was defined by notes interchanged between Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer immediately before the exchange of the ratifications. It was clearly admitted that the engagements did not apply to those settlements; that they were in fact prospective, not retrospective, and so they seem to have been considered by the United States Government until January, 1854, when Mr. Buchanan, by the direction of the President, addressed a statement to the Earl of Clarendon, in which a demand (wrapped up in much school-boy logic) is virtually made for the abandonment of British settlements and influence upon the coast of Central America. It is naively admitted, in a subsequent letter from Mr. Buchanan, that the time chosen by the President for taking this step was "whilst the

attention of her Majesty's Government was engrossed by the war with Russia." The replies of Lord Clarendon to this friendly and opportune appeal were somewhat too like it in boyishness of style and argument. They were, nevertheless, spirited, if we may not say sharp. In the reply to Mr. Buchanan's first effusion his Lordship pointedly remarked that "there are at all times two modes of dealing with matters of business between nations—the one calculated to excite mutual irritation, the other to mitigate it; the one tending to prolong and increase differences, the other to diminish and remove them." The reply drew several editions of remarks upon it similar in character to the original statement. Mr. Buchanan quoted from *Rees' Cyclopædia*, *Crowe's Gospel in Central America*, *Brooke's Gazetteer*, and *Vattel*; explained the "natural order of things;" and proved, "at considerable length, that a consul is an officer appointed to reside in a foreign country for the advantage of his nation in such and such particulars. All this erudition seems to have been wasted upon the Foreign Secretary, who answered not a word for more than a year, and then in the end of September, 1855, flatly declined to yield to the American demands, and very plainly intimated that he had had enough of such foolery. There was, of course, a rejoinder from Mr. Buchanan, bearing date of the 4th of October last, and the dispute has since become mixed up with another occasioned by the silly attempt of the Aberdeen Government to obtain soldiers from among the population of the United States. In this latter affair Lord Palmerston admitted the error that had been committed, and frankly expressed regret for any violation of American territory or laws which might inadvertently have occurred. The subject was subsequently reopened by Mr. Roebuck in a most infelicitous attempt to get up a debate, and was a second time promptly closed by Lord Palmerston, by the use of the simple expedient of candidly and manfully stating, as his own, the universal sentiments of the country. In reference to the Central American question, the Government, convinced at once of the correctness of their own views, and of the infinite smallness of the matter in dispute,

offered to submit it to the arbitration of any third Power, determined that "nothing that a gentleman might do in a matter of private honour shall be omitted for the purpose of avoiding a collision which would be a reproach to both nations." In these words Lord Palmerston expressed the feeling and will of the country; and so long as the course they indicate shall be adhered to, the American quarrel will be unavailable for the purposes of Parliamentary opposition.

The Wenaleysdale life peerage, we suspect, may be included in the same category, although it has already been the occasion of anti-Ministerial divisions in the House of Lords. It is not, however, upon the Ministers alone the damage of those defeats rest; nor is the triumph likely to bring much profit to the Opposition. The question is, no doubt, important, and, like many other questions, it has two sides, both so equally lit and shaded with good and evil, as to render it no easy matter to distinguish which is the right one. It is beyond dispute that the character of the House of Lords, as a tribunal of the last resort, needs to be re-habilitated. It is plainly stated, indeed, by the leading organ of public opinion, that "the appellate jurisdiction has become a scandal and a reproach to that noble body, and an intolerable oppression and grievance to the public." We certainly do not go this length, and most certainly we do not desire to see the proposition of the journalist adopted, and a short bill passed to transfer the powers of the High Court of Parliament to a committee of hired lawyers; but it cannot be denied that there is ground for dissatisfaction in the manner in which those powers are now exercised. It seems to us to be unfortunate that the constitution of the House of Lords should have been tacitly departed from to the practical exclusion of non-legal peers from a share in the appellate business. At this moment there is nothing to prevent any spiritual or temporal Lord from actively engaging in the hearing of appeals, and as custom and common consent have committed that duty to a few members of the House of one class, there can be no reason to doubt that it might, in like manner, and without organic change, be entrusted to a select committee of a less exclu-

sive character.\* We are even profane enough to think that the public would not be the less satisfied with final judicial decisions because they should be received from a source in which legal wisdom might be tempered by *unlearned* common-sense and extensive knowledge of the world. Nay, we doubt if there are many suitors who would not entertain rather more confidence in a court of revision upon which such men as the late Duke of Wellington, or the Marquis of Lansdowne, or the late or present Earls of Shaftesbury, or many others whom we might name, should serve with one or more of the Law Lords — Brougham, Lyndhurst, Campbell, St. Leonards, or Cranworth—than in a petty committee composed exclusively of those noble and learned persons. We are, at all events, perfectly convinced that the gain in speed that would be attainable under such an arrangement would be esteemed by the public as more than a compensation for whatever damage they might sustain from any lack of forensic subtlety and learning which might characterise the judgments upon their appeals. At present the whole appellate business of the House of Lords devolves upon the five learned Barons we have named; and considering that they are all advanced in years, and that two of them are fully occupied in other important duties, it is no reproach to them, and certainly nothing more than the truth, to say that it is not efficiently performed. To remedy this evil there would appear to be three courses open: The appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords might be transferred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; or a sufficient number of lawyers might be brought into the House from time to time by ennobling their families; or the same purpose might be effected by life peerages. We have already stated our opinion with regard to the first proposal, and we trust it is unnecessary to sustain it among Englishmen by an argument more elaborate than that of the bold Barons of Runnemede — *nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. Were the occasion suitable,

however, we should not be unready to maintain that the peculiar nature of our constitution is adverse to absolute professional exclusiveness, and that the cause of justice must be ill-served by such a rigid division of labour. A lay Queen is head of our Church, and a numerous body of Protestants maintain, with much force of reason, that a large infusion of lay influence into the ecclesiastical commonwealth would tend to the advancement of religion and to the stability of the national form of Church Government. A Minister of War, who is not a soldier, and a First Lord of the Admiralty, who is not a sailor, exercise a superior control over our military and naval affairs; and events immediately passing show that without non-professional supervision of some sort we should not in all probability, at this moment, have had an army in the field, or a navy fitted to maintain the place of England on the seas. We confess then that we would not abate one jot of that supreme jurisdiction over the proceedings of Courts of Law and Equity, and that power of practically determining the law which now properly belongs to the non-professional House of Lords, and rendering it the anchor of the constitution, mainly contribute to form its peculiar character. We believe also that this is the determination of the country, and that so long as that august House shall prove true to itself the contrivance of a supreme court of paid lawyers will not be adopted in imitation of the Supreme Court of the United States, which the far-seeing founders of that Republic invented as the only possible, though necessarily imperfect plan open to them for securing a tribunal of decision between the law and the constitution, without which they knew that freedom could not endure.

To the continuous ennobling of families of the robe, which would be required in order to keep up a due supply of learned Lords, in the manner hitherto practised, there is certainly the double objection of its overcrowding the roll and of laying the burthen of the peerage upon men not

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\* It is not uncommon to see an *unlearned* temporal or spiritual Lord sitting in appeal in order to make a house, when the required number of three cannot be supplied by law Lords.



possessed of means sufficient for its support. A free use of the Royal prerogative in that way would soon cause the Lords of Parliament to become too numerous, and the necessity for obviating that inconvenience has led to a limitation of the choice of Law Lords as far as possible to old and childless lawyers; and perhaps to the exclusion of men fitted by their fortunes and social position to reflect honour upon the peerage. The evil consequences of making very poor men hereditary legislators must be sufficiently obvious, but it may perhaps be serviceable to show to what a depth of meanness and degradation it may lead, especially as we can do so by a short extract or two from Primate Boulter's Letters, without incurring the guilt of breach of the privileges of the present noble generation:—

"Since I came to town to settle, (writes the Primate in 1732.) there have been with me my Lord Mount Alexander and Lord Strangford, to desire I would put your Grace in mind of them now upon His Majesty's return. The case of the first, your Grace knows, is that he has nothing at all to subsist upon, and is ready upon all occasions to attend His Majesty's services in the House of Lords. The case of the latter is, that there is a pension granted for the maintenance of my lord and his mother; but as he is now of age and learning fit for the University, he would willingly prosecute his studies at the College here, but without an additional pension from His Majesty's bounty, he is unable to be at the expense. I am told he is a good scholar, and soberly disposed; and I think it is a pity he should not be encouraged to go on and improve himself."

Again and again his Grace (the Duke of Dorset) is reminded by the most reverend whipper-in, that Lord Altham is unable to subsist upon his pension, "though he were a better manager than he is."

"Your Grace knows (writes the Primate in 1734) he has on all occasions constantly attended at the House of Lords to carry on His Majesty's service. He has a wife and several children, and is likely to have more; and his present pension of £200 per annum, is what, with the best management, must be a very scanty maintenance for a nobleman. It ought not to be forgot that at the death of my Lord Anglesea, he will be a peer of Great Britain, whether he will be able to succeed to his Lordship's estate or not."

Examples of this kind might be

multiplied and diversified, but those we have cited will be sufficient to suggest the strongest argument that can be adduced in favour of the bold step taken by the Government in the limitation of the Wensleydale peerage to the term of Sir James Parke's natural life. Upon the opposite side, it is argued that the proceeding is an illegal, or at least an unconstitutional exercise of the royal prerogative, calculated to derogate from the dignity of the House of Lords by the introduction of a lower species of peerage, and by opening a way that could be at any time conveniently used for pouring into the house an overwhelming contingent of mercenaries ready to attend the Sovereign's service. A regiment of Life Guards, it is said, might be made life-peers for the purpose of violating the constitution; but it is forgotten that every trooper in the Blues might, at the present moment, be empowered to beget hereditary legislators until the crack of doom; and that Charles the First and Cromwell both violated the sanctity of Parliament by the introduction of armed guards, without troubling themselves to affix the great seal to a single patent of nobility. This argument manifestly deals only with an abuse of the Royal prerogative, and while it irresistably bears upon a proposition seriously considered in the year 1831, to create eighty hereditary peerages in order to carry the Reform Bill, it touches the case of Lord Wensleydale no more closely than those of Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, St. Leonards, or Cranworth. It would be unquestionably unconstitutional, and therefore illegal, to create eighty, twenty, five, or two peerages, whether hereditary or for life, with a view to over-ride the judgment of Parliament upon any specific question; but it seems to us that the impugnants of Sir James Parke's writ of summons—no one impugns his patent—have signally failed to prove the illegality of its issue. And the character of unconstitutionality is, as we think we have shown, not attachable to the special limitations of the tenure of the dignity, but incidental to the particular motive and occasion of the summons. Life seats in the House of Peers, are in truth neither novel nor rare: they are held by Irish peers; and from

time immemorial, they have been occupied by bishops, who are not peers, but merely lords of parliament. We do not mean to say that it might not have been quite as wise for the ministers to have respected the maxim *quieta non movere*, and to have conferred upon the childless object of their favour, the empty privilege of transferring his honours to successors never likely to exist. But upon the other hand, we are in no doubt that the question is not one upon which the public mind can be excited, or that its agitation can have any other effect than to separate the Opposition from the people, and perhaps to render the aristocratic element of the constitution ridiculous in the public eyes.

The two remaining subjects we have named as being among those likely to cause divisions in Parliament are the inquiries into the causes of the fall of Kars, and into the matter of the report of the Commissioners sent by the Queen's authority to investigate the condition of the army before Sebastopol last year. Signs have been hung out to show that these topics will be made the subjects of discussions in both Houses of Parliament, but no indication has been given that they will be manfully grappled with by any organised party that can be fairly entitled to the name of Her Majesty's Opposition. Lord Ellenborough has intimated that he will prove himself true to his idea that Asia is the proper seat of war, by delivering before his noble *confreres* an elaborate criticism upon the siege of Kars, its incidents, accidents, and catastrophe. Mr. Layard has also given notice of his intention, upon the 28th of February, to direct the attention of the House of Commons to the extraordinary revelations made in the report of Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch; but the simple fact that these movements have been left in the hands of the noble earl and the honourable gentleman we have named is in itself a proof conclusive that a real parliamentary Opposition does not in truth exist. If there be any subject upon which the masses of the people have thought earnestly during the period that has elapsed since the capture of Sebastopol, it is the fall of Kars. If there be any subject in relation to which it would be possible and is ne-

cessary to arouse the popular passion, it is the exposure of the corruption, incapacity, and incurable blindness of the Horse-Guards. It is known to all the world that for five long months a small garrison of Turkish soldiers and local volunteers, headed by six Englishmen—truly worthy of the name—held the position of Kars against an enormously superior Russian force, commanded by the most distinguished and experienced of the many able officers of the Czar. With a motley crowd of 15,000 undisciplined, unclothed, unfed, but most gallant and patriotic men, Williams, Lake, Teesdale, Thompson, Sandwith, and Churchill—every one of these men was a leader—stood against Mouravieff and his 40,000 regular troops for more than five months. On the ever-memorable 29th of September they slew more than 6,000 of them in a pitched battle. Of that small band of heroic chiefs all but one are now in the hands of the enemy. Kars succumbed to starvation nearly three months after the fall of Sebastopol had set the forces of England, military and naval, at liberty to attempt its relief. Kars remained unrelieved while 20,000 of the Anglo-Turkish contingent were unemployed and ardently desirous of being permitted to advance to the rescue. These troops were sent wandering to and fro over the waters of the Euxine while, it is said, six-and-thirty letters from General Williams, urgently praying for the aid they were able and most anxious to afford, were lying unanswered and unnoticed in the portfolio of the British Ambassador at Constantinople.

We all remember the horrors revealed by the letters of the Crimean correspondents of the journals, and the vain attempts of the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee to juggle with and mystify those revelations. Their authenticity has now been attested in the report of a Royal Commission, and certain men have been designated by name as being guilty of neglect and misconduct, whereby the loss, by death, of 10,000 out of 29,000 brave soldiers was caused in six months. The report of the Commissioners is of the least impassioned and most matter-of-fact and cautious kind. It is accompanied by the evidence upon which it is based. It has been for a considerable time in the hands of the Go-

vernment; and their action upon it, so far as can be discovered, has been to promote and honour the persons to whom it attributes the largest share of criminality.\*

These topics are certainly not suited for merely factious uses, nor do they involve any great political questions which might be employed as shibboleths of party. They are simply matters of practical importance to the safety and honour of the State, demanding from the executive Government the most earnest attention, and, in the contingency of any failure in the performance of that imperative duty on the part of the Queen's ministers, justifying the intervention of her Majesty's Opposition. It is truly remarkable that a statesman like Lord Palmerston, who shows so many signs of being gifted with an accuracy of vision able to pierce the fogs and mists of Downing-street, should not have perceived the fact that his strength, as the constructor and chief of a ministry, lies altogether in the opinion of the middle classes—that he was raised into his place by it, and that he could not, without it, remain for a month in his proud pre-eminence. It is but a few short years since he was driven out of the Foreign-office by contumely, because his plain-speaking to foreign despots was displeasing to the Court. The agent in inflicting upon him that—we suppose we must call it—disgrace, was the aristocratic leader of the great Whig governing families. His open opponents, at present, are members of the great Tory governing clique. What can he expect from the favour, the forbearance, or the hopes of these parties? Those who observe the signs of the times know that the spirits of the boldest among either of them would quail, and their joints loosen, at the sound of the popular voice raised in support of the minister. What madness or ignorance has prompted him to barter that support for a few Horse-Guards votes? Yet, to all appearance, he has committed this great folly under circumstances at once derogatory to his own self-respect, and contemptuous to the people. At least

three officers accused of grave military offences by Royal Commissioners appointed by Lord Palmerston's own sanction to inquire into their conduct, have been honoured and promoted in the face of that accusation, and while judgment was not yet pronounced upon it by any competent authority. The offence charged was no less than a wilful neglect of duty, whereby more than a third of a British army of 29,000 men was sent to the grave in six months. Among the victims were sons and brothers of almost every family of the middle classes of the people of the three kingdoms. Does Lord Palmerston expect that crosses of the Bath, regiments and places at the Horse-Guards, will buy for his Government the thorough support of men whom all family and party ties hold aloof from it? Or does he not yet perceive that the force of a fly would be greater than the opposition of the men he has thus bid for, if he could array upon his own side the feelings of a nation which has borne and forborne, like the British people during the last two years? But if the Prime Minister has made such mistakes as those we have indicated, surely it is the duty of the Opposition to correct them, and, looking at the matter in a lower point of view, it is their good fortune to meet with so favourable an occasion for party action. We confess, however, that we scarcely hope they will profit by the opportunity, and, if we may indulge a thought, that some good may result from a free expression of the popular opinion with respect to the malfeasance of the Government in reference to the defence of Kars, and the report of Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch, it is encouraged, rather by the experience we have of the sensibilities of small subordinates in power, than by any confidence we are warranted in placing in the enlightened and far-seeing selfishness of aspirant leaders in Opposition. Mr. Bouverie and his ten or twelve comrades drove out Lord John Russell last year, when they perceived the danger of being themselves driven out with him. There is probably

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\* The reference of the explanations of the officers inculpated by the Report to a Court of Inquiry, made since the above was written, may postpone, but it cannot supersede, the necessity for a full discussion of the subject in Parliament.

better ground for expecting that any reformation that may be effected at the Horse-Guards this year will grow out of *their* fears, than that it shall be the fruit of the hopes of those whom the occasion manifestly invites to mount into office through a breach in that citadel of corruption.

We are not ashamed to admit that we desire to see a well organised and powerful Opposition in Parliament, for we are fully convinced that a free state cannot be governed with safety for its institutions otherwise than by the machinery and action of parties struggling for power. To be respectable the struggle must be, or at least appear to be, real. A sham fight will not enlist the sympathies of the people; nor will the most acrimonious strife about matters really or apparently trifling excite any feeling save contempt in the public mind. There is, as we have already said, no great or seemingly great question at issue, the manful fighting out of which would warm the national blood, or that could be effectually, even though dishonestly, used as the basis of a party cry. What a heavy loss to factionaries was the settlement of Catholic Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade! An army of demagogues and hireling agitators was thereby as effectually confounded as the host assembled in the plain of Shinar. Yet, to this day, the curious observer may perceive that certain leaders hope to awaken the passions of former followers by addresses delivered in the unknown tongues of the years 1829, 1831, and 1846. Not one man of the Opposition seems yet to have learned even a smattering of any living language sufficient to enable him to renew communications with any section of the people. The effect upon the nation has been to induce a very general contempt for the whole tribe of statesmen, and a growing feeling of distrust in the soundness of our boasted institutions. Among the people the names and antiquated distinctions of party are seldom referred to but in derision, and were a general election to be held now the choice of the constituencies would not be determined, in a dozen cases, by any public principle of home politics. The whole country is indeed bent upon bringing the war to an honourable

conclusion, or, if that be not practicable, upon vigorously prosecuting it; but in each locality men would vote for their personal friends, or co-religionists, or for a consideration, without a view or a thought of advancing or defeating any great measure of national policy. Yet under this mask of apathy it requires no great strength of sight to perceive the rapid growth of feelings that demand the most serious attention of politicians, to whom, if they be worthy of the name, the knowledge of their existence ought to serve at once as the gravest of warnings and the most exciting of stimulants.

With the common contempt for most of the public men of the day there has grown up in the public mind a belief in the universality of official incompetence and corruption, the culmination of which became a public spectacle upon the conspicuous field of the administration of the Army. Toward that object the eyes of all men were attracted, and their minds naturally reverted from its contemplation to the familiar instances of the working of the same system which each man was able to examine minutely within his own limited circle. The dweller in our own city, for example, learned, from the gigantic proportions of the facts demonstrated in the Crimea, that the most important public trusts were recklessly committed to persons incompetent to undertake them; that honours, rewards, employments, were obtainable by family influence, favour, or money, irrespective of ability or merit; that it was scarcely possible for talent, even when combined with conduct or zeal, to struggle from beneath the "cold shade of aristocracy" into the sunshine of preferment. Such an observer, at first perhaps astounded by that demonstration, would see that it explained a century of smaller facts which had long excited his curiosity. If his memory embraced a period of twenty years, he would remember that in all the public departments within the close circle of his view, frequent changes in the forms, names, and emoluments of offices had been made; that many places had been abolished as useless, their occupants pensioned, and the business at once transferred to new stipendiaries with

official appellations perhaps slightly diversified. He would daily see able officers loitering away in pensioned and painful idleness leisure unwillingly acquired. He would probably know that their successors were altogether unqualified by education or experience for filling the old places newly-named; that their promotion was the work of party or family influence. Were he to cast his eyes towards the sacred precincts of the Four Courts—and we shall now carry the hypothetical inspection no further—he would see the places, not vacant but newly named and otherwise filled, of a small army of able-bodied pensioners; at their head a model of Irish lustiness and vigour, wasting the prime of manhood in the hard task of husbanding £3,500 a-year in laborious idleness; in the main body, a force of stalwart managers of superannuation allowances varying from £1,200 to £400 a-year; in the rear, a crowd of youths and subordinates removed from the public service to make way for new aspirants at an annual cost to the public which it is not in our power to fix with accuracy.

What are the thoughts which spectacles such as these must excite in the public mind, with their character, extent, and relations elucidated and explained by the events of last winter, and by the dealings of Government with the Crimean Commissioners' commentary upon them? Ours, we confess, revert sadly to those epochs in the history of nations, when taxation and official expenditure arrived at their extreme limits. We remember France in recent times, and the circumstances of her former and latter revolutions. Such is, as it seems to us, the lesson of warning which the present state of the public mind must teach to those who know and comprehend it. In the origin of the Administrative Reform Association, there was an explosion of the feelings we have described, which, being unguided and unsustained by administrative ability, has failed to produce any permanent effect, and, more unfortunately, has, in its failure, restored the confidence of blindness to the managers of public affairs. An appearance of complying with the demands of the reformers has been made by establishing a farcical system of examination as

a barrier to admissions into public offices, the effect of which will necessarily be to stimulate the spirit of place-hunting, that is a growing evil, and to raise an organised official class, which has ever been more dangerous to the liberties of States than standing armies. On the other hand, the few weeks that have passed since the opening of the Session have not been unfruitful in provisions for the extension of patronage. A bill of the genuine sort, for getting out able and competent Masters in Chancery, and their followers, upon pensions, and for appointing new men under new names in their stead, has already been laid upon the table of the House of Commons by the officers of Government, and no doubt it will not be a solitary specimen of the machinery now thought indispensable to the carrying on of Her Majesty's Government. It is in the nature of policy of this kind that it must be persevered in: an attempt to carry on a government by the support of place-hunters is like a paction with the Evil One,—once entered upon it must be fulfilled, and the fulfilment is inevitable destruction.

But the public mind is now dwelling intently upon that terrible canker of the body politic, and although the clamour for administrative reform necessarily failed in its vagueness, the public support would most certainly be accorded to any man or party who should, sternly and without regard to imaginary requirements for the carrying on of the Queen's Government, grapple with the evil in its details. The career which such a line of public conduct would open, would be truly a noble and exciting one. It might not, indeed, lead rapidly to office, but honestly followed, it would certainly conduct those who should undertake it to the highest place in the esteem and affections of their countrymen. For entering upon such a career of opposition, the time is propitious. The nation is sick of shams. The red-tape shams of office, the shams of political and social reforms, the shams of the Peace Congress, the shams of parliamentary inquiries alike stink in the nostrils of the people. Let any man prove his sincerity by singling out one case of corrupt or negligent administration, and hunt it

down, and he will establish himself as the leader of a party more surely than if he were to propose and carry in the House of Commons a mass of resolutions of good intent sufficient to pave the nether world. This, as it seems to us, is the lesson which the events of the recess, and those of the opening session plainly teach, and the teachings we are bound to say, have produced more visible effect upon the Ministry than upon those who, being out of office, ought to be, but who are not, in any intelligible sense, the Opposition. It is not to be put out of view that in the past month of expectation and anxiety, the lull produced by the crisis in foreign relations, has been taken advantage of by the Government, to introduce some most important measures of social reform, and to welcome others from the hands of private members. The bills for the settlement of the law of partnership, and for the removal from the shipping interest of the grievous burthen of passing tolls and dues, introduced by the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and those for the consolidation of portions of the Statute Law, brought forward by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and heartily accepted by the Government, are in truth work for a session, and of such a kind that, if they be brought to maturity, they will distinguish this session as one of the most profitable of the century. What has "the great Conservative party" done by way of counterpoise to these good works of the Ministry? To the forbearance practised by the leaders in reference to the pending negotiations, we award all due praise. The merit is considerable, though negative in kind. The only positive act performed

by the party is the opposition to Baron Parke's life peerage, regarding which we have already expressed our opinions. This course of practical negation may possibly be expected to afford a greater latitude, and more freedom of action upon a future occasion. It may, perhaps, now be thought wise to refrain from expressing an opinion upon the defence of Kars, or from criticising the conduct of the authorities at the Horse-Guards, when it is upon the cards that a chance turn in the Paris negotiations may altogether change the aspect of affairs. Who knows whether a more effectual attack can be made upon Lord Palmerston a month hence, by denouncing a shabby peace; or by proving the prosecution of the war to be unjust and barbarous? Reserve upon these points may be crafty and prudent, in the narrow party sense; but we doubt much that it is wise or politic. It is to events the decision of this issue must be referred. At present, Lord Palmerston's policy stands before the world, marked by many shortcomings, and encompassed with many difficulties, but yet open and intelligible. The remarkable result has been encouraging to those who deny that mystery is a necessity of statecraft. A larger share of public confidence was seldom enjoyed by a Minister of England than Lord Palmerston now possesses. The lesson will be complete, if he only be true to himself throughout the Paris conference. Come war or peace as the result of the negotiations, the nation will cheerfully accept either event, and any contingency that may flow from it, provided the national honour be vindicated by the truth, consistency, and firmness of its representatives.

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THE DRAMATIC WRITERS OF IRELAND.—NO. XI.—(CONCLUSION.)

THE REV. G. CROLY—T. C. GRATTAN—SAMUEL LOVER—J. STIRLING COYNE—T. F. COCKRAN—WILLIAM CARLETON—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"If anything be overlooked, or not accurately inserted, let no one find fault, but take into consideration that this history is compiled from all quarters."—TRANSLATION FROM EVAGRIUS.

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D., rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Benet's, and one of the most popular and powerful preachers in

London, is a native of Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and ordained for the Church of England. In addition to printed ser-

mons and theological tracts, he has found time to write on political subjects, and to indulge in poetry. Amongst his contributions to the muses, the principal are, "Paris in 1815," "The Angel of the World," and "Gems from the Antique." He is also the author of a "Life of Burke," of a "Treatise on the Apocalypse of St. John," and of a romance called "Salathiel; or, the Wandering Jew;" which last may, perhaps, be considered the ablest production of his pen. All that he has written is characterized by force, command of language, imagination, and classical taste. Occasionally he becomes wordy and obscure, but these are incidental lapses, and not the prevailing features of his style. His claims to admission in this list rest on two plays of considerable pretension in opposite lines—the tragedy of *Catiline*, and the comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*.

Dr. Croly's *Catiline* appeared in print in 1822. We are not aware that it was intended, or ever offered for representation; yet it contains many most effective scenes, and the leading character is powerfully and dramatically, as well as historically drawn. What the play chiefly requires is condensation; this it might easily have obtained from the hands of some experienced adapter. But Roman subjects are not popular, and seldom attractive. The *Virginus* of Knowles, which established the reputation of the author and principal actor, while it ranks amongst the very best of modern plays, commanded but few repetitions on its first production, and did little to assist the treasury of Covent Garden. Three published tragedies on the subject of *Catiline*, preceded Dr. Croly's: the first by Ben Jonson, in 1611; the second by the elder Crébillon (who has been called the French *Æschylus*), acted in 1748; and the third by Voltaire, at a later period, and translated into English by Dr. Franklin.

Ben Jonson's *Catiline* is learned and scholastic, but cold and declamatory. He may have taken something from an earlier play on the same subject by Robert Wilson and Henry Chettle,

acted in 1598, but never printed.\* Jonson's mind was stored with the ancients. His Sylla's ghost, at the opening of *Catiline*, is an evident copy from the apparition of *Tantalus*, at the beginning of the *Thyestes* of Seneca. He has translated Cicero and Sallust into interminable harangues, which would wear out the lungs of an actor, and exhaust the patience of any audience. Even Gifford allows this, while observing that "the number of authors whom Jonson has consulted, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities." Ben Jonson winds up his play by relating the death of *Catiline*; Dr. Croly represents this in action, which is a manifest improvement.

Crébillon produced his tragedy of *Catiline* after he had passed the age of seventy. He occupied twenty-five years in the painful composition before he gave it to the public, reading from time to time selected passages to the members of the Academy. This unusual exercise of the *limæ labor*, induced the wits of the day to apply to the apparently interminable effort, the opening line of Cicero's far-famed philippic—"Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ, Catilina?" Madame de Pompadour patronised the first representation, and took upon herself the expense of all the new dresses. The Senate, including the two consuls, consisted of eighteen portly personages, clad in togas of silver tissue with borders of purple satin, and tunics of gold brocade, richly festooned and ornamented with diamonds. This glittering costume, surmounted by powdered periwigs, furnished forth an array of conscript fathers gorgeous in external pomp beyond all precedent, and sufficient to scare away the shades of Cicero and his venerable colleagues, if they had looked in to assist (as the French say) at the imposing spectacle. Malice attributed the tragedies of Crébillon to a monk of the Chartreux, and scandal whispered that the reputation of *Madame son Epouse* was somewhat less immaculate than that of Lucretia. One day, he was asked, in presence of

\* The celebrated anti-dramatist, Stephen Gilson, in his "School of Abuse," speaks with exceptional praise of a play acting in 1579, called "*Catiline's Conspiracy*," which he elegantly terms "a pig of mine own sow."

his son (the celebrated novelist) with whom he was on bad terms, which he considered the best of his works. "I cannot decide the question," replied he, "but the worst are, undoubtedly, *Catiline*, and that gentleman,"—pointing to *Crébillon fils*—"I bitterly repent of both." "Don't let that disturb you," replied the obedient and respectful junior, "the world says you have little claim to either."

*Crébillon* built himself on *Æschylus*, with more regularity than that great and early master was able to accomplish. His nervous poetry has neither the lofty elevation of *Corneille*, nor the finished elegance of *Racine*. He prefers thought and profound reflection, to imagery. He seeks rather to startle and terrify, than to please. He has more strength than harmony, and deals lavishly in blood. He had a very peculiar habit of reciting his compositions throughout, trusting to memory, and seldom committing them to paper. If a critic suggested an omission which he determined to adopt, on the next repetition he passed over the passage as completely as if it had never been written. Being once asked why he was so fond of the dagger and bowl, he replied, "*Corneille* has monopolised the grand, *Racine* the tender; there is nothing left for me but the horrible."

*Voltaire* handles *Catiline* more systematically on the French model than *Crébillon* has done. His Romans are distinct Parisian *petits maîtres* of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth; and what he loses in vigour and identity, he affects to make up by overstrained sensibility, and measured declamation without passion. His play is inferior to that of either of his predecessors.

"This hour they lie, each, in his cell, a corpse."

Some of these objections have been suggested before, by the Rev. W. Genest, in a notice of the play in his "History of the English Stage;" but were they ten times heavier, they are swept away and redeemed by the grandeur of the last scene, and the magnificent death of

Dr. Croly's is, in many respects, the best of the four. He has read the others; but he has read them as landmarks to avoid, rather than as guiding beacons to follow: he has seized the contradictions in the character of his hero, so forcibly and antithetically set forward by *Cicero*, and has blended them with a masterly hand, and powerful dramatic effect. In this he has also proved himself a faithful delineator of history. But in other points he has sinned unskillfully against fact, while he violates theatrical canons without advantage. He would have written a superior play if he had trusted more to judgment and less to imagination. Amidst some stirring scenes there are others oppressively heavy and monotonous; and with much characteristic and beautiful language, there are flights too fanciful and figurative for a drama of real life and action. The comparatively subordinate part of *Hamilcar* is made so prominent that he divides interest with *Catiline*. We may also ask, why such strange incongruities are introduced, as a temple of the *Allobroges* at Rome, with the rites of their own peculiar paganism? What could a Moorish prince have to do with the conspiracy of *Catiline*? or, what possible connection could there be between this Gaulish tribe and a Grecian priestess from *Dodona*? In Dr. Croly's fifth act, *Cicero* and the senators enter in procession, each leading a prisoner. The conspirators ascend the scaffold, and the trumpets give the signal for death. Now nothing is more certain than that they were executed privately in the dungeon. Even in this play, *Cecina*, relating the event to *Catiline*, says,

*Catiline*. He has stormed the Roman camp, enters in triumph, forgetting for the moment that he is mortally wounded, and remembers only with his dying thoughts that a throne has been promised to him: he exclaims,

"Onwards! To Rome! (*His voice failing.*) To Rome!  
(*Amelia and Cæthys support him.*)

Where is *Amelia*? (*Falling—she bends over him.*)

I must die! Farewell! (*Springs up from the ground.*)

Is there no faith in Heaven? My hour shall come!

This brow shall wear the diadem, and this eye



Make monarchs stoop. My mouth shall have a voice  
 Strong as the thunder; and my trumpet's breath  
 Shall root up thrones. Your husband shall be King!—  
 Dictator!—King of the World!—

(*He falls suddenly, and dies.*)

We can fancy the effect of this speech upon the pit of Drury Lane, given as Edmund Kean would have given it, when the play was first written, in 1822.

The comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*, dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. George Canning, and first acted at Covent Garden, on the 11th of March, 1824, is of a totally different class. Here we have humorous dialogue, familiar incident, and characters drawn from every-day life. The introduced songs are too numerous, and not very appropriately introduced. They lengthen the play, and impede the action; but Miss Paton was at that time one of the most attractive vocalists on the English stage, and it was considered essential that she should be included in the cast. *Pride shall have a Fall* was repeated twenty-seven times to full houses, and became for a season sufficiently popular to be brought forward in all the leading provincial theatres. Much of this attraction arose from the author having interwoven in his plot certain absurdities, for which a gallant regiment of Hussars had rendered themselves at that time particularly notorious. Follies engendered in the idleness of peace, when soldiers have more leisure for ball rooms, embroidery and affectation, than the stern realities of war permit in periods of greater activity. There was no doubt of the intended application, which was well understood and enjoyed. *Cornet Count Carmine* of the "Twentieth Royal Sicilians," is set forth as a type of the dandy class, and was excellently embodied by poor Frederick Yates, then a rising actor at Covent Garden. The play is written partly in prose and partly in blank verse, a mistake as we think, but for which there is abundance of precedent. The characters of *Count Ventoso* and his pompous wife, are rather tiresome, and commonplace; but *Torrento*, the adventurer, who is, in fact, the fiddle of the piece, is infinitely amusing. Take for a sample, his barangue to his fellow-prisoners, when he thinks their privi-

leges are invaded. They have mounted him on a bench as a rostrum. "Gentlemen of the jail! are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle—in the loveliness of our private lives, in our *otium cum dignitate*? Is not our residence here for our country's good? Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, who hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them? I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread and water, our *cirtuous* slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? No! Freedom is like the air we breathe: without it we die! No! every man's cot is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that live by the law, die by the law? Now, gentlemen of the jail, a general cheer! Here's liberty, property, and purity of principle!"

[*They carry him round the hall, with reiterated cheers.*]

At the end, when informed that he is son and heir to a rich banker, he thus apostrophizes the omnipotence of wealth:—

"A banker's son! magnificent! A golden shower! Leonora, my love, we'll have a wedding worthy of bankers. What trinkets will you buy? The Pitt diamond or the Great Mogul? A banker, my angel! 'Tis your bankers that sweep the world before them! What army shall I raise? What cabinet shall I pension? What kingdom shall I purchase? What emperor shall I annihilate? I'll have Mexico for a plate-chest, and the Mediterranean for a fish-pond. I'll have a loan as long as from China to Chili. I'll have a mortgage on the moon! Give me the purse, let who will carry the sceptre."

The leading idea in this speech, which is true both in philosophy and practice, seems as if it had been suggested by Lord Byron's conclusion that Rothschild and Co., through their countless millions, "hold the balance of the world." If

the author of *Catiline* and *Pride shall have a Fall*, had continued, in maturer life, to write in the same line, our dramatic literature would, in all probability, have been enriched by many good comedies and tragedies; but in that case, the pulpit would have lost an ornament and a zealous expounder. In striking a balance in the matter, as it stands, the advantage may be pronounced to lie on the right side.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, of whom a succinct and interesting biography appeared in No. 252 (Dec. 1853) of this Magazine, has established a name in varied branches of literature, which stands gracefully beside the high patriotic celebrity of the race from which he is descended; but before he became known as the author of "Highways and Byways," he had courted Melpomene with youthful adoration. The tragedy of *Ben Nazir, the Saracen*, although not acted until 1827, had been written several years earlier—and as he himself says in his preface, previously to those other works, for the reception of which he has reason to be so thankful. The writer of this notice had become acquainted with him at a still more remote period, and knew that his bent was theatrical, and that his genius naturally inclined to poetical and dramatic composition. If *Ben Nazir* had met with the success which the author had every reason to anticipate, he might have been encouraged to persevere in the course which an unexpected, and we may add, an undeserved failure, induced him to suspend. The circumstances which attended the production of the play were of an extraordinary nature; perhaps, without parallel. As the curtain fell on the last scene, an apology was made from the stage for the imperfectness of the great actor who had filled the principal character. This had been moulded exactly to suit his peculiar excellences; he himself had frankly acknowledged that he saw opportunities of producing great effects with it, and undertook the study in the full expectation, that while he served the author, who was his friend, he had materials to work with, which would revive and restore his own tottering reputation. Had Edmund Kean, in 1827, been the man he was in 1816, when he established the fame of *Matrin* in his first tragedy, it is very possible that the success of *Ben Nazir*

might have equalled that of *Bertram*: but he was broken in health, unhinged by vexations of a private nature, his memory impaired, and his fiery energy reduced to the shadow of what it once had been. The play was severely dealt with by a portion of the press, and the author then printed it in his own vindication. The plot is partly founded on history, and partly on a French romance. The interest is centred in the character of the Moorish chief, which is repulsive, but full of strong passion and effective situations. The dark shades of the human heart afford a more ample scope to the dramatist than the delineation of the gentler virtues. *Shylock* may be cited as an example. He is made up of avarice, hatred, and revenge (the most unsocial elements by which man can be deformed), with scarcely a redeeming tinge of natural weakness or feeling. Yet he almost monopolises the attention of the audience while he is on the stage, and commands their exclusive applause. So do *Richard the Third* and *Sir Giles Overreach*—the one a regal, the other a domestic monster, without ruth or remorse.

The language of Mr. Grattan's play is always impressive; sometimes, it is true, a little forced and exaggerated, but not unfrequently soaring into highly imaginative poetry. That he felt his disappointment bitterly is evidenced by his having said in a published statement, that he renounced dramatic writing in consequence. That Kean intended to exert his utmost ability, and failed solely from a premature loss of the power of study, are also facts beyond dispute. His conception was everything that the author could desire. At one of the rehearsals, he read his part with such energy and effect, that no one present had a shadow of doubt as to the impression he would produce on the audience. The episode is as remarkable as it is melancholy in the life of one of the greatest actors that ever lived. It must be observed, that he had himself selected the play from five or six which had been placed before him by Mr Price, the manager, Knowles's *Alfred the Great* being one of the number. He had returned recently from a second most successful visit to the United States; the outcry occasioned by the "Cox" trial, had entirely subsided; the public hailed their old favourite with revived enthusiasm;

and he wanted but a new character with which to immortalise a regenerated appearance. When *The Iron Chest* failed on its first production, Colman attributed the mishap entirely to the apathy, illness, or incompetence of John Kemble,\* who sustained the hero. Accordingly he vented his spleen in a bilious preface, overflowing with acrimony, sarcasm, and hard abuse. This so far answered his purpose that the play sold, although it did not act. In due time he repented, and suppressed the scurrilous diatribe, which then assumed importance as a sort of literary curiosity, and was considered clever in proportion as it had become scarce. Two guineas have been demanded and paid for a copy of the edition to which the original preface is affixed. Such is the curiosity excited by malicious wit. Mr. Grattan, under somewhat similar circumstances, adopted a very different course from Colman. He expressed himself "more in sorrow than in anger," and said, in gentle terms,—“I have been long aware of the manifold defects of the play, and that it had no chance of success on the stage, but in the strong delineation of the leading part. The spirit with which that part was entered upon by Mr. Kean, and his entire confidence of success, somewhat deceived me, I confess, as well as others—and most of all, and most unfortunately, himself. But if anything can relieve my disappointment on personal accounts, it is the generous regret which he suffers, and the great kindness I have met with, both before and behind the curtain.”

Time has continued to roll on, and with its unerring course, Thomas Colley Grattan has increased in reputation and fortune; has filled a difficult diplomatic post in America for many years, with remarkable assiduity, patriotism, and popularity, and has apparently removed himself from the turmoil of political and literary life to enjoy social intercourse, and to fall back on the stores of a mind well stocked by reading and observation. Report whispers that he has amused his leisure by writing a comedy, illustrative of national character, which is likely soon

to be produced at one of the leading theatres in London—the hero to be sustained by Hudson, upon whom the mantle of Tyrone Power seems at last to have fallen, as if by legitimate succession. We have reason to believe that the rumour has a better foundation than ordinary green-room gossip.

For a general biography of SAMUEL LOVER we must refer our readers (as in the preceding instance of Colley Grattan) to No. 218 of this Magazine (February, 1851). Therein will be found much information respecting his birth, parentage, education, and early pursuits; how Nature made him a poet, a painter, and a musician, and how, thus highly and unusually gifted, he obtained an early celebrity in three of the most fascinating arts which adorn society and soothe the cares of life. It is unnecessary to repeat what has been already written. Our task here, therefore, will confine itself more immediately to a short review of his dramatic essays, and these we must look upon more in the light of accessories than principals, as being incidental to his songs, and vehicles for their introduction, rather than as ambitious and distinct specimens of theatrical composition.

In 1831, the writer of this notice, being then in his second season as manager of the Dublin theatre, was desirous of producing an original operatic drama on an Irish subject, in which unhackneyed melodies should be freely intermixed. He had often listened to Lover's humorous recitations of his own tales, and this, joined to his knowledge of his musical accomplishments, induced him to urge on the poet-painter an attempt in a line to which he had not turned his thoughts. This led to the production of *Grana Uile*, or *The Island Queen*, a national opera, founded on some well-known traditional incidents, ascribed, on good authority, to the reign of Elizabeth. Fiction, as admissible in such cases, was mixed up with history. The piece was well received, and repeated six times to good houses. On the third representation, the success encouraged the author to announce his name in the bills. The music, the play, and the acting, deserved a more decided

\* The audience had already given evidence of being tired before Kemble appeared.

triumph; but the Dublin public are usually slow to receive any metal, however rich, unless previously stamped with the London hall mark.

In 1834, Lover left the Irish metropolis, and fixed his residence in London. Madame Vestris had introduced his popular songs of "Under the Rose," and "Rory O'More," with great *éclat*, in the dramas of other writers; he therefore thought he might as well try one of his own as a more direct medium, and wrote *The Beau Ideal*, which was produced at the Olympic Theatre, under the management of the lady above-named. The piece was successful, and the new song of "Beauty and Time," by the fair lessee, made a decided hit. But on the third night she fell ill, and her substitute could neither act nor sing. Liston, who personated an old beau who thought himself in love, and from whom the title was taken, went on the sick-list also in a few nights more, and there was an end of Lover's first attempt on the London stage. The *débüt* was not very encouraging, nevertheless, Madame Vestris was so well satisfied that she invited him to write her Christmas spectacle. This class of entertainment at the Olympic had always been constructed on a mythological foundation, and had previously been the joint work of two very clever and experienced writers, Planché and Charles Dance. They had produced five, and the subjects and style might be considered "used up;" but a continuation was pronounced indispensable for that particular theatre. Soon after this, Lover "screwed his courage to the sticking-place," and produced *The Olympic Pic-Nic*; supposed to be a feast of the Gods on Mount Olympus, where every deity produces some contribution affording a *point*. Cupid and Psyche were the hero and heroine; Psyche being personated by Madame Vestris. This mythological burlesque ran upwards of forty nights, and closed a very attractive series, which was succeeded by an equally brilliant dynasty of fairy tales.

The great popularity of the novel of "Rory O'More" induced the management of the Adelphi Theatre to apply to the author to dramatise it himself. The task was difficult, for the tale winds up in a dreamy manner, leaving much in uncertainty as to the future

fortunes of the principal personages, which the imagination of a reader might be content to supply, but the spectator would expect to see realized on the stage. Those who are acquainted with the novel and the play, will readily recognise the third act as a fresh creation, utterly independent of, and engrafted on, the original tale. The dramatic result was perfectly satisfactory. The introduction of the story of the "Fox of Ballybotherum" (from the author's own "Legends and Stories of Ireland") was a ticklish, but, as it proved, a very happy experiment, as so long a story, not connected with the plot, had never been ventured before, and might have proved intolerably tedious, but for the exquisite humour with which it was delivered, and the *coup de theatre* to which it leads. When Rory seizes the lighted brand, and rushes to the barrel of gunpowder, the suspended attention of the audience is sufficiently repaid by the startling surprise, and never fails to be followed by thunders of applause.

Few pieces have been so permanently successful. *Rory O'More* was acted for one hundred and eight nights at the Adelphi during the first season alone (1837), and there is scarcely a provincial theatre throughout the kingdom in which it has not been played. In Dublin the hit was immense. In an engagement of thirteen nights, in the early part of 1838, Power repeated this new character nine times, and in all his successive visits it continued to be his most attractive card. After the play had been before the public for about a fortnight, Power was compelled by a domestic affliction to withdraw for a short interval, but the run of "Rory" was not suspended in consequence. A performer named Lyons undertook the part at twelve hours' notice, and acquitted himself so well as *locum tenens* during the absence of the great star, that the receipts suffered little or no diminution. This fact argues some merit in the piece itself, which could maintain its place under such adverse circumstances; although a good-natured critic was not wanting who pronounced it "a heap of trash, only rendered tolerable by Power's acting." The original representative returned to his post in a week, and certainly the stage has never

seen a more perfect realization than he exhibited of Lover's gallant and humorous hero.\*

After *Rory O'More* was finished and accepted, Yates told the author that the management was previously in possession of two MSS. founded on the same story, but that both were pronounced unsuitable from the undramatic winding-up. In the course of rehearsals, Lover, who had contracted a close intimacy with Power during his frequent visits to Dublin, observed that he assumed suddenly a crusty and distant manner, for which he strove in vain to account. A considerable time after, when their old familiarity had returned and was increased, Power, in the unreservedness of an after-dinner conversation, cleared up the mystery by explaining that he had himself concocted a play on the novel of "*Rory O'More*," which he intended to offer to the Adelphi Theatre, and was quite taken aback when he found he was forestalled. With equal frankness he confessed that he preferred some parts of his own adaptation, but acknowledged that the new creation of the third act, with the Fox story and its dramatic result, made Lover's, taken for all in all, better than his own.

The musical hit of *Rory O'More* was the song of "The Land of the West," which became extremely popular, the author still carrying out the idea and practice of seeking to enhance the attractions of his dramas by the introduction of new melodies. His next piece was the *White Horse of the Peppers*, acted at the Haymarket in 1838. On the original representation, Webster admirably supported Power in the character of Major Hans Mansfeldt. Aggy, too, was given with a mixture of tenderness and merriment truly Irish, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, whose sweet voice and charming expression, conveyed to the introduced songs all that the most fastidious author could desire. "Oh! Native Music," and the "Convent Belle," were frequently encored in her hands. The former has obtained a permanent celebrity.

The comic extravaganza of the *Happy Man*, came out in 1839, also at the Haymarket, and with equal success.

Power acted in this, only one season, as he departed in the year following, on his last fatal visit to the United States. But the piece has held its ground since, with undiminished attraction. For the *Happy Man*, the song of "The Birth of St. Patrick" was especially written, and may be referred to as a good specimen of the author's comic vein, although too familiar to require quotation.

Next on the list is *The Greek Boy*, a musical drama, produced at Covent Garden, under the management of Madame Vestris, in 1840, she herself personating the Greek Boy, in which was introduced a barcarole, entitled, "Gondolier Row," always encored, and sometimes called for a third time. Another appropriate song attached to the same character was "Cupid's Wing," which partakes of the spirit of a Greek Idyl; and, as less known than many others, and in contrast to a style of inferior refinement, we may be excused for occupying a small space by its insertion here:—

#### CUPID'S WING.

"The dart of Love was feather'd first  
From Folly's wing, they say;  
Until he tried his shaft to shoot  
In Beauty's heart one day.  
He miss'd the maid so oft, 'tis said,  
His aim became untrue,  
And Beauty laugh'd as his last shaft,  
He from his quiver drew:  
'In vain,' said she, 'you shot at me,  
You little spiteful thing—  
The feather on your shaft I scorn,  
When pluck'd from Folly's wing.

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,  
And fitted to his string;  
And each new shaft he feather'd from  
His own bright glossy wing.  
He shot until no plume was left  
To waft him to the sky;  
And Beauty smil'd upon the child,  
When he no more could fly;  
'Now, Cupid, I am thine,' she said,  
'Leave off thy archer play,  
For beauty yields when she is sure  
Love will not fly away!'

*The Hull Porter* and *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, were brought out at the Lyceum Theatre in 1842, under

\* Lyons, the successful substitute, was rewarded at the end of the week by the handsome present of—a new hat!

the management of Balfe, and a committee of the then existing company. The *Hall Porter* was intended to show up the unreasonableness of a prejudice which existed very strongly at the time against engaging Irish servants. Advertisements instantly appeared with the concluding sentence, "No Irish need apply." It was a bold experiment, and an unsuccessful one; for though the piece was not absolutely condemned, and ran for some twelve or fifteen nights, the audience, to use a familiar phrase never "oattoned" to it warmly, although the *Hall Porter* himself was excellently played by Frank Matthews.

But *Il Paddy Whack in Italia* made ample amends. This was a kind of burlesque operetta, in which Balfe, Wilson, Duruset, Barker, Stretton, Miss Gould and Miss Walstein appeared together. The two latter were debutantes, new to the boards, and of great promise. Their withdrawal from the stage was a loss to the profession. The season had opened with Balfe's grand opera of *Keolanthe*, full of fine music, and sustained by the united talents of Madame Balfe, Miss Gould, Balfe, Henry Phillips, Wilson, Stretton, a good chorus, and an effective orchestra. But there was no lively afterpiece as a *corps de reserve* to support this and bring in half-price—that great help to the treasures of most of the London theatres. This want was not remedied in time. Lover had suggested to Balfe that if he undertook the line of the singing Irishmen it would in all probability prove attractive. With this view he undertook the part of O'Donnell, for which the song of "Molly Bawn" was composed, and received with a positive *furor*. But the relief came too late to retrieve a failing campaign; and the doors of the theatre were suddenly closed on the seventeenth night of a very successful representation.

Of eight dramatic pieces enumerated above, three still keep the stage with eminent attraction, and are likely to remain long on the acting list. *Rory O'More*, *The White Horse of the Peppers*, and *The Happy Man*. One only, *The Hall Porter*, is not musical; with this exception, all were distinguished by the introduction and establishment of one or more popular songs. Lover is also the only dramatist we are at present aware of who has painted scenery for his own pieces. This he

did twice. In the *White Horse* he supplied a "bog"—a piece of landscape with which the scenic director of the Haymarket was not quite as familiar as with the farm-yards, and sylvan glades of "merrie England." In the *Paddy Whack*, the opening scene represents an artist's studio, which frequently recurs, and is therefore of importance. The painting department of the republic of the Lyceum happened to be short of hands, and pressed for time, though under a most efficient chief. The author of the forthcoming piece, in this emergency, furnished a colossal statue of the Venus of Milo, and a large framed picture of an old master. It may seem strange that a miniature-painter should venture to handle a pound brush, and dash away at square yards instead of minute inches; but Lover dabbled in private theatricals when a boy, and tried his "prentice hand" on brown paper, before he aspired to canvas." It may also be mentioned here that on the drop-scene of the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, painted by the late William Phillips, and exhibited down to a very venerable antiquity, there were too full-length figures, regal and imposing in garb and attitude—Irish Kings of the old, old time, if we recollect rightly. These were voluntary contributions from the pencil of Samuel Lover. As we have already remarked, his reputation as a dramatist, is, in part, a reflection of his brilliancy as a writer of songs. In the one character, he cannot be separated from the other. If his plots are sometimes irregular, and not always in harmony with the strict rules of stage composition, his incidental melodies are always skillfully introduced, and his dialogue is seldom deficient in smart and telling points. Let it be remembered, also, that he wrote in general for a leading "star;" and pieces so constructed must, as an inseparable condition, partake of the exclusive features of monodrame. Your star is jealous of divided empire, and wants all the effects concentrated in his own part. In the bandying of jokes he looks for the first and the last blow. The rebound is all that is left for his toiling coadjutors who help him to keep up the ball. Every pigmy who is enlisted to lend his aid in upholding the tail of the giant, falls within the unenviable list

of what are technically denominated "bellows-blowers." They come in for more than a lawful share of the hard work, while they are permitted to appropriate but a small residuum of the fame and profit. In taking leave of Lover, viewed dramatically, we naturally ask, is he tired or slumbering, that he has done nothing lately? Why does his lyre hang undisturbed on the wall in a corner of his study, and wherefore is his humour in abeyance?

JOSEPH STIRLING COYNE, is a name that appears more frequently in the play-bills than that of any other in the battalion of living dramatists. His pieces are as multiplied and various as those of O'Keeffe or Kenney, and he has yet, in ordinary calculation, many years of vigorous work before him, during which he may add largely to a list already exceeding sixty in number, without including several that have never been published. Amongst these are sixteen comedies and three-act dramas of a mixed character, twenty-five farces, and above a dozen burlesques and spectacular romances. This author has ever been distinguished by a happy faculty of seizing any particular occurrence on the spur of the moment, and of turning it to account in a dramatic form, while the topic was fresh in every mouth. Such impromptu efforts often produce more immediate profit than permanent fame, and die, in nineteen cases out of twenty, when the momentary excitement of the subject is over. But they are easy as well as agreeable. They have ever had, and are likely to continue, their temptation to the writer, and their career of popularity with the audience. For examples of this class, from the ready and lively hand of Mr. Coyne, we may cite, *The Caudle Lectures*, *Railway Bubbles*, *Our National Defences*, *The Pas de Fascination*, *An Unprotected Female*, *Box and Cox Married and Settled*, *Wanted One Thousand Milliners*, *Villikins and his Dinah*, *Marie Laffarge*, *This House to Let*, *Inquire Within*, *The Humours of an Election*; and a most amusing and cleverly-turned *pièce de circonstance*, now running at the Adelphi Theatre, entitled *Urgent Private Affairs*.

This style of composition has been sneered at, and condemned as trivial and common-place, by rigid censors who measure according to an imagi-

nary and very exclusive standard. Such authorities have laid down, and demanded as a moral and intellectual axiom, that the truest ambition aims at the future, and bestows no thought on current fame or profit. This may be all very grand in theory, but there is something in hearing your own praises, in pleasing while you are alive, in counting your own cash, and in feeling that you can live independently, comfortably, and honestly, by the produce of your own wits. To do this, you must sail with the tide. If you neglect or go against it, ten to one your boat will founder. The laurels which perchance may gather over your grave, afford a pleasant and flattering perspective, and mightily gratify your "remainders" in the third and fourth generation. But posthumous honours are of no comfort or avail to the insensible object on which they are lavished. "Doth he feel or hear them?—No." They come exactly in the place, where, as honest David says in *The Rivals*, "you can manage to do without them." When Pizzaro (as simulated by Sheridan) is severely rebuked and even bullied for his preference of present reputation to the shadowy chance of future glory, he answers, unheroically but logically, thus—"And should posterity applaud my deeds, think you my mouldering bones will rattle with transport in their tomb? This is renown for visionary boys to dream of! The fame I covet shall uphold my *living* estimation, o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes, advance my purposes and aid my power!" Such a course may not produce a model stoic, but it is very likely to lead to a successful man. Let high-sounding ethics proclaim canons as they may, here is good utilitarian philosophy, sanctioned by common practice, and much to be commended as a profitable rule. Writers, therefore, in general, and writers for the stage in particular, if they wish to pay themselves while they please the million, will do well and wisely, to cull their subjects from the passing incidents of the age in which they live, rather than hunt for them in musty chronicles, forgotten legends, and records of exploded manners. The leading object of *farce*, above all other departments of dramatic composition, is palpably to "shoot folly as it flies," to catch the eccen-

tricity or absurdity of the moment, and to feed up the laugh before a "nine days" wonder has lost the charm and gloss of novelty.

Joseph Stirling Coyne was born at Birr, in King's County, Ireland, more recently euphonized into Parson's Town, in honour of my Lord Rosse; and now rejoicing in a celebrity from being the site of his unrivalled telescope, which has somewhat cast into the shade its former importance as a military station. There have been merry days spent in the barracks at Birr, and much good fellowship interchanged in the mess-rooms there, in days gone by. Young Coyne received his education in Dublin, and was intended for the legal profession, which, however, he soon abandoned for the more enticing paths of dramatic and political literature. His first attempt in the theatrical line appeared in the shape of a farce, called *The Phrenologist*, brought out at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 2nd of June, 1835, for the benefit of James Browne, at that time a very popular actor of light and eccentric comedy, in the stock company; to whom it was presented by the author for the purpose, and announced, after the usual fashion in such cases, as being written by "a gentleman in this city." The farce was repeated five times, and then sank into oblivion. This was not much encouragement, certainly, for a young beginner, but there was no check in the form of positive condemnation. In the year following, 1836, Mr. Coyne supplied the Dublin manager with two more farces, *The Honest Cheats* and *The Four Lovers*, Browne, as before, performing the principal character in both. These were received with moderate favour. In 1837, the author repaired to England to push his fortunes on a more extended field than the Irish metropolis seemed likely to supply. Several of his contemporaries and intimate associates had preceded him, and he saw by the result that they had chosen wisely. During that same year his farce of *The Queer Subject* first introduced him to a London audience, at the Adelphi Theatre, the leading part of Bill Mattock being sustained by that glorious and most original humorist, the late John Reeve. The flattering success of this opening, stamped him at once as a professed writer for the stage, and decided his future course.

Since that time his pen has not rusted in an empty inkstand. Some few of his dramatic works are adaptations from the French, but by far the greater number, and the best, must be treated as entirely original. The Haymarket and the Adelphi appear to have been his favourite fields of action, but he has occasionally skirmished at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. He has never yet soared to the height of regular tragedy, but many of his serio-comic pieces, of an important class, combine both power and pathos, with striking effect and the characteristic humour of the writer. Amongst these we may enumerate *Helen Oakleigh*, *The Merchant and his Clerks*, *The Queen of the Abruzzi*, *The Signal*, *Valsha*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Presented at Court*, *The Hope of the Family*, *The Old Chateau*, *The Secret Agent*, and *The Man of Many Friends*.

One of the most delightful and imaginative spectacles ever produced was *The World of Dreams*, acted throughout a long and attractive run of more than eighty nights at the Haymarket, in 1843, and which many of our readers may recollect at the Dublin Theatre in the year following, during the Easter engagement of Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste.

Coyne's farce of *How to Settle Accounts with your Landdress*, originally produced at the Haymarket in 1847, was translated into French, and acted at one of the Parisian theatres, under the title of "*Une Femme dans sa Fontaine*." It has also made its appearance in a third language, on the German stage. The circumstance calls for mention, as furnishing almost a solitary instance of an English piece of this class being sought for and adapted by our continental neighbours. We are much more free in our appropriation of their dramatic offspring. Many and loud lamentations have been poured forth, from time to time, on this imputed degeneracy in our national taste, as regards the stage; and the comparative inferiority of our own living dramatists when paralleled with the more ingenious and exciting playwrights of the French and German schools. If the charges be true, and the evidence conclusive, the abolition or continuance of the evil lies with the public voice alone, which imperatively governs authors, managers, and actors; all of whom are impotent to lead, and



can only follow the controlling dictator, fashion; moving in submissive accordance with the ever-shifting current of popular caprice.\* In 1852, Charles Mathews addressed a most amusing letter to the dramatic authors of France (well written, in their own language, too) to explain to them how their market in this country was on the decline, and the reasons why; accompanied by a calculated table, showing that out of two hundred and sixty-three new pieces performed in Paris in 1851, only eight were transplanted to the twenty-two London theatres. The fact, then, has been greatly exaggerated, and we are not in such a famished state for home supply as has been supposed. Then, again, the French importations are sometimes rejected by our licenser, on the ground of moral delinquency. The *Dame aux Camelias* may be quoted as an example, and presents a fair type of the prevailing species. We are not Puritans, or perhaps, in reality, more moral than our neighbour; but we are by many degrees more externally decent. If we do improprieties, we are not fond of blazoning them. Mr. C. Mathews is blunt, but sincere, when he says that the French theatrical repertoire is "too full of indecency, anachronism, immorality, and dirt."

In the long list of Mr. Coyne's dramas, we find but a single illustration of Irish character, Lanty Scrimmage, in the farce called *The Tipperary Legacy*, produced at the Adelphi in 1847; and he is not a real Celt, but merely a Saxon in disguise. Perhaps the writer looked upon that peculiar ground as worked out, or he may have mistrusted the many so-called successors of Power, who, on the loss of that great actor, came and departed like shadows, with visionary rapidity.

During the seasons of 1839, and 1840, two tragedies, entitled *Zarafa*, *the Slave King*, and *The Painter of Italy*, were written expressly for representation in the Dublin Theatre, by Mr. J. F. Cockran, an Irish gentleman engaged in literary avocations, and at that time a resident in the city. In the first, the leading character, a black prince, was well acted by Ira Aldridge, usually designated in the bills

as the African Roscius. The plots of both these plays are entirely original and fictitious, although the historical character of the celebrated painter, Julio Romano, is introduced as the hero of the second. Schiller had already exhibited him on the boards, in a subordinate position, in his drama of *Fiesko*. In the year 1841, Mr. Cockran wrote a third play, under the title of *The Fueros of Arragon*, but this was not acted. His two first were eminently successful and abounded in passages of poetical beauty. Had he continued to write for the stage, judging by this early promise, he would have produced pieces of a high order of merit.

The writer of this notice had often urged WILLIAM CARLETON to try his hand at theatrical composition, fully impressed with a conviction that his strong descriptive powers, either in the pathetic or the humorous, joined to his keen perception of national character, would shine with additional lustre in the dramatic form. In compliance with this request, constantly repeated, he hastily put together a comedy in three acts, called *Irish Manufacturer*, or *Bob MacGawley's Project*; first acted on the 25th of March, 1841. The subject and incidents were local, and the tendency most patriotic; the whole being constructed with reference to passing events. Such a pen as Carleton's could produce nothing without evidences of genius. His great celebrity as a novelist added to the general expectation with which the announcement of this play was hailed. The difficulties of an experienced writer, when he enters upon a new walk, are much augmented by his own previous reputation. In this comedy, the humour was less prominent than the pathos. A scene of a family starving for want of work, was wrought up with an appalling strength which absolutely startled the audience; but the reality was too painfully applicable to existing facts to prove either agreeable or attractive. The author was so little satisfied with his own effort that he never could be induced to repeat the experiment; not that he could not write plays, but that the topic and time he had selected for his *coup d'essai*

\* "The stage but echoes back the public voice."—See Dr. Johnson's Prologue.

were ill-chosen, although this opinion certainly did not suggest itself until after the event.

We approach the close of our series. The last name that appears is, as it ought to be in such a position, one of most distinguished eminence—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. What can we be expected to say now of a writer who has been so often the theme of critical eulogy, whose works will live while the language in which they are written shall last, whose best plays will continue to be acted while dramatic taste endures, and the leading incidents of whose life are already familiar to every reader in multiplied forms of biographical notice? A short synoptical view of his career as a dramatist is all that applies immediately to our present purpose. He has never himself been particularly communicative on points of personal anecdote or history. Gibbon, in writing of the Emperor Heraclius, has divided his public life into three distinct phases—the opening, the meridian, and the decline. The first and last, comparatively insignificant, the central, effulgent in greatness. It is so with Knowles, in reference to the order of his plays. The earliest and the latest are not those by which his genius can be estimated. The produce of his mature manhood has elevated him to his exalted rank in the temple of fame, and by this posterity will test his comparative excellence. It is interesting to the curious enquirer as a study, that all the productions of a great writer should be preserved, but the accompanying reflection, *nemo fuit unquam sic impar sibi*, presents itself with almost inseparable certainty. Even Homer slumbered sometimes, and there are passages attributed to Shakespeare which we should like to feel convinced he had never written. Knowles, born at Cork in 1784, began to write at twelve years of age. His first essay was a play for a company of boys. At fourteen he produced an opera called *The Chevalier de Grillon*; then followed a tragedy, entitled *The Spanish Story*, and *Hersilia*, a drama. Neither of these three were acted or printed, so that it is impossible to judge of their merit or promise. When he had reached the age of twenty-five his play of *Leo; or, the Gipsy*, was performed at Waterford, by Cherry's

company, the principal actor being Edmund Kean. Barry Cornwall, in his life of the latter, has preserved a portion of this work, but the extracts he gives, cast no shadows before them of the coming greatness of the author. A few years more passed on, and *Brian Borohms* was acted in Belfast. The audience received it warmly, but the genius of Knowles was still dormant. Early in 1815, *Caius Gracchus*, performed by Talbot's company in the same town, considerably added to the reputation he was slowly acquiring; but although this play contains vigorous passages, and the characters are sketched with a bold hand, there was not enough in it to win literary immortality. It was a step, but there were many more to be surmounted. Knowles must date from *Virginus*, as Napoleon did from Montenotte. Sanguine ambition could scarcely desire a sounder pedestal. The production of that play at Covent Garden, on the 17th of May, 1820, established the fame of the writer, determined the future course of his talents, and called forth their exercise to the full development which success encourages. The following is a correct list of Knowles' dramas, with the order in which they appeared in London:—1. *Virginus* (1820); 2. *Caius Gracchus* (1823); 3. *William Tell* (1825); 4. *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* (1828); 5. *Alfred the Great* (1831); 6. *The Hunchback* (1832); 7. *The Wife* (1833); 8. *The Daughter* (1836); 9. *The Love Chase* (1837); 10. *The Maid of Mariendorpt* (1838); 11. *Love* (1839); 12. *Old Maids* (1840); 13. *John of Procida* (1840); 14. *Rose of Arragon* (1841); 15. *Secretary* (1843). In addition to these, he has written a comedy, and an opera, still in abeyance. Of the fifteen plays enumerated above, four are historical, *John of Procida* partly so, *The Maid of Mariendorpt* taken from Miss Porter's novel of the same name, and the remaining nine, including plots, characters, and incidents, entirely emanations of his own fancy. They will all live in the author's collected works, and seven at least, *Virginus*, *William Tell*, *The Hunchback*, *The Wife*, *The Daughter*, *The Love Chase*, and *Love*, are likely to keep possession of the stage as long as the stage lasts in the United Kingdom. After the production of *Love*,

the pen of Knowles moved heavily, and his fervid imagination began to grow cold.


If votes were collected by ballot to decide on the comparative merits of all the living dramatists, a large majority would assign the first post of honour to Knowles, and select *Virginus* as altogether the best acting play of modern times. Sharp criticism has pointed out some trifling incongruities in the arrangement of the plot, and occasional slips in the diction; but sharp criticism investigates with a microscopic eye, and could detect a flaw in the *Pitt* diamond. The more enlarged and liberal gaze of admiration embraces beauty in the mass, and bestows no thought on an almost imperceptible blemish.

Knowles's *Virginus* was originally intended for Drury Lane and Edmund Kean, but there was some delay in its completion, and another play on the same subject stepped in, was accepted, and, when acted, failed.\* In 1819, Knowles produced his tragedy at Glasgow, the hero being sustained with infinite zeal and ability by John Cooper, at that time a leading stock actor in the Edinburgh company. This led to the recommendation of the play to Mr. Harris, for Covent Garden. Macready was so delighted with his own great success in the part of *Virginus*, that he subsequently obtained the production of *Caius Gracchus* at Drury Lane, and suggested *William Tell* to the author as an eligible subject. Long before *Virginus* had made him known to the London audience, Knowles had commenced *Alfred*, and read several scenes to the writer of this notice at Glasgow, when he first became acquainted with him in 1819.

The first London cast of *Virginus* included Macready, C. Kemble, Abbott, Terry, Egerton, Miss Foote, and Mrs. Faucit. All were excellent in their respective parts. C. Kemble made a great impression in *ICILIUS*, and in one scene, where he rescues his betrothed, drew down as much applause as *Virginus* himself. The subject, although touching, and highly dramatic in the chief incident, is one difficult to handle skilfully; it partakes of

the anti-climax after the death of *Virginus*, which terminates the prominent interest, and yet poetical as well as stage-justice required the punishment of Appius, and that the fate of *Virginus* should be determined. History leaves the centurion, after his return to Rome from the camp and election to the office of tribune: we are left to conjecture his end. The same authority tells us that Appius destroyed himself in prison to escape the consequences of a public trial and execution. The poet has constructed a fifth act through the imagined madness of *Virginus*, and the strangling of the tyrant by the hands of the bereaved father whom he has driven to insanity. He has also enhanced the story by the betrothal of *ICILIUS* and *Virginus* in the earlier part of the tragedy, and has considerably relieved it by interweaving the episode of the death of *Dentatus*. This was originally represented in action, when the play was first brought out in Glasgow, but most judiciously suppressed as too melo-dramatic when it became transplanted to the London boards.

There have been many plays, in more than one language, on the subject of *Virginus*. Whoever takes the trouble to read and compare them all, will have no difficulty in deciding that Knowles's is by many degrees superior to those that have preceded it. It is very likely that he may have looked over all the English versions, although he has taken nothing from any of them. They begin as far back as 1675, in which early year was printed *Appius and Virginus*, a Tragi-comedy, by R. P., in black-letter, and not divided into acts, "wherein," as it is quaintly said in the title-page, "is lively expressed a rare example of the virtue of chastity, in wishing rather to be slain at her own father's hands, than to be deflowered of the wicked judge Appius." This seems to be the same *Appius and Virginus* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company between 1677 and 1678, by Richard Jonnes, and is amongst the oldest plays printed in England. The piece is curious as being a sort of compound

\* This play, by an anonymous writer, came out at Drury Lane, on the 29th of May, 1820, twelve days after the production of Knowles's at Covent Garden. 

between the old moralities, and historical dramas. Conscience, justice, cruelty, lust, &c., are embodied and included amongst the list of *dramatis personæ*. The story of Virginia is not materially altered from the recorded fact. The details only are different. Virginius strikes off his daughter's head by her own desire, and presents it to Appius. Some humorous characters are most inappropriately introduced; hence the piece is denominated a *tragi-comedy*. It will be found included in Collier's reprint of collections of old plays, (originally compiled by Dodaley and Reid) in 1825 and 1826.

In 1654, was printed in quarto, the tragedy of *Appius and Virginia* by John Webster. It could not have been acted then, for the theatres were suppressed under the Protectorate. In 1670, this play, altered by Betterton, was produced at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the title of the *Roman Virgin, or the Unjust Judge*. Downes says ("Roscius Anglicanus") that "it lasted successively eight days, and was very frequently acted afterwards." In 1709, Dennis's *Appius and Virginia* appeared on the stage and in print. It was unsuccessful in representation, being only repeated four times, although Betterton and Booth were both included in the cast. For this play, Dennis invented a peculiar kind of thunder, produced by shaking sheet-iron, which is still in use in spite of many modern improvements. Some nights after the failure of his tragedy, he happened to be in the pit to see *Macbeth*, when, hearing his recent discovery called into requisition, he exclaimed, with a volley of oaths and in a towering passion, "See how these rascals use me! They will not suffer my play to run, and yet they steal my thunder!"

In 1754, Henry Crisp, a man of business, who held a situation in the Custom-house, wrote a tragedy entitled *Virginia*, which was acted at Drury Lane on the 25th of February, 1754, the principal characters by Garrick, Mossop, Ross, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates. This play, which concludes with the death of Virginia, is a dull, prosaic affair, and lived only through the excellence of the acting. In the last scene, Virginius talks the matter over at full length with his daughter,

before stabbing her, which could only be done in a paroxysm of despair. Appius proposes to marry her, which is sublimely ridiculous. Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, makes no mention of Crisp's tragedy. Murphy says that Mossop and Mrs. Cibber did great justice to their parts, and that the beauty and early promise of Mrs. Graham helped to give attraction to the piece; but he adds, that the manner in which Garrick uttered two words, crowned the play with the success it received. When in a low tone of voice, that spoke the feelings of a broken heart, he pronounced, "Thou traitor!" the whole audience were electrified, and testified their delight by a torrent of applause.

In 1755, John Moncrieff, a native of Scotland, and a private tutor at Eton, laid his hand on poor Virginia, and produced his tragedy of *Appius*, at Covent Garden, where his friend Sheridan (the father of Richard Brinsley) was then engaged. Sheridan sustained the principal character, and was allowed to make what alterations he pleased. Amongst others, he lopped off the fifth act at a blow; but six nights terminated for ever the life of the truncated bantling. Then came another *Virginia*, by Mrs. Frances Brooke, a lady of much literary celebrity, whose maiden name was More, the daughter and wife of a clergyman. She wrote "*Lady Julia Mandeville*" and other novels, popular in their day, but the managers refused her tragedy; whereupon, though usually gentle in temper and manner, she expressed her resentment in an indignant preface.

In 1800, the Rev. John Bidlake, B.A., a chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and master of the Grammar School at Plymouth, published a tragedy, under the title of *Virginia; or, The Fall of the Decemviri*. It was never acted except by the author's pupils. The play contains some tolerable writing, but is sadly deficient in interest.

In French, there are three old tragedies on the subject of the death of Virginia, all bearing the same title, and acted respectively in 1628, 1648, and 1683. The authors are men of note, Mairat, Le Clerc, and Campistron. *Alfieri's*, tragedy, in Italian, may be ranked next to Knowles's, and is often represented on the modern stage. There is more than one Virginia in

German, but of inferior quality, and by writers of small name.

*Caius Gracchus*, Knowles's second historical play in the order of acting, although written before *Virginius*, only commanded seven repetitions in London, and is not likely to be revived. There was some difficulty at first on the part of the licenser, who started at the republican freedom of certain passages. We cannot find that the subject has been treated by any other writer, save only by Lord Carysfort, in a volume of plays, published in 1810, and not intended for the stage. There seems to be an essential want of interest in the story which no dramatic cleverness can supply. *William Tell* has been often brought on the stage, under forms as varied as that of Proteus, and in nearly all civilized countries. Schiller's is in many respects a noble play, enthusiastically admired by worshippers of that peculiar school, and freely quoted by Lamartine in his late biography of the Swiss hero. Perhaps we shall be accused of national prejudice, by saying that on the whole we prefer Knowles's; but we candidly confess an inherent incapability of fully understanding, enjoying, or following the high sublime, or deep profundity of German metaphysics. *Alfred*, too, has been remorselessly mangled. First, we have the renowned Saxon King in a masque, by Thompson and Mallet, originally performed before the Court on the 1st of August, 1740, in the gardens of Cliefden, in commemoration of the accession of George the First, and in honour of the birth-day of the Princess of Brunswick. Next, we find him in two different musical pieces, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in 1745. Then we have the masque, remodelled by Mallet alone, at Drury Lane, in 1751, and the patriot monarch acted by Garrick. There was all kind of supernatural agency and much mechanical contrivance, with great expense, and no corresponding result. Secret gossip said that the "canny Scot" cajoled the credulous manager into this costly and profitless experiment by insinuating slyly that in his intended life of Marlborough, he should, by an ingenious contrivance, find a niche for the Roscius of the age. The bait was swallowed greedily. "My dear friend," said Garrick one day, in his blandest tone, "have you

quite left off writing for the stage?" The hint sufficed; *Alfred* was produced, but the life was never written. Twenty-two years later, in 1773, and long after the death of Mallet, Garrick altered the masque a second time into what it ought originally to have been, a tragedy; but he gave the principle character to Reddish, and eight repetitions settled the affair.

In 1778, *Alfred*, a tragedy by John Home, the author of *Douglas*, was produced at Covent Garden. This last dramatic attempt of a clever writer, met with such a cold reception that it was only performed three times. A perusal of the play will satisfy the reader that the verdict of condemnation was justly pronounced. In 1796, O'Keeffe laid his grasp on *Alfred*, and brought him into an incongruous spectacular drama, called *The Magic Banner*. This also broke down on the third repetition. Thirty-one years later, in 1827, Pocock reconstructed O'Keeffe's failure (without sufficient acknowledgment, by the way), under the title of *Alfred the Great, or the Enchanted Standard*; and gave it to a new generation, by whom it was tolerably well received on sixteen successive performances. If Knowles was acquainted with any or all of these pieces he has most judiciously avoided taking the slightest hints from them. His own play of *Alfred*, though below the average mark of his genius, is legitimate, historically truthful, and poetically pleasing. The story of the *Sicilian Vespers* even in his hands, failed to excite dramatic interest. The Sunday massacre of John of Procida is associated with a deluge of blood that drowns his patriotism.

The opinion expressed above, that *Virginius* is Knowles's *chef d'œuvre*, may be disputed by many. We shall be told that a subject selected from history, which the adopter finds ready to his hand, draws less upon his genius than one which he must invent. Many authors can write good dialogue who are unable to construct effective plots. Beaumont excelled in the one branch, Fletcher in the other. Hence they composed well together, and the conjunction saved time and trouble. For this reason, modern French dramatists ordinarily run in couples, and not unfrequently in leashes. So it is with the fashioners of the garments we wear. One passes competi-

tion in the cut of a coat, another stands alone in a waistcoat, and a third baffles rivalry in the arrangement of the nether integuments. But it is most rare to find one equally excellent in a complete suit. We once heard a dramatic author of first-rate executive skill, say, "I have no inventive faculty. I cannot imagine a plot. Furnish me with that, and you shall have a play in a fortnight." The writer alluded to was offered his own price, and would have had no objection to increase his worldly store by a good round sum. Viewed in this light, such entirely original plays as the *The Hunchback*, *The Wife*, *The Daughter*, *The Love Chase*, and *Love*, are of a class superior to those worked up from historical annals, although embellished with all the charms of poetry and all the force of distinct, identical character. Yet the great Greek fathers of the drama, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, invariably drew from the legendary or traditional lore that had been handed down to them through recorded history and mythology. The diction, the imagery, the philosophical reflections, the moral, the consequences, the effect upon human transactions, the happiness resulting from virtue, the misery inseparable from crime;—all these arise, and are embodied as they

arise, from that innate power possessed by the writers, of conveying what they feel: but the power and the feeling are not engendered from imaginary or poetical possibilities; they are derived from the study of real events.

Knowles has evidently built himself on the dramatists of the Elizabethan age, with their immediate successors and followers. He has their vigour and intensity, their nature, and their strong sense of the pathetic, their power of condensed expression, and sometimes more than their flowing poetry; he occasionally copies their conceits and deviates into their obscurity; but he never emulates their coarseness, or heightens a plot by their unnatural and revolting extravagance. Above all, he draws woman as if he loved and revered her, with a delicate and an admiring hand, with a fervent and devoted heart. His female portraits present no Clytemnestras, Messalinas, Medeas, or Lady Macbeths. He reserves the dark, the stormy, and the evil passions for the workings of man's heart, and the process of man's machinations. He finds in the softer sex a solace, an endowment, and a blessing. He contemplates woman in the abstract as Jaffier looks with rapturous affection on Belvidera in the individual:—

"Sure you were made  
To temper man—we had been brutes without you.  
Angels were painted fair to look like you;  
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

Knowles's delineations of female character are unexceptionally beautiful. They are finished with a grace and delicacy which Shakespeare only can excel, and entitle him to a laurel wreath, entwined by the fair fingers of the loveliest and the most exalted in the land. We are truly rejoiced at this opportunity of rendering feeble tribute to the first of living dramatists, who combines the truth and energy of the giants of an earlier epoch, entirely divested of those errors in taste which blacken and deform many of their most resplendent passages.

We cannot wind up this somewhat lengthened catalogue without asking JOHN FRANCIS WALLER why he does not turn his thoughts to dramatic writing? He has as yet given but one specimen, in a highly imaginative and poetical opening to a pantomime;\* but we are much mistaken if he has not within him all the qualities to command all the success that he or his friends could desire in the highest walk—a power of construction, a discrimination of character, a flow of humour, a depth of pathos, and a ready supply of pointed dialogue.

\* "Harlequin Fulminoso; or, the Ganders of Glen Farna," acted in Dublin with an extraordinary effect in the early winter of 1861.

Irish history and Irish legend are not yet exhausted, and there are still traits of national character untouched, and some already depicted that will bear repetition and improvement.

The list, here concluded, embraces eighty-seven names—a goodly number, and an illustrious brotherhood; but we are by no means sure that it is

complete. Some may have been omitted from ignorance or inadvertence. Should it be so, we ask pardon of the living and the dead, and shall be most happy to repair the error if an opportunity offers, and the necessary information is afforded.

J. W. C.

#### NOTES UPON NEW BOOKS.

##### SCOTTISH HEROES IN THE DAYS OF WALLACE AND BRUCE.\*

It is a peculiarity of the struggle which existed during so many centuries between England and Scotland, that neither country attempted to gain practical possession of the other by means of colonization. The border forays never took the form of migratory irruptions, they never rose above the level of predatory excursions. Whilst we find the Goths in one quarter, and at one period of the world, impelled by their animal instincts to seek the warm atmosphere and fertile fields of Italy, and whilst we see the Saxon race urged, by the necessities arising from over population, to invade the pathless forests of the West, and take possession of the Indian's hunting grounds; we find no motive for the wars between the English and the Scotch beyond what appears to have been a national antipathy. And this national antipathy, so far as relates to the period previous to the Saxon occupation of the southern portion of Great Britain, is difficult of explanation. The introduction of the Germanic element sufficiently accounts for it during the centuries which succeeded it. Easily victorious over all that was worth possessing, the conquerors were not likely to submit tamely to the insults and injuries of the neighbouring mountain robbers, whose cavernous territories they despised too much to attempt to gain. But still the struggle was rather one

between peoples than between nations; and it was not till England obtained the assistance of Norman feudality and Norman government, that she began to conduct, with something like method and vigour, the perpetual struggle she found herself engaged in with her troublesome neighbour. She now no longer built walls, or resigned territory, but assembled armies, sacked towns, burned down castles, and compelled the proud chieftains of Scotland to swear fealty to their kings. The "rag-man's roll," as was called the document which included all the names of those who had sworn fealty to the English King at Berwick, atoned to the spirit of England for a long series of national injuries and insults.

A tradition long prevailed in Scotland, that ever against the arrival of some great trouble and mischief to its welfare, a terrible beast appeared, of the bigness of a greyhound, and footed like a gander; which issuing out of the water early in the morning about mid-summer time, very easily, and without any visible force or straining of himself, overthrew huge oaks with his tail, and slew all those who pursued him with the same weapon. At the close of the thirteenth century, a whole troop of such animals could scarcely have sufficiently portended the dangers and difficulties which the Scottish nation was about to undergo. Her heroes, indeed, were not less hardy when they dwelt in glens, and by the sides of waters, in the "Pict's houses," which have not unaptly been compared

\* *Scottish Heroes in the Days of Wallace and Bruce.* By the Rev. Alexander Low, A.M., Minister of the Parish of Keig, Aberdeenshire, Correspondent Member of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland.

to huge stone ovens, and although King Darnodilla was no longer in the north-west, and Kenneth of Ila, and Grime of Stratherne, and Patrick of Dunbar, were no more, and the famous Little-John was but a skeleton, into whose thigh-bone, as Boetius relates, you could thrust your arm—though all these worthies were now but voices in the wind, and but shadows in the mist, the chivalry of the country was as brilliant as ever, save that the progress of civilization had clouded it for a time with the spirit of luxury and avarice.

That merging, in fact, of the two nations which has only taken place in what we may almost call our own days, and which forms both the glory and the strength of Great Britain, had already commenced when the patriotism of Wallace once more inflamed the spirit of national animosity. The Scotch nobles began to learn enough law French to know that acquisition might properly be termed conquest, and they were not slow to give in their adherence to the feudal system, which only called for submission from them in proportion as it gave them lands, and which gave them power and dominion, which could be estimated at a money value in the current coin of the realm. The country began to be settled; it had speculated, so to speak, in warfare for a considerable period, and now those who had won began to call in and secure their winnings. This is always a period of great discontent to two sets of persons—those who have lost, and those who have no other pursuit save the indulgence of the hope of winning. Fifty persons committed suicide in the week succeeding the drawing of the last lottery in England; and on the conclusion, as it appeared for the moment, of the lottery of warfare, which had been played so long between the two countries, the unportioned gentlemen of Scotland retired with Wallace to the north in a state of Patriotic despair, with which we may fairly suppose some little selfishness to have mingled.

The story of William Wallace is a happy union of the romantic histories of Alfred the Great and Robin Hood; but he was unlike the latter, for he had an aim in life; and he was unlike the former, for he never attained it. He was the happy accident of an unhappy state of things. His life is a ballad in the mouth of history; but

history in singing it wears the usual woe-begone aspect of ballad singers.

After a certain time spent in romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes—

“The prowess and deeds of arms for which this patriot was distinguished, and his perfect knowledge of all the passes and defiles of the mountains, and the singular art which he possessed of commanding the most restless and daring spirits, pointed him out to the weirds as the deliverer of his country, and the seer of Greiltdowne, the far-famed Thomas the Rhymer, and other prophetic visionaries distinguished him as the person destined to deliver Scotland from the slavery of the English, and the only man who could restore the race of their ancient kings.”

Wallace, however, does not appear to have had any defined political views. Protection for himself from the vengeance of the English, and the freedom of his country from their presence, appear to have been the bounds of his ambition, so far as he was conscious of it himself. The solemn expression by the seers and bards of hopes which were but politely veiled, commands and warnings of what was expected of him, must have filled him with perplexity; for the whole national system was disorganised, the hydra of faction arose against him, and he soon saw that he could not attempt to exercise the proper functions of government without adding the horrors of civil war to those of foreign invasion. For the safety of his country, he resigned a command which he was the only person worthy of holding, and indignantly retired.

But though Wallace had retired from his country in disgust, he never ceased to interest himself in its fortunes, to exert himself in its behalf. He urged Philip to assist his old allies, and to use his influence to have his sovereign, Baliol, liberated from the Tower. Philip listened courteously to his representations, but practically avoided giving a decisive answer, by sending Wallace himself, as his accredited agent, to discuss the affairs of Scotland with Pope Boniface the Eighth, to whose decision they had been referred. A more ingenious method of getting out of a difficulty could scarcely have been devised. The Pope so far interfered in the affair, as to demand that Edward should deliver up to himself Baliol, who was still kept a close prisoner in



the Tower. It flattered the pride of the Papacy to hold possession of a crowned king, although his sovereignty was but nominal. The English monarch remembered that the Pope had Gascony in his gift, and at once gave up his prisoner to the legate, the Bishop of Vicenza, in presence of a notary, requesting that he might "be sent to the Pope as a seducer of the people, and a perjured man;" and allowing him, on condition of not interfering in Scottish affairs, to dispose of his large English estates, and to retire from the kingdom. This was building a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, and deprived the patriots of their most exciting topic of enthusiasm. But the Scots still struggled for liberty, and in the succeeding year took place that siege of the stronghold of the Maxwells, the Castle of Caerlaverock, which equals in interest any of which an account remains.

This castle was beautifully situated, having the Irish Sea on the west, and a rich country surrounded by an arm of the sea on the north; whilst on the south side there were numerous dangerous defiles of wood and marshes and ditches, which, with the river and the sea on two sides, rendered it almost unapproachable; and, therefore, the English could only advance to the attack on the eastern side where the hill slopes. "On the day appointed," says Walter de Exeter, who accompanied the expedition, "the whole host was ready, and the good King with his household then set forward against the Scots, not in coats and surcoats, but on powerful and costly chargers, and well and securely armed. There were many rich caparisons embroidered on silks and satins, many a beautiful pennon fixed to a lance, and many a banner displayed. And afar off was the noise heard of the neighing of horses; mountains and valleys were everywhere covered with sumpter-horses and waggons, with provisions and sacks, with tents and pavilions."

Amongst the host which thus encamped on the plain before the small but brave garrison in the Castle of Caerlaverock, was Prince Edward, in command of the third division of the army, a handsome, brave and intelligent youth, bearing, with a blue label, the arms of his father, and seeking occasion to display his prowess. The

last squadron was commanded by the King himself, and in the midst of it floated his banner, displaying the three leopards courant, of fine gold set in red, fierce, haughty, and cruel; which signified that the King was dreadfully fierce and proud to his enemies.

The army was soon encamped and covered the eastern slopes by which the attack was to be made, with tents of white and coloured cloth, and huts of wood, whose floors were strewn with leaves, herbs and flowers, gathered in the forest. Ships arrived with engines and provisions, and the first attack was made without loss of time. It was repulsed with vigour; and then a troop of select bachelors, together with two troops of Bretons and men-at-arms from Lorraine, made a second advance.

And then the chivalry of Great Britain displayed all its splendour. Amongst the bravest knights shone conspicuous Bertram de Montboucher, with his silver shield; Gerard de Gondrouville, with his shield of *vaire*, and the good Baron of Wrighton. Little less distinguished were Badlionere and Cromwell the handsome and brave, who, with his white lion rampant, crowned with gold, glided between the stones. Thomas de Richmond brought up the lances to the brink of the ditch and would scarcely give way before the overwhelming shower of missiles. Of those who advanced under Henry de Graham scarcely two returned unhurt or brought back their shields entire. Ralph de Gorges, a newly-dubbed knight, who had all his harness and attire of gold and azure, was more than once brought to the ground, while the fragments of Haworth's shield, who bore himself nobly, were more than once seen to fly in the air. The drawbridge appears to have been the scene of the most vigorous attack, and was surrounded by a troop of heroes anxious to signalize their skill and bravery. There many a shining shield of silver, many a lance and pennon were alternately displayed; and as one baron and his followers were wounded, or forced to retire before the besieged, another host of knights advanced to the charge, assailing the gate, and shouting their respective war cries.

The whole scene must rather have resembled a tournament, or birth-day

spectacle, than actual warfare. As the July sunset turned the old grey castle-walls to crimson gold, whilst from one direction joyous groups came bearing large armfuls of heath and flowers and wild game from the glen, and fish from the stream; and from another direction came the weary warriors, pausing now and then to unstring a bow, to unloose a casque, the bell from some neighbouring convent would sound deeply and sweetly over wood and hill, and reach the mariners rocking idly out at sea.

The care and research which are visible in Mr Low's account of the life and fortunes of Wallace are apparent in a greater degree in his life of Robert Bruce, which, indeed, forms the bulk of the volumes before us. But, whilst it is superior to any life of the patriot King of Scotland which has yet been written, its somewhat ungraceful style frequently reminds us, to its own disadvantage, of the facile elegance of Sir Walter Scott's volumes on the same subject. This defect, however, so far as it exists, is hidden by the richness and abundance of the new historical matter which Mr Low has here offered to the perusal of the general reader.

#### OUR OWN STORY.\*

AMIDST the crowds of human life the isolation of individuals frequently strikes us as a great problem. In former ages to be lonely was to be either a miser, a witch, or a hermit; but the kind of loneliness which gave this reputation was a material one, and consisted in a mountain-cave, or a little hut at the foot of a hill, surrounded by a garden in which the herbs had grown uncouth and weird-like by neglect. But the lonely ones of the present day live in the most crowded thoroughfares: they are not seldom to be met with at dinner parties, and frequently at evening assemblies; yet their loneliness is none the less real, and though they gather no gold, work no spells, and strive not to atone, by purposed seclusion, for any particular sins, they are misers, witches, and hermits. They hoard up their feelings and affections; they exert a mysterious influence on all with whom they come in contact;

they withhold themselves, as far as their own action is concerned, from forming relations with society. The world is inclined to look upon them as stragglers from its ranks, as deserters from life's battalions; but there are thoughtful hearts who regard them as human nature's army of reserve.

In "Our Own Story," Miss Bunbury has traced out the life of one of these individuals through all its changes and chances; she has shown how, one by one, the objects of her affections died away; how the passions of her heart gradually became idealised. She has made her heroine very lonely, yet her isolation is as that of a star, and throws a ray of light on the world which it does not touch.

As the keen midnight frost paints with the sleeper's breath rare pictures on the casement of his chamber window, "Our Own Story" draws, by means of its heroine's isolation, vivid scenes of the world's busiest life.

THE CHESSPLAYER'S ANNUAL FOR 1856.† Chess is perhaps the only game which has a literature of its own. This is because it is the only game of universal adaptation: the cricketer must have a quicker eye and a stronger arm than his fellow mortals; the card-player a greater love of excitement, a more perfect endurance of monotony; so, of course, to the formation of a good chessplayer certain faculties are required, which one man possesses more fully than another, but anybody with a brain of tolerable clearness can, to a certain extent, play chess.

Chess is catholic. Russian princes, German mathematicians, Hungarian revolutionists, English poets, the young and old, the sage and simple, gentlemen and ladies, all play chess—we were about to add, the poor as well as the rich. We hope the day will come when no cottage in England, whether of agriculturist or artisan, will be without its chess-board—a hope which we borrow from Mr. T. E. Cour, in the "Chessplayer's Annual."

This little volume is perfectly readable, even for its literary merits. Its editor's contributions have a picturesque sparkle, equal to anything of the kind in modern literature. Special

\* "Our Own Story." By Selina Bunbury. Digitized by Google

† "The Chessplayer's Annual" for 1856. Edited by Charles Tanqueray.

favourites with all readers will be the tales entitled the "Professor's Daughter," and the "Promissory Note." The former is an autobiographic sketch of a young gentleman who went to Germany to study chymistry under an eccentric chess-loving disciple of Berzalinus, and who *mated* the Professor's pretty daughter in more ways than one: the latter is a curious history of the difficulties a chessplayer fell into, by *promising to pay* £100 to a stranger, in the event of his wife's becoming as good a player as the aforesaid stranger's *cara sposa*. The result (among other things) is a gradual descent in the quality of the dinners, and a fearful arrear in the matter of shirt-buttons; and the moral, of course, is, that it is inadvisable for ladies to addict themselves too strongly to chess. Unluckily the fascinating way in which the game is described somewhat neutralises this excellent moral lesson.

Among the other contributors of literary matter, we find the name of Mortimer Collins. His articles are entitled "The Magic Chessmen," and "Chess Skolia." The former is a myth of the school of Præd and Ingoldsby: the latter an attempt to revivify a good old after-dinner custom of the Greeks. Mr. Collins is an occasional contributor of our own, and we shall, therefore, say nothing further of his articles.

Captain Kennedy contributes a desultory paper containing some interesting descriptions of chess lions. Mr. Cour contributes a dialogue in which the claims of chess to the name of a science, and its value as an instrument of intellectual culture, are ably maintained. Its votaries have been among earth's giants, and its dwarfs also, and it is recorded that the only way in which his friends could vanquish Robert Simson, the mathematician, was by asserting some erroneous doctrine in physical science in the midst of a game, when his anxiety for the cause of truth made him forget the perils of his ivory king.

#### MADLINE CLARE; OR, THE IMPORTANT SECRET.\*

THE novel is as much an attendant on every phase of civilized life as gorgeous

parasitical plants are of the trees of Southern forests. Our streets and lanes have their novels, so have our philosophies and religions. The luxuriant growths of imagination, the flowers of passion, the fruits of taste and feeling, are wreathed and intertwined into bright, rich robes for our modern days. Sometimes we come upon a work of fiction, which however, declares for itself the possession of an innate vitality; which refuses to be considered as the mere graceful ornament of the actual; and which, not being the actual itself, yet assumes not merely to represent but to imitate it. Such a work appears to us to be "Madeline Clare." It is wealthy English country life on paper. It is a model rather than a picture. Its characters and incidents are vigorous, and give it the appearance of a working model. The uplands rise, varied with noble mansions; the stately woods become purple in the valleys; there is dew on the grass; the birds alone disturb the quiet, lending their voices, as a modern poet has expressed it, to the dumb flowers; there is mist on the plain and sunshine on the hills. The hand of wealth has passed over every scene.

So far as there is a story in the book, it is well written and well managed, and we do not like the plot less because we feel constrained to sympathise with and admire the villain who is its moving power. The course of the story moves over the deep-green herbage of its scenery with so soft and gentle a step, that it scarcely stirs the silent summer atmosphere around it. It never fails to be clothed in a dignified richness and grace. Its most striking and powerful passages are clothed in a repose which by no means conceals their dramatic force.

The error of the book consist in its containing two heroes and two heroines, who all nearly equally claim the reader's attention, and whose characters possess strong points of resemblance. Mabel and Madeline, Philip and Temple, resemble a handsome group of brothers and sisters, whose likeness to each other blends them at once without any artistic grouping into a fair picture. The narrative lulls us into contemplation of its characters, when it ought to excite us into an eager observation of their fortunes.

\* "Madeline Clare; or, the Important Secret." By Colbourne Mayne, Esq.

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KARS.

BEFORE these pages meet the reader's eye, those conferences will probably have closed, on which hang the destinies of Europe. According to the result of these deliberations, either peace will shed its permanent sunshine upon the vast regions now lightened by the transient gleam of an armistice, or war will once more gather its thunders and launch them in renewed devastation over the world.

It is during such a pause—while we are standing in an attitude half-conciliatory, half-menacing, ready to relax our energies into quietude, or string them up again to action—that we can best reflect upon our actual position, and form a sound judgment as to those occurrences which passed by with too bewildering rapidity at the time to be thoroughly appreciated. The series of recent events which, had things continued as they were, might have ranged itself in the perspective of the past, and floated away from before men's minds into the current of history, has suddenly become ice-bound by the suspension of hostilities, retaining the prominence of a present reality, intensely distinct and mapped at our feet as the *status quo* on which those arrangements are likely to be based, if arrived at at all, towards which the eyes of the world are at this moment turned. The course of the torrent, as it rushed from side to side, undermining, overflowing, spreading, foaming and raging along, apparently the most blind and capricious of forces, may, nevertheless, possibly prove the boundary-line of peace. Where the tide swept, the frontier may be traced; and nations which contributed their substance and their blood to swell the

stream, may be found to accept the limit struck out by devastation, and sit down in friendly rivalry on either bank.

At this juncture, too, is it of more special import to scrutinize the conduct of those who have contributed to create the existing state of things, with a view to the equitable adjustment of public approval or censure. No equally favorable opportunity for such a scrutiny can be expected soon to occur. In case the conferences terminate in peace, men's minds will be too much elated by the result to look back with the sternness of impartiality at the conduct of those whose attempts at evil, now that they have proved impotent, provoke their contempt rather than their active indignation:—while if they should unhappily prove abortive, and the European struggle be renewed, there will be no time for retrospect at all;—all eyes must be bent forward—the face must be towards the foe without, not towards the traitor or poltroon within. New struggles, new triumphs, new reverses, will claim the interest of the hour. Every day will add a viewless film to the veil which will screen public delinquency from public detection; until, by and by, the immunity due to circumstances will be relied on as presumptive proof of innocence, and prescription pleaded in bar of all further scrutiny.

The time, then, is come—it is not likely to last long—when it is expedient to summon the men before us who have contributed to make our actual position, and to ask them what they have done—or left undone—in their several spheres of action. In inquiries of this sort, two classes of impu-

tations may claim investigation—the one grounded on offences from incapacity, demanding as their utmost punishment, where they are brought home to the offender, a deprivation of the power to commit the like mischief in the future;—the other, on moral offences, in which motives as well as acts come under suspicion, and which call for a very different penal treatment. Examples of both these classes are at this moment before the eyes of the public. We are not disposed to give to the Crimean investigations an importance which would remove them out of the first of these categories. Mismanagement, incapacity, blundering, these meet us on all sides. A heavy folio has been filled with them: a library might be furnished with them. But out of all this perplexity of disorder—these criminations and recriminations—this official hocus-pocus—this shifting responsibility and loose and lame exculpation, it is, perhaps, as needless as it would certainly be difficult to frame a codex of rigorous retribution. A splendid triumph has been obtained at an over-expenditure of blood and treasure. There seems no absolute necessity that we should employ ourselves in sulkily counting how much more we might have gained, when we have so much to congratulate ourselves upon in what has actually been achieved. We venture the opinion that it would have done us more service in the eyes of Europe, and have, perhaps, exercised a better influence upon the conferences now going forward, had the free people of England done what the despots of Europe have forced their people to do, and magnified a national triumph and suppressed national disclosures and criminations, at least for a time, with a view to the impression which great results, when not too narrowly scrutinized, are sure to exercise upon distant spectators. But an opinion thus hazarded is mere parenthetic matter. It does not affect our present object, which is to show that there are two distinct kinds of inquiry possible to be instituted, arising out of two distinct kinds of charges, and demanding different modes and degrees of punishment. Whatever may be said of the first, the latter class of imputations, involving as it does the moral criminality of individual's

will not brook being overlooked or disregarded. That questions of this nature should be sifted, and sifted to the bottom, is demanded alike by a responsible government, by those compromised through the circumstances of the case, and by those implicated in the charges. Society points with peremptory determination to its right to have the guilty indicated, the innocent exculpated. History will demand thus much of the generation in which alone a fair trial can be had, and a just verdict pronounced. Our readers will readily acquit us of indulging in the presumptuous idea that we may invest ourselves by any process of usurpation with the judicial prerogatives which belong to the constituted tribunals in the first instance, and to the supreme court of Public Opinion in the last resort; such an impertinence is very far from our thoughts:—the utmost we aspire to accomplish in the course of the following pages is to collect, classify, and compare certain facts and statements relating to matters highly interesting in themselves, at this moment exciting an unusual share of public attention, and which implicate necessarily the characters and reputations of public men.

The story of the siege and capitulation of Kars would be a romance in itself, if it could be found any where in the usual dress of one. As it is, it has to be extracted out of a mass of literature, not pretending to that ordinary form of attractive narrative. We find the history and description of the province and capital and the previous conquest of the latter in one place, coming into view through the technical details of a military memoir. The incidents of the last siege assume more important dimensions in the journal of a medical officer kept upon the spot. But for a full account of what occurred—including the various collateral circumstances which combined to bring about the result and implicate individuals, we have to turn to the dull prolixity of a Blue Book, out of which may be extracted all that is necessary in order to arrive at a satisfactory view.

The city of Kars forms the frontier fortress of the Ottoman dominions in Asia Minor, towards the side of Georgia, a province of Russia. It was at

one time considered a strong place, but has long ceased to be looked upon as formidable by the modern engineer, who, however, recognizes in its position an important military post, and the key to the Turkish dominions on the Asiatic side. In the year 1829 it was taken by Prince Paskiewitch, though it afterwards fell again into the hands of the Sultan. At this siege one officer particularly distinguished himself—this was General Mouravieff, destined, six and twenty years later, to enter once more the gates he had then burst open. During the progress of the present war it became evident to the allied powers that the condition of things in this quarter was eminently unsatisfactory and dangerous. A great battle had been fought at Kurekdéré, in which the advantage of position and numbers was all on the side of the Turks; yet it had resulted in a shameful defeat, the officers having deserted their men in the middle of the action and hurried to the rear, in order to secure their property, and make off with it to a place of safety. Attempts were made to rouse the Porte to the necessity of taking precautionary measures with a view to strengthening the Turkish frontier in that direction, imperilled as it was by the flagrant incompetency and misconduct of the civil and military functionaries. These attempts corrupt influences rendered abortive, till it was seen indispensable to despatch a British official to the spot, nominally to assist and advise, but really to watch and control the native authorities. Accordingly, on the second day of August, 1854, the Earl of Clarendon wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, an officer of artillery possessing considerable experience and well acquainted with the East, to inform him that he had been selected to attend, as her Majesty's Commissioner, the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia, and to act in that capacity in communication with and under the orders of Lord Raglan. From this appointment date those memorable occurrences, which have rivetted upon a comparatively remote and unvisited region the attention of the world.

The new Commissioner found things in a deplorable condition. At Erzeroum, situate at no great distance from Kars, and occupied by a nume-

rous garrison, the winter quarters were reported as altogether inadequate, there was no arrival of warm clothing, wheat and barley were deficient, strong shoes and worsted stockings were wanting, the medical department was unsupplied with the first requisites of the healing art; and the pay of the troops was fifteen, seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen months in arrear. This was in September, at the approach of the rigorous winter which in those elevated regions commences early, and lasts long. At Kars, the material comforts of the soldiers were somewhat better provided for, and the hospitals were in tolerable order; but the officers and surgeons were glaringly unfit to undertake the charge entrusted to them. As to the former, Colonel Williams's words may be quoted. Addressing Lord Clarendon he says, "from the information I have been able to collect from various sources, I have no hesitation in stating, for your lordship's information, that the general officers commanding the divisions are *totally unfit for their employ*. They must have connived at the speculations which are practised in every department. They exhibited a lamentable incapacity in the field of battle." With regard to the latter class, namely, the medical officers and their supplies, the best authority to have recourse to is Dr. Sandwith, head of the medical staff attached to the British commission. This gentleman reports as follows, "The medical department was, in truth, at a very low ebb; less on account of the inefficiency of the staff than because they were, as usual in that land of plots, split up into numerous factions, and intriguing against each other." "The hospital supplies were a marvel and a phenomenon! Here we were, in the heart of Armenia, and when I inspected the drug-depôt I found cosmetics, aromatic vinegar, *eau de luce*, scents, and other dainties and medicines *de luxe*; but the medicines really necessary for the use of the army in the field were scarcely to be found, and the few that did exist were of the most worthless description."

It was soon discovered that an organized system of speculation and corruption was in operation within the Turkish army. The various Pachas who held command at Kars, with few

exceptions, played into each others' hands, at the expense of the unfortunate soldiers and country people, who were alike the victims of the rapacity and indifference of their superiors. The first object the newly appointed commissioner set before him was to get rid of these incompetent and unworthy functionaries, and to have them replaced by men of another stamp. To this end he despatched pressing and repeated entreaties to the representative of Her Majesty with the Sublime Porte, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, urging him not only to have competent military and medical officers sent to the camp, but to call for the disgrace and punishment of the guilty Pachas. He represented that before any effective steps could be taken towards reform, it was imperatively necessary that proof should be given of the power and willingness of the sovereign authorities to grapple with existing abuses, by the public degradation of those whose misdeeds were public and notorious. He pointed to the grave consequences that must ensue if a system corrupt as this was should be allowed to continue—consequences that might compromise interests far greater than those of provincial garrisons and forts, and neutralize—or more than neutralize—all the good it was his mission to see accomplished. He informed the ambassador that the British name had in him been repeatedly and grossly insulted, and that he had been bearded and ridiculed to his face, in the presence of numerous witnesses—and finally, referring to an avowed ground of contempt on the part of one of these officers, he added a request that he might be accorded by the Sultan the rank of Ferik, or General of Division, which would relieve him, he conceived, from the contumely to which he was exposed by the want of a recognized position. Such may be taken as a summary of representations made from time to time to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, from the month of September, 1854, to the following December, and backed by the steady approval of the foreign minister, Lord Clarendon. These representations were embodied in numerous despatches, amounting to fifty or sixty, and were accompanied by ample details, corroborating the statements, and suggest-

ing plans of reform for the future. Moreover, it began to be apprehended that the enemy in Georgia was not only more numerous and nearer, but more likely to take active measures than was supposed, and the approaching campaign was expected to be an early and a stirring one. Under such circumstances it was judged by the commissioner that some interest might have been taken in these matters by the representative of our government with the Porte;—that that interest might have been manifested by frequent and confidential communications, which would have had in themselves the tendency, upon those who were cognizant of them, to enhance his authority with the army and local functionaries; and that its results might by this time have been begun to exhibit themselves in acts done by the Turkish government in accordance with his suggestions. It is easy to imagine the mortification, not the less keen for having been nobly suppressed all that time, that he must have experienced, and which must have so bitterly augmented the difficulties of one placed in his dubious and responsible position, when to these reiterated representations and supplications *not one line of reply was ever vouchsafed!* Can we wonder if at last Colonel Williams's disappointment finds words in respectful remonstrances? He takes the liberty of reminding his lordship that since he fulfilled the duties confided to him as Her Majesty's commissioner to the headquarters of the army at Kars, he had the honour of addressing to his Excellency *fifty-four* despatches, identical with those forwarded simultaneously to the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan. He states that each packet was accompanied by a private letter containing details and suggestions, which, had they found place in his public communications, would have inconveniently lengthened those documents. After alluding to one private letter written to him during that period on a subject having no reference to his official position, he goes on to say, that, with that exception, *he has not been favoured by a line from his Excellency*, even as an acknowledgment of the reception of his public or private communications. "To one," he adds, "who has served your lordship for so many years, such

an avowal on my part can only be recorded with feelings of deep disappointment and mortification—feelings which I have studiously endeavoured to conceal, even from my aide-de-camp and secretaries.”

Here, then, is the first fact premonitory of the fall of Kars.

As these remonstrances, though addressed to the minister at Constantinople, found their way in their official character to Her Majesty's Government at home, it became at last absolutely necessary for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to say something in vindication of his conduct. Seeing moreover that Lord Clarendon, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs (we find the same difficulty as Lord Ellenborough in understanding why the whole of this business was not rather in the department of the war minister) applied for an explanation in terms which lost none of their pungency by being kept rigorously within the bounds of diplomatic etiquette, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at length condescended to attempt a justification. The document is a curious one. The minister assumes the attitude of an injured man. “I think myself entitled to remark,” he says, “on the hasty manner in which Colonel Williams has allowed himself to suppose that I have neglected the important interests committed to his charge. Because he did not hear from me as soon or as frequently as he expected, he rushed to the conclusion that I gave him no support.” Considering that Colonel Williams had written fifty-four official letters, and fifty-four voluminous statements in explanation of them, during the space of three or four months, in which he was coming to the conclusion in question, the term, implying as it does a headlong, blind, and sudden arrival at it, seems felicitously inappropriate. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that to the writer the letter from which the above is an extract seemed triumphantly conclusive. He wrote it for the public eye:—

“Thus to the world appealed my lord,  
and cried—  
Whatever happens, I am justified.”

The whole epistle is as instructive a specimen of the peculiar pedantry characteristic of high office, adminis-

tered with a high hand, as it has been our lot to peruse.

From hence, however, dates a remarkable change in the tone of this correspondence. The attention of Her Majesty's ministers at home had at last been called to the acts and designs of the now-recognized commissioner, pursuing his arduous task steadily and sternly in the recesses of a remote and inhospitable region, and amidst the thwarting influences of a semi-barbarous population. The British people had begun to spare a moment from the principal theatre of war, and turn their eyes to British qualities displayed elsewhere. A new man had appeared. The name of Williams was heard pronounced in the assemblies and thoroughfares of England with approbation. He was not to be any longer ignored, even by a plenipotentiary. From this time forward we find but few directly disparaging or slighting expressions addressed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the British Government in regard to Colonel Williams. He confines himself either to serious expostulations or to vague insinuations; and even these are abandoned, at first for stiff, official proprieties, afterwards for extorted and strained commendation, as events follow each other, and place their necessity upon him. Unfortunately, the reparation came too late. The mischief had been done. It was first whispered—then openly stated—that the zealous Englishman was disowned by his own Government. Spies abounded. From the Turkish camp the rumour spread to the enemy. It would naturally prove matter of encouragement to them that the principle of non-interference appeared to be acted upon with regard to their Ottoman opponents, who were left to their own devices. Lord Clarendon, it must be stated to his credit—or disparagement, does not spare the Envoy. Expostulating indignantly as long as the injury was palpable and calculated to prejudice the great public interests in his charge, he contents himself with delicately hinting from time to time, once there ceases to be any further danger on this score, that he is neither deceived by the recent forbearance of the minister, nor convinced by his original exculpation. But it is when the tables are turned



—when the slighted, snubbed, insulted subordinate rivals his superior in the estimation of Europe, and becomes in his turn the proper object of respect and deference as well as of admiration, that the minister in England has his revenge. He has no need to seek about for expressions that will gall and go home. Every word he is obliged to say bears its proper sting. He cannot advise without appearing to reprove—he cannot reprove without seeming to taunt. The language of official routine takes a sinister meaning from past occurrences, and reads like an involuntary impeachment.

But we have anticipated the progress of events. Thus much it seemed necessary to premise, in order to show that into an estimate of the causes of what followed some personal influences, amongst those more strictly political and general, would of necessity have to be thrown. It may be thought, before we bring these pages to a conclusion, that in one other instance at least, a similar motive was possibly at work.

The winter of 1854-5 was passed by Colonel Williams in unceasing exertions to provision, arm, and fortify the cities of Kars and Erzeroom. In his efforts he was aided by several brave and energetic Europeans, amongst whom were the following Englishmen :—Colonel Lake, Captain Teesdale, Captain Thompson, Mr. Churchill, and Dr. Sandwith. Notwithstanding the inaction of the Russian General Bebutoff after the battle of Kurekdéré, the prescient sagacity of Colonel Williams foresaw that the approaching spring would witness active operations, and that Kars would probably be the first object of attack. Bebutoff had been succeeded in the command of the Russian army in Georgia by Mouravieff; and the Commissioner knew enough of the character of that General to apprehend a speedy change of policy. Having now the rank of Ferik, or General of Division in the Ottoman army, he found it somewhat easier to manage the miserable incapable officials within those two fortresses. He contrived to have engineering works of considerable extent completed around the former of them. The nature of the ground is such, that a defence can only be made by means

of several independent forts. General Montith had given it as his opinion that in no way but by detached works could Kars be strengthened. The town is commanded by heights at both sides of the dividing stream. These heights, since they were of too considerable a circuit to fall within continuous defences, were, by Colonel Williams, marked out for the construction of a series of *tabias*, or batteries; and in the course of a few months he had the satisfaction of seeing the place so far strengthened by the application of engineering skill and bodily labour, that a sufficient force, properly armed and victualled, might bid defiance for a considerable time to the best efforts of an attacking army. How he toiled at this work, he has not told us himself. But Dr. Sandwith has told us for him.—“ I often heard Turks remark that ‘ Williams Pacha worked as no Pacha ever worked before. They could not understand him. Was he not a Pacha? Why, then, should he work like a hammal?’ ” “ General Williams worked incessantly at the fortifications in sun, rain, and snow; but this was his easiest task.” His real difficulties were, in fact, of a different nature. To attempt a defence of the place, the garrison must be armed, clothed and provisioned. Accordingly, for the accomplishment of this object, the Commissioner bent himself with his characteristic energy to obtain supplies. But here it was that obstacles presented themselves, beyond the scope of personal labour, which all his exertions were unable to overcome. Here the rooted evils of the Turkish system met him, and blocked up his path. Falsehood, speculation, corruption, disregard of the public weal, and recklessness of public danger, the absence of all self-respect and all patriotism amongst the higher ranks, these together formed a barrier beyond his power to surmount. At this period his difficulties had not reached their climax; yet he had, even now, paralyzing proof of what he most wished to avoid believing. He found the generals cowardly, thievish, and ignorant. “ They laughed and smoked while the army starved.” He tried, and at last prevailed, *in spite of the British ambassador*, to have some of them removed. He discovered that while supplies, stated at head-quarters to be regularly

furnished, were either wholly abstracted on their way, or arrived diminished in quantity and deteriorated in quality, rations were drawn for troops which had no existence but on paper, and the superfluities of a nominal garrison poured into the pockets of the pachas. Here, too, he made efforts at reform. They were less successful. The countenance and co-operation of the ambassador were needful to repress an evil which commenced beyond the reach of personal intervention. These not being heartily, or at least effectively given, the abuses continued, in spite of threats, remonstrances, and vigilance on his part, though to a less shameless degree than before. He found that money, where it was remitted at all, came principally in paper, at the depreciated value which the national embarrassments had reduced it to; and fell into hands incompetent or unworthy to administer it. He became aware that on the one hand desertion was alarmingly frequent, and on the other that Russian spies abounded in the town and garrison. Stringent measures were necessary to repress this two-fold evil; and they were adopted,—though with some degree of hesitation. A few executions had their effect: but the influence of the Commissioner's own character and example, with some humane acts of clemency, did more to confirm the loyalty of the troops and inhabitants than measures of such a kind would ever have done by themselves. Finally, he found the troops disorganized, undisciplined, and destitute of confidence in their leaders. Had those in command been in all respects free from blame, this would have been a hopeless state of things. But he had penetration enough to perceive that the fault was shared between the garrison and its officers; and having done what he could to remedy the evil as it existed in those in command, though only successful to a certain extent, he next applied himself to study the character, wants, and capabilities of the common soldier. Mixed with coarser qualities, he by degrees discovered valuable elements in him. In some communities the cream is thrown to the surface; in others the froth. Here, as in other countries in which a corrupt system has long prevailed, the peasantry, from which the army is drawn, have picked up the few virtues that have fallen from the ranks above them.

The Turkish soldier, with all his faults, is a zealous, sincere, enduring character. He wishes to be trusted, and is proud of being able to prove himself worthy of trust. Colonel Williams worked with the materials he found to his hand. He shewed himself anxious to provide for the comforts of the troops. He inspected their barracks, visited their hospitals, and saw to their clothing and food. In return for this, he required their services, and expected their full powers to be placed at his disposal. He was not disappointed. The soldier observed with wonder, in which a sentiment of pride and gratitude was largely mingled, that he was treated like a rational being. He was enabled to appreciate, by anticipation, high qualities in his benefactor. He made efforts to prove himself worthy of the notice of one who would himself, he felt, prove distinguished. He saw he had a part to act, connected with a greatness which he could discern before it had been susceptible of proof. He stood to his post, it might be said, in anticipation of the dawn which would light equally himself and him at whose bidding he was there, to a glorious struggle. Nor did the issue belie his prognostications.

In this condition were affairs in the spring of last year. It was in the latter end of the month of May that certain intelligence reached the garrison of Kars that the Russian army under General Mouravieff, increased to forty thousand strong, had quitted Gumri, the frontier fortress of Georgia, and were on the march thither. Now it was that the measures of the British Commissioner were viewed in their true light. The Mushir, or commander, indeed, even then, would fain have abandoned a post he wanted equally the genius and courage to defend. Colonel Williams abstained from addressing to him a direct remonstrance, but commanded Colonel Lake to speak to him, and in this way shamed him into standing his ground. Kars must be held, at all hazards. The different tabias were manned with troops. Williams himself posted them, and had for each a word of confidence and encouragement. The spirit of the men rose to enthusiasm. It was determined by common consent that death alone should end the struggle. What might not be expected from such an army, so posted, and so led!

On the sixteenth day of June, the

head of the Russian column was seen upon the heights to the eastward advancing towards the works on that side. At this time there were in the city about 16,000 men, including a body of 800 volunteers, enrolled from amongst the townspeople. They had provisions for four months, and gave themselves up to the hope that while the country towards Erzeroom continued open, and their communications were uninterrupted, they should surely receive supplies sufficient to enable them to hold out until a force should arrive to their relief, and enable them in their turn to assume the aggressive, and drive the enemy back again into the heart of Georgia.

It is not within our limits, nor is it our purpose, to enter into a detail of the operations which followed. How bitterly, how cruelly, these hopes were disappointed, we will not stop to relate. For weeks—for months—ample opportunities were open for accomplishing these objects. Week after week, and month after month, did Colonel (at this time General) Williams write, represent, beseech, implore. Week after week, and month after month, was the heart-sickening truth daily forced upon him, that justice was not done to his representations. He had learned by experience *that it was not to Constantinople he was to look*. Lord Clarendon indeed was his friend. That Minister seems to have seen that the interests of the Turkish Empire were here seriously involved; and was moreover satisfied that the British Commissioner was the man for the occasion. Mr. Brant, our Consul at Erzeroom, was able to speak to his personal merits. The niggardly admissions of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe were intelligible. General Williams was now a public character, and the public kept him in their eye. The honour of Great Britain was implicated in the struggle. Turkey alone, and those within the reach of Turkish influences, looked askance. The Sultan was a tool in the hands of his ministers; and the Porte, at that crisis of peril for the Ottoman Empire, was fighting its own little battles of intrigue, under the stimulus of the jealousies of a few disgraced and degraded pachas. For the six weeks during which the communications re-

mained more or less open, we find the only report of any assistance in provisions from without to be one from Dr. Sandwith, who informs us that about the middle of July "the townspeople received dribbles of supplies in the shape of fruit, onions, flour, &c., from the surrounding country." Just then, too, a dismal discovery was made. It was suddenly found that they had no barley. Salih Aga, the keeper of the stores, announced the fact; but failed to account for it. Peculation and false returns came out. The evil was put a stop to—but so was the poor soldier's allowance: he had to be put on two-fifths rations of bread. The provisions would not now last *beyond September*.

In the meantime, one effort was made to save the place. It had been long urged by General Williams that an expedition for the relief of Kars should be organized as speedily as possible. Lord Clarendon had exerted his best influence to have this important operation carried out. The consent—for it was little more—of the Turkish Government was obtained, and communications were opened with Omer Pacha. The idea of the British Commissioner and the British Minister was, that a force might be landed at Trebizond, and marched to Erzeroom, from thence to proceed to the relief of Kars. This seemed safe and feasible under the circumstances. The distance between the coast and the fortress was not great; the roads were good: the country was fertile and friendly. But when the plan was proposed to the Turkish Government and Omer Pacha, it was rejected at once. A news cheme, ostensibly of their own devising, was that a Turkish force should land at Redoute Kaleh, on the Russian territory, and operate so as to threaten Mouravieff's army in the rear. In vain did Lords Clarendon and Panmure, recurring to the original suggestion of General Williams and their own first views, represent the imprudence of this plan. The country at that point was marshy and unhealthy. The roads were impracticable for troops, being intersected by mountains and rivers. The means of transporting supplies were not at hand. Lord Panmure's reasons were sensible and obvious. "*A coup de main*," he says, "by means of suddenly throwing an army on the coast to threaten,

or even to attack an enemy's stronghold, is one thing; but a deliberate expedition to invade an enemy's country, and on his own territory to make war upon him, is quite another." The objections to the scheme might be summed up in a single sentence,—that it substituted, under critical circumstances, the probability of a greater success for the certainty of a lesser. Nevertheless, by a fatality which has characterized this business from first to last, the arguments of Omer Pacha and the Porte, supported by the influence of the French, and, if we understand Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's words, the opinion of the generals commanding in the Crimea, prevailed—a diversion was to be attempted.

Here was another fact premonitory of the fall of Kars.

As might be anticipated, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was found on the side of the Porte. A large force, amounting to 40,000 men, was landed in the latter end of the month of September at Soukoum Kaleh, on the Mingrelian coast; and on the twenty-seventh day of that month an aide-de-camp arrived at Kars from Omer Pacha, announcing its arrival. General Williams heard the news with little exultation. In all probability the rejoicings were principally within the Russian camp. It was now, however, according to the formal calculations of divans, military councils, and diplomatists, the business of Mouravieff to effect his retreat.—Gumri, Tiflis, were scarcely safe. The question was, could he escape? This was the twenty-seventh. In effect, waggons were seen, taking the road to Georgia. Nevertheless, General Williams kept a good look-out: and two days later, before day-break, one of the advanced sentries on Tahmasb heard the rumbling of wheels and the measured tramp of infantry—*approaching the walls*.

We will leave General Williams to describe what followed in his own words.

At 4 o'clock on the eventful morning of the 29th, the enemy's columns were reported to be advancing on the Tahmasb front. They were three in number, supported by twenty-four guns; the first or right column being directed on Tahmasb Tabia, the second on Yuksek Tabia, and the third on the breastwork called Bennisson Lines. As soon as the first gun announced the approach of the ene-

my, the reserves were put under arms in a central position, from which succours could be dispatched either to Tahmasb or the English lines.

The mist and imperfect light of the dawning day induced the enemy to believe that he was about to surprise us; he advanced with his usual steadiness and intrepidity, but on getting within range, he was saluted with a crushing fire of artillery from all points of the line; this unexpected reception, however, only drew forth loud hurrahs from the Russian Infantry as it rushed up the hill on the redoubts and breastworks. These works poured forth a fire of musketry and rifles which told with fearful effect on the close columns of attack, more especially on the left one, which being opposed by a battalion of 450 Chasseurs, armed with Minié rifles, was, after long and desperate fighting, completely broken and sent headlong down the hill, leaving 850 dead on the field, besides those carried off by their comrades.

The central column precipitated itself on the redoubts of Tahmasb and Yuksek Tabias, where desperate fighting occurred and lasted for several hours, the enemy being repulsed in all his attempts to enter the closed redoubts, which mutually flanked each other with their artillery and musketry, and made terrible havoc in the ranks of the assailants.

The right column of the Russian Infantry, supported by a battery, eventually turned the left flank of the entrenched wing of the Tahmasb defences, and whilst the Russian battery opened on the rear of the closed redoubt at its salient angle, their Infantry penetrated considerably behind our position.

Observing the commencement of this movement, and anticipating its consequences, Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, who had taken the direction of affairs in the English Tabias, was instructed to send a battalion from Fort Lake to the assistance of the defenders of Tahmasb, and at the same time two battalions of the Reserves were moved across the flying bridge and upon the rocky height of Laz Teppé Tabia. These three reinforcing columns met each other at that point, and, being hidden from the enemy by the rocky nature of the ground, confronted him at a most opportune moment; they deployed, opened their fire, which stopped, and soon drove back the enemy's reserves, which were then vigorously charged with the bayonet at the same moment when General Kmetz and Major Teesdale issued from the redoubts at Tahmasb and charged the assailants. The whole of that portion of the enemy's Infantry and Artillery now broke, and fled down the heights under a murderous fire of musketry. This occurred at half-past 11, after a combat of seven hours.

In this part of the field the enemy had, including his reserves, twenty-two battalions of Infantry, a large force of Dragoons and Cossacks, together with thirty-two guns.

Whilst this struggle which I have attempted to describe was occurring at Tah-

masb, a most severe combat was going on at the eastern portion of the line called the English Tabias.

About half-past 5 o'clock A.M. a Russian column, consisting of eight battalions of Infantry, three regiments of Cavalry, and sixteen guns, advanced from the valley of Tchakmak, and assaulted those small redoubts, which, after as stout a resistance as their unavoidably feeble garrisons could oppose, fell into their hands, together with the connecting breastworks defended by townsmen and mountaineers from Lazistan, whose clannish flags, according to their custom, were planted before them on the épaulements, and consequently, fell into the enemy's hands; but ere the firing had begun in this portion of the field, Captain Thompson had received orders to send a battalion of Infantry from each of the heights of Karadagh and Arab Tabia to reinforce the English lines. This reinforcement descended the deep gully through which flows the Kars river, passed a bridge recently thrown across it, and ascended the opposite precipitous bank by a zig-zag path which led into the line of works named by the Turks Ingliz Tabias—the English batteries. Their arrival was as opportune as that of the reserves directed towards Tahmasb, which I have had the honour to describe in the former part of this despatch; these battalions, joined to those directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, gallantly attacked, and drove the Russians out of the redoubts at the point of the bayonet, after the artillery of the enemy had been driven from those lines by the cross fire directed from Fort Lake, and from Arab Tabia and Karadagh by Captain Thompson.

After the Russian Infantry were driven from the English redoubts, the whole of their attacking force of Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry retreated with precipitation, plied with round shot from all the batteries bearing on their columns. During their temporary success, however, the enemy captured two of our light guns, which the mortality amongst our horses, from famine, prevented our withdrawing from their advanced positions. He also carried off his wounded and many of his dead; yet he left 363 of the latter within and in front of these entrenchments; and his retreat occurred at least an hour before the assailants of Tahmasb were put to flight.

During this combat, which lasted nearly seven hours, the Turkish Infantry, as well as Artillery, fought with the most determined courage; and when it is recollected that they had worked on their entrenchments, and guarded them by night, throughout a period extending to nearly four months—when it is borne in mind that they were ill-clothed, and received less than half a ration of bread—that they have remained without pay for twenty-nine months, I think your Lordship will admit that they have proved themselves worthy of the admiration of Europe, and established an undoubted claim to be placed amongst the most distinguished of its troops.

With regard to the enemy, as long as there was a chance of success he persevered with undaunted courage, and the Russian officers displayed the greatest gallantry. Their loss was immense; they left on the field more than 5,000 dead which it took the Turkish Infantry four days to bury. Their wounded and prisoners, in our possession, amount to 160, whilst those who were carried off are said to be upwards of 7,000.

There is but one omission in this account—the name of the man who was the soul of everything. Dr. Sandwith lets us know how completely the battle pivoted on the British General. There is perhaps no instance upon record, in which the means of defence taken by anticipation and at the time proved more accurately and scientifically adequate to the exigencies of the attack.

All Europe was roused to admiration by the glorious deed of the twenty-ninth of September. From every side congratulations flowed in, where supplies could not enter. Fame was the diet on which the heroes of Kars were expected to live. The Russians of course must now fly, precipitately and in disorder. In place of horseflesh, to-morrow, about this hour, there will be plenty, as in the Gates of Samaria. Omer Pacha is ere now on the move. He threatens the enemy with annihilation. So say the lean defenders of Kars to each other, looking out, day after day, from the walls, towards the East. Cholera is dropping its victims, hourly; but this will be short. We shall be relieved: the siege will be raised. We shall return to our country and to our families, covered with honour. Alas! alas! It is still Turkey, it is still Russia, it is still Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—it is still the inevitable fate! Half-starved, half-naked, thinned by war, decimated by disease, the miserable garrison was destined to wait *two months longer*, in the vain expectation that the boasted array of forty thousand friends would appear on the distant hills. Even Williams, the indomitable Williams, for once confesses that he feels fatigue. "I am scarce able to hold my pen." "We divide our bread with the starving townspeople. I kill my horses in my stable secretly, and send the meat to the hospital, which is now very crowded." Ay—crowded, and overstraining the energies of a medical staff whose accumulated labours can

only be compared to those of the band which rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, and executed their task with one hand while they held a sword in the other. And here—be it observed in passing—is high encouragement to the pursuit of those secluded studies which seem to claim the energies of the mind at the expense of the qualities that are commonly, though scarcely correctly, distinguished as manly, including the popular and chivalrous virtues of personal daring, personal prowess, and the power of enduring suffering. Here is proof that the cultivation of the higher faculties of our complex nature involves the training of the lower, and that science, in its elevating influence upon humanity, disciplines the frame in which those faculties are lodged, and bids its votary, where the necessity arises, assume the attitude of the hero. The servant of God, indeed, if he deserve the appellation, is everywhere the soldier as well as the saint. Great instances have been recently given to the world to corroborate the glowing conviction of the christian's heart, and convince the most unreflecting that these characters go together—that the terms are convertible. But it is equally true—and the truth is here conspicuously illustrated—that in its degree all knowledge has a tendency to elevate the human mind into nobility and contempt of danger. Amongst the names consigned to undying eulogy as connected with this memorable siege, are found, side by side with warriors reared in camp and educated in habitual indifference to suffering and death, those of civilians—linguists—physicians. Where the strife was hottest, where the privations were most unendurable, were these men found, without the stimulus of professional exigency, braving with heroism equal to the heroes they were associated with, all that human fortitude can be imagined to endure. Dr. Sandwith, in his modest simple narrative, has not been able to prevent us from presuming, what official documents afford ample and reiterated proof of, how brave were the hearts, how untrembling the hands of himself and his assistants in the work of mercy, and how large an amount of the sanitary influence exercised by them upon the thousands given into their charge

ought to be attributed to the spectacle of their own patience under suffering, and the force of example. It will ever be thus—it *has* ever been so: but without the mass of light thrown upon the details of events like these by official documents, the merits of men less conspicuously before the eyes of the world would have been in all probability overlooked.

General Williams was well nigh worn out. But the spirit of a Briton was within him still. In the letter already quoted he proposes, without cavalry, exhausted by sickness and famine as they were, to cut his way through the enemy, and retreat to Erzeroom—a hundred miles, in the midst of winter! Had Selim Pacha, who held the military command in that city, but ventured forward to meet the beleaguered garrison, as he was urged to do, the attempt would actually have been made.

The twenty-third of November arrived. On that day a messenger reached the city from Mr. Brant, who informed General Williams that Selim Pacha *would not advance*. All hope had now vanished. Omer Pacha had not been heard of. The provisions were come to an end. The soldiers were dying a hundred a-day of famine. They were mere skeletons, and were incapable of fighting or flying. The women brought their children to the general's house for food, and there they left them; and the city was strewed with dead and dying.

Kars had fallen.

General Williams put himself in communication with the Pachas, and proposed a surrender. It was an honourable capitulation—honourable to both parties. The world is familiar with the account, in which tears are described as having stood in the eyes of both victor and vanquished, each of whom recognized the great qualities of the other. While Dr. Sandwith was for his indefatigable kindness and attention to the Russian wounded during the siege accorded his unconditional liberty, General Williams and his brave associates were, with the entire Turkish garrison, marched as prisoners of war into Russia. We see no reason to burden our page with the handsome official letter of condolence written

by Lord Clarendon, containing her Majesty's gracious approval of the manner in which the General had acquitted himself throughout the whole period of his recent services. It is more to the purpose to give General Kmety's account of the captive commander's feelings on receiving the distinction of knighthood, conferred on him by the Queen. He thanked the bearer for his congratulations, "in a few words and with a faint smile"—"He could scarce feel pleasure at the honour received." Some bitter thoughts no doubt swelled up in that noble heart. So they might. The poor Turkish soldiers spoke more plainly. On hearing the capitulation proclaimed, some of these, Dr. Sandwith tells us, "dashed their muskets to pieces against the rocks, exclaiming, 'Thus perish our Pachas, and the curse of God be with them! may their mothers be outraged!'" They might have enlarged the sphere of their maledictions without any danger of involving innocent parties.

The war was over. Nothing has been done since, deserving the name of a naval or military operation. Sebastopol had already been taken. No attempt was made by Mouravieff to push his conquests farther in Armenia. Content with the possession of a ruined castle and a crumbling wall, and well knowing the inestimable treasure that possession was to his country, he sat down where he was for the winter, and calmly awaited the progress of events. It needed little sagacity to see that the more complete the obstruction to Russian aggressive designs on the side of Europe, the more surely would they, in case the war continued, force themselves an outlet by the Asiatic channel. The artery tied in one place, the blood would naturally complete its circulation in another. He could afford to be inactive; and made his inaction graceful by magnanimity. Sir William Williams, conducted to Tiflis, and treated with respectful and chivalrous courtesy, was given the opportunity to recover his wasted strength and shattered health. He is there now, a prisoner in an enemy's country, the victim of—shall we say circumstances? or of faction, intrigue, personal influences, state expediency, treachery?

The answer to this question may be postponed, but cannot be evaded.

The exigencies of an approaching ministerial crisis may induce Government to put a false colouring upon events, and exculpate themselves from the blame—shall we call it disgrace?—of Omer Pacha's failure, by pointing to his present foot-hold in Mingrelia as a fortunate result, the calculated fruits of a preconceived idea, the triumphant solution of the Asiatic difficulty. This fallacy it will be necessary to expose by anticipation. In the first place, the occupation of an enemy's country derives its value not solely from the extent of ground covered, or even from the population and products of that ground. A great deal depends on the manner in which it comes into the invader's hands—on the title, in fact, under which it has been entered upon. A province may be quietly occupied in the absence of a defending army, or seized by a *coup de main*, without producing any very important political or moral effect. A single fortress on the other hand may, by being made the theatre of great events, become when captured a vast territorial acquisition. General Williams had given Kars a value and importance it had no intrinsic claim to. He had, by the firmness and determination with which he held it, magnified its dimensions, in a political point of view, to gigantic proportions. Nothing less desperately battled for could be considered an equivalent for it. As for the descent of the Turkish force under Omer Pacha upon the Asiatic coast, unopposed because foreseen and forejudged, it would be ridiculous to talk of it as of any importance whatever by comparison. When General Williams, demanding the terms of capitulation in Mouravieff's tent, alluded to Omer Pacha, the Russian general smiled. The criticism of an enemy is sometimes as wholesome as the remonstrance of a friend. For Turkey and the allies it cannot be pretended that there is anything in the occupation of the marshes of the Sieva which can counterbalance the loss of Kars. But for England a consideration of far deeper import remains behind. The present war—unless indeed it may fortunately be more strictly called now the *late* war

-is only in its ulterior and remoter consequences our concern. Nicholas meant no immediate harm to Great Britain when he entered upon it. Truly, he tried to be understood as proposing that in his projected conquests she should partake the benefit and share the spoil. We had to look beyond the present before we could even make up our mind for active hostilities. Our glance took in distant regions, and remote interests. India came under our eye. Persia, as standing midway to India, was included in the scrutiny. Long suspected but long dormant schemes of Russian ambition had to be passed in review before us. And, as ancillary to such considerations, our credit and character in the East, and the effect which an extension of Russian influence might have on these, claimed our special attention. Hence, the war in Anatolia ought from the first to have been looked upon as peculiarly *our* concern. The Crimea, and the navigation of the Black Sea, are questions in which we are interested, as a Western power. They face that way. Our interest in the Turkish struggle in Asia Minor looks eastward. India is governed by moral quite as much as by physical force. Mr. Duncan, in his recent work on the campaign which terminated in the defeat of Kurekdéré, bears witness from actual observation to the decline of our influence in the East, consequent on the Russian successes in Anatolia up to that date. How little our triumphs in the Crimea are likely to avail against such influences, may be gathered from what is stated by Dr. Sandwith, likewise an observer on the spot. He tells us that while the existence of Sebastopol is scarcely known among Asiatics, scores of wandering dervishes and fakirs from the regions of Central Asia, Persia, and Northern India have visited Kars, and are thoroughly aware of its importance. These men, he says, take the place of newspapers in the East, and their reports exercise a damaging influence on the reputation of England. And, we add, whether Kars be now retained by Russia or restored to Turkey, the impression will remain that the former power can walk into it and out of it whenever she pleases.

The defence of Kars, then, while

it belonged to the allies in common, was in a peculiar manner ours. Has it been conducted as if it was? True, in one respect it does appear to have been so treated. It was utterly neglected by the other powers. It was left on our shoulders. In the bulky official volume which has been presented by Her Majesty to Parliament, is to be found ample proof of this; positive, as concerns Turkey; negative, as concerns France. Every obstruction that apathy, intrigue, and mendacity could throw in our way, was perversely heaped before us by the former power. The almost total absence of all epistolary participation in our measures by France, and the infrequency of any allusion to French assistance or cooperation, justify us in arguing the non-interference of the latter. Now, what ought the policy of England to have been under such circumstances? Manifestly, a proportionately strenuous endeavour to recognize, protect, and assert British interests, thus alarmingly imperilled. If British ministers had on other occasions found reason to assume a high tone with the Porte, in matters in which they had only their due share of concern, and if the authority of their envoy on the spot had repeatedly proved equal to the emergency, now was the time when that authority ought to have been still more stringently exercised, in proportion to the disastrous consequences that must ensue from its being slighted. We do not willingly condescend to the consideration of the personal spleen which so unworthily biassed the actions of the representative of Her Majesty with the Porte during the early stage of these proceedings; nor do we think it worth while to give undue prominence to the generous support accorded by an individual member of the ministry to a deserving officer. We take the question in its largest and least personal shape. Did the Government of Great Britain duly appreciate the importance of the events which were occurring in Asia, having regard to the great interests of the country; and, assuming that they did so, did they act with the energy and dignity becoming the empire whose honour they had in charge, and the magnitude of the occasion? This is the question which Parliament will have



to consider. On the answer to this, in our humble opinion, depends the existence of the present ministry.

In any event, the Great Conservative Party occupies high ground. It must ever be remembered to its honour, that at a time when the issue of the war was uncertain, and government might have been hopelessly overthrown by the slightest obstructive movement, it kept political and party considerations out of sight, and lent itself as a body with the same lofty demeanour that distinguishes the prominent individuals composing it, to help the common cause, and forward all such efforts as were made in a patriotic spirit for the maintenance of the honour of the country against a common enemy. We doubt whether an equally conspicuous instance of disinterestedness has occurred in the annals of party. Certainly considerations of the kind are not familiarly known to actuate a whig opposition.

It had been our intention to have glanced at Omer Pacha's possible motives in acting as he has done. Recurring to events which have happened since the commencement of the war, we fancied we could detect some personal reasons for much that has appeared inexplicable in his conduct. We have no room to enter upon the subject now. It must content us to have thus hastily traced the progress and termination of the third and last of those remarkable

sieges which have distinguished the present war, thereby furnishing our readers with the groundwork of an opinion of their own. On that opinion much depends. The mind of Parliament is the mind, more or less fully reflected, of the community. A strong expression of public opinion is never without its force. Public opinion is invited now. We set out by deprecating the idea of influencing that opinion. We have, it is hoped, acted up to our opening intimation. That there is a *malus animus* somewhere, seems likely. That moral guilt calls not only for investigation but chastisement, is a principle we proclaim. But **who** may be the offender or offenders—whether the culprit is stalking before the world, or skulking behind the scenes—whether a loop-hole has been purposely left by France, or England, or both, for Alexander to creep through—these are points on which we desire to be understood as declining to offer any guess. The *result* has gravely compromised the true interests of England—cruelly outraged the best feelings of a brave man ;—and given occasion to the clever Emperor of the French to express himself concerning his brother-despot in the following graceful words—*“ L'honneur des armes une fois satisfait, c'était s'honorer aussi que de déférer au vœu nettement formulé de l'Europe.”*

## THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## “THE PROJECT.”

It was not without surprise that Harcourt saw Glencore enter the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner. Very pale and very feeble, he slowly traversed the room, giving a hand to each of his guests, and answering the enquiries for his health by a sickly smile, while he said, “as you see me.”

“I am going to dine with you to-day, Harcourt,” said he, with an attempt at gaiety of manner. “Upton tells me that a little exertion of this kind will do me good.”

“Upton’s right,” cried the Colonel, “especially if he added that you should take a glass or two of that admirable Burgundy. My life on’t, but that is the liquor to set a man on his legs again.”

“I didn’t remark that this was exactly the effect it produced upon you to’other night,” said Upton, with one of his own sly laughs.

“That comes of drinking it in bad company,” retorted Harcourt; “a man is driven to take two glasses for one.”

As the dinner proceeded, Glencore rallied considerably, taking his part in the conversation, and evidently enjoying the curiously contrasted temperaments at either side of him. The one, all subtlety, refinement, and finesse; the other, out-spoken, rude, and true-hearted; rarely correct in a question of taste, but invariably right in every matter of honorable dealing. Though it was clear enough that Upton relished the eccentricities whose sallies he provoked, it was no less easy to see how thoroughly he appreciated the frank and manly nature of the old soldier; nor could all the crafty habits of his acute mind overcome the hearty admiration with which he regarded him.

It is in the unrestricted ease of these “little dinners,” where two or three old friends are met, that social intercourse assumes its most charming form. The usages of the great world, which exact a species of uniformity of breeding and manners, are here laid aside, and men talk with all the bias and prejudices of their true nature, dashing the topics discussed

with traits of personality, and even whims that are most amusing. How little do we carry away of tact or wisdom from the grand banquets of life; and what pleasant stores of thought, what charming memories remain to us, after those small gatherings!

How, as I write this, one little room rises to my recollection, with its quaint, old side-board of carved oak; its dark, brown cabinets, curiously sculptured; its heavy, old brocade curtains, and all its queer devices of nick-nackery, where such meetings once were held, and where, throwing off the cares of life, shut out from them, as it were, by the massive folds of the heavy drapery across the door, we talked in all the fearless freedom of old friendship, rambling away from theme to theme, contrasting our experiences, balancing our views in life, and mingling through our converse the racy freshness of a boy’s enjoyment with the sager counsels of a man’s reflectiveness. Alas, how very early is it sometimes in life that we tread “the banquet hall deserted.” But to our story: the evening wore pleasantly on; Upton talked as few but himself could do, upon the public questions of the day, and Harcourt, with many a blunt interruption, made the discourse but more easy and amusing. The soldier was indeed less at his ease than the others. It was not alone that many of the topics were not such as he was most familiar with, but he felt angry and indignant at Glencore’s seeming indifference as to the fate of his son. Not a single reference to him even occurred; his name was never even passing mentioned. Nothing but the care-worn sickly face, the wasted form and dejected expression before him, could have restrained Harcourt from alluding to the boy. He bethought him, however, that any indiscretion on his part might have the gravest consequences. Upton, too, might have said something to quiet Glencore’s mind. “At all events, I’ll wait,” said he to himself; “for wherever there is much delicacy in a negotiation, I

generally make a mess of it." The more genially, therefore, did Glencore lend himself to the pleasure of the conversation, the more provoked did Harcourt feel at his heartlessness, and the more did the struggle cost him, to control his own sentiments.

Upton, who detected the strange working of men's minds with a marvellous exactness, saw how the poor Colonel was suffering, and that in all probability some unhappy explosion would at last ensue, and took an opportunity of remarking that though all this chit chat was delightful for them, Glencore was still a sick man.

"We mustn't forget, Harcourt," said he, "that a chicken broth diet includes very digestible small talk; and here we are leading our poor friend through politics, war, diplomacy, and the rest of it, just as if he had the stomach of an old campaigner, and —"

"And the brain of a great diplomatist! Say it out, man, and avow honestly the share of excellence you accord to each of us," broke in Harcourt, laughing.

"I would to heaven we could exchange," sighed Upton languidly.

"The saints forbid," exclaimed the other; "and it would do us little good if we were able."

"Why so?"

"I'd never know what to do with that fine intellect if I had it; and as for you, what with your confounded pills and mixtures, your infernal lotions and embrocations, you'd make my sound system as bad as your own in three months' time."

"You are quite wrong, my dear Harcourt, I should treat the stomach as you would do the brain. Give it next to nothing to do, in the hopes it might last the longer."

"There now, good night," said Harcourt; "he's always the better for bitters, whether he gives or takes them;" and with a good humoured laugh he left the room.

Glencore's eyes followed him as he retired; and then as they closed, an expression as of long repressed suffering settled down on his features, so marked, that Upton hastily asked,

"Are you ill—are you in pain, Glencore?"

"In pain? Yes," said he, "these two hours back I have been suffering intensely; but there's no help for it!"

Must you really leave this to-morrow, Upton?"

"I must. This letter from the Foreign Office requires my immediate presence in London, with a very great likelihood of being obliged to start at once for the Continent."

"And I had so much to say—so many things to consult you on," sighed the other.

"Are you equal to it now?" asked Upton.

"I must try, at all events. You shall learn my plan." He was silent for some minutes, and sat with his head resting on his hand, in deep reflection. At last he said, "Has it ever occurred to you, Upton, that some incident of the past, some circumstance in itself insignificant, should rise up, as it were, in after life to suit an actual emergency, just as though fate had fashioned it for such a contingency?"

"I cannot say that I have experienced what you describe; if I, indeed, fully understand it."

"I'll explain better by an instance. You know now,"—here his voice became slow, and the words fell with a marked distinctness,—"*you know now what I intend by this woman.* Well, just as if to make my plan more feasible, a circumstance intended for a very different object offers itself to my aid. When my uncle, Sir Miles Herrick, heard that I was about to marry a foreigner, he declared that he would never leave me a shilling of his fortune. I am not very sure that I cared much for the threat when it was uttered. My friends, however, thought differently, and though they did not attempt to dissuade me from my marriage, they suggested that I should try some means of overcoming this prejudice; at all events, that I should not hurry on the match without an effort to obtain his consent. I agreed, not very willingly indeed, and so the matter remained. The circumstance was well known amongst my two or three most intimate friends, and constantly discussed by them. I needn't tell you that the tone in which such things are talked of as often partakes of levity as seriousness. They gave me all manner of absurd counsels, one more outrageously ridiculous than the other. At last one day we were pic-nicking at Baia, Old Clifford—you remember that original

who had the famous schooner-yacht ‘The Breeze’—well, he took me aside after dinner, and said, ‘Glencore, I have it—I have just hit upon the expedient. Your uncle and I were old chums at Christ Church fifty years ago. What if we were to tell him that you were going to marry a daughter of mine. I don’t think he’d object. I’m half certain he’d not. I have been abroad these five-and-thirty years. Nobody in England knows much about me now. Old Herrick can’t live for ever, he is my senior by a good ten or twelve years, and if the delusion only last his time’—

“‘But perhaps you have a daughter?’ broke I in.

“‘I have, and she is married already, so there is no risk on that score.’ I needn’t repeat all that he said for, nor that I urged against the project; for though it was after dinner, and we all had drunk very freely, the deception was one I firmly rejected. When a man shows a great desire to serve you on a question of no common difficulty, it is very hard to be severe upon his counsels, however unscrupulous they may be. In fact, you accept them as proofs of friendship only the stronger, seeing how much they must have cost him to offer.”

Upton smiled dubiously, and Glencore, blushing slightly, said, “You don’t concur in this, I perceive.”

“Not exactly,” said Upton, in his silkiest of tones; “I rather regard these occasions as I should do the generosity of a man who, filling my hand with base money, should say, ‘Pass it if you can!’”

“In this case, however,” resumed Glencore, “he took his share of the fraud, or at least was willing to do so, for I distinctly said no to the whole scheme. He grew very warm about it; at one moment appealing to my ‘good sense, not to kick seven thousand a-year out of the window;’ at the next, in half quarrelsome mood, asking ‘if it were any objection I had to be connected with his family.’ To get rid of a very troublesome subject, and to end a controversy that threatened to disturb a party, I said at last, ‘We’ll talk it over to-morrow, Clifford, and if your arguments be as good as your heart, then perhaps they may yet convince me.’ This ended the theme, and we

parted. I started the next day on a shooting excursion into Calabria, and when I got back it was not of meeting W—I was thinking. I hastened to meet the bella Torres, and then came our elopement. You know the rest. We went to the East, passed the winter in Upper Egypt, and came to Cairo in spring, where Charley was born. I got back to Naples after a year or two, and then found that my uncle had just died, and in consequence of my marrying the daughter of his old and attached friend, Sir Guy Clifford, had reversed the intention of his will, and by a codicil left me his sole heir. It was thus that my marriage, and even my boy’s birth became inserted in the peerage; my solicitor, in his vast eagerness for my interests, having taken care to endorse the story with his own name. The disinherited nephews and nieces, the half cousin and others, soon got wind of the real facts, and contested the will, on the ground of its being executed under a delusion. I, of course, would not resist their claim, and satisfied myself by denying the statement as to my marriage; and so, after affording the current subject of gossip for a season, I was completely forgotten, the more as we went to live abroad, and never mixed with English. And now, Upton, it is this same incident I would utilise for the present occasion, though, as I said before, when it originally occurred it had a very different signification.”

“I don’t exactly see how,” said Upton.

“In this wise. My real marriage was never inserted in the peerage. I’ll now manage that it shall so appear, to give me the opportunity of formally contradicting it, and alluding to the strange persistence with which, having married me some fifteen years ago to a lady who never existed, they now are pleased to unite me to one whose character might have secured me against the calumny. I’ll threaten an action for libel, &c., obtain a most full, explicit, and abject apology, and then when this has gone the round of all the journals of Europe, her doom is sealed!”

“But she has surely letters, writings, proofs of some sort.”

“No, Upton, I have not left a scrap in her possession; she has not

a line, not a letter to vindicate her. On the night I broke open her writing-desk, I took away everything that bore the traces of my own hand. I tell you again she is in my power, and never was power less disposed to mercy."

"Once more, my dear friend," said Upton, "I am driven to tell you that I cannot be a profitable counsellor in a matter to every detail of which I object. Consider calmly for one moment what you are doing. See that, in your desire to be avenged upon *her*, you throw the heaviest share of the penalty on your own poor boy. I am not her advocate now. I will not say one word to mitigate the course of your anger towards her, but remember that you are actually defrauding him of his birth-right. This is not a question where you have a choice. There is no discretionary power left you."

"I'll do it," said Glencore, with a savage energy.

"In other words, to wreak a vengeance upon one, you are prepared to immolate another, not only guiltless, but who possesses every claim to your love and affection."

"And do you think that if I sacrifice the last tie that attaches me to life, Upton, that I retire from this contest heart-whole? No, far from it; I go forth from the struggle broken, blasted, friendless!"

"And do you mean that this vengeance should outlive you? Suppose, for instance, that she should survive you?"

"It shall be to live on in shame, then," cried he savagely.

"And were she to die first?"

"In that case—I have not thought well enough about that. It is possible—it is just possible; but these are subtleties, Upton, to detach me from my purpose, or weaken my resolution to carry it through. You would apply the craft of your calling to the case, and by suggesting emergencies, open a road to evasions. Enough for me the present. I neither care to prejudice the future, nor control it. I know," cried he suddenly, and with eyes flashing angrily as he spoke, "I know that if you desire to use the confidence I have reposed in you against me, you can give me trouble and even difficulty, but I defy Sir Horace Upton, with all his skill and all his cunning, to outwit me."

There was that in the tone in which he uttered these words, and the exaggerated energy of his manner, that convinced Upton Glencore's reason was not intact. It was not what could amount to aberration in the ordinary sense, but sufficient evidence was there to show that judgment had become so obscured by passion, that the mental power was weakened with the moral.

"Tell me, therefore, Upton," cried he, "before we part, do you leave this house my friend or my enemy?"

"It is as your sincere, attached friend that I now dispute with you, inch by inch, a dangerous position, with a judgment under no influence from passion, viewing this question by the coldest of all tests—mere expediency"—

"There it is," broke in Glencore; "you claim an advantage over me, because you are devoid of feeling; but this is a case, sir, where the sense of injury gives the instinct of reparation. Is it nothing to me, think you, that I am content to go down dishonoured to my grave, but also to be the last of my name and station? Is it nothing that a whole line of honorable ancestry is extinguished at once? Is it nothing, that I surrender him who formed my sole solace and companionship in life? You talk of your calm, unbiassed mind; but I tell you till your brain be on fire like mine, and your heart swollen to very bursting, that you have no right to dictate to me! Besides, it is done! The blow has fallen," added he, with a deeper solemnity of voice. "The gulf that separates us is already created. She and I can meet no more. But why continue this contest? It was to aid me in directing that boy's fortunes I first sought your advice, not to attempt to dissuade me from what I will not be turned from."

"In what way can I serve you?" said Upton, calmly.

"Will you consent to be his guardian?"

"I will."

Glencore seized the other's hand, and pressed it to his heart, and for some seconds he could not speak.

"This is all that I ask, Upton," said he. "It is the greatest boon friendship could accord me. I need no more. Could you have remained here a day or two more, we could

have settled upon some plan together as to his future life ; as it is, we can arrange it by letter."

"He must leave this," said Upton, thoughtfully.

"Of course—at once!"

"How far is Harcourt to be informed in this matter—have you spoken to him already?"

"No ; nor mean to do so. I should have from him nothing but reproaches for having betrayed the boy into false hopes of a station he was never to fill. You must tell Harcourt. I leave it to yourself to find the suitable means."

"We shall need his assistance, for the moment at least," said Upton, whose quick faculties were already

busily travelling many a mile of the future. "I'll see him to-night, and try what can be done. In a few days you will have turned over in your mind what you yourself destine for him—the fortune you mean to give"—

"It is already done," said Glencore, laying a sealed letter on the table. "All that I purpose in his behalf you will find there."

"All this detail is too much for you, Glencore," said the other, seeing that a weary, depressed expression had come over him, while his voice grew weaker with every word. "I shall not leave this till late tomorrow, so that we can meet again. And now, good night."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A TÊTE À TÊTE.

WHEN Harcourt was aroused from his sound sleep by Upton, and requested in the very blindest tones of that eminent diplomatist to lend him every attention of his very remarkable faculties, he was not by any means certain that he was not engaged in a strange dream ; nor was the suspicion at all dispelled by the revelations addressed to him.

"Just dip the end of that towel in the water, Upton, and give it to me," cried he at last, and then wiping his face and forehead, said, "Have I heard you aright—there was no marriage?"

Upton nodded assent.

"What a shameful way has he treated this poor boy, then," cried the other. "I never heard of anything equal to it in cruelty, and I conclude it was breaking this news to the lad that drove him out to sea on that night, and brought on this brain fever. By Jove, I'd not take *his* title, and *your* brains, to have such a sin on my conscience!"

"We are happily not called on to judge the act," said Upton, cautiously.

"And why not? Is it not every honest man's duty to reprobate whatever he detects dishonourable or disgraceful. I do judge him, and sentence him too, and I say, moreover, that a more cold-blooded piece of cruelty I never heard of. He trains

up this poor boy from childhood to fancy himself the heir to his station and fortune—he nurses in him all the pride that only a high rank can cover, and then when the lad's years have brought him to the period when these things assume all their value, he sends for him to tell him he is a bastard."

"It is not impossible that I think worse of Glencore's conduct than you do yourself," said Upton, gravely.

"But you never told him so, I'll be sworn—you never said to him that it was a rascally action. I'll lay a hundred pounds on it, you only expostulated on the inexpediency, or the inconvenience, or some such trumpery consideration, and did not tell him in round numbers—that what he had done was an infamy."

"Then I fancy you'd lose your money, pretty much as you are losing your temper, that is, without getting anything in requital."

"What did you say to him, then?" said Harcourt, slightly abashed.

"A great deal in the same strain as you have just spoken in, doubtless not as warm in vituperation, but possibly as likely to produce an effect ; nor is it in the least necessary to dwell upon that. What Glencore has done, and what I have said about it, both belong to the past. They are over—they are irrevocable. It is to what concerns the present and the

future I wish now to address myself, and to interest you."

"Why the boy's name was in the peerage—I read it there myself."

"My dear Harcourt, you must have paid very little attention to me a while ago, or you would have understood how that occurred."

"And here were all the people, the tenantry—the estate, calling him the young lord, and the poor fellow growing up with the proud consciousness that the title was his due."

"There is not a hardship of the case I have not pictured to my own mind as forcibly as you can describe it," said Upton, "but I really do not perceive that any reprobation of the past has in the slightest assisted me in providing for the future."

"And then," murmured Harcourt, for all the while he was pursuing his own train of thought, quite irrespective of all Upton was saying, "and then he turns him adrift on the world, without friend or fortune."

"It is precisely that he may have both the one and the other that I have come to confer with you now," replied Upton. "Glencore has made a liberal provision for the boy, and asked me to become his guardian. I have no fancy for the trust, but I didn't see how I could decline it. In this letter he assigns to him an income, which shall be legally secured to him. He commits to me the task of directing his education, and suggesting some future career; and for both these objects I want your counsel."

"Education—prospects—why what are you talking about? A poor fellow who has not a name, nor a home, nor one to acknowledge him; what need has he of education, or what chance of prospects? I'd send him to sea, and if he wasn't drowned before he came to manhood, I'd give him his fortune, whatever it was, and say, go settle in some of the colonies. You have no right to train him up, to meet fresh mortifications and insults in life—to be flouted by every fellow that has a father, and outraged by every cur whose mother was married."

"And are the colonies especially inhabited by illegitimate offspring?" said Upton, drily.

"At least he'd not be met with a rebuff at every step he made. The

rude life of toil would be better than the polish of a civilization that could only reflect upon him."

"Not badly said, Harcourt," said Upton, smiling, "but as to the boy, I have other prospects. He has, if I mistake not, very good faculties. You estimate them even higher. I don't see why they should be neglected. If he merely possess the mediocrity of gifts which make men tolerable lawyers and safe doctors, why, perhaps, he may turn them into some channel. If he really can lay claim to higher qualities, they must not be thrown away."

"Which means, that he ought to be bred up to diplomacy," said Harcourt.

"Perhaps," said the other, with a bland inclination of the head—

"And what can an old dragoon like myself contribute to such an object?" asked Harcourt.

"You can be of infinite service in many ways," said Upton, "and for the present I wish to leave the boy in your care till I can learn something about my own destiny. This, of course, I shall know in a few days. Meanwhile you'll look after him, and as soon as his removal becomes safe, you'll take him away from this, it does not much matter whither; probably some healthy, secluded spot in Wales, for a week or two, would be advisable. Glencore and he must not meet again; if ever they are to do so, it must be after a considerable lapse of time."

"Have you thought of a name for him, or is his to be still Massy?" asked Harcourt, bluntly.

"He is to take the maternal name of Glencore's family, and be called Doyle, and the settlements will be drawn up in that name."

"I'll be shot, if I like to have any share in the whole transaction! Some day or other it will all come out, and who knows how much blame may be imputed to us, perhaps for actually advising the entire scheme," said Harcourt.

"You must see, my dear Harcourt, that you are only refusing aid to alleviate an evil, and not to devise one. If this boy—

"Well—well—I give in. I'd rather comply at once than be preached into acquiescence. Even when you do not convince me, I feel ashamed

to oppose myself to so much cleverness; so, I repeat, I'm at your orders."

"Admirably spoken," said Upton, with a smile.

"My greatest difficulty of all," said Harcourt, "will be to meet Glencore again after all this. I know, I feel, I never can forgive him."

"Perhaps he will not ask forgiveness, Harcourt," said the other with one of his slyest of looks. "Glencore is a strange self-opinionated fellow, and has amongst other odd notions that of going the road he likes best himself. Besides, there is another consideration here, and with no man will it weigh more than with yourself. Glencore has been dangerously ill—at this moment we can scarcely say that he has recovered, his state is yet one of anxiety and doubt. You are the last who would forget such infirmity, nor is it necessary to secure your pity, that I should say how seriously the poor fellow is now suffering."

"I trust he'll not speak to me about this business," said Harcourt, after a pause.

"Very probably he will not. He will know that I have already told you everything, so that there will be no need of any communication from him."

"I wish from my heart and soul I had never come here. I would to heaven I had gone away at once, as I first intended. I like that boy, I feel he has fine stuff in him, and now."—

"Come, come, Harcourt, it's the fault of all soft-hearted fellows, like yourself—that this kindliness degenerates into selfishness, and they have such a regard for their own feelings, that they never agree to anything that

wounds them. Just remember that you and I have very small parts in this drama, and the best way we can do is to fill them without giving ourselves the airs of chief characters."

"You're at your old game, Upton; you are always ready to wet yourself, provided you give another fellow a ducking."

"Only if he get a worse one, or take longer to dry after it," remarked Upton, laughing.

"Quite true, by Jove," chimed in the other, "you take special care to come off best; and now you're going," added he, as Upton rose to withdraw, "and I'm certain that I have not half comprehended what you want from me."

"You shall have it in writing, Harcourt; I'll send you a clear despatch the first spare moment I can command after I reach town. The boy will not be fit to move for some time to come, and so good bye."

"You don't know where they are going to send you?"

"I cannot frame even a conjecture," sighed Upton, languidly. "I ought to be in the Brazils for a week or so about that slave question; and then, the sooner I reach Constantinople the better."

"Won't they want you at Paris?" asked Harcourt, who felt a kind of quiet vengeance in developing what he deemed the weak vanity of the other.

"Yes," sighed he again, "but I can't be everywhere;" and so saying, he lounged away, while it would have taken a far more subtle listener than Harcourt to say whether he was mystifying the other, or the dupe of his own self esteem.

#### CHAP. XVIII.

##### BILLY TRAYNOR AS ORATOR.

THREE weeks rolled over: an interval not without its share of interest for the inhabitants of the little village of Leenane, since on one morning Mr. Craggs had made his appearance on his way to Clifden, and after an absence of two days returned to the castle. The subject for popular discussion and surmise had not yet declined, when a boat was seen to leave Glencore, heavily laden with trunks and travelling gear, and as she neared

the land, the lord was detected amongst the passengers, looking very ill—almost dying; he passed up the little street of the village, scarcely noticing the uncovered heads which saluted him respectfully. Indeed, he scarcely lifted up his eyes, and as his acute observers remarked, never once turned a glance towards the opposite shore where the castle stood.

He had not reached the end of the village, when a chaise with four



horses arrived at the spot. No time was lost in arranging the trunks and portmanteaus, and Lord Glencore sat moodily on a bank, listlessly regarding what went forward. At length Craggs came up, and touching his cap in military fashion, announced all was ready.

Lord Glencore arose slowly, and looked languidly around him; his features wore the mingled expression of weariness and anxiety, like one not fully awakened from an oppressive dream. He turned his eyes on the people, who at a respectful distance stood around, and in a voice of peculiar melancholy, said—"good bye." "A good journey to you, my lord, and safe back again to us," cried a number together.

"Eh, what, what was that?" cried he suddenly, and the tones were shrill and discordant in which he spoke.

A warning gesture from Craggs imposed silence on the crowd, and not a word was uttered.

"I thought they said something about coming back again," muttered Glencore gloomily. "They were wishing you a good journey, my lord," replied Craggs.

"Oh, that was it, was it?" and so saying, with bent down head, he walked feebly forward and entered the carriage. Craggs was speedily on the box, and the next moment they were away.

It is no part of our task to dwell on the sage speculations and wise surmises of the village on this event. They had not, it is true, much "evidence" before them, but they were hardy guessers, and there was very little within the limits of possibility, which they did not summon to the aid of their imaginations. All however were tolerably agreed upon one point—that to leave the place, while the young lord was still unable to quit his bed and too weak to sit up, was unnatural and unfeeling; traits which "after all," they thought not very surprising, since the likes of them lords never cared for any body.

Colonel Harcourt still remained at Glencore, and under his rigid sway the strictest blockade of the coast was maintained, nor was any intercourse whatever permitted with the village. A boat from the castle, meeting another from Leenane, half way in

the lough, received the letters and whatever other resources the village supplied. All was done with the rigid exactness of a quarantine regulation, and if the main land had been scourged with plague, stricter measures of exclusion could scarcely have been enforced.

In comparison with the present occupant of the castle, the late one was a model of amiability; and the village, as is the wont in the case, now discovered a vast number of good qualities in the 'lord,' when they had lost him. After a while, however, the guesses, the speculations, and the comparisons all died away, and the Castle of Glencore was as much dream land to their imaginations, as, seen across the lough in the dim twilight of an evening in autumn, its towers might have appeared to their eyes.

It was about a month after Lord Glencore's departure, of a fine, soft evening in summer, Billy Traynor suddenly appeared in the village. Billy was one of a class who, whatever their rank in life, are always what Coleridge would have called "noticeable men." He was soon, therefore, surrounded with a knot of eager and enquiring friends, all solicitous to know something of the life he was leading; what they were doing "beyond at the castle."

"It's a mighty quiet studious kind of life," said Billy, "but it agrees with me wonderfully; for I may say that until now I never was able to give my 'janius' fair play. Professional life is the ruin of the student, and being always obliged to be thinkin' of the bags, destroyed my taste for letters." A grin of self-approval at his own witticism closed this speech.

"But is it true, Billy, the lord is going to break up house entirely, and not come back here?" asked Peter Slevin, the sacristan; whose rank and station warranted his assuming the task of cross-questioner.

"There's various ways of breakin' up a house," said Billy; "ye may do so in a moral sense, or in a physical sense; you may obliterate, or extinguish, or, without going so far, you may simply obfuscate—do you perceive?"

"Yes!" said the sacristan, on whom every eye was now bent, to see if he was able to follow subtleties that had outwitted the rest.

"And whin I say *obfuscate*," resumed Billy, "I open a question of disputed etymology, bekase tho' Lucretius thinks the word *obfuscator* original, there's many supposes it comes from *ob*, and *fucus*, the dye the ancients used in their wool, as we find in Horace, *lana fuce medicata*; while Cicero employs it in another sense, and says, *facere fucum*, which is as much as to say humbuggin' somebody—do ye mind?"

"Be Gorra, he might guess that anyhow!" muttered a shrewd little tailor, with a significance that provoked hearty laughter.

"And now," continued Billy, with an air of triumph, "we'll proceed to the next point."

"Ye needn't trouble yerself then," said Terry Lynch, "for Peter is gone home!"

And so, to the amusement of the meeting, it turned out to be the case; the sacristan had retired from the controversy. "Come in here to Mrs. Moore's, Billy, and take a glass with us," said Terry, "it isn't often we see you in these parts."

"If the honourable company will graciously vouchsafe and condescend to let me trate them to a half gallon," said Billy, "it will be the proudest event of my terrestrial existence."

The proposition was received with a cordial enthusiasm, flattering to all concerned, and in a few minutes after, Billy Traynor sat at the head of a long table in the neat parlour of "The Griddle," with a company of some fifteen or sixteen very convivially disposed friends around him.

"If I was Cæsar, or Lucretius, or Nebuchadnezzar, I couldn't be prouder," said Billy, as he looked down the board. "And let moralists talk as they will, there's a beautiful expansion of sentiment—there's a fine genial overflowin' of the heart in gatherins like this—where we mingle our feelins and our philosophy; and our love and our learning walk hand in hand like brothers—pass the sperits, Mr. Shea. If we look to the ancient writers, what do we see? Lemons; bring in some lemons, Mickey. What do we see, I say, but that the very highest enjoyment of the haythen gods was—hot wather! why wont they send in more hot wather!"

"Be Gorra, if I was a haythen

god, I'd like a little whiskey in it," muttered Terry, drily.

"Where was I?" asked Billy, a little disconcerted by this sally, and the laugh it excited.

"I was expatiatin' upon caelestial convivialities. The *noctes canaque deum*—them elegant hospitalities, where wisdom was moistened with nectar, and wit washed down with ambrosia. It is not, by coorse, to be expected," continued he, modestly, "that we mere mortals can compeat with them elegant refections. But, as Ovid says, we can at least *diem jucundam decipere*."

The unknown tongue had now restored to Billy all the reverence and respect of his auditory, and he continued to expatiate very eloquently on the wholesome advantages to be derived from convivial intercourse, both amongst gods and men, rather silyly intimating that either on the score of the fluids, or the conversation, his own leanings lay towards 'the humanities.' "For afterall," said he, "'tis our own wakenesses is often the source of our most refined enjoyments. No, Mrs. Cassidy, ye needn't be blushin'. I'm considerin' my subject in a high ethnological and metaphysical sinse." Mrs. Cassidy's confusion, and the mirth it excited, here interrupted the orator.

"The meetin' is never tired of hearin' you, Billy," said Terry Lynch, "but if it was plazin' to ye to give us a song, we'd enjoy it greatly."

"Ah!" said Billy, with a sigh, "I have taken my parting kiss with the Muses—*non mihi licet increpare digitis lyram*."

'No more to feel poetic fire,  
No more to touch the soundin' lyre;  
And wiser coorses to begin,  
I now forsake my violin.'

An honest outburst of regret and sorrow broke from the assembly, who eagerly pressed for an explanation of this calamitous change.

"The thing is this," said Billy, "If a man is a creature of mere leisure and amusement, the fine arts,—and by the fine arts I mean music, paintin' and the ladies,—is an elegant and very refined subject of cultivation; but when you raise your cerebral faculties to grander and loftier considerations, to explore the difficult ragions of polemic or poli-

tical truth, to investigate the subtleties of the schools, and penetrate the mysteries of science, then, take my word for it, the fine arts is just snares—devil a more than snares! And whether it is soft sounds seduces you, or elegant tints, or the union of both—women I mane—you'll never arrive at anything great or tri-umphant till you wane yourself away from the likes of them vanities. Look at the haythen mythology; consider for a moment who is the chap that represents music—a lame blaguard, with an ugly face, they call Pan. Aye, indeed, Pan. If you wanted to see what respect they had for the art, it's easy enough to guess, when this crayture represints it; and as to 'paintin,' on my conscience they havn't a god at all that ever took to the brush."

"Pass up the sperits, Mickey," said he, somewhat blown, and out of breath by this effort; "maybe," said he, "I'm wearin' you."

"No, no, no," loudly responded the meeting.

"Maybe I'm imposing too much of personal details on the house," added he pompously.

"Not at all; never a bit," cried the company.

"Because," resumed he slowly, "if I did so, I'd have at least the excuse of saying, like the great Pitt, 'These may be my last words from this place.'"

An unfeigned murmur of sorrow ran through the meeting, and he resumed.

"Aye, ladies and gintlemin, Billy Traynor is taking his 'farewell benefit;' he's not humbuggin'; I'm not like them chaps that's always positively goin', but stays on at the unanimous request of the whole world. No; I'm really goin' to leave you."

"What for? Where to, Billy?" broke from a number of voices together.

"I'll tell ye," said he; "at least so far as I can tell; because it wouldn't be right nor decent to 'print the whole of the papers for the house,' as they say in parliamint. I'm going abroad with the young lord; we are going to improve our minds, and cultivate our januises, by study and foreign travel. We are first to settle

in Germany, where we're to enter a University, and commence a coorse of modern tongues, French, Swedish, and Spanish; imbibin' at the same time a smatterin' of science, such as chemistry, conchology, and the use of the globes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" murmured the meeting in wonder and admiration.

"I'm not goin' to say that we'll neglect mechanics, metaphysics and astrology: for we mane to be cosmopolists in knowledge. As for myself, ladies and gintlemin, it's a proud day that sees me standin' here to say these words. I, that was ragged, without a shoe to my foot, without breeches: never mind, I was as the poet says, *nudus nummis ac vestimentis*—

"I haven't six-pence in my pack, I haven't small clothes to my back."

"Carryin' the bag, many a weary mile, though sleet and snow for six pounds tin per annum, and no pin-sion for wounds or superannuation—and now I'm to be—it isn't easy to say what—to the young lord, a species of humble companion, not manial, do you mind, nothing manial. What the Latins called a *famulus*, which was quite a different thing from a *servus*. The former bein' a kind of domestic adviser, a deputy-assistant, monitor-general, as a body might say. There now, if I discoursed for a month, I couldn't tell you more about myself and my future prospects. I own to you, that I'm proud of my good look; and I wouldn't exchange it to be Emperor of Jamaica, or king of the Bahamia Islands."

If we have been prolix in our office of reporter to Billy Traynor, our excuse is, that his discourse will have contributed so far to the reader's enlightenment as to save us the task of recapitulation. At the same time it is but justice to the accomplished orator that we should say, we have given but the the most meagre outline of an address, which, to use the newspaper phrase, occupied three hours in the delivery. The truth was, Billy was in vein; the listeners were patient, the punch strong; nor is it every speaker who has the good fortune of such happy accessories.

## ANCIENT PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

MEDICINE is an old, a very old affair ; in some form or another, however barbarous and ignorant, adapted to men, or only fit to be "thrown to the dogs"; nearly coeval, we may be satisfied, with pain and disease, which it proposes to alleviate or overcome. "*Medicina nusquam non est,*" is the saying of Celsus on the subject. The doctor, there can be little doubt, is one of the most antique personages in the history of our race. The world was probably out of its teens before a college of physicians was formally instituted, or even a single professed leech felt a pulse, prescribed a dose or a charm, or extended his hand for a fee ; but the rudiments of the craft must have existed in the remotest times ; and in the figure of some withered crone culling simples in the forest to cure the scorpion's bite, or gathering herbs of more potent virtue to raise or to lull the tempest, we may behold the germ of medical science and the medical profession.

The connection of medicine with religion was an old article of faith. Physic was believed to have descended in some mysterious manner from heaven ; a celestial boon, like Virgil's aërial honey, which in other respects it so little resembles. Indeed, to judge from the methods of most of its practitioners in all times, and especially from their nauseous drugs and unsweet recipes, the *ascent* of the art from the diametrically opposite region would seem a more plausible hypothesis and likely origin. Be this as it may, the *editio princeps* of the Pharmacopœia was universally believed to have been handed down to men from the summit of Olympus. It was pious in the ancient doctors to ascribe their craft to the gods ; but it was extremely prudent also, for the gods had broad shoulders, and when the physician failed, his mistakes became conveniently involved in mystery and confounded with heavenly dispensations.

There was, however, it is scarcely

necessary to observe, a simple general truth in those ancient pretensions of the medical art, in common with others, to divine authorship. "God," says the apocryphal writer, "created the physician and the physic ; he hath given science to men, and it is he that healeth men ;"—a saying in exact accordance with what Cicero, Pliny, and other classical writers have said upon the subject, amounting to a philosophical acknowledgment of the Supreme Being as the fountain of all human knowledge and intelligence.

A curious notion seems indeed to have prevailed to some extent in the old world, that the "sacred art" was revealed to the lower animals in the first instance, and was by them communicated to men. According to this view, medicine came out of the woods and forests, like our Saxon liberties. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air were the first physicians and surgeons. The wild goats of Crete were said to have suggested the use of vulnerary herbs, to which they had recourse when wounded with the hunter's shafts. The hippopotamus was supposed to have taught the art of bleeding ; the Egyptians derived the use of purgatives from the dog, and the ibis is said to have been their master in a still lower branch of medical practice.

The history of Physic, like other histories, goes back into the regions of romance and fable. In the two picturesque figures of Æsculapius and Circe, both children of the Sun, we are presented, according to the happy conceit of Bacon,\* with admirable types of the use and abuse of medicine ; the hero, or demigod, representing the truth and the dignity of the science ; the fascinating sorceress foreshadowing the motly crowd of empirics and pretenders who flourish on the simplicity of mankind, and compete only too successfully with the most learned, experienced, and accomplished of the faculty. "We

\* "Advancement of Learning, B. 2nd."

see," says Bacon, "the weakness and credulity of mankind is such, as they will often prefer a witch or a mountebank before a learned physician. And therefore were the poets clear-sighted in discerning this extreme folly, when they made *Æsculapius* and *Circe*, brother and sister, both children of the Sun, as in the verses, *Æn.* vii. 772.

"Ipse repertorem medicinæ talis et artis,  
Fulmine Phœbigenam Stygias detrusit  
ad undas."

And again, *Æn.* vii. 11,

"Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos, &c."

For in all times, in the opinion of the multitude, witches, old women, and impostors, have had a competition with physicians."

As to *Circe*, (who was not an old woman and not the less bewitching on that account,) let us just remark in passing that this celebrated enchantress is more characteristically drawn by Ovid than by Virgil in the passage to which Bacon refers; at least if we consider her, in conformity with Bacon's view, as the legendary founder of what we may call the Lower Empire of medicine. The *Circe* of the *Æneid* is merely a royal housewife at her loom, like another *Penelope*; but in Ovid she is employed as becomes the sister of the god of physic, and herself a wizard of such renown, sorting the flowers and herbs which her attendant nymphs have gathered, and distinguishing their virtues and charms for use in her incantations. The passage occurs in the fourteenth book of the *Metamorphoses*.

It might be inferred from the fate of *Æsculapius* that though honored by the father of poesy with the title of *Ἱητήρ Ἀμύμων*, he was contemplated at least by Jupiter, (if Jupiter's sentiments on a question of morality are to have any weight,) as a no less audacious charlatan than the most brazen and aspiring of his descendants. *Æsculapius* would seem to have been the *Paracelsus* of the days of fable; he proposed to restore not only the sick to health, but the dead to life; and appears to have been very pro-

perly executed by the summary process of a flash of lightning, for performing, or attempting to perform the latter impious miracle. Montaigne sarcastically expresses his surprise that the patron of the doctors should be sent to Tartarus for restoring a man to life; and so many of his disciples pardoned, who perform every day the very opposite professional feat.\*

But there is happily another version of the tale of the death of *Æsculapius*. In the Republic of Plato an account is given of it, perfectly consistent, it will be acknowledged, with the usages of the most regularly bred physicians in the most civilized ages and communities. Pindar and other authorities are there cited as affirming that *Æsculapius* was struck with thunder because he was prevailed on by a fee to undertake the cure and restoration in question. Plato himself, indeed, is reluctant to believe the divine physician capable of so unworthy an act, arguing that if he was the son of a god, he could not have been given to filthy lucre; or, if given to filthy lucre, he could not have been the son of a god. At all events, the anecdote is of value as a proof of the venerable antiquity of medical fees, in as much as Pindar was familiar with them, and thought it at least probable that they were demanded by the first professional physician on record.

The religious service of *Æsculapius* differed remarkably from the services of the other pagan divinities. It was the most practical of all, and came home, as the phrase is, "to the business and bosoms" of mankind. The cure of souls, in the dark religions of Greece and Rome, was an office ill discharged, if it was ever understood or attempted by the priesthoods in general; but the cure of the body was not so vague a ministration, and to this the altars of *Æsculapius* and the services of his clergy, so to speak, were expressly dedicated. His sanctuaries were, in this respect, civil as well as religious institutions. The *Æsclepiadæ* were the physicians and surgeons of early times. Their temples were the first hospitals, the primitive dissecting-rooms, and continu-

\* "Essay on the Resemblance of Children to their Parents."

ed long to be the depositaries of medical books, curiosities, and records. In the temples of his fabled ancestor Atlas, Hippocrates inscribed the progress of his discoveries and the results of his experience. The world beheld in the middle ages something very similar to this, in one of the unquestionable uses of the monasteries, where the art of medicine, corrupt as it was, found an asylum, to the advantage of the poor especially, who had no other physicians but the monks for the diseases of either soul or body.

Leaving *Æsculapius* in the place which is "not to be named to ears polite," and rather hoping than expecting that his fate will even yet be a useful warning to his children, we come down with a single stride, as huge as one of *Poseidon's* in the *Iliad*, to historic times and the venerable figure of Hippocrates, said and anciently believed to be of the posterity of *Æsculapius*, the sixteenth in descent from the god of *Epidaurus*. Scholars have even preserved his genealogical tree. Physic was handed down from father to son in the family of the *Æsclepiade*, like a manor, or an heirloom. The great Hippocrates was the second of no fewer than eight eminent doctors of the name, one of whom, however, was no more than a veterinary surgeon; but he was the last of the race and in his time the house was fallen into decay, and the old intellectual estate, like a Connaught property, doubtless heavily encumbered and perhaps very little of it left. As Homer was called the father of poetry and Herodotus the father of history, so was Hippocrates the Second (for their style was that of sovereign princes,) called the father of medicine. He has been frequently paralleled with Homer; and among other likenesses between the poet and physician, the non-existence of such a person as Hippocrates has been maintained with equal spirit, and, let us add, with equal success. It is obvious, indeed, that if *Odysseus*, or *Nobody*, wrote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the same author was equally competent to write the *Aphorisms*, or any of the sixty works contained in what is termed "the Hippocratic collection."

The well known story of the meeting of Hippocrates and Democritus, (himself a medical celebrity, and re-

puted to have been the first who prosecuted the science by the aid of anatomical investigations,) is quaintly told by that eminent writer, who, under the name of Democritus Junior, gave the world in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, one of the most fascinating as well as learned books in our English tongue. It appears from this tale, (which is too well known to be repeated here,) that Hippocrates was the great "mad doctor" of his day, and the humorous point is that on being sent for to visit the philosopher of Abdera, whose wits were believed to be strangely disturbed, he found the supposed lunatic in the midst of his anatomical researches, and of all subjects in the world, actually engaged in investigating the disorders of the brain. Hippocrates found in his patient one of the first intellects of Greece, and is said to have maintained a scientific correspondence with him to the end of his life. The circumstance has also been recorded, that Hippocrates upon this occasion, with a magnanimity worthy of his name, refused the splendid remuneration which the Abderites pressed upon him; an example never too much to be recommended to the imitation of his descendants, and which, it is only just to acknowledge, has been frequently followed by not a few of them, especially those who come nearest to their great master in genius and reputation.

Medical societies or schools seem to have been as ancient as Hippocrates. The Hippocratic oath, as it is called, has been preserved, and is one of the greatest curiosities we have received from antiquity.

"I swear by *Apollo* the physician, by *Æsculapius*, by *Hygieia*, by *Panacea*, and by all gods and goddesses, that I will fulfil religiously, according to the best of my power and judgment, the solemn vow which I now make. I will honour as my father the master who taught me the art of medicine; his children I will consider as my brothers, and teach them my profession without fee or reward. I will admit to my lectures and discourses my own sons, my master's sons, and those pupils who have taken the medical oath; but no one else. I will prescribe such medicines as may be best suited to the cases of my patients, according to the best of my judgment; and no temptation shall ever induce me to administer poison. I will religiously maintain the purity of my character

and the honour of my art. I will not perform the operation of lithotomy, but leave it to those to whose calling it belongs. Into whatever house I enter, I will enter it with the sole view of relieving the sick, and conduct myself with propriety towards the women of the family. If during my attendance I happen to hear of anything that should not be revealed, I will keep it a profound secret. If I observe this oath, may I have success in this life, and may I obtain general esteem after it; if I break it, may the contrary be my lot."

Hippocrates, as we learn from Galen, considered that in every medical case there were three parties, the doctor, the patient, and the disorder. It was something like what is called in physical astronomy the problem of the three bodies. The most favourable combination is when the patient and the doctor unite to put down the disease. If the sick man leave the physician to combat the disease alone, or still worse, if he actually espouses the side of the disease in the quarrel, the consequence must be that the doctor, instead of the disorder, must go to the wall. But if, opposing the disorder, the patient will honestly take his physician's part against it, there will then be two men against one malady, and there will be the best chance of carrying the day. We take this from the pages of Galen, assuming that our readers in general will prefer an English paraphrase to the original Greek. The theory is gravely propounded, though it certainly has an air of pleasantry; in its development, however, we perceive the good sense at the bottom, for it introduces a discussion of the various duties prescribed by good sense, no less than by science, to both doctor and patient, in the course of which a multitude of excellent rules are laid down, and the minutest directions given for the management of the sick room (anticipating Miss Martineau), and other minor points of that kind, by no means to be neglected, though subordinate to the main business of physic. The great rule for the sick man to

observe, is to honour and obey his doctor. This is carried so far as to affirm that "unless the patient respects and admires his physician *as a god*, he will never follow his prescriptions with the requisite fidelity."\* The physician is on his part to do everything to support the prestige of his profession. Among other things, (and we think we have known doctors who would do well to attend to what Galen says upon this point), he ought to keep his hands and face scrupulously clean; his hair also combed, his beard trim, and his attire neat and becoming; so as to offer nothing to the eye of the invalid to annoy and make him uncomfortable. Then Galen tells us that there are "some of his craft so senseless as to come into a sick room making a clatter with their feet, and speaking at the top of their lungs; the patient is awakened perhaps from his sleep, and irritated against his doctor before he sees him. The physician ought to choose the times of his visits discreetly, and he ought to enter without making a noise, without raising his voice, or swaggering, or giving offence by look, word, or gesture."

To return for a moment to Hippocrates; we must distinguish between the ancient or classical Hippocrates, and the legendary Hippocrates of the middle ages, where he makes a prominent figure in prose and rhyme, as for instance in the "Seven Wise Masters," where one of the tales begins with, "Your majesty (Dioclesian) knows that Hippocrate, the wise clerke, was aunientlie professor of physicke in this citee." The history of this very remarkable man fades away at both extremities into the mists of romance and fable. The gay doctors of modern times are flattered by reading that their great original had a reputation for gallantry in addition to his professional glories; though upon one occasion his devotion to the sex led him into a difficulty, not unlike one of the unhappy scrapes in which the knight of La Mancha is

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\* It was the boast of some of the Latin writers that Rome dispensed with physicians for the first six hundred years of her existence. But if she had no regular physicians, she had enough of irregular ones; and at all events, she was not without physic. Her first professed doctors were certainly Greeks; the Italians who practised medicine were generally slaves; it is long before we find any Roman of the rank of a gentleman following the profession; hardly, indeed, until we approach the time of the Empire.

involved by his amorous passion. The story (which is sometimes related of Virgil the necromancer), ran that a fair deceiver, one of the "merry wives" of Rome, made an assignation with the celebrated Ypocras, (as he is called by mediæval writers), and it was arranged between them that he should come by night with the basket to the foot of her bower, when she would let a rope down from her window and draw him up to her apartment. And draw him up the lady did truly, but only half way, so that when day returned, Hippocrates, the first physician in the world, was exposed in the basket, swinging between heaven and earth, to the infinite scandal of philosophy and medicine, and the amusement of all Rome.\*

It is passing strange, but in writing of most of the learned professions, the subject of remuneration is perpetually recurring, although there is certainly no natural association of ideas between so sordid a thing as money, and such exalted subjects as medicine, for example, or jurisprudence. One of the most famous of the Greek disciples of Hippocrates was Erasistratus, said to have made a near approach to the grand discovery of Harvey, and also to have dissected criminals alive in his inhuman zeal for anatomical research; but most famous for the enormous fee he is related to have received from Seleucus King of Syria, for saving the life of his son, afflicted with an amorous consumption occasioned by his step-mother's beauty. The fee is one of the most romantic incidents of the well-known story. The king is said to have come down with one hundred talents, equivalent to £20,000 of our money; but this is probably only another illustration of the "*quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historiâ*."

It is certain, however, that the scale of medical remuneration was high, even in the Hippocratic age; and it also appears that the practice of retaining physicians for the service of particular courts and communities was a very old one, for we have

it on good classical authority that the little community of Ægina kept their state-physician, who received a salary of one talent, or about £340 a-year of our money.

At Rome many physicians made immense fortunes, particularly in the early years of the empire. The two Stertini, brothers, mentioned by Pliny in the 29th book of this "*Naturalis Historiæ*," (where will be found many curious particulars of medical history,) were remarkable examples; they not only spent large sums during their lives in embellishing the city of Naples, but between them died worth upwards of a quarter of a million of our money. Quintus Stertinius had a salary from the emperor Claudius of five-hundred sesterces *per annum*, more than four-thousand four-hundred pounds, and considered that he did the court a favour in accepting it, as he could have made a considerably larger income by private practice.†

The name of the first regular physician (a Greek) who practised in Rome has been handed down to us. Archagathus was so well received on his arrival that *jus Quiritium*, or freedom of the city in its largest acceptance, was conferred upon him, and not only that, but he was provided with a shop, or surgery, at the public expense, in the *compitum Acilii*, for Pliny has recorded the very name of the street he lived in. This was about the time of the second Punic war. Archagathus was as fond of phlebotomy as an Italian doctor of the present day, for the Italians use the lancet without remorse. The lancet and the knife were never out of his hands. In return for the favours he received from the Romans, he purged, bled, hacked, and cauterized them to such a degree, that at length they refused to tolerate such rough treatment any longer, and the commonwealth was purged of Archagathus himself. We read, too, that like all ignorant and injudicious practitioners he brought contempt and odium on his art. At a later period, when the whole swarm

\* The story may be read either in the old French, in the second volume of M. Le Grand's abridgment of the *Fabliaux* of the 13th and 14th centuries, or in Mr. Way's metrical translation. The French is to be preferred; the English version being tame and wordy.

† Some idea may be formed from these facts of the vast size and population of Rome at the period; they form at least as good a basis for a census as the quantity of spiders' webs, from which the imperial statistician Elagabalus proposed to estimate the populousness of the eternal city



of Greek adventurers were expelled from the great republic, the doctors of that nation were specially included in the edict of banishment; a measure erroneously ascribed by Montaigne and other modern writers to the elder Cato, in the teeth of the express authority of Pliny, that it was long subsequent to the days of the great censor. But Montaigne was so eager to have Cato's support in his avowed antipathy to physic and physicians, that he seems to have been more than usually negligent of his authorities in all he says upon the subject; even in his references to his dear Plutarch, who does not assert that Cato himself dispensed with medicine, though he hated the doctors; but, on the contrary, that he was his own doctor, physicked his family himself, and made such a mess of it, that he shortened the lives of both his wife and his son.

Montaigne (to ramble for a moment with that most entertaining of ramblers) is exceedingly pleasant on the topic of medicine. He tells us how his dislike to the faculty was hereditary in his house; how he came of a line of ancestors who had an instinctive aversion to physic; his father lived to seventy-four, his grandfather to sixty-nine, his great grandfather to eighty, without ever tasting a drug. He had a fine old uncle, too, who had a fever, and the people about him said, "if you do not call in a doctor, you will be a dead man." "Then I am a dead man," said the veteran; but the Sieur de Gaviac did not die after all, but lived many a year to laugh at the physicians, and his friends who wanted him to take physic. Then he tells a multitude of piquant anecdotes, all at the expense of the faculty; how a hoary Spartan was asked what had made him live so long, and answered, "ignorance of physic;"—how the Emperor Adrian exclaimed on his death bed, "*turbæ se medicorum periisse*," for which anecdote of Adrian there is, however, no good authority,—how somebody else shrewdly observed of the great advantage the doctors had, "inasmuch as the sun illuminated their successes,

while the earth covered their defeats,"—and how the Egyptians had a law that for the first three days the patient was to be dosed at his own peril and expense, but afterwards at the expense and peril of the physician. Thus he gossips for pages, and finally informs us with a slight inconsistency, highly characteristic and making him all the more entertaining, that after all he honours the medical calling, for he knew (as we all do) many honest and amiable men who followed it, and "when he is sick he calls them in if they pass his door, only to have a little chat, and fee them as others do." And certainly this was an excellent use to make of an agreeable doctor, for in what profession is pleasanter company to be found, with how many of them is it not most delightful to converse, from how many is it not the greatest pleasure to receive a friendly call, when the season is healthy and business slack; but the prescriptions of the wittiest and friendliest physician in the world are "gall and bitterness:" we cannot have too little to do with the best of them in the way of their profession; so far we are quite of the opinion of Cato and Montaigne.

Who the medical attendant of Julius Cæsar was, in his voyage to Rhodes, when he was captured by the pirates of the island of Pharmacusa,\* we are not informed; his suite at the time consisted, says Suetonius, of one doctor and two gentlemen of the bed-chamber. No doubt Cæsar's travelling doctor was a pleasant fellow: most probably a lively Greek, or "*Græculus*." Physicians at this time were rising in social importance. We begin to find them enjoying the friendship of great men and the favours of great ladies; one notorious instance is that of Endemus, in the reign of Tiberius, who was physician and "cavalier servente" to Livia, and conspired with her and Sejanus to poison her husband, Drusus, the emperor's son.

Another, too, gay physician of antiquity was Vectius Valens, one of the most conspicuous revellers in that wonderful autumnal orgy described

\* The name of this island is curious, and very like one of Rabelais' inventions. Does the word mean the Isle of Drugs? Were the pirates apothecaries or quacks? It would account for their violent seizure of the regular physician who was in Cæsar's train.

by Tacitus, when a pantomimic vintage was presented in Messalina's garden. Valens, among other frolics, sprang into a tall tree, and being asked what he saw, answered that he saw "a furious storm coming from Ostia;" a storm was, indeed, brewing in that quarter which, when it came, as it soon did, proved fatal to Valens, among the other favorites of the profligate empress.

Under the empire, too, we find another proof of the rising importance of the profession, in the attention beginning to be paid to them by the satirists and epigrammatists. The comic writers seem to have spared the doctors. Plautus and Terence left the field unoccupied for Moliere. The ridicule of professions does not seem, indeed, to have been considered either as a legitimate exercise or a fertile source of humour by the classic dramatists, at least not by the Latins. This is, however, a point which would require more discussion and criticism than we have room for here—"Revenons à nos moutons."

Here is an epigram of Martial, occasioned by a person of the name of Andragoras, being found dead one morning in his bed:—

"Lotus nobiscum est, hilaris cœnavit; et idem  
Inventus mane est mortuus Andragoras.  
Tamen subito motis causam, Faustine, requiras,  
In somnis medicum viderat Hermogenes."

"Last night Andragoras was well and hearty,  
The merriest guest of all our dinner party.  
And dead this morning!—what was his  
attack?

He dreamed he saw Hermocrates the quack."

Here is another not so easy to give an idea of in English:—

"Hoplomachus nunc es, fueras ophthalmicus  
ante;  
Fecisti medicus quod facis hoplomachus."

"Your lancet, doctor, so you've drop't it,  
And in its place the sword adopted;  
But sure your art is just the same,  
Still killing by another name."

A third upon a practitioner who was larcenous, and being caught in the act of stealing a goblet, showed that his wit was as nimble as his fingers:—

"Clinicus Herodes trullam subduxerat ægro,  
Deprensus dixit, stulte, quid ergo bibis?"

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The "Clinicus," as the name imports, was a physician who was called to the patient's bedside; and it appears that only the most respectable and eminent doctors were thus confidentially employed. The *clinici* were the aristocracy of the profession. Herodes was a black sheep among them, and probably got little more practice after his robbery, or after the epigram.

With Themison every schoolboy is acquainted, immortalized as he is by Juvenal for the mortality he caused among his patients in the autumn, which was in Rome the physician's as well as the farmer's harvest. The old Scholiast says he was the "*Archiatrum illius temporis*," the first physician of his day, as we would express it; or perhaps, and more probably, physician to the imperial court, for both meanings are assigned to the word *archiater*.

There was another Doctor Themison, very distinguished also, and considered to have been the inventor of bleeding with leeches; whether thereby entitled or not to a place among the benefactors of mankind, we laymen do not presume to offer an opinion.

We wish we could tell our readers the name of the medical man alluded to by Horace, who was called in to cure a patient of lethargy, and was knocked down by him. "*Lethargicus fit pugil, et medicum urget*." The same feat, however, has been performed in our own day, and in a manner to attract the attention of all Europe, by "a sick man" at Constantinople, supposed to labour under the very same distemper, upon a late notorious Muscovite doctor.

The hydropathic doctor of antiquity, (for there is nothing new beneath the sun,) was Charmis. He was not a Greek, however, but a Frenchman, a native of Marseilles, and "*invaded Rome*," so Pliny describes his arrival in the days of Nero. He too received thumping fees, one to the almost incredible tune of £1,500 sterling; he was probably indebted for his extraordinary success to the confidence with which we are told he denounced the practice of all his contemporaries, and the intrepidity with which he pursued his own system. Charmis evidently belonged to the school of physic of which Circe was the mythic patroness. He was not the only professor of the water-cure

in his day, but he went greater lengths than any one else, after the manner of all great charlatans. He ordered the cold bath in the depth of winter; soured his patients in the Tiber, plunged them in ponds and lakes. Pliny gives us a vivid description of his practice, which makes us shiver while we read. "Mersit ægros in lacus. Videbamus senes consulares usque in ostentationem rigentes." We fancy we see Lord Palmerston or Lord Panmure soured by Dr. Lane, for instance, in the Serpentine of a December morning. Charmis had also, in common with very many of the ancient doctors, his universal remedy or antidote. It would seem, indeed, that the word "charm," in its medico-magical signification, originated with this famous mountebank.\* His antidote was called *Χάρμη*, and its composition was given in iambics by a medical poet, or poetical doctor of the name Damocrates. Galen has preserved the verses for us in his work upon Antidotes. They begin thus:—

Ἀντίδοτος ἦν φασιν οἱ νεώτεροι Χάρμη  
Θεραπεύει δὲ διαθέσεις κεχροτισμένας  
Ἀσ οὐδὲν ὠφελήσεν εἰερα φάρμακα.

"Antidotus quam recentes Charmen vocant,  
Affectus sanat qui molestarunt diu,  
Et quibus nullum medicamen profuit."

In the same book there are other wonderful specifics in verse also, some in hexameters and pentameters; one by Andronichus, recommended to the patronage of Nero, who is called the "darling of established liberty," a specimen of court-flattery well worthy of so egregious a quack. Galen applauds the inventors of these nostrums for preserving them in verse, as the best precaution against fraudulent imitations. *"Ἡκιστα γὰρ οἱ πανούργοι δύνανται διαστρέφειν αὐτά."*

The number of these antidotes or remedies was infinite. For the *θηριακά* there were a variety of receipts. Then there was the antidotus Mithridatica, sometimes called *athanasia*; the ambrosia, used by Philip of Macedona; the aromaticum, invented by Gallus, and good "*ad omnia*," the

nectarea, the *incomparabilis*, the preparation of Apollonius, "*quæ a lethali-  
bus medicamentis servat*," and, most imposing name of all, the *hecatontamigmata*, prepared by Galen himself for the Cæsar of the day—and, like other remedies of the class, of universal application and virtue.

Marseilles seems to have been a nursery of quacks, for at the same time with Charmis there was also flourishing at Rome a charlatan of the name of Crinas, who united astrology to the practice of physic, "*arte geminata*," says Pliny, "*ut cautior religiosiorque, ad siderum motus ex ephemeride mathematica cibos dando, horasque observando*." No doubt the rivalry was tremendous between Crinas the astrologer and Charmis the hydropathist, though no record remains of their feuds and competitions. Crinas, however, was a munificent mountebank. We may well call him flourishing, as he rebuilt the walls of his native city out of the fortune he extracted from Roman credulity. Why is it that we never hear of the doctors of our day beautifying or repairing cities, or making any such handsome return to the public as Stertinus and Crinas. Is there any use in suggesting the improvement of Dublin, for instance, to our own medical grandees?

Thessalus was another great doctor of the same period, who took such jealous care of his own fame that he raised a monument to himself in the Appian way, and in the inscription entitled himself *ἱατροπικῆς*. The notion of erecting one's own testimonial is worthy of all admiration;—the duty is so often neglected by an indifferent posterity, or an ungrateful public. Thessalus trampled under his feet all the remedies of preceding physicians, abused the doctors of all ages indiscriminately, called Hippocrates a quack, and Celsus a charlatan. If we are not mistaken, we have seen a Thessalus in our own days.

Any physician, beyond a doubt, might make himself popular in the highest degree by taking a hint from the practice of Doctor Asclepiades,

\* The word comes to us through the French *charme*, commonly traced to the Latin *carmen*, sometimes to Saxon or Gaelic origin. We really think we have assigned the true origin of a word of great importance in our language.

who graduated in Bithynia, and came to Rome just before the Christian era, as a professor of rhetoric, failing in which business he went into the medical line, in which it is probable he found his fluent tongue no disadvantage. He had no science whatever, but, to make up for it, he railed at Hippocrates in "good set terms," and made himself a special favourite with all the toppers and pleasant fellows in the great metropolis, by ordering his patients the liberal use of wine. He prescribed a flask of Chian to one, and gravely commanded another to take a bottle of Falernian at his dinner, and probably to repeat the dose, if the first operated too feebly. He made himself further notorious by a bet he laid with Fortune that he would never catch any disorder himself. The stake was no less than his professional character! Pliny says that he lived to a great age, died by an accident, and won his wager.\*

The name of Asclepiades, however, was common to a host of ancient physicians, the most of them pretenders, no doubt, to descent from the god of medicine, or connexion with the illustrious Hippocratic family. It is a curious circumstance in medical antiquities, the frequency with which the same names occur among the physicians of different ages; the repetition has led, of course, to innumerable mistakes; one doctor has the quackeries, perhaps the assassinations of another, laid to his door; here there is a physician who gets credit for discoveries and cures that belong either to a predecessor, or a follower; and in numerous cases, as well as those we have already incidentally mentioned, the same story is told of various personages, sometimes to their honour and sometimes to their discredit. The names of Chrysippus, Themison, Endemus, Alexander, and many more, seem to have been borne by numerous professors of the sacred art, as that of Hippocrates was by several of his descendants, to the great embarrassment of the student of medical his-

tory, and distraction of the classical scholar. The cause of the confusion is probably to be found in the rooted prejudice which seems to have existed in the mind of the ancients as to the hereditary transmission of the gift of healing. For a long time it appears that to affect a descent from Hippocrates was the common artifice of medical pretenders, which they endeavoured to support by the assumption of the very name. Then, when this trick was worn out, and when later physicians acquired eminence and popularity, these became, in their turn, the reputed fathers of a new brood of doctors, who pretended to their blood, and called themselves after them, in order to profit by their reputation, and the supposition of having inherited their skill and their prescriptions. This is, at least, what occurs to us as a not improbable solution of the problem. We need hardly remind our readers to what a very late period among ourselves the ancient popular error of which we have been speaking prevailed extensively with respect to the Stuart family and the disease which their touch was believed to cure.

Another thing that strikes us as remarkable, is the extraordinary versatility of the ancient faculty; there is scarcely a physician to be met with who is not also a rhetorician, a geometer, a musician, an historian, a logician, an astrologer, or a poet. The mere physician is extremely rare; or, we should rather say, the man who relied exclusively for his fame upon his medical skill and practice. This variety of pursuits is not observable in the men of inferior celebrity only. The most eminent of the profession were amongst those who most widely extended the circle of their accomplishments; and, doubtless, they were all the more enlightened for the expansion of their studies, particularly when they applied themselves to any of the kindred branches of natural science, or to philosophy in general. Bacon has noticed the tendency of physicians, even in modern times, to

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† The wager of Asclepiades was in direct contradiction to Plato's notion of medical qualifications. "Physicians would be most expert, if beginning from their infancy, they would, in learning their art, be conversant with the greatest number of subjects, and these the most sickly; and moreover labour themselves under all manner of diseases."—*The Republic*, book 3rd.

combine other pursuits with that of medicine, and he accounts for it by the perpetual competition of Circe with *Æsculapius*, to adhere to the illustration with which we set out. "And there," says he, "I cannot much blame physicians, that they use commonly to intend some other art or practice, which they fancy more than their profession. For you shall have of them antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines ; and in every one of these better seen than in his profession ; and no doubt upon this ground, that they find that mediocrity and excellency in their art maketh no difference in profit or reputation towards their fortune."

This state of things, however, has passed away. "*Nous avons changé tout cela ;*" and the doctor who in these days should aim at making himself of consequence by teaching ora-

tory like *Asclepiades*, watching the stars like *Crinas*, setting the pulsations of the arm to music like *Herophilus*, or inventing a new figure of syllogisms like *Galen*, would be as likely to fail in his enterprise as if he were to try the road of *Valens* or *Endemus* to fashionable notoriety. Concentration is now as necessary to eminence as diffusion was in ancient times ; the largest fortunes, indeed, are made by men who confine themselves not merely to the practice of their profession, but to the particular branches of it ; though, doubtless, the highest scientific reputation, which is not always in proportion to the physician's genius, is the reward of those who are not influenced by considerations of emolument in the choice or the range of their pursuits. For the present we conclude, but may, perhaps, return to a subject so full of anecdote and interest.

## FAIR GURTHA ; OR, THE HUNGRY GRASS.

### A LEGEND OF THE DUMB HILL.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

In bygone days Ireland was literally studded with superstitions, and is so in many remote places even to the present time. Some of these were very beautiful emanations from the human heart, some of them full of mysteries, as to their origin—that are perfectly inscrutable ; whilst others, on the contrary, are so vague, wild and nonsensical, that they require only the touch of common sense and reason to dissolve them. Many of the superstitions we allude to are of a fine mellow tone, and give rise to some of the kindest and most benevolent virtues among the poor and the middle classes. For instance, to succour the widow and the orphan, to feed the hungry, and relieve the desolate and distressed, are all acts that are considered calculated not only to bring prosperity and good fortune to those who perform them, but to shield them from calamity in all its varied

phases. In other words, to perform them is considered *lucky*. It is true, we must admit, that this view of benevolence degrades and narrows the more exalted motives from which it ought to originate ;—but when a higher principle of beneficence does not exist, or perhaps cannot be expected to exist, among the classes we allude to—it is better to see the charities of life performed even from such motives, than not performed at all ; and for this reason we must accept the lower and less-worthy principle as a substitute for that which rests upon a higher and more comprehensive basis.

A great many superstitions were connected with, and had their origin in the fairy mythology, as it lately existed in Ireland ; and we say lately, because of this wild, fantastic and extraordinary system of popular belief there is scarcely a wreck behind.

With almost every operation of the people, whether domestic or agricultural, the influence of the fairies was supposed to be connected either for good or evil. To enumerate instances of this in a short story would be to little purpose. Let it suffice to say that, as the old social usages and habits of the people have gradually disappeared, so have the strange and antique legends, associated with them, become progressively indistinct, until a great number of them are now nearly obliterated and forgotten. The banshee, the liananshee, the leprechaun, the fetch, the phoocha, together with almost all the other individual myths of this wild, but imaginative creed, have all but vanished, and little now remains but the dim and distant memory of what they once have been.

One of the most striking and singular superstitions peculiar to the Irish was that which they called *Fair Gurtha*; or, *Hungry Grass*. I am not aware that anything similar or analogous to it has ever existed in the superstitions of any other country. Until a recent date, however, it was a very distinct and influential one in this. Like many others, it had its origin in that mysterious connection which was believed to subsist between the fairies and the people; for there is nothing clearer, than that a certain but undefinable intercourse was supposed to be kept up between the world of the *dinnha shee*, or good people as they were called, and the world of man; the inhabitants of which worlds were supposed to depend upon each other for many important good offices, in cases of a difficult and critical nature.

Before we proceed to the incidents of our story, we feel it necessary for the better understanding of them, to make the reader acquainted with the cause and nature of the superstition which we have selected for elucidation. It was in fact a penalty inflicted by the fairies, upon such persons as were known to be penurious in spirit, and consequently deficient in the duties of hospitality. The fairies, notwithstanding the power which was attributed to them, were supposed, like man, to be subject to periods of famine, to hunger and want; and whenever a general blight or failure took place in our crops, the opinion was that they suffered in pro-

portion with us. For instance, it was supposed that the best ear of corn, and the fullest grain of every ear, together with the richest and largest fruit on every tree, and on every branch of that tree, were exclusively their property: from which our readers may perceive that they must have been deeply affected by those fluctuations which arise from either the abundance or the failure of our crops. These observations will make the origin of the Hungry Grass perfectly intelligible.

When a wealthy farmer, possessing a large farm, found it necessary to send out the usual meals to his workmen, to be eaten in the fields where they worked, whenever the distance from his house rendered it impossible for them to come home to them, they were carried by the female servants. One or more, as the case might be, were employed to carry them out to them dressed and ready for use. Around their substantial fare they gathered in a circle, and set to work with becoming vigour until they were satisfied. The meal being finished, their custom was to throw their crumbs and smaller fragments upon the spot where they had eaten, *for the benefit of the fairies*. If this was done, the good people were propitiated and satisfied, and all was right, for they were disposed to be friendly in future to that family. On the contrary, whenever this considerate and hospitable ceremony happened to be neglected, especially from a spirit of penury and selfishness, the fairies, in order to mark their indignation at the want of hospitality towards themselves which it implied, caused an abundant crop of hungry grass to grow on that spot, over which whoever walks falls into a state of weakness that will end in death if not relieved. Such were supposed to be the cause and origin of this strange superstition.

There lived many years ago in the townland of Killifaddy, now the beautiful residence of Mr. Maxwell; situated in one of the most interesting parishes in Ireland—the metropolitan one of Clogher; and not more than half a mile from Prillisk, another townland adjoining, in which I drew my first breath. Killifaddy was in olden times the property of a family named Cairns; good-humoured, rollicking

country gentlemen, and mighty hunters before the Lord. They were the descendants of Cairns, who distinguished himself so signally at the siege of Derry ; and were always remarkable for a blunt, bluff, honourable and courageous character. They lived, however, long before my day, and with them this story has nothing to do. At the time in which the incidents mentioned in it took place, there was to be found in the aforesaid townland of Killifaddy, a farmer, named Renehan ; a close-fisted, penurious man, who worshipped only one god, and him he worshipped with singular and unexampled devotion—but that god was money. The rapacious old sinner was about sixty years of age, and though full of wealth, felt, like every man who is fond of it, that his appetite for it only grew by what it fed on. He was like most misers, a rank hypocrite, and never performed an act of charity to the poor and friendless, without shedding more tears over their distresses than, if shed from pious, charitable, or penitent motives, would have sent a dozen souls to heaven. He buried his father and mother, and indeed most of all belonging to him, without a tear, and was consequently looked upon as a live miracle of christian patience and fortitude. But if he shed no tears then, it was not so when he was called upon to pay the expenses of their successive funerals. Nothing on those occasions could surpass the beautiful and pathetic exhibition of his attachment to their memory. The very guineas were clubbed together by this holy moisture, and as he laid down one after another, good and kind-hearted old Tom Johnston, who kept the parish hearses, as he heard groan after groan accompany the delivery of each, swore that his grief for his relations was not only a credit to himself, but an honour to the parish ; and hoped in God that for his (Renehan's) own sake, he (Johnston) would have many similar opportunities of witnessing it.

After the death of his relatives, however, of whom he was almost the only survivor, and consequently inherited their property, the value of those christian tears which he shed so copiously over affliction began to be taken at their proper estimate. No

cloak of hypocrisy, in fact, was thick enough to conceal him. The man and his motives were seen through and understood, and his affliction for human calamity soon became the best standard joke of the parish.

Now it so happened, as it often does in similar cases, that this man, who was generally known by the *sobriquet* of Rat Renehan, in consequence of some facial resemblance which he bore to that odious animal—had a daughter named Rose, who was as antithetical to him in every principle of his heart and life, as light is to darkness or evil to good. She had a round oval face, remarkable for symmetry and feeling. Her cheeks were slightly tinged with the hue of her namesake flower—her eyebrows were lightly pencilled and graceful, her hair a rich and beautiful auburn, and her eyes, which were of a soft and mellow brown, sparkled with good humour and a benevolence which could not for a moment be mistaken. She was a little below the middle size, but her bust and whole figure were so neat, so cozy, and in such complete harmony with her features, that it was impossible to know her without loving and respecting her. If ever a kind, a charitable, and an affectionate heart beat in a human bosom, it did in hers. In fact, we do not think there was a stain upon that pure and gentle and loving spirit. Her whole manner was so calm, so composed, but so genial withal and affectionate, that one would as soon think of imputing a moral blemish to an angel in heaven. She had a mole on her left cheek, which somehow added surprisingly to her quiet beauty, and gave to its whole character something peculiarly striking and graceful. In addition to this, her voice and laugh fell upon the ear like a charm, which in the sweetness of their melody gave irresistible proof of the purity and goodness within. Why a man like Rat Renehan should have possessed such a daughter, is a phenomenon of which every day's experience in domestic life furnishes us with a solution. Rose, in fact, was the image of her mother, who was now so long dead that she could scarcely remember her. From her she inherited both her beauty and her virtues ; yet, strange as it may appear, her father, though never remarkable for any particular

attachment to his wife, loved Rose with a tender and most enthusiastic affection, accompanied with an ambition that she should by marriage reach a higher, but beyond all a *wealthier* position in the world than any of her name or family had ever enjoyed. This however is by no means extraordinary, any more than the unusual personal affection which he bore her ; especially when we inform the reader that she was then his only child, the last survivor out of seven, all of whom had been taken away in early life.

Now it so happened that worthy Rat Renehan had two neighbours, one of them a respectable but struggling man, by name Mat Magennis. He was a descendant of the Great Magennises, the powerful princes and chiefs of Dungiven, in the county of Derry, who distinguished themselves in the Elizabethan wars, and in those still more violent and barbarous conflicts, which so frequently took place between the Kinnel Connel and the Kinnel Owen ; or, in other words, between the fierce and terrible princes of Tyrone and Donegal—the O'Neils and the O'Donnells. Be this as it may, Magennis was of the old Milesian descent—a race which was proverbially countenanced and supported by the Irish fairies, for it is well known that a banshee was never heard to utter her prophetic wail of approaching dissolution to the family of any individual who was not of Milesian blood. Magennis's youngest and only unmarried son was called after himself by his Christian name. Young Mat was a kind-hearted courageous fellow, stout and handsome, and although by no means quarrelsome or offensive, yet was he a perfect devil when he got into a row. This was generally on behalf of others rather than on his own account, for he always made it a point of honour to assist the weaker side. This then was one of Rose Renehan's lovers, and we may as well add here, as far as sweet Rose's heart was concerned, the favourite one. On this point, however, her father and she differed. The former refused to entertain his proposals for his daughter, or even to hear his name mentioned in connection with her.

'Tis true, Mat had an old uncle, childless but wealthy, from whom it

was only natural that he might have cherished expectations. All hope of inheriting the old man's wealth, however, was out of the question here. When his uncle and father were young men, it so happened that both fell in love with the same woman. Mat's father, however, being the younger and better looking, succeeded in winning the beauty—a triumph on his part which inspired his brother with such a spirit of implacable resentment, as prevented him from ever suffering an idea of reconciliation or forgiveness to enter into his heart. Had Rat Renehan for a moment entertained the slightest notion that young Mat might consider himself his uncle's heir, he would have jumped at his proposal of marriage with Rose ; but on consulting the old man upon the subject, he was given to understand that no member of that family should ever inherit a shilling of his money ;—a declaration which extinguished all hopes of the unfortunate young man's success. On his return home from this interview, he addressed his anxious daughter as follows :—

"No, Rose," said he, "all hope's over in that quarter—ould Condyl's as bitter against them as an alloway (aloe) pill. As it is *now*, I have a better object in view for you—a man that has a horse three quarters blood, wid a tail on him as long as a paycock's, and that can bring you to mass and home from it agin on a Dublin jauntin' car."

Poor Rose, though utterly insensible to the ambition of a Dublin jaunting car, had made up her mind, rather than vex her father's heart, to marry the man of his choice, let the consequences be what they might to herself.

And here we may observe by the way, that many a sweet and high-minded girl consents to sacrifice the peace and happiness of a whole life, rather than contravene the infatuated and selfish ambition of a parent, or render him unhappy by indulging her own natural attachment to a worthy object. When paternal affection runs into such senseless tyranny, it is indeed difficult to resist it ; the motive we admit is good, but in the mean time the peace of an obedient and loving child is wrecked for ever.

Who, however, was this gentleman of the three-quarter blood horse and



the Dublin jaunting car ? We shall tell you. His name was—no, we will mention only the *nickname*, which was most appropriately fastened on him by the people, Solomon Saveall. Now Solomon, though as great a scrub and as penurious a miser as Rat Renehan, was nevertheless a very different sort of man. He had a round face, utterly devoid of lines or expression, if we except a good-humoured squint, which held out at a first glance something like a beacon of kindness and generosity. His mouth, though hard and not ill-shaped, had yet unmistakable traces of voluptuousness and luxury about it. His mirth was boisterous, and his laugh so loud and hearty, that any man who might suppose him to be selfish, avaricious, and utterly destitute of a generous feeling for the privations and embarrassments of his fellow-creatures, and who might hazard the expression of such a sentiment, would be considered as next door to an idiot ; that is to say, by those who did not know Solomon Saveall. Unlike other misers, so far as his own personal enjoyments went, he spared no expense. He was naturally a glutton in eating, but no human eye up to a certain point in our story had ever perceived him affected by liquor. He paused at the safe and sober point, and so far this was both good and commendable. But, on the other hand, unlike many of those good-natured and generous men, whose hearts open and expand in moments of convivial intercourse into that kindness which is natural to them, he carried this hard and obdurate feeling into every action of his life ; and especially into those circumstances where personal friendship, or distress, or both combined, might have expected him to enter with generous consideration into the feelings and calamities of others. On such occasions his heart was granite—but his language so free and friendly, and his laugh so loud and good-humoured, that you left him with ten times a greater degree of detestation than you did the professional miser, who hung all the miserable colours of his hard-hearted avarice about his house and person. In Solomon's case there was revealed such an unexpected and revolting antithesis between the mellow mirthful kindliness

of his manner, and the impenetrable hardness of his selfish heart, that you parted from him with an impression of indignant hatred, which you could not feel against the devil himself. One thing in him we may add as remarkable ; if you asked a favour from him, he was sure to get up a joke in refusing you—to shake hands with you, and to squeeze your hand at parting as a decided assurance that he was your friend. The difference then between him and Rat Renehan was—that the one wept over the distresses which he refused to relieve, and the other laughed at them as trifles. Notwithstanding all this, however, their hearts and characters were the same—the only distinction being that they concealed them under different drapery, and hence the freemasonry which joined them in a spirit of friendship, and made Solomon Saveall such a favourite with Rat Renehan, as a suitor to his daughter.

In this position we find all the parties of our little drama—beautiful little Rose devotedly attached to her honest and handsome young lover, Mat Magennis ; Mat himself in deep dejection, or, we should rather say, in despair of ever calling her his loving wife ; and Solomon Saveall boisterous and joyful, radiant with mirth and triumph, on the eve of his marriage with the Rose of Killifaddy, as she was generally termed—when one evening, in all the exuberance of delightful expectation, he yoked his three-quarter blood to his Dublin jaunting-car, and proceeded to the house of Rat Renehan, for the purpose of giving his elected one a pleasant evening drive. Rose, on his arrival, declined the excursion at once, notwithstanding the mirthful urgency with which he pressed it. It is true she might have pleaded headache, general indisposition, or fifty other reasons well known to a reluctant woman ; but Rose was the very soul of truth, and could not force herself to state a falsehood. She accordingly told him decidedly that she did not wish to go, that his society was disagreeable to her, that she thought that with all his mirth and laughter, he was a man of a hard and unfeeling heart, and that it was well known he had anything but the good-will and respect of the poor of the neighbourhood. This only redoubled his

mirth ; but it is very probable he might have returned home again without the pleasure he had proposed to himself, had not her father interfered, and insisted, with a sternness of manner which would not be gainsaid, that she *should* accompany him. Poor Rose, in obedience to her father's will, for she knew how tenderly he loved her, at last submitted, and they proceeded upon the Dublin jaunting-car, to take a view of the wild and beautiful chasm, evidently the result of some primeval convulsion of nature, called Lumford's Glen, now the scene of summer *pionics*, held there by parties from the adjoining counties. Their way was by the Dumb Hill, of which we shall have more to say, and along the old road which led by the Rabbit Bank, up to Aughendrummon Chapel.

And here we will allow them to proceed at no hurried pace, for it is well known that lovers never either walk or drive against time ; and in the meantime, while Save-all is expressing his affection in peals of boisterous laughter, we beg our readers to precede them by half-a-mile, and plant themselves at the head of the steep portion of the road which climbs up to the level ground upon which the chapel aforesaid stands. Upon a grassy ditch, almost opposite the chapel, sat our friend Mat Magennis, meditating on his unsuccessful suit with the father of Rose Renehan ; for of one delightful fact he was certain, namely, that from warm-hearted Rose herself he had no opposition to apprehend, provided she was allowed to exercise her own will as a free agent. It was a calm and beautiful evening in the early part of May ; all the songsters of the fields and of the hedges were filling the balmy and serene air with their vesper melody ; little boys and girls were driving home the cows to be eased of their fragrant burthen ; the cuckoo was heard among the tall and ancient beeches of the Rabbit Bank ; and the quavering hum of the snipe came up clearly through the air from the bogs and meadows of Tullyvernon : the peasant's song, too, was heard at a distance, mellowed into greater sweetness and expression as it rose from the fields below, and the sun had reached his declining position over the green cupola of Mallybeny. In

fact, it was a beautiful evening in May, as we have said ; just such a one as was calculated not only to expand the heart into the reception of love's tenderest impressions where hope was nourished, but to sink it into that tone of gloom and melancholy which uniformly overshadows a hopeless passion. In the latter state was poor Mat Magennis, when he was startled by the apparition of an aged man, who appeared to him as the very genius of famine. It is indeed almost impossible for human language to describe him. He was above the middle size, but so emaciated, whether by great age or protracted hunger it was difficult to say, that Magennis could scarcely believe him to be possessed of fleshly substance. It is true he was clothed in thin grey garments, but were it not for that circumstance honest Mat would have looked upon him as something not far removed from the very shadow of a skeleton. As it was, the dress that enveloped him displayed the fearful anatomical structure of his limbs and ribs as clearly almost as if it had been transparent. His skin was drawn so close to the bones of his face, the structure of the cheek-bones was so completely revealed, and the nose so attenuated, that Mat, after he had surveyed him, looked upon the country and the objects around him, and paused to listen to the various sounds we have described, before he could feel assured that he was not in a dream. If there was any one feature, however, about him more startling than another, it was the vague and extraordinary expression of his eyes. His lips, if they could be called so, were a little drawn back as if by suffering, and displayed a set of white, charnel-like teeth, that were long and sharp ; but the strange light which emanated from his eyes seemed to proceed from a wolfish fire within, such as is said to appear in the eyes of that animal when in a state of wild but debilitating famine. Midriff he seemed to have none, for even through his clothes Magennis's eye led him to suppose that the lower part of his body consisted merely of the fleshless vertebral column and little else. As he looked on with astonishment, the man approached, and clasping his long, bony hands together, besought him for charity.

"I'm dyin' wid fair hunger," said he, "and I'm afeard will die unless you assist me."

Magennis searched his pockets, and, to his utter vexation, found that he was utterly without money.

"There's not a rap in my company," said he, "or I'd help you, my poor fellow ; but wait a minute ; hould as you are, if you can, and I'll be back in three skips. Troth if one can judge by your appearance you forget what a fog meal is ; but never mind, I'll get you something to keep the wind out of your stomach. Sit down here upon this ditch and rest yourself, for as far as I can make a dacent observation, it strikes me that your limbs are none of the strongest, although the devil a much they have to carry. Be my sowl, if you were on Sol. Saveall's three-quarter blood, you'd ride feather-weight at any rate. Depend on me, if it's to be had you must have it : awouh !"

He immediately started down to Tom Johnston's, who kept a large and respectable country shop, together with the parish hearses we mentioned, and in a few minutes returned with a loaf of bread, which he presented to the wretched-looking and famishing old man. The latter received it, and seemed to eat for a minute or two greedily, when at length he fixed a complacent look upon Magennis, and said—

"Mat Magennis, you have a good heart, but there's an ould proverb that says, *One good turn deserves another* ; maybe you'll find that before long."

"Why, my poor ould crature," replied Mat, "if you think it was from any thought of that kind I assisted you, take my word for it, you are mistaken. Good evening, and may God give you strength, for you seem sorely to want it."

This incident interrupted Mat's love fit, and after a few words of additional sympathy he took his departure homewards.

In a few minutes afterwards Saveall and Rose arrived at the same spot, and were accosted in the same words by this extraordinary old man.

"What, hunger !" exclaimed Sol., with a loud laugh ; "why, d——n it, man, food would be only thrown away upon you. You don't ate—you'd scorn it ; it's clear from your appear-

ance that you're quite above sich a thing. Or stay, you stand there the very skeleton of a wicked ould sinner, and it's fastin' for your sins you ought to be. Any one that 'ud give you food to ate, or money to buy it, would only stand between you and heaven."

"Oh, I'm starvin' wid fair hunger," replied the old man, feebly ; "and as you'd wish for good luck and prosperity, I entrate you to relieve me."

"Well, I'll tell you what, my ould king o' the scarecrows, I dare say you're ill off, no doubt of it. I feel for you, and I wish it was in my power to assist you ; it is not my heart would hinder me—shake hands."

"No," replied the other, "I'll never shake the hand of a man that has a hard heart. You wouldn't offer me your hand only that it's an empty one."

"Here, poor man," said Rose, whose kind and feeling spirit was touched by the poor creature's evident misery ; "here is sixpence for you, go down to Mr. Johnston's there and get yourself something to eat. May God pity you ! for you seem to be in a state of starvation if ever a human creature was."

The old man's withered features assumed an expression of singular benignity, as he looked upon her.

"Well, Rose Renehan," said he, "you have a good and a charitable heart ; but there's an ould proverb that says, *One good turn deserves another*. Maybe you'll find out that before long."

"Tut," said Saveall, in a whisper to Rose, "don't throw away your money on him ; he's some ould vagabond imposther ; don't be a fool, girl ; sixpence is sixpence all the world over ; give him a joke but no money."

Rose, however, handed him the money, and he only replied by clapping his fleshless hands, and bestowing upon her a look of benevolent gratitude that could not be mistaken.

"So, my friend," said Saveall, in a loud voice, "you won't shake hands. No matter, I feel for you, and wish you well, upon my sowl I do—ha, ha, ha," and with these words he drove on the car.

They then proceeded to Lumford's Glen ; but as the evening was fast advancing, Rose, who had been well ac-

quainted with its wild and solemn character, declined to remain any length of time, saying that they would scarcely have light to reach home. They accordingly commenced their drive back, had driven past Tom Johnston's, and up a little beyond the chapel, when they reached that part of the road where the old mendicant had besought their charity. From this spot for about three or four hundred yards the road is almost precipitous, and Rose proposed that they should walk it, Saveall leading the horse, who, however, was proud of himself as a *whip*, refused to listen to this, as implying an imputation against his knowledge of driving. He accordingly persisted in holding his place, and in urging Rose to maintain hers, when to their utter consternation, the three-quarter-blood snorted, and looked as if he had been frightened by some object that was invisible to them, and at once started off down the steep and dangerous hill. Their situation was replete with horror, their peril terrific, their escape from destruction almost hopeless. On the horse dashed, each clinging to the car as if for life ; but strange as it may appear, the frightened animal did not fall while descending the rough declivity ; but on reaching the level part below, where there was a slight turn in the road, he was forced by the impetus of his speed over a bank to the left, of about eight feet deep, so that horse, car, and riders were precipitated down into a soft, boggy meadow. Poor Rose was tumbled off the car, but fortunately without sustaining any injury whatsoever, if we except the fright ; nor was Saveall himself much hurt, a sprained wrist being the only damage he experienced. The back of the three-quarter blood however was broken, as were the two shafts of the car, a loss which seemed to mortify their owner to the very soul. From the scene of this dangerous incident Rose had not far to go, and as they proceeded across the meadows and fields, through which there was a common pathway for the people of the neighbourhood on their way to Mass, they soon reached her father's house. One singular circumstance, however, startled them as they went along. A kind of wheezy noise, such

as might proceed from the throat of a very aged man, was heard from time to time as they made their way. Occasionally it seemed as if some such individual were laughing, and that the wild and hollow wheezing were brought on by his efforts to restrain it ; or it might be as if by the fatigue of accompanying them. But, although they looked about them sharply in every direction, they were unable to see anything in a human shape to which they could attribute it. Whatever those strange sounds may have proceeded from, one thing is certain, that they followed Solomon and his elected until they reached Rat Renehan's house.

In the meantime Solomon was active, and Solomon was wealthy ; one of those men of energy who push themselves through the world where thousands would fail, although not possessed of any one virtue creditable to humanity, unless a love of acquiring and accumulating wealth for the most selfish purposes can be considered as such. He soon purchased a new horse, had new shafts put to his car, and in about ten days or a fortnight was able to dash about as before. Rat Renehan, who had now arranged everything for the marriage with Solomon, paid a visit to old Mat Magennis, simply to request that his son would no longer annoy his daughter upon the subject of love or courtship ; especially as the match had already been made up between the parties, and no good could come of having any further debates on the subject.

The old blood of the Magennises, however, was up at this unnecessary insult.

"Renehan," said the fine old man, "in anything I have to say to you, I'd wish you to understand that I don't mean the slightest earthly offence to your daughter. She's the praise and pride of the parish, and has the love of all that knows her—ay, and of *some* that's not worthy of her ; and that it's a sin in the sight of God and man to join her to—but I tell you this, that when your poor beggarly name was never heard of, my ould forbearers, hundreds of years ago, were princes and rulers in the land, and fought like brave and gallant men for their country and their religion, when them that went before

you were nothing but *sthocahs*,\* woodkernes, and cut-throat rapparees. How dare you then—you that has sprung from nothing, or from worse than nothing—from blood, and robbery, and crime—how dare you, I say, come to a family like mine, that hasn't a stain upon them in the eye of the world, and I hope too in the eye of God. We're not wealthy it is true, but then we're independent, and don't owe any man a shilling; and listen further, if ever we should happen to become wealthy, it will be by honest means, not by screwin' and oppressin' the poor—not by houldin' back our meal and other provisions until a hard year comes; and God knows, if all appearances turn out true, there's a hard one hangin' over our heads this minute. No, nor it won't be by sellin' on trust at three prices, and lending money on poor but honest people's notes (bills) that won't get for them the one-half of what they are worth. Now begone, you miserly ould sinner, and don't think that either I or mine will ever trouble you or yours about your daughter, good and kind as she is—no, we all love and respect her too much to give her one thought's uneasiness upon either that or any other subject. And now who are you going to marry her to? Why to a squintin' scoundrel that has a heart as hard as a whinstone, all because like yourself, he has money, and has his heart fixed upon it. But see what'll come of it—you'll bring your daughter to an early grave."

Old Renehan was thoroughly subdued by this burst of honest indignation and contempt. He immediately got up, and having grasped his staff with something like a bitter grip, proceeded on his way home.

The report was now gone abroad that Solomon Saveall and Rose Renehan were about to be married, and that their banns were to be published on the next three Sundays, in Aughendrummon chapel. Poor affectionate Rose, seeing that her father was determined on the match, or we should rather say on the sacrifice, had submitted her own will to his upon the subject; but if she did, it was not without a secret struggle which she

felt to be weighing down her gentle spirit into bitterness and despair. Her father had told her once for all that his heart was fixed upon it, and that if she refused to marry the man of his choice, and preferred uniting her fate with that of a beggar, she would be the means of bringing his gray hairs to a sorrowful grave.

"I will not do that, father," said she; "I know how you love me, and whatever affliction I may suffer by the act, I will, *for your sake*, accept the hard fate you place before me."

She did not shed a tear while uttering these words, but any eye not blinded by avarice and a poor beggarly ambition, might have seen that the paleness of death which overspread her countenance betrayed the most incontestable proof of the misery which she suffered, and of the heroic sacrifice which she was about to make for her father's sake, as she herself had nobly said.

This projected marriage excited among the people at large a very general and undisguised expression of indignation. Guided by their good sense and good feeling, and a deep sympathy for the amiable girl herself, they did not fail to stigmatize it in the strongest and most indignant language they could use. Rat Ronehan, in the meantime, heard these pithy remonstrances with a grim and contemptuous silence, whilst Saveall laughed at them in the spirit of a hyena about to pounce upon his unresisting victim. The people, however, knew the mercenary motives upon which this unnatural match was made on both sides; and there were not wanting many who seriously urged Mat Magennis to draw together a number of his friends, and rescue the fair girl from the hard and calamitous fate which lay before her.

"No, no," replied the high-spirited young man, "I know her reasons for what she does. The father's heart is set upon it, and she's afraid that he'd never have a happy day if she didn't marry Saveall. I thought, indeed, that Katsey M'Faudeen might 'a' come about him: and, indeed, we all looked upon that as good as settled. But Solomon has a sweet tooth of his own,

\* The boy who attended the Gallowglasses in the old Irish wars.

and Kate, he thought, was a thrifle too tough for him every way."

Now we must say a few words about Katsey McFauden, of whom the reader will hear something more, as one of our *dramatis personæ*. Kate, then, was a hardboned tall muscular *girlcen* of about five and thirty winters. She was the only unmarried child of her deaf and stupid old mother, with whom she lived at her own swing, as they say. The said mother was supposed to be wealthy; and certainly if the possession of a large farm at almost a nominal rent was calculated to justify such a supposition, the people were right. Katsey, however, was a character and an original one. In person she was tall and muscular, as was well known, and felt too, upon the best and soundest authority. Her face, and especially her nose, was of a venomous red, her eyes were sharp and authoritative, and appropriately set in the head of a woman who was in the habit of having her own will and way in spite of all opposition. Her nose, besides being red, was thin and considerably hooked; so that when she laughed and cocked her intrepid eye at you, the thin muscles on each side of it gathered up into a kind of curl, which set you into a very serious but not a very comfortable train of thought. The colour of her flowing locks was asserted by herself to be brown; but as far as the fine military looking moustache which flourished upon her upper lip, together with the thin plantation which was fast spreading upon her chin, went, any person acquainted with the different shades of colours would have pronounced it a black without much danger of mistake. Katsey in fact led a queer life, and ought to have been born in the southern states of America. No young maiden of five and thirty understood the horsewhip and corkscrew better than she did. She acted as overseer to her own workmen, who for reasons best known to themselves worked as if for life and death in her presence. She had, too, an innocent form of blasphemy when angry, that was considered to possess great originality; and the same character may be applied to all her ordinary oaths. She was besides a thorough gambler, and shone as a star of the first magnitude, at Spoil

Five, and the First Five and Forty. Nobody, it is true, ever told her to her face that she cheated; but there was a cause for this, as there is for every thing, and it all ended in some very ingenious insinuations made behind her back. Her dress in the fields was a red mantle, with two slits in the sides of it, so as to give her arms on certain occasions the necessary play. She wore strong leather buskins and a man's hat; and on paying her labourers upon Saturday night, she would toss up with them whether it should be double or quits. Katsey was very hospitable if not generous, and entertained her evening card-parties with plenty of punch, and altogether was rather a popular character. She was not at all deficient in charity, nor negligent of the poor: nor was she ever known to miss a horse-race within twenty miles of her, at every one of which she betted pretty freely and in general successfully. Now, if there was one man in the parish more than another on whom she fastened a connubial eye, it was Solomon Saveall. Why and wherefore may appear hereafter. She humbugged Solomon, bamboozled Solomon, flirted with Solomon; and at one time it was thought had gained her point: but beautiful little Rose had just at that critical period grown up into womanhood, and Saveall, a sensualist as well as a miser, on striking a comparison between them, declined any longer to acknowledge or reciprocate her insinuations. Having given this meagre outline of devil-may-care Katsey, we beg to proceed with our story.

An ominous and depressing change had taken place about the beginning of April. Frost had set in and seriously injured the early crops; it also continued to such a degree, alternating with heavy rain, that the farmers, always the best judges of these signs of the weather which prognosticate a failure in the harvest, felt deeply anxious about the result. Not so Rat Renehan, who had his immense and capacious bins filled with meal, in the joyful expectation of a year of famine. At all events, gloomy and unpropitious as the season was, the people found it necessary to get down their crops as well as they could. Rat Renehan had a large farm, one portion of which consisted of a broad,

round field, somewhat elevated in the centre. This field was called a hill, to the character of which indeed it had but a slight claim. It was known as the Dumb Hill, in consequence of a tradition that every perch of it was under the peculiar influence of the fairies—that it possessed no echo, which by the way from its natural situation was impossible; and that any man who could contrive to entice a scolding and vociferous wife there, at the hour of twelve on a Hallow Eve night, when the fairies have full power, would succeed in getting her made dumb for the remainder of her life; or at least until he himself wished to have her restored to the use of her tongue, which comes to the same thing. On this account it was called the Dumb Hill; and truth to tell there was not a married woman in the parish, with the gifts aforesaid, whom a team of horses could drag across it, either by day or night; so true is it, as the poet says, that “conscience does make cowards of us all.”

It was now the month of May, as we have said, and seldom in the course of that month did such a calm and beautiful evening occur as that on which Solomon Saveall took out Rose upon their excursion to Lumford's Glen. It was also about the middle of the month, when Rat Renehan, who farmed the Dumb Hill, had a number of men putting down potatoes, he himself overlooking them. About ten o'clock the breakfast was brought out by two servant maids, accompanied by Rose. It is curious, or rather perfectly ludicrous, on such occasions to observe the labourers, when the hour of breakfast comes, raising their heads, looking sharply in the direction from which it is expected, and then setting to work with an air of chagrin and disappointment. The moment the girls are observed in the distance, with the large bowls upon their heads, there is a cheer; the spades are thrown aside, good humour is restored, and they select the spot on which the breakfast is to be eaten. In the present instance it was a portion of the field which was left for grazing. On this morning the cloth was spread, a very unusual thing, unless in the case of wealthy farmers, the viands placed before them, and then commenced a very vigorous exhibition of gastric

proceeds. In a short time the meal was finished, and Rose about to throw the fragments upon the grass *for the benefit of the fairies*, according to immemorial usage, when her father, arresting her hand, and gathering up all that was left in the cloth, said—

“What are you about, Rose? Is it goin' against Scripture you are? Are not we commanded in the Testament to gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost?”

“Oh but, father, the poor fairies,” said Rose; “you know it's the custom to give them our leavings.”

“Devil a leaving or leavings they'll get here, then,” replied her father; “they're very well able to provide for themselves, and let them. We have pigs to feed in the house beyant, and this will be a help—fairies indeed!”

Poor Rose knew it was useless to oppose or contradict him, and she accordingly desired the girls to bring whatever was left home, stating that she would soon follow them. The day was Saturday, and as she had to go to Clogher market, she found it necessary to speak to her father upon a matter of business. After some short conversation she left the field, and was proceeding homewards by herself, when the emaciated old man whom she had relieved met her, and with an expression of benevolence which could scarcely be expected to beam from such a face, said—

“I think, avourneen, that you are the good and kind hearted girl that gave me something to buy food the other evening?”

“Oh,” replied Rose, “it was nothing to signify; but I hope you bought something to eat in Mr. Johnston's. I'm richer now though than I was then: here's a shilling, and if you come to my father's house two or three times a week, I'll try and help you as well as I can. Take the shilling at any rate.”

“Thank you, darlin’,” he replied; “but the truth is, I don't stand in need of it now. I was sittin' behind the ditch, at the edge of the Dumb Hill, and heard every word that was said there. It was kind of you to think of the poor fairies, but the fairies, they say, is grateful; and I have no doubt but for what happened there, so far as you are concerned, *they will take the will for the deed* as to that occasion. In the mane time, I know

how your kind and lovin' heart is sinkin' ; but if you'll be advised by an ould man that wishes you well, you'll keep up your spirits. How can you tell what a change for the better may be before you, and that sooner than you think ? And how do you know but you may have friends that will assist you in your hour of need ? Now, good bye, and be cheerful."

He passed on in such an unaccountable manner, notwithstanding his wretched looking debility, that Rose had not an opportunity to continue the conversation, or to press the shilling upon him as she had intended.

All the arrangements of the marriage were now completed, and the bride's fortune specified. Solomon was to get a round sum laid down to him, after their return from the chapel on the marriage day, and was also to come in for old Rat's farm after his death, for which he was bound to keep a Dublin jaunting-car for the use of his wife, whenever she should wish to use it, and besides to maintain her as the best dressed woman in the parish, be the other who she might. It is unnecessary to say that dear little Rose had nothing to do with all these stipulations. They were merely the exhibitions of her father's affection for her ; and although we must condemn him for not consulting her own inclinations, and for forcing her into an unsuitable match, still we cannot avoid respecting him for the love he bore her, and for insisting upon such conditions as he thought were calculated to make her happy.

The news of these arrangements spread immediately through the parish ; but, as we said before, they excited anything but satisfaction. The lovely girl was pitied by all who heard of the sacrifice she was called upon to make ; and even up to the very Saturday previous to their being called in chapel, many of the more respectable neighbours, from a sense of sympathy with what they knew this meek and dutiful creature suffered, remonstrated with her father upon the cruel fate in which he was about to involve her. Every such remonstrance, however, was in vain. Rat lent them a deaf ear, ordered them out of the house, and without the slightest warning slapped the door in their faces.

"Go to perdition out o' this," he replied. "I'm the best judge of my own affairs, and won't allow any man to intermeddle with them : begone about your business."

This, however, was not all. The very priest of the parish, a kind-hearted, simple man, with a good deal of dry, sarcastic humour about him, made it a point to call, in order, if possible, to prevent this untoward match. He accordingly rode over one day, from the Carr where he lived, and presenting himself just as Rat had concluded breakfast, addressed him as follows :—

"Well, Mr. Ranehan," said he, "what's all this that I hear about this unfortunate marriage that's going to take place ? Eh ?"

"I know of no unfortunate marriage that's goin' to take place," replied Rat, rather gruffly.

"Come, sir, have manners," said the priest, "and don't speak to me in that tone. Don't you know that you're going to marry my favourite Rose to *Squinteen* Saveall ? Don't you know that, sir ?"

"Everybody knows it," replied Rat ; "it's no saicret, I believe ; and what is more, I don't wish to make a saicret of it."

"Where is Rose herself ?" he asked.

"She's not at home."

"And I'm glad of it," said the priest, "for if she was here, I couldn't give my tongue a *chivey* at you, as I will do, please God, out of respect for the poor girl's feelings. Now, answer me—for my soul to glory but I'll pepper you—what's the reason that you're going to commit the blasphemy you're up to ? Answer me that."

"Blasphemy !" said the other, "I don't think there's any blasphemy in it."

"You don't think ? Who the sorrow cares what you think ? At any rate you think little that's good, or to your credit, or to the credit of God or your religion. Do you know what blasphemy is ? Or if you do, acknowledge at once you're deep-read in theology and mathematics ; but I'll tell you what blasphemy is—it's to marry a lamb like Rose to a wolf like Saveall. A brute, that, after all, doesn't care three straws for her, barring your ill-got money."



"He's a wealthy, daicent man," replied Rat, "and will keep her in a creditable state of life. He has a Dublin jauntin'-car, and"—

"Ay! he has a Dublin jaunting-car, and she'll have a broken heart: set that and that together."

"I know betther," replied her father, "she'll have no broken heart; but will have a daicent, respectable, honest man to look up to."

"Honest! I'll tell you what, Mr. Renehan, *speak* about anything you wish concerning him, but when you come to honesty, *whistle* that. Is it the man that promised to make me a present of six loads of fine gravel for the space before my hall-door, and the walks in my garden, and afterwards made me pay two prices for them? Even *that* I could bear, but not to be laughed at into the bargain. Devil such a barefaced rogue ever put a coat over his back. Why doesn't he marry Katsey M'Faudeen, that he was about to marry? She'd be the girl that would make him keep a *calm sigh*; but the cowardly knave's afraid of her; for he knows right well that if he got on with any of his hard-hearted knavery to the poor, she'd give him the horsewhip by way of gravy to his meat: ay, and by way of amusement after dinner, make him dance the Balti-horum Jig without music, if he provoked her."

"Sir," replied Rat, "I'm sorry to be obliged to say, that you're losin' your time and your talk both. I'm not a man to be put out o' my way by either priest or parson."

"So much the worse for yourself, you old miser," returned the priest. "Your way, let me tell you, is anything but the way to heaven. Think, however, of what you're about. You have but one child, and nobody doubts that you love her—you'd be a Turk if you didn't; but in gratifying that love to her, you're doin' it at the expense of her own happiness. Hasn't the scoundrel a squint that 'ud frighten all the angels in heaven? And was ever a squintin' man an honest man? No, never since the world began. It's the crooked soul within that makes the crooked eye without; and there's the whole secret for you. But then, he loves money like yourself; and that's the vile bond that binds you and him to-

gether. God pity that girl this day! for if He hasn't said it, there's a black path and a black fate before her. Will you relent before I go?"

"I will not, sir, and you may save your breath. I'll do with her what I think best. I'm her father."

"Are you? Troth only I knew that her mother was a good and pious woman, I'd have my doubts of that. However, as for me, let me tell you before I go, that I will not put a ring on them. I'll have neither act nor part in it: the thing's unnatural and sinful in the sight of God. No, sorrow ring I'll put on them."

"It doesn't signify; if you don't, another will."

"Who will, you scheming old knave, you? I'll warn every priest in the diocese against marrying them."

"Very well, do so; if you have no objection, we'll walk down to the parson; his marriage you know is good in point of law."

"That will do," replied the priest, starting to his legs; "you have capped the matter. See how it will all end, though I have done my duty in giving you due warning; so now good bye to you; but may God bless the girl and keep her from misfortune at all events!" And with these words he indignantly mounted his horse, whose bridle was hooked to a staple at the door, and immediately took his departure, lowly crooning over a melancholy old Irish air as he went along.

Solomon's encounters on the other hand were very different from those by which Rat Renehan was assailed. The nature of the selfish bargain he drove with her weak and avaricious old father was known to every one in the parish, and numerous indeed were the broad hints and satirical insinuations which he received from all possible quarters. One of these, however, it is our duty as a faithful historian to place on record. He was one day about this particular period on his way home by the Ballymagowan road, when whom should he meet but the gallant Miss M'Faudeen, with a stout horsewhip under her arm? The good priest was perfectly correct when he told Rat Renehan that Solomon was a cowardly scoundrel. Before they met, he was proceeding with an easy selfconfident swagger in his gait, which betokened

the success of his dishonest and villainous projects in life, but above all that by which he had secured the unhappy Rose together with her father's wealth and property. Solomon was a compact stout-looking man, with a reddish mottled face, and from his figure and appearance one might naturally imagine him to possess a good deal of personal courage. Nothing, however, was farther from his heart than either pluck or spirit, as his unexpected encounter with Katsey sufficiently demonstrated. On seeing and recognizing her his heart began to palpitate, and not without more reasons than one ; the truth being that he had treated her like a scoundrel, and backed out of what she had every right to consider as a settled engagement between them. Independently of this, he was by no means ignorant of the dexterity and vigour with which, when occasion required, she could ply the horsewhip.

On approaching her, he imagined that he saw the dreadful curl and increasing red of the nose giving unequivocal signals of wrath and battery. He accordingly slunk over to that side of the road opposite to which she walked, evidently for the purpose of avoiding her. This she saw at once, and, having crossed over, immediately fronted him.

"Hello, Solomon," said she, "do you want to avoid your ould sweetheart? What ails you? Why, your purty complexion is like a trout a week out of water; hould up your head and look your friends in the face."

"Oh, Miss Katsey, how do you do?"

"How do I do? How would you expect me to do after being desarted by you?" she replied, significantly. Come, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I admit my fault," said he, "but you know after all there's a fate in marriage; it wasn't our luck to be united. If it had, Miss Katsey, I'm sure you'd have made me an excellent wife."

"Faith, Sol, you've said it," returned Katsey. "The very kind of wife you want, my hurler, and you've pitched on Rose Renehan, or rather you've come round her ould scoundrel of a father for the sake of the money. Isn't that it? Spake up, man alive. I won't horsewhip you this time, although I know I ought."

This gave him courage, and he ventured to reply.

"Why, you know, Miss Katsey, that Rose Renehan, ahem, ahem"—

"Go on," said she, "don't be afeard; you're safe this bout—spake out."

"Why, you know that Rose Renehan is young and handsome, and"—

"I see," replied Katsey, "and I'm seasoned and no great shakes for a beauty; but I thought, Solomon, you were too good a judge of horseflesh, man alive, to be led astray that way. Well, no matter, it's true enough what you say about Rose; she is both young and beautiful, and its only a pity, a thousand pities, that ever such a good and sweet girl should fall to your lot. But come, Solomon," she proceeded, with a significance which would have been fearful to him were it not for the jocular bitterness which accompanied it,—“come, Solomon, I have changed my mind—I think as I happen to have the horsewhip about me I may as well clear scores with you. You know how you treated me, and as you've been guilty of a breach of promise, why, I think I'll try my hand at a breach o' the peace. How do you like that proposal?"

"Oh, Miss Katsey," replied Solomon, with a quiver, "I know you're fond of your joke, and always was."

"Come," she proceeded, "you'll find this no joke, unless you do as I bid you. Cross your palms immediately, or if not"—and here she set her teeth, and brandished the whip about his head.

Solomon crossed his hands and swore, according to her dictation, "By the contents of these five crosses," that he would never look crooked at Rose after their marriage.

Katsey burst into a loud laugh, and said—

"Well, Solomon, the man that squints as you do, and who could swear *that*, would swear anything. Go on now, you're safe. I have still a sneakin' regard for you; and don't be too sure, for all that has happened, but I'll have the cookin' of you yet."

"Come," said Solomon, plucking up courage, now that he saw the expected breeze had blown over, "what would you think, Miss Katsey, of coming to my wedding? I will feel very happy to see you there."

"I suppose," she replied, rather

sarcastically, "that you think I'm breakin' my heart about you ; and I suppose you asked me because you thought I wouldn't come. I know you meant it as an empty compliment : but to show you, Solomon, that I still have a regard for you, and that if I couldn't make you happy myself, I shall be glad to see you made happy by some one else—I tell you I *will* come ; so be prepared for me, and expect me, for upon my conscience, as sure as I have life and health, I'll be there : but listen, Solomon, little you knew when you lost me what a property you lost : so now think of that, and lay it to your conscience."

Now Solomon *did* think of it ; and if the arrangements for his marriage had not been completed beyond all power of revocation, he thought he might have made, what he himself termed, a larger haul in securing the money which Katsey's mother was supposed to have, and the old leases of so large and so productive a farm.

Solomon did not recover himself for a considerable time afterwards ; but being naturally of a buoyant temperament, the agitation into which Katsey had thrown him gradually passed away.

The time now stole on ; Rose and Solomon had been called in the chapel three successive Sundays ; that is to say, their banns had been published there three times, and the wedding was to take place in the course of a week. It is impossible to describe the agony of heart by which poor Rose was oppressed. Every hour she could spare in secret was devoted to tears. Her bloom had altogether departed ; so had her serene and cheerful disposition ; she never smiled now, and seldom spoke unless in reply to her father, or in the necessary matters of the family. Her light, tripping step was gone, and every mark and token of the deepest affliction was visible upon her. She felt herself indeed in a most painful and pitiable state. Sometimes, it is true, she thought of the strange old man ; reflected upon the extraordinary benignity of his countenance as he desired her to keep up her spirits and be cheerful. Yet what could such a wretched object, trembling with age, starvation, and helplessness as he was, possibly do ? It was idle to think of it. What were

his words but the common cant of gratitude, peculiar to such strollers ? Yet still—for hope will catch even at a straw—still she could not get the benignant expression of his eye, nor its significant power whilst it rested upon her, removed from her imagination. Slight as this was, it afforded something like what might be called the shadow of a transient consolation—we say transient ; for alas ! on thinking more seriously of it, and bringing it to the test of common life and experience, it soon passed away.

The doleful day appointed for the marriage was now at hand. Tuesday had arrived, and poor, distressed, heart-broken Rose had but twenty-four hours between her and her day of doom. The season, too, was cold, wet, and dreary ; an unnatural and blighting chill gave to the atmosphere the keen and biting pungency of winter frost. The prospects of the husbandman were gloomy and disheartening, and a general and prophetic depression weighed down every heart. Even these facts sank poor Rose's spirits, in addition to what she was obliged to suffer on another account. Altogether she was in a state of unparalleled wretchedness and despair ; nor was the heart of her manly lover much lighter than her own.

At length, as we said, the day, but one before her marriage arrived, and young Magennis was crossing the Dumbhill, when he once more met the feeble and hunger-stricken old mendicant, to whom we have more than once alluded. His appearance was, if possible, more ghastly and wretched than before.

"Why, my poor man," said Mat, "you look worse than when I saw you last. Are you hungry ? but indeed I needn't ask. Come home with me, and you'll get something to put strength in you. You can stop with us too till you grow a little stronger. I will myself make you up a comfortable bed in the barn, and you can have your three good meals a day at any rate, and a sound sleep at night into the bargain. Come along, then."

"I thank you, Mat Magennis," replied the old man, at the same time bestowing on him a look so startlingly and incredibly benevolent and friendly, that Mat felt the soul within him elated in a manner and degree

for which he could not account. A mysterious elevation of spirits took possession of him ; his heart beat lightly ; and when he turned his thoughts upon his beloved Rose, he felt it filled with an unaccountable ecstasy.

"Mat Magennis," proceeded this extraordinary old man, "I thank you ; and, as I told you before, *one good turn deserves another*. You know I am a stranger to you, and you have nothing but the word of a stranger to depend on. Allow me to ask you, however, whether you will venture to be guided and advised by me ?"

Mat's heart gave an immediate and unreluctant assent.

"I will," he replied. "Something tells me that you are disposed to be friendly to me, and that you would be so, poor man, if you could. What advice have you to give me then ? for unless there's something wrong in it, I will follow it."

"There is nothing wrong in it," replied the other ; "if there was, I would not offer it to you ; you may take my word for that."

"I do," said Mat. "I feel that you are honest, and my friend to boot."

"You'll find it so before long," replied the old man, "but listen—do you see your uncle there crossing the lower part of the Dumbhill, just on the grassy field beside Rat Renehan's potatoes ?"

"I do."

"Well then, he'll soon require your assistance ; he is like myself, ould and feeble, and if he should fall down wid weakness, take him up on your back, carry him home, and give him a mouthful of oaten bread to eat. If you do, you'll have cause to thank God that you did so. And listen again—as you love Rose Renehan, and well I know how you love her, and well I know how she deserves your love, go yourself and your uncle to the priest's house, when she and Solomon Saveall are to be married. Ask me no questions, but obey my words if you wish to have a happy heart. As for me, I am not hungry now, but I thank you for your kindness ; and you may take an ould man's word for it, that a kindness or a good act is never thrown away upon a fellow creature, for if they don't prove grateful for it, as too often

they don't, you will find that it will remain as a consolation to your own heart."

He then left Mat, who on shortly after looking round to observe which way he went, was astonished to find that he had disappeared. In the meantime he turned his eyes towards that part of the Hill where he had seen his uncle walking a few minutes before, but was very much alarmed on perceiving that he lay stretched upon the grass in apparently a helpless state. In a few minutes, however, he was with him, and although in consequence of the uncle's resentment against his brother, and on his account against every member of his family, neither Mat nor he had ever exchanged a syllable until then, yet the kind-hearted young man felt deeply distressed and alarmed at the helpless and probably dangerous state in which he found him.

"Why, my God ! uncle dear," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you ? are you ill ?"

"I am not sick," replied the old man, "but all strength has gone from me, and I feel a craving at my stomach as if I hadn't tasted a morsel of food for a month past. I fear I am dying, and here is no one to assist me or bring me home, for I couldn't expect you or any one of your family to do it."

"My dear uncle," replied his nephew, "you never were more mistaken in your life. Many a long day and night I have thought of the bitter feeling you had against my father, and against his children that never offended you ; and many a time I would have given worlds that you'd let us be reconciled to you, and pay you the respect and attention that we ought. If you were a black stranger I could not see you in this state without assistin' you, much less when I know that you are my father's only brother. Come, dear uncle, you must let me carry you home."

"Well, then do," replied the old man, "and may God bless you. Now that I look at you, you remind me of her—but I am too weak to speak ; try and bring me home, and if I am to die, let me die under my own roof."

His nephew, who was unquestionably the stoutest young fellow in the

parish, took him up with much tenderness and affection in his manner, and having hoisted him on his back, carried him safely to his own house. There he had no sooner arrived than he gave him, as the strange old man had directed him, a couple of mouthfuls of oatmeal bread, which he had no sooner tasted than he rapidly recovered, and in a very brief space of time found himself perfectly restored to health and strength. He then shook hands with his relative, thanked him for his kindness, and gave him permission to call to see him whenever he wished, adding that he might always rest assured of receiving a hearty welcome.

"In the meantime," said he, "say nothing of what has taken place this day—not even to your father, nor to any of your family. I wish to think over many things that may be I have too long forgotten; but, at all events, until you see me again, don't mention that I have been reconciled to any of the family."

They then separated in the kindest and most affectionate spirit.

At length the wedding day arrived, and although the weather for a considerable time past had been more akin to winter than to summer, yet the morning in question was brilliant, beautiful, and exhilarating. The sun was unclouded, the sky serene and clear—the birds sang with a joyous and festal spirit, and all nature seemed covered with a veil of light and splendour. How different, however, seemed everything around her from poor Rose's sorrowful and dejected heart. That flush of happiness which generally lights up the complexion of the rejoicing female on the morning of her bridal day, was replaced by the melancholy paleness of death and the grave. The young and beautiful bride passed the morning in a state of stupefaction, which amounted almost to an unconsciousness of what she did or said; but still the impression that some dark and troublesome calamity was about to fall upon and crush her for ever, was present every moment in her thoughts. She was dressed by her two bridesmaids, for she had become incapable of doing anything for herself. She was perpetually making mistakes—could hold no connected conversation—and gave wrong an-

swers to almost every question that was put to her. When her party were ready however to proceed to the priest's house, she approached her father and said,—

"Father, you will give me your blessing before I go; for, father, I will sorely stand in need of it. I'm doing this to make you happy—that I believe to be my duty. I know how you love me; but as for me, father, I will never know a happy day more, especially now that I'm to be separated from you. I know, too, how you will miss your own Rose, whose hands were so tender about you at all times that you required attention; and indeed, father, I will miss you too, for sure we were all the world to each other."

The hard and selfish heart of old Rat was touched—nay, his very resolution was staggered, and a reflection struck him that after all perhaps he was doing a wrong thing in urging on this marriage. It was too late now, however, to recede; the party had all assembled, the bride was dressed, the hour was come, and after all what would it end in but that in the course of a short time, as thousands of other girls like her who did not know their own minds had done before her, she would settle down into contentment and happiness? To retreat now then, was out of the question, and would be disgraceful and scandalous. Still, when he looked into his daughter's face, and read the ghastly page of sorrow which it presented, he wished that he had taken a different course, and not urged her to such a state of despair and misery. As he thought it over, however, he felt once more that it was too late, and that any obstruction to the marriage was at present out of the question.

There is no doubt, on the contrary, that Solomon that morning was in great glee, his spirits were exuberant, yet there was an occasional pause in his buoyancy when he bethought him of Katsey's money, the long leases, and the large productive farm. Notwithstanding all this, however, he was a rejoicing man. Rose was a lovely girl, her father too was rich, although by no means so wealthy as Katsey's mother was reputed to be; nor had he his farm for an almost nominal rent as she had; still Rose was

beautiful, she was dutiful and affectionate to her father, and would make a pliant and obedient wife. So far so good, and the man was happy and in the best of spirits. Now Solomon was cautious and suspicious besides. When his party were all ready, they set out for Father M'Cardle's house in the Carr, which was the name of the townland in which that reverend gentleman lived. It was quite in the neighbourhood, and of course they had but a short distance to go. Ere they had proceeded far, however, Solomon started,

"Begad," said he, "I must go back; I forgot to do something very important. Do you all go on, however; I will cut across the Dumbhill and overtake you before you reach the Carr."

The fact was, that on the preceding night he had left a large sum of money, received the day before in the fair of Aughnacloy, lying loose in his breeches pocket; and as his house, in consequence of the license usually permitted upon this festive occasion, was in a state of topsy turvy and disorder, he took it into his head that some one might make free with it in his absence. He accordingly returned to secure it, and as he had said took his way across the Dumbhill. His party in the meantime proceeded to the priest's house, without entertaining the slightest apprehension that any delay should or could take place on his part. On arriving there they found the wretched bride and her party awaiting them, and nothing now remained to prevent the marriage but the presence of the bridegroom. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour passed, an hour passed; and we need scarcely say that the individuals assembled began to experience first discomfort, then surprise, astonishment, and ultimately alarm. What could be the cause of his absence? The man that was leaping out of his skin with delight, and thought every minute a day until he should get married! Nothing in fact could exceed their consternation.

Now it is frequently the custom on such occasions, in some parishes always—at least it was so in our young days—to bring a fiddler with the bridegroom's party, in order that those who attend the wedding may have a dance in the priest's barn, and in some

publichouse on their way home where they stop to obtain refreshments. In the priest's barn, on this occasion, not only were a portion of the *weddineers* as they are called, assembled, but a good many of the young men and maidens of the immediate neighbourhood, who had come to join the dance; which also was formerly the custom. Among those were Mat Magennis, accompanied by his uncle; whilst Rat Renehan, and the seniors of the party, together with the bride remained in the priest's parlour. Poor Rose, we may add, felt no inclination for dancing anymore than her manly lover, who was only there as a spectator, simply in accordance with the promise which he had made to the mysterious mendicant.

"Uncle," said he, drawing the old man aside, "what do you think of this? As God is above me, he said that if I'd follow his advice and come here to-day, I'd have a happy heart. You know I told you this morning everything that I knew about him."

"You did, Mat, and it's because you placed that confidence in me, that I came here with you, in order to see it out. There's something strange in it every way; nearly an hour's gone, and there's no sign of Solomon."

Solomon certainly had not yet made his appearance; but in order to account for this fact, we must beg our readers to trace his footsteps while absent. We have said that in order to save time he had stated his intention of crossing the Dumbhill, and he accordingly kept his word. We also stated, further back, that a portion of that Hill had been set aside for pasture, and on this portion of it it was that Renehan's men had taken their breakfast, as we have already informed the reader. Here, then, was the spot where the inhospitable and penurious man had refused to allow his daughter the simple and accustomed gratification of throwing the small fragments of their meal as a dole to the poor fairies. Over this had Mat Magennis's uncle passed when he fell down helpless, and would ere long have become insensible, had not his affectionate nephew come to his assistance. Over this identical spot, too, had jolly Solomon passed on his return to secure his money; and there he might have lain long enough, had not a little boy, called a *herd-*

*caudy*, from his occupation of tending cattle, been sent by Rat Renehan to watch the cows, and take care that they should not trample upon and injure the newly set potatoes. The influence of the "Hungry Grass" was exercised with more than usual severity upon selfish and hard-hearted Solomon. When the boy came to see why he fell, and what could have been the matter with him, he found that he was speechless and apparently insensible. He thought the man was dead, and with all expedition made his report to the neighbours accordingly. The latter having procured a door, came immediately to convey the unfortunate bridegroom home; but upon consulting with each other, they deemed it better to carry him directly to the priest's house, in the hope that he might be able to render him some assistance; or, at all events, to administer to him the last sacrament, provided it might be found that life was in him. It was, then, when those who were assembled there, now in a state of the greatest excitement at his unaccountable absence, that he was presented to them, heels foremost, upon the door. Nothing could exceed the alarm and dismay occasioned by his appearance in such a state; and, of all days in the year, upon that of his wedding, just when his foot was upon the very threshold of happiness. All that was evil about him, (and there was enough,) all his mockery of the poor and distressed—all his notorious dishonesty and his wanton hardness of heart—all, all were forgotten in this terrible and unexpected event. On examining him there was only one opinion among them, that the ill-fated and unfortunate man was past all hope and all remedy.

"This," said the priest, "is certainly a most unfortunate circumstance; there can be no marriage here on this day. My friends, you must return home, and let the melancholy fate of this man be a warning to you all that you should hold yourselves always prepared for death, for you see clearly that no one can tell at what hour it may come upon him."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Mat's uncle, advancing into the middle of the room as he spoke, "this marriage was considered, by every person that knew the parties and heard of it, to be one that couldn't be

attended with either good luck or happiness. The poor girl herself was forced to it, at a time when everybody knew that her heart was fixed upon another. Her father refused the man she loved because he was poor; but he's my nephew, and I say he's no longer poor. All that I have I bestow upon him, and have left him in my will that I made no longer ago than yesterday. And now, I say, what has happened cannot be undone; but, in the mean time, I cannot see why that ought to prevent two young people that loves one another from bein' made happy this very minute. Rat Renehan, you would have given your daughter to my nephew if I had consented to help him with my property. Now, I say, I do consent; from this day out, provided his reverence marries them this minute, he is and will be master of all I'm worth. Speak up, Rat Renehan, for it's now or never. I owe my life to this boy, and I'll stand by him to the last. Speak up, then, I say, *for it's now or never.*"

Renehan was not prepared for such a quick and determined turn of good fortune in favour of his daughter. He had that very morning experienced some twinges of remorse on witnessing the utter misery which she felt, and now that an opportunity of marrying her to the man of her own heart and affections, and that man no longer a poor man, had come, he thanked God that it *had* come, and immediately gave his consent to their union.

"Rose," said he, "what do you say? I know what you think."

"Oh, no," she replied, "not on this day, not on this day; it wouldn't be right or becomin'."

"On this day," replied old Magennis; "*either now or never.* If you are not married before you leave this room, I will burn the will I made and leave my nephew just as I found him. If you are not his wife, Rose, I desert him."

What could poor Rose do? There was to have been a wedding; every one was prepared for it. Rose was pressed, her father was pressed, the priest was pressed; and we all know that a willing heart is easily pressed. In fact, the parties present insisted that the marriage should go on; and that those who

had been designed for each other by God and their own hearts, should then and there be united. Modest and delicate Rose suffered herself to be at length prevailed upon, and the ceremony accordingly took place with the consent of all present. The moment it was over and the bride kissed by her exulting husband, that worthy young fellow addressed himself to the spectators.

"Wait a little," said he ; "who knows but there may be life in poor Solomon yet? Stay as you are for a few minutes till I see him."

He then passed into the priest's kitchen, where he was provided with a farrel of oaten-bread ; from thence he proceeded to the door on which Solomon lay stretched ; he seized him by the collar of the coat ; he raised him up ; he shook him ; and after a little found that he breathed. He then opened his mouth, and crumbling a portion of the bread into it, the man made an effort and swallowed it. The effect was astonishing. He opened his eyes, and looking about him, exclaimed—"Give me more of that, I am perishing with hunger." He then took a few mouthfuls voraciously, after which he rose up with as much strength and vigour as ever he had possessed in his life.

"God bless me!" said he, "what was the matter? What has happened me? Where is Rose? The dear girl must have been been sadly disappointed. All's right, however; here I am, and now let our marriage go on."

"I'm afeard, Solomon," said Mat, looking at him with a comic grin ; "I'm afeard, my worthy friend, that, as the proverb goes, you're a day afther the fair. Do you see this sweet and purty girl here?"

"Do I see her? To be sure I do."

"Well, then, you see my wife ; for I assure you, Solomon, that we've just got married as fast as the church could make us. His reverence here has buckled us to for life, with the full consent of all parties, while you were taking a comfortable nap on the door there."

Solomon, on hearing the corroboration of this from the priest and all who were present, seemed certainly rather nettled ; but still the disappointment did not appear to lie so heavily upon him as might have been expected. He gazed around him,

however, with considerable astonishment ; and as he did, it so happened that the first person his eyes rested on was Miss Katsey M'Faudeen, dressed in complete panoply, horse-whip and all ; for, indeed, she seldom or never went without it.

Katsey on catching his eye laughed very heartily at his discomfiture, and said—

"I think, Solomon, after all we had better do it ; it's a clear case that the noose was made for us above. What do you say? Shall it be a match? Think of my mother's cash, and the long leases. Now or never, as Andrew Magennis said."

Solomon scratched his head with a puzzled face ; but, after a little hesitation, he said—

"Why then, Katsey, if I have been disappointed in one wife, I'll show them that I'm not so far gone but I can get another, and every bit as quickly as she got a husband too. So, in the name of God, here's, as you say, for your mother's purse, and the long leases."

Now all this, in the first place, was considered an excellent piece of fun and banter by the spectators ; but judge of their astonishment on seeing the pair in question seriously kneel down before the priest, and on witnessing, too, that worthy gentleman solemnly performing the ceremony of marriage between them.

When it was duly solemnized, Katsey, who seemed to enjoy the thing very much, addressed her husband in the following words :—

"Well, darlin'," said she, "didn't I tell you the other day that I'd have the cookin' of you yet, and so I will ; and if I don't do you to a turn, I'm not here." And as she uttered the words, she significantly shook the horsewhip at him as an illustration of her meaning.

We need scarcely say now that the parish of Clogher ;—the town of Clogher, by the way was formerly a *city*, the city of the Golden Stone—*doghoir* being in English the golden stone—but Ireland will never be without a blunder ; no matter, the more the merrier ;—at all events, the town and parish were in an ecstatic tumult of fun, delight, and rejoicing at the double marriage that had been accomplished so comically. Jemmy Breen, the sexton, rang the cathe-



dral bells to a merry tune, and the good old Protestant Bishop, Porter, absolutely relaxed from his dignity and laughed heartily at the double event. Here was Solomon Saveall, the son of extortion, the unconquered hero of knavery, the merry miser, the knave, the cheat, and the heart of stone, here was he with all his selfishness, with all his caution and shrewd dexterity of management, seen by his neighbours going off to priest M'Cardle's house to get married to the amiable, good, and beautiful Rose Renehan ; and returning from the said house tacked hard and fast to one of the most formidable and tremendous viragos that ever was in the parish ; and that, too, with the appropriate emblem of her authority, the redoubtable horsewhip firmly tucked under her athletic arm. This triumph over Solomon was what set honest Jemmy Breen and his bells agoing, and the people, too, into such a fury of delight.

The next morning Mrs. Saveall, a name anything but appropriate in her person, came down stairs, and when she and Solomon met at breakfast, she whipped off a glass of excellent Ballygawly whiskey, and thus addressed him.

"Now, Solomon, I have you at last, and upon my word and conscience I'll take care of you. The principle upon which you married me was like every thing else you do and think, merely selfish. You were disappointed in getting Rose Renehan, and for her sake I am glad of it ; then why did you marry me ? I'll give you your own words—*here's for your mother's purse and the long leases*. Now, in the first place, I have to tell you that neither my mother nor myself are worth six pence if our debts were paid ; and in the next place I have to inform you that the long leases expired yesterday ; but then you know if you lost the leases, you gained a wife that will put you through your facings :—hem !"

We would not for the world attempt to describe the hue of Solomon's complexion whilst listening to those unexpected and astounding revelations, but it is said to have resembled the pale side of a lobster's claw. In fact this day closed Solomon's glory. Henceforth he was a subdued man, the swagger was tho-

roughly taken out of him, he became in fact a grave personage, and almost forgot how to laugh. But what was more and by far the greatest miracle of all, honest Katsey absolutely made him benevolent and taught him charity to the poor. Scarcely a case of distress or affliction was ever brought to her knowledge to which she did not prevail upon her generous husband to contribute. We will not allude to the kind of logic by which she convinced him ; but we will say that she had the grace to give him as much credit in the eyes of the world for the act as if it had been a voluntary one. In due time poor Sol. assumed or rather shrunk into his proper dimensions. In fact he became a poor, cowardly, sneaking, subdued sinner—with no character, no voice, no authority in his own house, in which he only found himself a lodger upon sufferance. His face became ashy, his voice infirm and submissive, his squint perplexing, but still with a good deal of circumspective terror in it ; altogether the neighbours began to pity him, and to offer him consolation. This, however, he refused in any shape unless that of whiskey. He began to slip into town, either to Jemmy M'Quade's public-house, or to Andy Trimble's. He began to get shaky on his legs, to talk of Providence and Retributive Justice, and to give strong hints that he intended to change his lodgings. In this he was serious, for he kept his word sooner than was expected. He went to bed one night without exactly understanding what he did, but somehow poor Solomon forgot to awaken. He now lies buried in the south side of Clogher churchyard, with a grave of course, but without any monument or record except what is to be found in these pages. His wife survived him many years, still played cards, tossed up with her workmen of a Saturday night for double or quits, was kind and charitable to the poor, and though rude, boisterous and rough, left a good name and kind recollections behind her when she departed.

To return to Rose and the morning after the happy marriage. Our superstition has a double meaning, one signifying *Fair Gurtha*, or the Hungry Grass, the other *Fur Gurtha*, or the Man of Hunger. On the morning after the marriage it became known,

principally through a weird woman strongly suspected of being a witch, (and not without good reason, for she was both old and decrepid) by name Mary M'Quade from Aughentain,—that the incidents which occasioned the two marriages in a manner so contrary to the expectations of the parties concerned, were brought about by the facts that old Magennis and Solomon Saveall had passed over hungry grass, and hence the results that occurred. This, however, was not all. She informed them that the next harvest's crop would be a failure, and the following year a year of famine and consequent pestilence. It was well known in several parts of Ireland, she said, that the *Fair Gurtha*, or *Man of Hunger*, never made his appearance in the country that it was not followed by famine and death. He went about, she added, in the very shape of Hunger, an old man scarcely able to walk, asking charity here and there as if at the very point of death from starvation. It was well for those who assisted him, but wo to the man or woman who put him away with a hard answer.

Be this as it may, the prognostication associated with his appearance

was wofully and fearfully verified. The next year is still painful to the recollections of those who remember it. And here again we return to Rose. During the prevalence of the famine, and the decimating epidemic which it generated, she was a ministering angel to the poor and friendless. She and her husband lived with her father; and we cannot pay a higher tribute to her virtues than to say that by her charity, her kindness, and her affection to all, but especially to him, she ultimately succeeded in softening and humanizing his hard spirit; and that with such effect, that he joined her in all her many works of charity, and suffered his heart to be kindled at the flame of her pure and exalted devotion. She became the mother of a fine family, and it is unnecessary to say that she and her excellent husband enjoyed all the happiness they deserved, and which this earth could afford them in their humble but comfortable state of life. And now, gentle reader, we have given you the old Irish superstition, including its beautiful moral, of the *Fair Gurtha*, or the *Hungry Grass*.

# READINGS FROM THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS.

## COLLOQUY THE EIGHTH.

### "OPULENTIA SORDIDA," OR THE MISER.

A GALLERY of Dutch paintings—the Dutch corner of a gallery—nay, even the smallest cabinet collection of originals, or copies of old Dutch masters—is, in fact, as nothing without its specimen, in some one of the manifold Dutch manifestations of the character, of that unaccountably eccentric, close-fisted old cove—the miser. Without him, with his customary cap and gabardine, and bags full of guilders, your collection of Dutch masters—you Mynheer—what's this you call yourself—is in our eyes, give us leave to tell you, not worth as much as a stiver. It is incomplete, scant, imperfect; has a certain air of emptiness about it, a certain want of effect; and is, in short, for all the world, as the old comparison hath it—

like the representation of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet, by particular desire, omitted. No, dear worthy patron of the art pictorial—No:—thou may'st have in thy collection ale-houses, and kitchens, and market-places, and blacksmiths' shops; thou may'st be rich in ponderous burgomasters, in jaunty, smirking, buxom, roundabout damsels, in drowsing, topping, vagabondizing loiterers, killing time over swipes and tobacco, or regaling their sense of sound with guitars, or fifes, or hurdy-gurdies; thou may'st exult in the possession of fishermen and fishmongers, in needy knife-grinders, and conjurors, and astrologers, and alchemists; and, again, being of rural tastes, thou may'st be the proprietor of horses, and dogs,

and sheep, and sleek "short horns" of the genuine old Dutch breed, and pleasant stripes of flat pasture, and windmills, and tow-boats on willow-fringed canals; or mayhap thou hast come into the ownership of some one or more of Master Philip Wouvermans' hunting parties, or halts of cavalry, or rasping skirmishes *à la Cosack*, and Bashî-Bazouk; or, peradventure, with the aid of the Vanderveldes, thou hast been laying up a stock of men-of-war, and merchantmen, and cock-boats, and pinnaces, and cutters, and wherries, and luggers, and brigs, and schooners, and what not, of naval architecture—to say nothing of calms, and gales, and hurricanes, and sea fights,—in short of all this, most worthy and notable patron of the fine arts, you may chance to be in proud possession, and of a deal more too into the bargain, that we have not time or breath just at present to enumerate; and yet, what is, or what were, this same pictorial collection, give us leave to ask, without your including therein not one specimen merely, but several and sundry specimens of that quintessence, and, so to speak, personification and embodiment of the quaint, stiff, and old-fashioned, but, nevertheless, rich humour and vigor of the old Dutch school—the miser,—*that* miser above all other misers—the dear, delightful, genuine old Dutch miser! What! present us, forsooth, with Dutch art, *minus* its misers! You might as well dream of presenting Italian art without its Madonnas. Only think for one moment of all the misers, and grim usurious skinflints that Rembrandt alone has painted—himself, by the way, one of the choicest specimens of the class that ever lived. Are there not misers absolutely innumerable from the pencils of Maas, Steen, Vandervenne, Van Ostade, and a thousand other Vans? Nay, did not the artistic *furor* for miser-painting rage so high among the honest Hollanders, that it burst its way across the frontier, and set agog the wits of Flemish art, in the persons of the Teniers, Quentin Matsys, and innumerable others? The miser is, in fact, *par excellence*, and emphatically, the character of the Dutch school. The national taste and temper of the worthy Hollanders must, somehow or other, have a na-

tural bias and leaning towards this same subject; the artists having made it their theme, at least as much with the view of pleasing the public, as with that of pleasing themselves. It is a curious fact indeed, no less singular than true; and upon which, did our pen take that turn, a good deal more might be said.

Now, we have, in a prior part of these readings, observed what a very remarkable conformity may be traced between the sundry subjects of the Colloquies on the one hand, and those subjects on the other, which form the staple materials of the old Dutch school of painters. In both, we see the same inns, and alehouses, and kitchens, and market-places, and road-sides, and gardens—the same roistering and rollicking, the same drinking matches, and merry-makings, and love-makings;—in both we see the same self-important burgo-masters, and swaggering soldiers, and buxom damsels, and fishmongers, and butchers, and horsedealers, and alchemists: and, as honest, old "Desiderius Erasmus Roterodamus" is a true Dutch artist of the pen, racy of the soil, and gifted, of course, with the national taste for miser-painting, we may see, amid the varied picturesqueness of his drollery—lifelike, and conspicuous, and painted in true Erasmusian colours—the miser also. In fact, unless he were prepared to renege and disown his dear native Rotterdam, and, with it, all Holland itself into the bargain, its tastes and its sympathies, how could he, a pen-and-ink artist moreover—a true "word-painter," as Carlyle, we believe, has the term—how could he, we say, with all his national recollections and predilections about him, have brought himself, when sketching a whole gallery of characters, to omit the miser from the lot—that character, without whose express pourtrayal, he would have felt his Colloquial Gallery to be painfully incomplete, and in favour of whose pictorial presence he felt himself, as a Hollander, peculiarly prejudiced?

And now, let us, thus much premised and without more ado, betake ourselves to Erasmus's grand pen-and-ink cartoon of the Miser. Ah! here it is—the "*Opulentia Sordida*," a title which we have taken the li-

berty of paraphrasing into the title at the head of the previous page.

Let us both, gentle reader, take a run over its beauties together. It will yield us, we dare avouch, no small amount of fun for our trouble.

In the Colloquy before us, our author admirably ridicules the mean shifts and inventive parsimony of the cheese-paring tribe. A poor devil, who has been, for nearly a year, a guest in the house of a miser of the first water,—if we may use the expression—has just returned home, and meeting one of his friends, gives him an account of how he has fared. Our returned traveller passes under the designation of "Gilbertus," his friend under that of "Jacobus," or in plain English—Gilbert and James. They encounter one another in the street, Master Gilbert being, it would appear, on the way to his hotel; and a conversation is struck up between them as follows:—

"Bless my soul!" quoth Jacobus, "in what part of the world have you been sojourning, this length of time past, that you return to us in such a singular plight? Why! you are as spare and lanky, as though, like the snipes and grasshoppers, you had been living upon suction; and you are positively nothing but the skin and skeleton of what you were."

"The very ghosts in the infernal regions," rejoins our traveller, "get their bellyfuls of mallows and lupines, as the poets tell us; but, for the last ten months, I have been living in a place where, egad, I could not procure even that same."

"Where the deuce was this—prithee tell me?" inquires Jacobus. "Mayhap you had the honour of serving aboard the galleys?"

"By no means," replies the other, "I was spending my time at Venice."

"And in that most opulent city, do you tell me now that you were actually near perishing of hunger?"

"Ay indeed, that I do—no mistake about it."

"What the deuce! You had no money I suppose?"

"Plenty of money! Ay, and plenty of friends to boot!"

"Indeed! And what, pray, in the name of wonder, was the reason?"

"I'll tell you," replies Gilbert. "I was the guest, you must know, to my cost, of a certain personage, not alto-

gether a stranger to you—old Signior Antronius."

"What!" cries Jacobus, in amazement. "Is it that enormously wealthy old fellow?"

"Say rather, that most sordid and griping old ruffian!"

"He must, according to your account," exclaims Jacobus, "be a downright monster, and no less—a regular *lusus naturæ*."

"Not a bit of it," retorts our hero of skin and bone. "He is only a sample of his miserly class—beggars made rich—millionaires raised out of the gutter."

"But what was it," inquires the other, "that could have induced you to remain in the house of such an old skinflint, for such a number of months?"

Our friend Gilbert explains, to the effect that important business was the cause; and his partner in the dialogue proceeds to inquire, with all the earnestness of an excited curiosity, after the manners and customs and ways of living of old Signior Antronius, and his magnificent household. Honest Gilbert readily yields his assent, adding that "it is true to a proverb that there is a peculiar pleasure in the recital of bye-gone calamities."

The first item in the catalogue of master Gilbert's "calamities" at Venice is rather singular, as indeed he himself is free to admit.

"During my stay there," says he, "the weather was most provokingly abominable, and an infernal freezing, piercing north wind blew—blew—blew for three entire months; not a day less, I assure you. I don't know how it was, but it was very curious; it used to blow in regular fits of eight days exactly at a time."

"But how, in that case," inquires Jacobus, "do you make it out that it blew, as you say, for three entire months? I don't see that quite clearly." "I'll explain," pursues our narrator. "The wind blew dead north for eight days. Well, on the eighth day, just as regular as clock-work, round veered the wind, and blew south for eight hours; at the end of which time back it veered again to its old point, and blew nothing but north—north—north for eight days more."

"Faith, what with such weather as that," exclaims Jacobus, "and that same slim attenuated *corpus* of yours,

you stood in need of good roaring fires, I warrant."

"Oh, as for that," replies Gilbert, "there was plenty of fire, if we only had wood enough;—but that rascally old Antronius, that he might be at no expense upon that score, used to get old roots of trees stubbed up by night and dragged home—vile stumps that every body else had passed over as not worth the taking. With pieces of these, before they were half dried, the fire used to be made—a precious fire you may imagine—torrents of smoke, and not the slightest glimmer of a blaze; and of which the utmost that could be said was, not that it afforded any heat, but that, as long as it lasted, you could not exactly assert that there was no fire. A single dose of fuel moreover lasted the entire day, so moderate was the rate of combustion."

"Mercy on me," ejaculates Jacobus, "it must have been a dreadful thing to pass the winter in that house!"

"To pass the winter, do you say? Bless your soul, the summer was a great deal worse!"

"It was?"

"Ay—that it was; for all the rooms were stocked with such enormous quantities of fleas and bugs, that you could not be at ease, even during the day; and as for the night, it was quite impossible to close an eye."

"I protest," exclaims Jacobus, "I am quite disgusted with such riches!"

"Yes, and so am I," laughingly exclaims Gilbert in return; "especially his riches in such minute cattle as I have been speaking of."

"Why," observes Jacobus, "the women of the house must have been a lazy, slatternly crew; but I really wonder that even Antronius himself was not ashamed at such goings on."

"Is it he?" quoth Gilbert. "In what way was he brought up from his cradle, if not in dirt and swinishness of the kind? He was indifferent to every thing but gain; and, I may say, lived every where else rather than at home, trafficking in every description of goods you can imagine: for that city is, as I suppose I need hardly tell you, one of the greatest emporiums of commerce in the world. You remember," he continues, "the story told of the great painter of antiquity, who thought it something very grievous and deplorable indeed, if he let

even a single day pass over without making at least one dab with his brush. But our worthy Signior Antronius, I can tell you, would esteem it a thing far more grievous and far more deplorable, were a single day to pass over without his securing in his business some profit, or haul, or wind-fall. But if, on any particular occasion, this deplorable occurrence took place, he had a method of compensating himself at home."

"Why, what did he do?" enquires Jacobus.

"There was," continues our droll narrator, "according to the custom of that city, a large watertank in the middle of the premises; and from thence he invariably used, upon those occasions, to draw a certain number of pitcherfuls, which he then and there incontinently distributed among his barrels of wine. There now, is a way of making profit for you."

"But, perhaps," quoth Jacobus, "the wine was too strong."

"Too strong! It was not a whit better than mere hogwash. In order to save his money, he never purchased any but damaged wine; and with this, in order that it might appear strong, he used to mix up lees of at least ten years' old, stirring and tossing it, and rolling the barrels most assiduously; for it would go to his heart to let a single particle of the lees run to waste."

"But are you aware," inquires Jacobus, "that, if the doctors tell truth, such stuff as that would give a person the stone?"

"Then the doctors are not astray, I can tell you; for not a twelvemonth passed without some inmate or other of that house being martyred by that frightful disease: but as for the old fellow himself, he did not matter that a pin."

"He did not?"

"No, not he! He managed even to levy tribute upon the dead; wages, clothes, and the like.—You understand? He was none of your proud aristocratic folk who would not dirty their fingers, forsooth, with paltry gains. Not he!"

"Hollo! Why that was nothing but downright robbery!"

"Tush, tush, my good friend, that is what your regular men of business designate by the term—pickings."

"But what," inquires Jacobus,

"did the old curmudgeon drink himself?"

"Some of the same delicious nectar."

"But, must it not have disagreed with him—injured his constitution, in fact?"

"Injure *his* constitution indeed! Why, bless your soul, that old rascal has such a stomach that he could actually digest hay like a horse; and you are besides not to forget that he was brought up from his earliest childhood amid similar delicacies and refinements of living. But no gain, I can tell you, did he set down as more sure and absolute than this."

"How could he make that appear?"

"Why, just calculate in this way: *there* was his old wife, *there* again were his sons, his daughter, and his daughter's husband; and, at the back of these, a lot of work-people and servant-women, in all, precisely thirty-three mouths to provide for. Now it must be very plain to you that, the more plentifully he watered his wine, the less plentifully would people desire to drink of it, and the longer would a barrel of it last. And now I leave you to work out this calculation, viz.: if under the given circumstances he added a pitcherful of water every day, of what amount of money would he be the gainer at the twelvemonth's end? It would be an amount, I can tell you, not to be sneezed at."

"Oh confound him! the old griping tinkery dog!"

"But," continues Gilbert, "he did not confine his ingenious management to wine alone. In the matter of bread now, for instance, he was equally economic."

"How was that, pray?"

"Why he used to buy up damaged corn, the vilest refuse of the market, that other people would not actually be paid for carrying away; and as he got it for half nothing, here of course was a vast saving, in the first instance. And then he had a peculiar way for doctoring it up, and masking its abominable colour."

"The deuce he had!"

"There is a kind of white clay, not unlike flour, a sort of fullers' earth; horses are very fond of it; you may often see them nibbling and licking it out of walls, and they eagerly drink the water of pools and ditches

sullied with the mud of this clay. Well, of this stuff he used to mix one part in three, in the making of his bread."

"Oh heavens! *there* was doctoring with a vengeance!"

"To tell you the truth, then, the bread eat the better of it, and that was no small advantage; but there was another dodge which he resorted to in the matter, which was very provoking indeed. The bread was all made in the house, but he would not permit a baking oftener than twice in the month."

"Why, that was giving people stones in earnest in place of bread!"

"Giving people stones, do you say? No! but giving them things a deuced deal harder. But, against this same cursed inconvenience, we were fortunate enough to discover some sort of remedy."

"Do you say so?"

"Yes! We used to smash our bread in pieces, and these we used to render eatable by setting them to steep in cups and bowls of our magnificent wine."

"But one thing I want to know," quoth Jacobus, "is—did his work-people put up with that sort of treatment?"

"Why," replies our traveller, "I will tell you, in the first instance, in what a style of elegance the heads of the establishment were wont to be regaled; and from that you may easily infer for yourself, what sort of treatment the work-people met with."

"Oh, let me hear that by all means."

"In the first instance, then," proceeds Gilbert, "as for that repast which is vulgarly called breakfast, not merely was the thing itself, but the very name of it proscribed in the establishment; and, as regards dinner, which was our first meal, we were usually kept waiting for it till one or two o'clock in the day."

"But why were you kept waiting so long?"

"Why man, don't you understand that we could not bring ourselves to sit down to dinner till the master of the family came home. That was our first meal, and then we used to sit down to supper, our second meal, at ten o'clock at night."

"But formerly, as I remember,"

quoth Jacobus, "you were the very fellow that would not quietly put up with an empty stomach."

"Faith no," replies our friend Gilbert, "and for that same reason, I used to sing out to Orthrogonus, Antronius' son-in-law—he and I stopped in the one room—'Hollo, Orthrogonus,' I would say, 'do the people of Venice fast from supper this evening?' Whereupon in a deprecatory sort of way he would reply that he was sure his father-in-law would now be soon home. Well, I would remain quiet then for some time, until still seeing no sign of any supper getting ready, and my stomach in fact becoming quite savage; 'Hollo, Orthrogonus,' I would again sing out. 'Zounds man, are we all actually to perish of hunger this evening again?' To this thep oor devil would reply that, 'after all it was not so very late,' or something of that sort. Well, some more time would alip by, till at last, when my unfortunate stomach could stand it no longer, 'Blood and fury, Orthrogonus,' I would roar out, 'is a man to be absolutely starved to death?' And now, at this point, when Orthrogonus had exhausted all his powers of shuffling and procrastination, off he would post to the servants to tell them to lay the table for supper. But notwithstanding all this, and after waiting ever so long, deuce a sign would I see either of Antronius coming home, or of the supper coming up; till, at last, fairly terrified into compliance by my oaths and uproar, downstairs would Orthrogonus go to where his wife, and his mother-in-law, and his children were, shouting out to them to get ready the supper."

"Well, now, at least," interposes Jacobus, "I suppose I may expect supper, in earnest."

"Don't be in too great a hurry!" replies our storyteller. "All in good time! Well, after a while, up comes a limping, shambling servant, the very cut of old Vulcan; and this extraordinary fish, such being one of his special offices, forthwith lays the table-cloth. That now you may call the first fair prospect of supper. Matters being in this state, there is another long pause, until at length, after a deal of calling and hallooing to the servant, up he comes a second time with a lot of crofts and bottles filled with cold water—the water

being, I must indeed in justice admit, very pure and fresh."

"That, I suppose," quoth Jacobus, "we may call the second prospect of supper."

"Don't be in too great a hurry, I repeat," replies our friend Gilbert. "The water being deposited on the table, there would now be another provoking delay, till at last, after the most horrible bawling and yelling for the servant, in he hobbles with a flagon of that magnificent dreggy nectar or hogwash that you wot of."

"Hurrah! Bravo!" ironically cheers Jacobus.

"But, remember," continues Gilbert, "that the bread has not yet made its appearance; so that still, and for so far, there is no danger of any commencement of supper; for what wretch is there under the sun, who, famishing though he were, would willingly put such wine as that upon an empty stomach? And now there is another long pause, during which we actually bawl and halloo ourselves hoarse, till, in fine, in shuffles the old servant with a couple of loaves of that superb household bread, so stale and stony, that a bear I can tell you would find it a hard job to craunch a piece of it between his teeth."

"Well, now," exclaims Jacobus, "you cannot die of sheer hunger, at all events."

And now our friend Gilbert goes on to describe how, at this stage of affairs, and when it was, in fact, ever so late, the old master-miser and arch-akinfiint himself used ordinarily to come home—a piece of coincidence, by the way, not to be wondered at, when we call to mind that all the abominable procrastination which we have just been laughing over was nothing else than an elaborate system of shifts and dodges got up to kill time until the auspicious moment at last came round, destined to bless the mutinous stomachs of his half-starved household with his supper-conferring presence. But when such individuals as Orthrogonus, and his wife and mother-in-law, could, as old Nap used to say, "cover themselves with glory," by the elimination of all sorts of plots and stratagems for temporarily bilking honest folks out of their suppers, are we for a moment to think so meanly of Antronius himself, that prince of starvelings, as to suppose

that he had not in reserve for such critical occasions some grand, imposing and peculiar manœuvres of his own? Into the knowledge, then, of a couple or so of the most effective of what we may be allowed to call the supper manœuvres of Signior Antro-nius does our humorous narrator straightway initiate his companion. One of those devices he describes as follows:—

"Sometimes," quoth he, "and this used to be a most inauspicious preliminary—a woful prognostic of a bad supper—we would hear him, on his coming home, moaning and groaning, and complaining that he had a frightful pain in his stomach."

"But how," inquires Jacobus, "could there be any evil prognostic in that?"

"Why simply thus," replies Gilbert, "that, under these circumstances, not one solitary dish would be served up to table; for how do you imagine that anything could be got ready and the master of the house ill?—your host, too, only the consider it! How could you have heart to think of eating in fact any supper at all, and he, poor devil, laid up with the mulligrubs in his stomach?"

"But used he be really sick?" inquires Jacobus.

"Ay, of course, to be sure he used," replies our story-teller, "so desperately sick that he would be able to make a clean sweep of half a dozen of crammed fowls at a meal; that is, if anybody were obliging enough to give them to him for nothing."

Our amusing friend Gilbert next proceeds to give his companion some account of the ordinary economy of Signior Antro-nius' supper-table. Independently, then, of that truly matchless wine and bread, already so satisfactorily described, it appears that "a platter of mashed beans, hardly worth half a stiver," constituted the grand and opening delicacy of the meal—a delicacy of which the signior himself professed to be im-moderately fond, and which he highly extolled for its wholesome properties, inasmuch as beans, he said, "contained a certain sovereign medical virtue, curative of all diseases." To this was superadded a wofully in-abundant supply—a most plentiful lack of "salad soaked in vinegar, but

without a solitary drop of oil;" and the closing constituent of the generous repast was, in compliance for-sooth with the fashionable usage of the time, a certain *quantum* of cheese; and this, as honest Gilbert repeatedly conveys the fact, of a quality peculiarly rare and everyway in keeping with the other standard provisions and purveyances of the establishment.

"But was this," inquires Jacobus, "the sort of supper you used always get?"

"Why, yes," replies our narrator, "at least with very little exception. On an odd occasion, now and then, when he had been particularly lucky in his business speculations, and had made some great haul or other, he would be a little more liberal in his hospitality."

"Indeed! What used he do?"

"Why," replies Gilbert, "he would send out one of the servants with a penny to buy some grapes; and, oh! we used all regard that as *such* a treat."

"By Jove, I believe you, poor devils!"

"Of course," quoth Gilbert, explanatorily, "that would be when grapes are in season, and are, as you know, to be had very cheap there."

"But, did he never stand a treat except at that time of the year?"

"Oh, bless you, yes. There is a number of poor people in that city the owners of little yawls and skiffs, who employ themselves in gathering and dredging quantities of periwinkles, which are very plentiful in the lagunes, and these they hawk about the streets, uttering, at the same time, a peculiar cry, which signifies that they have periwinkles for sale. Well! from these hawkers he would sometimes order a ha'porth of periwinkles, and, laws! what a twittering of excitement there would be, to be sure! You would actually think that there was a wedding in the house. A fire would have to be lighted specially; though indeed I must say that periwinkles require very little cooking. This magnificent dish used to be served up after the cheese, as a sort of dessert."

"Ha, ha!" laughs Jacobus. "Oh! *there's* a dessert! But, I say, did he never clap any regular fish or flesh on the table?"

"Oh, indeed, to give him his due, he did. In fact, I shamed him by my conti-



nual grumbling and remonstrances to such a degree, that he began to manage these matters in a really creditable, and even rather splendid sort of a way. As often as he fancied playing the luxurious epicure—the Lucullus, as we may say—this now was about the way he used to get on."

"Oh," eagerly exclaims Jacobus, "by all means do—let me hear that."

Our worthy, half-starved satirist now proceeds to describe in detail the sumptuous entertainments which his unflinching pertinacity of grumbling occasionally shamed the signior out of.

"In the first place then," quoth Gilbert, "there was served up a sort of weak soup or slop, which had been concocted in the following choice fashion—A pot filled with water was placed upon the fire; into this were thrown certain fragments of that coarse cheese aforesaid, which through length of keeping had become actually as hard as a rock, so that it would take a right strong clip of a good axe to knock a piece out of it. Well, the bits of cheese, as the water became heated, began to soften and dissolve, and make the water muddy, so that when the decoction was completed, you could not exactly say that it was nothing but mere water. With this magnificent soup our stomachs were regaled in the first instance."

"Slop fit for the pigs!" ejaculates Jacobus.

Gilbert then proceeds to describe, as the next item in those rare and exceptional banquets, a certain very scanty dish of tripe, which from his statement must have been anything but appetising. "If, however," adds he qualifyingly, "it should happen to be a fish day, we would be treated in place of this dainty with a couple of flounders or so, and these moreover none of the largest—a precious allowance among seven or eight hungry guests."

"And would there be nothing else?" inquires Jacobus.

"Nothing, except indeed some of that stony cheese I have told you of."

"Mercy on us!—a modern Lucullus with a vengeance!"

And now at this stage of the Colloquial scene our most worthy friend Jacobus frankly declares, "that his curiosity so far from being satisfied, has been merely stimulated by his comrade's recital; and he proceeds to question the latter, still further in detail, as

to the supper and other dietary economy of Antronius and his munificently managed household. He is straightway informed, and at full length, of the order in which Antronius, his guests, and family sat down to table—of the devices of Antronius by making ramparts of bottles, &c., to appropriate to his own use the leading dainties of the table—of the absolute host of people that were maintained upon the scraps and leavings—and, among other points, last though not least, of the period of time consumed at table, which, however extended in the case of the Signior and his immediate family and guests,—a fact necessarily arising from the hardness of the cheese and the bread,—was of a very different duration indeed in the case of the unfortunate devils of work people, who, "for gulping down whatever diet they got, were scarcely allowed half an hour's respite from work for the entire day."

"Well," exclaims Jacobus, "your German workpeople would never stand such treatment as that. An hour, at least, they must have, and no less, for their breakfast, an hour and a-half for dinner, and two hours for supper; and unless into the bargain they are stuffed with fine fish and flesh, washed down moreover with capital wine, they account themselves injured men, and striking work forthwith, they take French leave of their masters, and are off a soldiering to the wars."

"Every nation," quoth Gilbert, "has its own peculiar manners and notions. Those Italians now, for instance, set very little store upon their stomachs; they prefer money to eating, and are abstemious and sober, not only from custom, but from nature."

"As I see matters now," exclaims Jacobus. "What I wonder at is, not as I did before, that you have returned to us so slim and wasted, but that in fact you have returned to us alive at all. You, moreover; a fellow who had been accustomed to all sorts of delicious fare—capons and partridges, and pigeons, and pheasants, and what not!"

"I was regularly done for, sure enough," quoth our story teller, solemnly, "if I had not fished out some remedy or other. As a prop to my sinking constitution, I contrived to get the quarter of a boiled chicken

served up to me at each of my two meals."

"Ah! ha!" exclaims Jacobus, "now I think you begin to live in earnest."

"By no means," replies Gilbert. "I was very little better off, after all. In order to save money, they used to buy me the most miserable and rascally little chickens, so small that half a dozen of them would not make a mouthful for one good lump of a Hollander, if his appetite were fairly in order. And then again, the chickens that would be bought would not get a solitary grain of feeding, for that would cost money, so that the unfortunate birds would be nothing but skin and bone, and actually more dead than alive. Of a fowl of this description then, a wing quarter, or a leg quarter, as the case might be, was given to me, every meal. The liver would be regularly given to Orthrogonus's baby; and the women used to drink all the broth. Nay, the wretches would actually pour water after water on my bit of chicken, so that when served up at table it would be just as dry as a cinder, and have no more flavour than a piece of an old stick, while what they gave me for broth was nothing but plain water."

"And yet," observes Jacobus, "I have heard that poultry are most plentiful in that city, of fine quality, and remarkably cheap."

"And you have heard the truth," replies Gilbert, "but these people would rather have money than poultry, any day—no matter how cheap it might be."

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculates Jacobus. "Why you could not deserve greater punishment, not even if you had murdered the Pope, or perpetrated some other unexampled enormity."

"But talking of poultry," exclaims Gilbert, "here is another way in which they used to humbug me. You know that we abstain from meat two days regularly every week, Friday and Saturday."

"Egad, I do, too well," replies Jacobus.

"Well," continues our story teller, "that leaves five meat days, on each of which I ought to have eaten half a chicken; but the wretches never bought more than two chickens in the week, and so upon a Thursday they would pretend that they forgot to go to the market, or something of that sort; and this trick they resorted to lest I might be tempted to eat a whole chicken on the Thursday, or lest on the other hand any part of it might go to loss."

"Hang me," exclaims Jacobus, "if that old griping scoundrel Antronius does not beat hollow all the misers I ever heard of. There now is Euclio the miser, in Plautus' play.\* Why, bless your soul, Euclio could not hold a candle to him. But how used you contrive matters on fish days? What resource had you then, I should like to know?"

"I commissioned a friend of mine," replies Gilbert, "to buy me on such days three eggs per day—two for dinner, and one for supper. The expense, observe, was defrayed out of my own private pocket; but here again, as in the case of the chickens, the women choused me most infamously. In place of my magnificent newly laid eggs, in the purchase of which no expense had been spared, the jades used to serve me up ones that would be half rotten; so that I thought myself very fortunate indeed, if out of my daily allowance of three, I could get even one that was at all eatable. I also, for the good of my health, laid in at my own expense a little stock of good wine; but a few days afterwards, the same infernal she-pirates smashed the lock and swallowed every drop of it,—a depredation by the way, at which the old Signior himself was very far from being angry."

It is impossible, on running our eyes over the last few paragraphs, to resist the conviction that our author, poor old bachelor that he was, is speaking, from his own bitter experience, of those most laughable indeed when related, but, when actually suffered, most provoking and patience-exhausting tantalizations—those milk-

\* The "AULULARIA" from which, by the way, Moliere has derived his celebrated "AVARE." "Euclio," the hero of the former piece, is the original of "Harpagon," the hero of the latter.

ings, and bilkings, and filchings, and fleecings, wherewith a life in "furnished lodgings" is somehow so very ordinarily diversified. Often and often, we are convinced, did poor old Erasmus, when struggling for a livelihood in Paris and other cities, indignantly make the discovery that his cupboard had been invaded and ransacked; his wine drunk, his eggs purloined outright, or swapped for bad ones, as in the case of his hero, Gilbert; to say nothing of those sundry enormities of cribbage in markettings, &c., &c., from which no mortal, under the circumstances, can assure himself of being exempt. Often too, we dare say, when he sought to soothe his faint and fevered stomach, after one of those bilious attacks, to which he was all his life so painfully subject, with one of the most admirable of all appliances for the purpose, did he discover that the rascally servant woman, or mayhap the robustious landlady herself, had drunk all his chicken-broth, and, like the women in Antronius' household, had served him with plain warm water instead.

Most of our bachelor readers will, we know, appreciate these remarks, and even mentally append some supplementary ones of their own. But, by the way, and before we pass, for good and all, from this particular topic, we wish to add, for the benefit of the less experienced of our own sadly aggrieved and grievously victimised bachelor tribe, the important and practically useful piece of information, viz., that it is, as it ought to be, a capital and cardinal rule with those who are thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of "furnished lodgings," never, upon any account, unless indeed, under circumstances the most rare and the most peculiar, such, for example, as the presence of an available patent pot or saucepan with a padlocked lid—never, within the precincts of the particular sort of establishment in question, upon any account, or by any manner of means whatever, we will not say to get made, for that were an absurdity; but to *attempt* to get made or prepared any of those messes or beverages, popularly designated by the term broth or soup. And so, dear inexperienced bachelor reader, now that thou art warned, rush not upon the rash essay, for, as sure as thou dost, there are—

mark us—at least about one hundred and fifty-one chances to one that the cat, or some other broth-loving animal which shall be nameless, will, most provokingly, foil and frustrate thee, and, so to speak, throw cold water upon thy attempt, leaving thee, in respect of the desiderated result, most soulessly and lackadaisically *minus*.

"But is it possible," exclaims Jacobus, "that there was not as much as one single soul to sympathise with you and take pity upon you?"

"Take pity upon me, indeed?" rejoins our friend Gilbert; "Nay, I appeared in the eyes of these unfortunate beggars as a regular glutton and gormandizer; I who used, they said, single-handed to devour such an enormous quantity at every meal. In consequence of this, I used to be continually lectured and admonished by Orthogonus, who would earnestly entreat me to have a particular care of my precious health, adding that the climate of Venice was an especially ticklish and trying one, and that he had known of a number of fellow-countrymen of mine who had either killed themselves outright, or at least brought themselves to death's door, by the lamentable indiscretion of eating more than they ought."

Orthogonus, however, fails in all his attempts to reason our friend Gilbert into a more moderate system of diet; but he is very far from anticipating the spectacle of impending horror wherewith destiny and his father-in-law's gluttonous guest are on the point of appalling him. Gilbert, it appears, betook himself one day to an apothecary, in order to purchase some tonics for strengthening his stomach, and is spied in the shop by Antronius' noble son-in-law. What must, on the occasion, have been his sensations? The man whom he had so frequently and so fervently recommended to live less luxuriously—to be less of the gourmand—to eat less, so far from complying with the conscientious and economic suggestion, is actually purchasing *tonics*! with the object, of course, of imparting an additional tone and energy to his ravenous stomach—in fact, to enable him to eat more. Seized with alarm the most sincere for the welfare, of course, of his friend, he resorts to a device of considerable ingenuity.

"He went," says Gilbert, "to a

certain doctor who was an acquaintance of mine, and specially requests him to urge and impress upon me the necessity forsooth of strict abstemiousness in my living. The doctor forthwith sets about complying with his wish, urging the advice in question upon me with a vast deal of perseverance. I saw through the whole plan from the very first; and for a long while I refrained from giving him any answer on the subject, till at last, when I found that he really would not have done—nay, that he was plying me ding dong with his cursed pother, even more persistently than ever—"Tell me now, my fine fellow," said I to him one day, 'are you saying all this to me in cool downright earnest, or are you only joking?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I am not joking, I assure you; I am perfectly serious.' 'You are?' said I. 'May I then venture to enquire, what on earth it is that you want me to do?' 'I want you,' replied he, 'for the benefit of your health, to abstain teetotally from suppers, and instead of drinking your wine pure, as I understand you do, to mix with it, at the very least, half the quantity of water.' I burst out into a tremendous horse-laugh, at this splendid piece of advice. 'Ha, ha, ha! look at me,' said I, 'thin, wasted, poor skeleton that I am, with hardly a single puff of life in me; what now do you imagine would become of me, if, getting such a dinner as I do, I were to force myself to do without my supper? Why, man, in my state, going to bed supperless even once would infallibly be the finishing of me. Any experience I have had of short commons has not been very vastly to my fancy; and I assure you I do not intend to add to it, if I can help it. And you advise me too,' said I, 'to add water to my wine—to such wine as that! Why, bless your soul, would it not be a more sensible thing to drink the water clean, than to dirty it first with wine-dregs? But I know very well,' said I, 'the why and the wherefore of your advising me; you were put up to it. Yes; and the person who put you up to it was that shabby vagabond, Orthrogonus.' The doctor smiled, and proceeded to explain away what he had said. 'I do not mean, my dear fellow,' said he, 'to prohibit you altogether from taking supper—certainly not. I have no objection

now, for instance, to your partaking of a single egg and a single glass of wine along with it. That, in fact, is the very way I live myself. For supper, I get one egg boiled, and of this I eat half the yoke myself, leaving the remainder for my son; then tossing off half a glass of wine, I engage myself in study till it is far advanced in the night."

"And do you think he was telling you the truth?" enquires Jacobus.

"The plain truth," replies Gilbert; "and I will tell you how I know. I was passing along the streets one day returning from church, when a person, who was in my company, called my attention to the fact that we were just passing the doctor's residence. Of a sudden, an appetite for exploration came upon me; and I determined forthwith to make a survey of the doctorial realm. It was a Sunday. I knocked at the door; a servant opened it. I went up stairs, and in I bolted upon the doctor. Himself and his son were at dinner, with an egg a-piece before them; not a pinsworth more.

"Why! hang them," exclaims Jacobus, "they must have been mere skin and bone."

"Quite the contrary," replies our traveller; "they were both of them plump and well-formed; their complexion, clear and fresh; their cheeks ruddy with health, and their eyes lively and sparkling."

"Come, now," laughingly exclaims Jacobus, "this is all a humbug of yours, I know."

"Not at all I assure you," replies Gilbert; "I am telling you nothing but the absolute truth. Nor was the doctor anywise singular in subsisting upon such moderate allowance. Multitudes of people there lived in the same way, including many of the very wealthiest and noblest families in the whole city. Eating much and drinking much, I am now persuaded, are things entirely of custom and not of nature; and were a man skilfully to push on by degrees, I do not see why he might not reach a point of voracity equal with that of Milo, who, you know, was able to eat up an entire bullock in one day."

"Oh, merciful powers," ejaculates Jacobus, "if so little as you say is sufficient to maintain a person in health and strength, only consider what enormous quantities of food

must be running to waste in Germany, in England, in Denmark, and in Holland."

"An enormous deal, indeed, I have no doubt," replies our broker of new notions: "to say nothing of the enormous waste of health—its necessary consequence."

"But, odd so! now that I think of it," cries Jacobus; "how comes it that this system of small diet was so unsatisfactory in your own case?"

"Why—because—ahem—my constitution, I suppose, was habituated to a totally opposite system, and it was too late to break in upon old habits. But the fact is that it was not so much by the scant quantity of my food that I was injured, as by the rascally quality of it. After all, I do not say but that I might have done very well with a couple of eggs, that is, provided they were tolerably newly laid; a single glass of wine might have proved amply sufficient, if, instead of wine, I were not given the mawkish dregs of old barrels; and I could have put up, I dare say, with half a loaf for my allowance, provided only that, in lieu of bread, I was not handed a piece of a brick."

The amusing discourse of our two friends here hastens to a close. Honest Gilbert, in the midst of his disclosures and disquisitions, begins to feel his stomach getting peckish and uneasy; and, as in the case of individuals who are pulling up flesh as he is, the requirements of that important *viscus* are of a very imperious character, he has nothing left for it but to shift his quarters, with all convenient celerity, to the hospitable shelter of some neighbouring cookshop, eating-house or tavern. But, before they separate, Jacobus contrives to have his curiosity satisfied upon a couple of points, which have occurred to him in reference to old Antronius. The information which Gilbert supplies under the last of the points in question is perhaps not without its value, as, in a measure, supplying the moral of this varied recital of miserliness and meanness. We are made acquainted, as follows, with the ultimate and, indeed, very natural destiny which awaited all the vast hoards of wealth which the old Venetian miser had so vilely and disreputably acquired.

"Tell me this, I prithee," quoth Jacobus. "did his sons, for whom, in fact, he had scraped all this wealth of

his together—did they imitate the old cock, or not, in his pinching and parsimoniousness?"

"At home, at least," replies Gilbert, "they affected to do so; but abroad in the city they behaved in a manner altogether different, raking and carousing and frequenting gambling houses; and while the old hunk himself would sincerely grudge, from the bottom of his heart, to lay out a single farthing in entertaining the most noble and distinguished guests in the world, his precious pets of sons used, often, lose as much as sixty ducats in dice-playing, at a single sitting."

"That is the way," quoth Jacobus, sagaciously, "that money scraped out of the dirt is, almost always, sure to go. But, I say, my gallant survivor of calamities, where are you about posting to now?"

"Oh, just over here," replies our snack-anticipating ex-traveller, "to a capital old French tavern, to replace on my ribs some of the fat and lean which I lost at Venice."

Hereupon the two worthy friends shake hands, bid mutual goodbyes, and severally take their departure;—Gilbert to the *restaurateur's*, to recruit his animal forces, not, as lately at Venice, with an egg of most equivocal freshness, a collop of odoriferous tripe, or cheese of stony consistency, to say nothing of bread and other etceteras, but upon (Oh, soul exhilarating, and of the cockles of the heart, most exaltational sounds!) "soup, fish and joints," in quantities unlimited, *ad libitum*, and to his soul's content; while, as for honest Jacobus, he may, for aught we know to the contrary, be actually under an engagement to spend the evening with our blithe, jocund, amiable and most admirable author; may be even now a good step advanced upon his way to the neat but unpretending lodging of the latter, where, and to whom, within the next hour or so, and over a steaming tumbler of Hollands—"the real Simon Pure," and no mistake—he will have disbursed himself of a "whole, full, and true account" of the conversation between himself and his spare, half-starved companion, in about the same terms in which you and I, gentle reader, have, for the last half hour or so, been laughingly perusing it together.

## BOWL OF PUNCH IN THE CAPTAINS' ROOM.

SOME of our readers may be cognizant that in all sea-port towns there are a few old established taverns, (in the immediate vicinity of the docks, harbours, and piers,) frequented especially by ship-masters. Yes, "ship-masters" is their ancient, legal and, in our opinion, very honourable designation, albeit by courtesy they are styled captains in verbal discourse, or when personally addressed—and they naturally relish the honorary title, and are punctilious concerning its application—although post-captain Fitz-Montmorency, of H.M.S. "Thunderbolt," would grimly smile, and scornfully curl his lip if the title were applied in his presence to honest John Johnson, master of the "Nancy Dawson," merchant barque. On the other hand, the said John Johnson would be mightily "huffed," in turn, were we to introduce to him, as a "brother captain," Thomas Deadeye, of the coasting sloop, "Saucy Jack,"—for the captains of "long-voyage" ships, barques, and brigs think it quite *infra dig.* to associate on terms of equality with the masters of coasting schooners and sloops, whom they very properly call "skippers." Yet more, these identical coasting skippers consider themselves decidedly of higher rank than the skippers of the "keels" and "billyboys" which navigate our estuaries and tidal rivers; and the latter, finally, also deem themselves a full degree above the masters of canal boats and barges. (Yet skippers of small coasters, and of river craft, ay, and even of canal barges, call themselves "captains," and are ordinarily so addressed!) Ah, ladies and gentlemen! what a world of rank, title, precedence, and etiquette is this we

live in! If any democratic donkey brays about "equality and fraternity" in your presence, rely upon it he never became inoculated with such an idiotic delusion at sea; for we will pledge our word that a single voyage, as one of a ship's crew, would convince even Louis Blanc, or Redru Rollin, or any other ultra-revolutionary philosopher, that of all astounding absurdities, the theory of "equality and fraternity" bears the bell!\*

To resume. We are about to spend an hour at one of the taverns alluded to, ay, and in the CAPTAINS' ROOM—for so it is familiarly called, because it is specially set apart for ship-masters and their personal friends. It is a dark, squally evening at the latter end of February, and a stiff Nor-easter yells so savagely in our teeth, that we make slow headway as we wend along a straggling line of houses, facing the harbour of — Seaport. At length we pause by the side of a projecting latticed porch, over which is firmly fixed a good-sized model of a ship, with all three topmasts struck, as though she were laid up in ordinary. This is the familiar sign of our tavern — *The Old Ship*. We enter, and in a couple of minutes are in the Captains' Room. It is an oblong apartment, panelled with very dark polished old oak, which brightly reflects the cheering blaze of a roaring sea-coal fire, with a thick billet of wood—a section of a condemned "cat-head"—at its back. Half a dozen large framed engravings of ships and marine views adorn the walls, and over the mantelpiece is a really fine old oil painting, representing Rodney's victory over the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse, in the West Indies,

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\* It may, however, be worth noting, that in the early years of the first French Republic, the equality and fraternity dodge was actually introduced into the French navy to a practical degree almost incredible. The crews of the "national" men-o'-war dressed just as they liked; ate, drank, gamed, and performed their toilets on the *quarter deck*; addressed their officers as *citoyens*, and as "thee," and "thou;" and openly canvassed the propriety of an order, ere they condescended to obey it. Yet, let us give them their due. On many occasions they fought our ships most gallantly, and one of their frigates went to the bottom with a cap of liberty nailed to the mast, her crew having sworn never to surrender.

on April 12th, 1782. The broad mantel-piece itself is ornamented with a beautiful little model of a full-rigged ship in a glass case, and divers sea shells and marine curiosities—the most notable being a fine specimen of the terrible weapon of the sword-fish, imbedded in a piece of ship's plank which it had completely penetrated, and a huge tooth of the cachalot or sperm-whale, most ingeniously carved all over with representations of ships, seamen, and their sweethearts, and kindred subjects. A small round table in a corner is covered with a great pile of back numbers of the *Shipping Gazette*—three or four of the last published numbers of that excellent paper lying on the large table for the use of the company. Altogether, the Captains' Room is a very comfortable rendezvous, and many captains at this moment sailing on every ocean and sea of the globe, have spent happy hours here, and perchance some of them would be very thankful were they once more safely housed in The Old Ship.

On our entrance, we exchange brief but hearty greetings with two or three whom we know, and then taking a seat, look around and listen to the conversation going on—putting in a few words now and then. Four or five of our countrymen are present, and nearly as many foreign captains. Ere the *cederunt* is over, we incidentally

learn who every one is, and shall avail ourselves of that knowledge to forthwith severally introduce the members of the worshipful company. First,—Captain William Brace, of the barque "Lord Melbourne," (just arrived with a cargo of sugar from the Mauritius,) a very fair specimen of an intelligent, modest, civil, unassuming, middle aged ship-master, very quiet and reflective; albeit a man who has experienced almost every peril and adventure incident to his hazardous profession. Close to him is a bluff, hairy, coarse-looking, slovenly dressed, and by no means overclean man, of at least fifty years of age—Captain Anthony Blowhard, of the regular Baltic trader, "Nancy," now discharging a cargo of timber and batens from Memel. Captain Blowhard is unrivalled in two respects. He can hail a topgallant yard in a voice so tremendous, that a thirty-two pounder could not possibly out-roar it; and he can sing the very appropriate song of "Nature and Nancy," in magnificent style. Ah, ladies and gentlemen! we do wish you could only hear Captain Blowhard troll forth that capital ditty, which he always prefaces by good-humouredly observing, "my ship is the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife!" 'Tis better than listening to all your fine opera squallers to hear him sing—

"Let swabs with their vows, their palaver and lies,  
Sly flatt'ry's silk sails still be trimming,  
Swear their Polls be all angels dropp'd down from the skies—  
I your angels don't like—I loves women!  
And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,  
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy;  
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind—  
In short, *I loves Nature and Nancy!*"

A striking contrast to the bluff old Baltic ship-master is presented by the gentleman next to him—and who sits a little aloof, as though he did not altogether regard Captain Blowhard as congenial company. That is Captain Rupert Charleston, of the "Moulmein," East Indian. He is a young man, not more than six and twenty at most, and was regularly brought up as a reefer in one of the Honourable East India Company's

splendid ships; remaining in their service until he attained the rank of first mate (some of their ships carry *six* mates!) when he quitted it, to become a captain of an Indianan belonging to a private firm. He is a capital specimen of a nautical dandy. In person he is tall, slim, and genteel; his complexion, notwithstanding he has spent his life in voyages to India ever since he was fourteen, is exceedingly fair,\* without the least tinge of

\* We have observed that a very fair complexioned man, with light blue eyes, may sail for

the sun. His features are really handsome, though somewhat supercilious and haughty in expression—for he comes of a very good, though poor family; being the youngest son of a youngest son. He wears a richly figured black velvet vest, and a superfine black surtout, with a velvet collar. His shirt is faultlessly white, and of the latest fashion; its bosom ornamented with gold studs, and a diamond breast-pin. His hands are so small and white, that my Lord Byron would have envied them; considering they are the hands of a seaman, they are perfect prodigies. *Can* they ever have been dipped in a tar-bucket, or have handled a marling-spike, or fixed a topail? The fingers are adorned with two or three valuable rings, which their owner turns round from time to time, and silently admires—to the obvious disgust of dirty Captain Blowhard. To complete our sketch, we may add that Captain Charleston wears a grand hundred-guinea chronometer, attached to a massive gold chain of the Albert (or cable) pattern—so long, that its *bights* fall down in full festoons over his vest. The sleeves of his surtout are fancifully braided over the wrists, and his cap has a narrow gold band, and anchor buttons. In our private opinion, he is coxcomically rigged out—still, he is a gentleman for all that, and possibly a good seaman also.

Two other British captains must be introduced. One is Captain Fidgett, of the clipper ship "Flyaway," now on the berth for Melbourne—a very little man, very dark, very restless, very conceited, and very boastful. If you were a timid patient listener, he would fairly talk you into a state of mental imbecility by his voluble and passionate yarns about "great circle sailing," the true "rotary system of storms," the "displacement of fluid," the "scientific proportion of spars," the "wave line" of ship building, the unparalleled speed and other wondrous qualities of his ship; and, above all, his own marvellous skill as an accomplished seaman—both theoretical and practical. By his side is seated a bronzed, curly-haired, bullet-

headed man, with bright piercing eyes, yet apparently of a taciturn disposition—Captain Blackman, of the "Sierra Leone," a regular African trader. Despite the frequent gleams of intellect that shoot athwart his swarthy visage, he seems to be perpetually calculating the profits of gold dust and ivory, in exchange for Brummagem goods and nick-nacks; and so abstracted is he that we fancy he hears no more of what passes around him than if he were in his own cabin, lying off the Gold Coast. We may be mistaken, however.

Now for the foreigners. Cheek-by-jowl, and plump in front of the fire—although it was large and hot enough to roast a sheep whole, or to melt a native of Ashantee—sate two Dutch captains. We heard their outlandish patronymics, and the long jaw-breaking names of their ships, but really we feel unable to write them down with any approximation to verbal accuracy. One was a tall man, and the other was considerably under the middle height, but both were immensely fat, and so broad-bottomed (pray don't blush, ladies! we speak the literal truth, and use strictly nautical language,) that, ample-sized as were the Windsor chairs, we perceived they were not half broad enough, and so—we pitied the Mynheers. We could not help also being reminded of our old sea phrase on a cloudy day—"there isn't enough of blue sky to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches!" But, whatever amount of broad cloth might be requisite to fashion a covering for the lower extremities of these gentlemen, it was nothing in quantity compared with that "expended" for their enormous blue surtouts, which were of unconscionable amplitude, and their shirts reached to the calves of the wearers' legs, when the latter stood upright. The two captains were amazingly alike in countenance, both being very "bluff-bowed," with fat, snub noses, fair, freckled complexions, smoothly shaved cheeks, double chins, and little inexpressive pigs' eyes. Both were in the act of solemnly smoking huge meerschaum pipes; and as they slowly

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years in the hottest latitudes, almost without becoming a shade darker; whilst, on the contrary, a sallow complexioned man, with black eyes and hair, will grow tawny as a Spaniard in the course of a single voyage, and in half a dozen voyages he will be nearly as dark as a Mulatto.



turned their heads to stare at the new comer, their features dimly loomed through the curling smoke in such a manner, as to mightily resemble two full moons partially obscured by a fog. We may add, that each of them wore plain gold ear-rings, and not only finger-rings, but thumb-rings, also, unless we were mistaken.\* Somewhat aloof sate a Dane, a fine athletic fellow, with a complexion fair as a dainty lady's, large light blue eyes, and long hair, not merely flaxen, but almost white. What a contrast was his intelligent mobile features to those of the stolid, phlegmatic Dutchmen! Like them, however, he wore gold ear-rings, and had a broad silver ring on the forefinger of his right hand. He, also, was smoking—not a meerschaum, but a *silver* pipe—that is, the immense bowl was of pure silver,† and the long flexible stem was covered with horse-hair, woven in a most beautiful and intricate fashion. We ourselves have a pipe-stem of this kind, which we obtained when in Norway. As we have sailed in Danish vessels, and sojourned in *gamle Danmark*, we happen to be able to inform the reader that this descendant of the Vikings of old was Capitan Hans Ernst Sørensen, of the brig "Enigheetns Minde," belonging to Kjöbenhavn, (pray don't attempt to pronounce these names!)

The last foreigner (as we suppose we must call him) remaining to be noticed, was Captain Aminadab Washington Goahead, of the U. S. clipper "Yankee Doodle." Although we suspect that Captain Goahead rarely reads printed matter, unless it directly relates to dollars and cents, and the best way to obtain the same; yet, as it is at least within the bounds of possibility that his keen eye may happen to glance over these pages, we are rather afraid to describe him personally in such graphic language as would convince the worthy down-easter, that he had unconsciously sate for his portrait in our presence. All we dare to say is this. At our entrance Captain Goahead was seated

on a chair in a reversed attitude—that is, his face was to the back thereof, his long legs widely apart, toes pointed upwards, and he was in the act of cutting a section off a roll of leaf tobacco, tightly "served" (as a sailor would say) with spun-yarn, with a knife bearing—as we shudderingly observed—a suspicious resemblance to what is called a "bowie." The roll of tobacco he had conveniently placed on the rail of the chair back, and just as he had severed the piece intended to accommodate his cheek with a comfortable quid, he quickly raised his head, pushed back the long lank black hair which had straggled down from beneath the broad brim of his felt "wide-awake" hat, and fixed on us a penetrating prolonged stare, evidently measuring us from top to toe. We presume that the opinion he formed was on the whole favorable, for he coolly squirted a copious stream of dark-coloured juice into the heart of the fire, where it emitted a sharp crackle, and then he stretched forth his long arm, with the fresh *plug* extended between the tips of his tawny fingers, and in a shrill nasal twang laconically said to us:—"Chaw, cap'tain? Rale Virginny!" This was kindly meant, and so we smiled and bowed, but courteously declined, on the plea that we didn't "chaw." Thereupon Captain Goahead complacently responded, "Wal! stranger, there's no compulsion. This hyur's a free country, I carkelate, so what's the odds?" and he forthwith conveyed the delicate morsel to his own mouth, and proceeded to vigorously masticate the "rale Virginny."

We must not omit to describe one other individual. He is a captain—but on the "retired list," having given up the sea years ago, on a very comfortable competency most honourably and arduously earned, during a long life spent on the ocean wave. (By the way, we, who know what "a life on the ocean wave" really is, never can hear sentimental coxcombs sing that line without an inward feeling of intense disgust.") Well, Captain

\* Formerly the custom in England, by the bye. Thus, bloated old Jack Falstaff tells Prince Hal, that when he was Hal's age he was so slim, that he "could have crept through an alderman's thumb-ring."

† Many Scandinavian skippers have great silver pipe-bowls, and seem to pride themselves on the size and massiveness of these costly *fabriques*.

George Boom, having in the course of his life visited more than one half the ports in every quarter of the globe, finally settled down at Seaport, where he has a snug little cottage in the suburbs, kept in the nicest order by the housewifely cares of his worthy spouse. They have no family, but their latter days glide along peacefully and happily. Captain Boom, however, would be a miserable man in spite of all his comforts, were it not for the Old Ship Tavern. It is a true saying that an old coachman loves the smack of the whip, and equally true is it that an old seaman loves to be within sight of his shipping, and to daily associate with those of the profession in which he has spent his youth and manhood. And so Captain Boom lounges about the pier, and the docks, and the harbour, all the forenoon; and in the afternoon, after dinner, he drops into the Old Ship, and chats over his glass of grog with the guests, and looks at the *Shipping Gazette*. In the evening, almost as regularly as the eight-day clock in the lobby strikes seven, Captain Boom enters, and ascends to the captain's room to spend a few hours. He is the king of that room, though the regular frequenters hail him as the OLD COMMODORE—a title which he relishes extremely. Captain Boom—or, the Old Commodore, as we ought henceforth to call him—is sixty-five, yet he is still a stout active man, and it is easy to see that when younger, his features must have been eminently handsome. On an evening he sits in an easy arm-chair—nobody ever thinks of occupying this throne to his exclusion—and listens benignantly to all the small talk and discussions going on; now and then giving his mature opinion, which, generally speaking, is well worth hearing on all professional subjects. Good-natured, manly Old Commodore! long mayst thou live to enjoy thy *otium cum dignitate*, say we!

The conversation was confined to the British—for the Dutchmen and the Dane smoked on in silence, or, at most, only grunted an occasional ejaculation, and the Yankee abstractedly amused himself by gently hacking the back of his chair with his glittering bowie. The captains commented upon the last number of the *Shipping Gazette*, and had a sharp

discussion concerning who was to blame in a terrible case of collision therein reported—Captain Brace being of opinion that the officer of one of the ships ought to have ported his helm under the peculiar circumstances of the case, whilst Captain Blowhard doggedly maintained the exact reverse, and although the Old Commodore mildly decided that Brace was right, the dogmatic Baltic captain wouldn't give in. Then various points of seamanship were mooted, and Captain Rupert Charleston drew down on himself sundry sarcastic remarks, because he kept saying, "We did so and so in John Company's service," and appeared to think that first-rate seamanship could only be acquired in the ships of the H. E. I. Company. At length a violent difference of opinion ensued on the subject of heaving-to a ship by counter-bracing. "I says it, and I sticks to it," roared Captain Blowhard, striking the table a blow with his sledge-hammer fist that made the glasses dance and ring, "that the true shipshape way is to brail up mainsail, if so be it is on her; square mainyards aback; haul up foresail; back cross-jack yards; keep jib set, and spanker full; and helm a-lee." Little Captain Fidgett rose to his feet, and with animated gesticulations proceeded to deliver a scientific disquisition, all about "centres of rotation," "principles of counter-action," and so forth, which nobody seemed to understand any better than the orator himself, and so the discord grew to such an unpleasant pitch that fists were doubled, and personal observations were muttered, of a tendency to excite a breach of the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. Now it was that the good Old Commodore thought it high time to cast oil on the troubled waters. He soothingly remarked that much depended on the build and rig of a ship, and that certainly a long clipper might be heaved-to in a different manner from a short deep-sided craft, &c. Then he proposed for the company to join in a bowl of punch, which he undertook to brew. We all—foreigners included—readily agreed, and in a few minutes fresh tumblers adorned the ample board, and the pretty "daughter of the house" brought in the ingredients, and screeching hot water, Captain Ru-

pert Charleston ogled her so that she blushed and tossed her head, but her friend the Old Commodore chuckled her under the chin in a fatherly way, and whispered something that made her laugh merrily; and what with her neat figure, her dimpled rosy cheeks, her pearly teeth, and her bright eyes, she really looked charming.

The punch was soon concocted and ladled out, and then the Old Commodore said he would give us a sentiment—"Here's the wind that blows; the ship that goes; and the lass that loves a sailor!" We have no doubt that he had given it at least a thousand times in the course of his life. Our Yankee friend, Captain Goahead, didn't seem to care much for "sentiments," but asked a good many pointed questions of Captain Blackman concerning the African trade, in which the latter had been long engaged, Captain Blackman rubbed his bullet-head vigorously, brightened a little, and favoured us with a great deal of curious information about the mode of barter, the natives, the priests, the *ju-ju's*, the climate, and the slave trade, along the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea. Captain Goahead was particularly inquisitive on the last named topic, and deliberately avowed that he would be "catawampously swamped if it warn't darned hard lines that the Britishers wouldn't let a fellow turn an honest penny in the way of blackbird-catching" (i.e., slave hunting). Captain Blackman remarked that, speaking of the coast of Africa, he was vividly reminded of a terrible adventure that he underwent when on a voyage thither. Being pressed to relate, he did so, and in a manner which evinced that he was by no means so prosaic and unimpressible a mortal as we had at first imagined. In here giving his story, however, we shall be compelled to use some degree of compression, and also to put it a little into "shipshape" fashion, in a literary sense.

"Well, gentlemen," (commenced Captain Blackman) "you probably are aware that about eighteen degrees North of the Line, there is a place on the coast of Africa named Portendik, celebrated as an emporium of the gum trade. About five-and-twenty years ago, when I was a young fellow of two-and-twenty, I sailed before the mast

in a small Liverpool brig bound for this port; but when within fifty leagues of our destination, the vessel was capsized by a sudden squall, and I believe that, excepting myself, every soul on board perished. I was on the fore-castle when it happened, and the shock threw me into the boiling sea, clear of the hull, which at once rolled keel-upwards with appalling velocity. I could swim well, and struck out for dear life, with a prayer on my quivering lips. Not one of my unhappy shipmates could I see—they probably were all overwhelmed by the hull. A small dingy (a sort of light skiff) had been providentially launched sheer from the brig's deck as though by the hand of man; and now I beheld it floating buoyant as a cork at some distance to leeward. With a cry of delight I swam towards it, but in my eagerness to save myself, I grasped its gunwale amidships, and it fairly 'turned turtle,' as sailors say—that is, bottom upwards. After desperate exertions I succeeded in righting it, and this time got fairly in over the stern. The little skiff was still half full of water, and I could only bale it out with the palms of my hands. Repeatedly did a wave roll over the dingy, burying me under water, and I had to hold on hard lest I should be washed adrift. At length a jerking swell happily whirled two-thirds of the water out of the skiff, and I soon scooped the residue over the gunwale: then I sank on the bottom quite exhausted, but with a fervent thanksgiving to heaven, for I now felt assured of at least temporary safety.

The squall passed away almost as quickly as it had arisen, and the heavy swell subsided by degrees, until the face of old Ocean was seemingly as calm as an inland lake—but, as you all well know, the sea is *never* perfectly at rest: there is always a swell, even when imperceptible to the eye, and in a dead calm the waters will sometimes emit a kind of moan—and a very  *eerie* sound it is, and one that makes a nervous imaginative man start and look around him, to convince himself that the respiration is not from mortal lungs. I gazed with eager anxiety towards the capsized brig, but could not discover any of my poor shipmates, and having drifted into a smooth swift current,

it swept the dingy away, so that in a few hours I was far distant from the locality of the catastrophe. My situation was a very terrible one. I had no means whatever of managing the skiff—I was without food and water, and exposed to a broiling mid-day sun. No sail appeared on the horizon, and from my low position on the water, I too well knew that a passing vessel could not notice me unless she sailed pretty near, and even in the latter case it was at least questionable if she would bear up to my rescue. How the day sped you may in some degree imagine. Hopes and fears alternated, but physical prostration at length triumphed, and I sank on the bottom of the little craft in a fainting condition. My thirst was dreadful, for, to increase my misery, I had swallowed much salt water. I would have given all the wealth in the world—had it been mine to give—for a single draught of fresh water! From sunset I ceased to suffer—nature could endure no more, and insensibility spared me further pang.

I have no further recollection of anything, till I opened my eyes in a state of half stupor, and saw by the light of a brilliant moon some dark figures bending over me, and heard voices of sympathy, and felt rough but kindly hands raise me from the bottom of the dingy, whence I was promptly transferred into a boat alongside, which then rowed away with long measured strokes. Where was I? What had happened? My dizzy brain by degrees recalled the past, and I feebly put a question to the men who had rescued me. Their brief explanation was that my dingy had nearly been run down by their ship, but the moment it was perceived, the cutter hove-to, and sent the boat which had picked me up, and was now conveying me to the ship.

The sloop-o'-war cruiser *Firefly* was the ship that saved me, and when I had quite recovered, the captain proposed to me to join her. I candidly told him that I did not wish to enter the navy—but what could I do? I knew very well that the pestilential fevers of the African coast frequently swept away half a cruiser's crew, yet, on the other hand, the vessel had saved me from certain death, and I

was penniless and helpless. So, after turning the matter end-for-end, I entered, and was rated an A.B., with a prospect of promotion to a petty officer's grade if I behaved well, and a certainty of being discharged at the expiration of the cruise, if the sharks did not claim me for their perquisite before that cruise was ended.

A few days after I joined, the *Firefly* anchored in the magnificent George's Bay, at Fernando Po, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, lying in the Bight of Biafra, some eighteen or twenty miles from the continent of Africa. It is about thirty miles in length by fifteen in breadth, and has two great mountains rising to the enormous height of eleven thousand feet. The *Firefly* having lost many hands during her year on the coast, and a majority of the survivors being now very sickly, the Commodore on the station ordered her to Ascension, to recruit the health of the crew by a few weeks sojourn at that salubrious island; and, accordingly, to the joy of all on board, from Captain to cabin-boy, we sheeted our topsails and stood out to sea, within twenty-four hours after arriving in George's Bay.

On arriving at Ascension, we found Admiral ——— there, and the Captain of the *Firefly*, when dining one day in the flag-ship, happened to mention the extraordinary manner in which I was picked up and became one of his crew, and also kindly added that I had reluctantly joined, not being desirous of entering a man-o'-war. The good old admiral thereupon expressed a wish to see me, and I was at once sent to the flag-ship and introduced to his presence. He asked me to relate my adventure and escape, and I did so, plainly and truthfully. He seemed much struck, and inquired if I really wished to quit the King's service and sail again in a merchantman? I frankly answered in the affirmative. He then said that he would speak to my captain on the subject, and after a few kindly words, he gave me a guinea (which I keep to this hour) and dismissed me. Next day I received my formal discharge from the *Firefly*, and a few hours subsequently I joined a merchantman homeward bound. My story is ended, gentlemen."

"A close escape you had, Captain

Blackman," remarked the Old Commodore.

"Ay, when he was adrift in that 'ere dinky," said Captain Blowhard, "he was what I call jambed hard up in a clinch, and no knife at hand to cut the lashings."

"'Twas touch-and-go with him," cried Captain Fidgett.

"Touch-and-go is a good pilot, as we all know," added Captain Brace.

"Yes," said Captain Rupert Charleston, twirling round his finger-rings, "it was really quite a romantic escape. You should tell it to the ladies, Blackman! How the dear things would flutter! But do you know, gentlemen, it reminds me of a very singular and mysterious occurrence which I witnessed a few years ago in the Indian Ocean. Perhaps you would not object, were I to——"

"Darn palaver!" interrupted the impatient Yankee. "Time is dollars. Freshen yer nip. Spin yer yarn right slick out o' hand. Them's my sentiments. Go-ahead!"

Captain Charleston took the hint. He eschewed all further preface, and thus commenced:—

"On our outward voyage we had reached the latitude of the Almirante Isles, when one morning the ship being on a taut bowline, a man aloft startled us with the cry—ever thrilling to a seaman's ear—of "*Wreck-  
ho!*"

The officer on deck sharply hailed, and the man responded—

"Broad off the starboard bow, sir!"

The first mate on this went up to the foretopsail yard with a glass.

"What do you make out, Mr. Hawser?" cried our Captain.

"A large ship, sir,—water-logged—masts and bulwarks gone!"

After a pause, during which the wreck "lifted" so as to be visible from the hurricane deck, Hawser again shouted—

"French colours upside down from stump of foremast!"

This signal of distress induced us to conjecture that people might be on board, and the Captain again hailed the yard,

"Any signs of life, Mr. Hawser?"

"Not yet, sir."

The Captain then edged down towards the wreck, which lifted so fast that the mate soon positively

announced that there were neither living nor dead on the stranger's deck.

"What's that on the larboard, aft?"

"Masts and rigging towing over the side, sir."

When within a couple of cables' length, we counterbraced so as to keep the ship nearly stationary, the wind being light but steady. A signal gun was then fired, but it elicited no response of any kind from the wreck—a ship of a thousand tons. Upon this, one of our quarter-boats was lowered, and the first mate and myself, and six hands, were sent to examine the wreck. We soon were alongside, and pulling under her counter, found her to be the French ship, *L'arc-en-ciel*, of Marseilles. We easily got on board at the main-chains, and as the mate had asserted, found neither living nor dead on deck. We hailed loudly, but no voice responded. We then looked about us for a few minutes, and found abundant cause for surprise and conjecture. In the first place, the three masts had been cut down, and had fallen over the larboard side—the foremast and its accompanying rigging having apparently drifted away; but the main and the mizen were entangled together, and held in a mass by the side of the ship. The greater part of the bulwarks and stanchions were knocked away, but the hatches of the hold were still securely battened down—circumstances all indicating that the ship had been in a storm, or at least a fierce squall, and that the crew had probably cut away the masts to right her, as she lay over on her beam-ends.

But there were several remarkable, and even suspicious matters, which baffled decision. Of these, the most important was the fact, that a quantity of biscuit, a jar of tamarinds, a half-emptied bottle of brandy, two flasks of Bordeaux wine, a small keg of water, a piece of freshly-boiled beef, half a freshly-cooked fowl, some wooden kits, and drinking horns with silver rims, one or two curious pipes, some loose tobacco, and a bundle of large East Indian cigars, were found in a jumbled heap on deck, covered over with a staysail, which one of the boat's crew happened to raise, little thinking what was beneath

it. The simple fact of the provisions being freshly prepared for use proved that people must have been on deck within a dozen hours at the very utmost. Supposing these people to have been *L'arc-en-ciel's* crew, was it not an extraordinary circumstance that they should leave food, wine, brandy, &c., in this way? Even had they abandoned the ship in their boats, or on rafts, (though, possibly, they might have been taken off by some vessel during the past night) would they not have carried these supplies with them? How was it, also, that a crew, in the absorbing alarm and danger of a state of shipwreck, had leisure to cook provisions, and coolly feast on deck?

We entered the cabins. An extraordinary scene did they present. The lockers, cupboards, &c., were all open, and their contents scattered around. Almost every portable particle of value—including the ship's papers and log-book, and the usual nautical instruments, &c.—were missing. We were some time overhauling the *débris*, and then went into the adjoining state-rooms. They, also, were rifled, and open trunks of wearing apparel, &c., heaped about. But in the best of the six state-rooms, we discovered something that struck us with amazement. On a pile of blankets, mattresses, &c., that had been torn out of the berths and flung on the floor, reposed a beautiful little boy of not more than three years' of age, sleeping so soundly that even our heavy tramp as we entered and roughly kicked aside some boxes, did not awake him. He was handsomely dressed, and it really was an affecting picture to look at him, as he slumbered amid desolation, unconscious of the imminent danger environing him. He had, however, obviously wept himself to sleep, for his eyelids were much swollen, and his cheeks yet wet with traces of tears. We of course roused him, and he unclasped his chubby arms, hitherto clutched together across his breast, and opened his eyes. His first impulse was to stretch out his hands to Mr. Hawser, but when he beheld the strange faces around, he cried—"*Ma mère ! ma mère ! Où est ma mère ?*"

I understood French, and questioned him about his mother, but he only replied by vehement supplica-

tions for her, and requests that we would take him to her *tout à l'heure*. Alas ! she and all other passengers, as well as the crew, were missing. We searched and researched the cabin and state rooms, but without further discovery, and suddenly the boom of a gun from our own ship hurried us on deck, and we found a signal flying for our immediate return, as the aspect of the horizon had rapidly changed, and a heavy squall seemed brewing. We, therefore, at once conveyed the foundling of the wreck to the boat, with a few of the articles of wearing apparel found near him, thinking they might hereafter possibly lead to his identification.

Hardly had we got on board our ship ere a squall was on us, but we escaped with the loss of the fore-top-gallant-mast, and a few light sails. When the squall cleared off, not a vestige of *L'arc-en-ciel* remained on the surface of the great deep.

The most probable theory concerning this mysterious wreck was that she had been overtaken by a squall, and that the crew cut away the masts to right her ; that they remained some time on the dismasted hulk, until she began to settle down ; that they finally were taken off by some vessel, or else left in their own boats ; and that in the hurry of departure the child was accidentally left behind. Possibly his mother had been swept overboard in the gale, and the crew were too intent on saving themselves to search for him, as he perhaps had hid himself in his fright. Some of our men entertained a dark notion that a mutiny had occurred on board the French ship, or that pirates had taken and plundered her. Still, there was no trace of any struggle or bloodshed. It was somewhat inexplicable, though, that no attempt appeared to have been made to cut adrift the wreck of the spars and rigging, nor to set up jury masts. That's all."

"But what became of the poor little French boy?" asked the Old Commodore.

"O, I forgot that," answered Captain Charleston. "Why, the lady-passengers of our ship at once took tender charge of François Adolphe, as he called himself ; but what became of him after we reached Bombay, and whether his parentage ever was discovered, I am unable to say."

Captain Rupert Charleston's story naturally suggested various reminiscences of wrecks, and nearly every captain present was able to mention several singular episodes of the kind, as occurring within his personal experience. We confess that we did our best to "draw out" our friends, but although they were—thanks to the Old Commodore's Punch Bowl—exceedingly willing to be communicative, and to narrate their most remarkable adventures; yet, on the whole, their yarns were not exactly of a kind likely to interest the reader at secondhand, and therefore we abstain from any attempt to repeat them. We began to despair of hearing anything more that night worth communicating to our beloved and honoured client and patron, the Public, but Captain Brace incidentally observed that he had been much interested by Captain Blackman's narrative of his providential escape in the dingy, and this, he said, might well excite his personal sympathy to a peculiar degree, for he himself once underwent a yet more terrible adventure at sea in an open boat. We pricked up our ears at this, and put a few questions, which elicited quite enough to convince us that Captain Brace could spin a yarn far more extraordinary in its incidents than any we had hitherto heard. We earnestly pressed him to do so, but the prosaic Yankee captain objected on the ground that yarn-spinning "war'n't profitable," for, said he, "I guess yew may spout away on that tack a twelvemonth at a stretch, and I'm flabbergasted if yew'll be a picayune the richer!" This characteristic logic did not suit us at all, and seeing the company well disposed to back us, we bought off even Captain Goahead's opposition by liberally offering to "stand" the replenishing of the Bowl, provided Captain Brace forthwith favoured us with his narrative. This was cordially agreed to, and our part of the bargain being promptly fulfilled, Brace began his story. Silence, fore and aft! for here is a yarn worth hearing!

"In 1829, (commenced Captain Brace) I was an apprentice on board the barque *Singapore*, belonging to Liverpool. She had originally been a regular trader to Singapore, but the owners had replaced her in that line

by a newer craft, and the "old barkey" now traded solely to Jamaica. The kind captain with whom I first sailed in this vessel died of the yellow fever, and he had been succeeded on the present voyage by a very inhuman master who seemed to take an absolute delight in over-working and torturing all on board, and especially did he wreak his spite on us, poor apprentices. "I'll teach you to toe the mark! I'll polish you! I'll work your old iron up!" and similar expressions, were perpetually in his mouth; and, he rope-ended, or "started" us with such brutality, that the mate several times had fierce quarrels with him through interfering with him on our behalf. The ultimate fate of this savage man seemed a retribution on him for his cruelties. A few years subsequent to the period in question, he took command of a London South Sea whaler, and when ashore at one of the islands of the Pacific, he committed some outrage upon the natives, who in revenge murdered the boats' crew, all but one man who escaped after beholding the captain put to death in a most shocking manner.

The *Singapore* was anchored in Morant Bay, Jamaica, waiting to ship some sugar, to be brought down from an estate in the interior; and here it was that myself and two fellow apprentices finally made up our minds to desert, for we were doubtful whether we should survive the homeward voyage under such a cruel master. We happened to know that a British 18-gun corvette-of-war was cruising at that time off the coast—indeed, she would sometimes stand in, and be in sight many hours. To this vessel we determined to desert, for we rightly enough argued that we should be much better treated aboard her, and we knew that we should be readily received, and that men-o-war never give up runaway seamen and apprentices—though, in the case of the latter, the master of the ship from which they desert can claim the wages they receive in the Navy, up to the time their apprenticeship to him extends, on application to the Board of Admiralty.

The question was, how to get clear of the *Singapore*? We must either bribe a shore-boat, or *borrow* one from the ship. To do the former we

had no money, and therefore the latter was our only alternative. We made our preparations to start. Each of us for several days saved as much of our biscuit as we could, without exciting suspicion, for we thought that we might be a day or two ere we fell in with the man-o'-war. We also prepared our little bundles. There was another apprentice to the barque, but on sounding him he appeared too prudent or too timid to entertain the project, and we therefore made no further attempt to induce him to join us.

At length the hour of trial came. One afternoon the captain ordered his boat to take him ashore. Myself and another apprentice rowed him, as usual. He remained some hours, and it was nearly sunset ere we got back to the ship. The boat itself was generally suspended from the davits over the vessel's stern. It was about sixteen feet long, and a light built and very neat little thing. Whilst we rested on our oars during the captain's absence ashore, we had resolved to attempt to run the ship that very night in the boat in question. A circumstance favoured us. When we got alongside the Singapore, the captain briefly ordered us to secure the boat to the mizzen-chains for the night, and to sweep her thoroughly, as she was much littered with leaves, &c., from a quantity of fruit and shrubs he had brought off with him.

By this time it was nearly dark, and whilst I officiously scrubbed about, and rattled the oars together, my two confederate messmates slipped below, and secured their bundles, as well as my own, and dropped with them into the boat. None of the men on deck took any notice of us, as they were aware that we had just pulled the captain on board. Darkness rapidly increased, and we silently dropped astern. The tide was running down, and the wind was in our favour also; so that, without dipping an oar in the water, we speedily were a considerable distance from the ship—but, just as we out with the oars, conceiving there was no longer any necessity for silence, we heard a loud uproar on board the Singapore, followed by the firing of a quarter-deck signal-cannonade, and the splashing of the jolly-boat in the water. We knew now that our flight was disco-

vered, and that we were about to be pursued. With fast-beating heart I grasped the tiller, and there was no need to tell my messmates to pull with a will. Thanks to the pitchy darkness of the night, we were speedily lost to all pursuit, but we continued to row by turns till day-break—steering by the stars, when they shone out clear, in what we fancied was the best course to fall in with H. M. S. *Shark*.

The magnificent sunrise of the tropics lighted up the bosom of the deep, and then we discovered that we had rowed, and had drifted with a current, quite out of sight of land, and were upon the wide Caribbean Sea; but this gave us no immediate concern, as we felt tolerably sure of falling in with the *Shark* in the course of the day. We now examined our stores, and found that we had about a dozen and a-half of biscuits, and three or four lumps of boiled salt junk. Happily, there was in the bows of the boat a breaker containing about four gallons of water. We had no compass and no sails. All we had to trust to was our oars and own sharp eyes. We were much exhausted by the night's work, and after a slight meal and a hearty drink of water, two of us lay down on the bottom of the boat, intending to sleep for a couple of hours, whilst the third kept watch. He, however, poor fellow, was too thoroughly wearied to continue awake, and he soon slid off the thwart, and slept also.

When we awoke, we found, to our horror, that we must have slept nearly all day, for the sun was low down in the horizon, much obscured by driving clouds, and the sea was running high, and the boat rocking helplessly about. We had no means of knowing how far we had drifted, but there was much reason to fear we were far out at sea. We immediately held a council to determine what was best to be done—and, here I may briefly describe the three poor erring ship-boys thus exposed together to imminent peril. I was then seventeen years of age, tall and active, but not possessed of much bodily strength. I had been apprenticed to the Singapore at the age of fifteen, after receiving a tolerably good education at the grammar school of the



country town where I was born. Of my two messmates, one was a couple of years older than myself. His name was Reuben Lane, and he was a native of Leicester—a powerfully-built, chub-headed fellow, able and willing, but ignorant, and naturally stupid and slow of comprehension. The other was named Charles Bailey; he was only fifteen years of age, and came from a village in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. He was a slight but a remarkable pretty boy, and had received a good education. He was the most gentle and affectionate creature conceivable; and often had my heart bled for him when the brutal captain was treating him with abominable cruelty. He was, moreover, a quick, keen-witted lad, and the only son of a widowed mother.

We held, as I said, a council, but fear had already so completely muddled the slow dull current of Reuben Lane's ideas, that although much the oldest of the three, he had not an opinion to offer, nor anything to suggest, but was quite willing to do whatever I desired. Poor little Bailey, mere child as he was, gave his opinion with a decision and good sense far beyond his years. He thought that as we must have drifted far out to sea, we had better steer in the direction of what we thought the nearest land; for we could not be certain of falling in with any vessel whatever out at sea. He also thought we had better put ourselves on short allowance of provisions and water, especially the latter. I entirely acquiesced, and as to Reuben Lane, he was a mere cypher.

We immediately examined stock, and calculated that not more than two gallons of water remained in the breaker; and for food we had ten biscuits and perhaps a pound and a half of salt beef. We each ate a biscuit and a morsel of meat, and measured out the water into a piece of broken cocoa-nut

shell lying in the boat, which gave about half-a-pint to each of us. The setting sun at this moment blazed in the effulgence of its glory,\* just above the horizon, and we hailed it as the augury of Hope.

The sea was rough, and we had to lay-to until the stars shone forth by which we might shape our course; but unhappily they were obscured by clouds from time to time throughout the night, and the wind chopped about continually. We spent a miserable night, occasionally drenched with spray, and conscious that we probably had not changed our position a single league for the better.

The second morning dawned—the 7th of August—and we all eagerly looked round the waste of heaving green billows, but not a sail was in sight. To add to our distress, a powerful wind sprang up, blowing steadily from the north-west (as we knew from the position of the sun), which was highly unfavourable for our design to steer for the nearest point of St. Domingo; and in spite of our utmost endeavours, we could not hold our own against it, and by-and-bye the seas struck us so furiously that we found our only hope against being swamped was to scud before the wind. Even then, it was difficult to keep the cork of a boat under command, and we determined to rig a jury-mast and sail. To furnish the latter we opened our bundles, and Reuben Lane happening to have a sailmaker's needle and palm, and a ball of twine, in his pocket, he speedily made a rude but strong lug-sail by sewing our shirts and spare jackets together. This we bent to the boat-hook for a yard, and set up an oar for the mast. For shrouds, sheets, braces and halyard, we untwisted the boat's long painter, each strand of which was strong enough for our purpose. The thimble (a species of large ring) at the end of the painter, was

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\* Does the reader remember the passage in Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby," descriptive of the setting of the tropical sun? It is so literally correct—so vividly true—that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that the great poet (now unjustly depreciated) had not often gazed on the wondrous spectacle he depicts in the following magnificent lines:—

"No pale gradations quench his ray,  
No twilight dews his wrath allay;  
With disk like battle-target red  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once—and all is night!"

lashed to the oar handle to serve instead of a block, through which to reef the halyard. All being thus completed, we hoisted the sail, and found it to answer exceedingly well—the boat being under command, and bearing up steadily.

To our unspeakable dismay, the gale lasted till noon on the third day, when it suddenly fell, and a dead calm ensued. Not a sail hove in sight, and the sun overhead was like a furnace. We now had only four biscuits left, and the water in the breaker was reduced to about two quarts—near as we could guess. This was a fearful dilemma, and our hearts sank within us. For aught we knew, we were now two or three hundred miles from any shore, and we might be becalmed till we perished. Any one of us could have ate the whole handful of biscuits remaining, and have emptied the breaker at a single meal, but we rigidly stinted ourselves to half a biscuit each for dinner, and half our former allowance of water. Anything being better than desponding inaction, we unshipped the mast, and rowed as long as our strength enabled us; but were so exhausted by lack of food, by thirst, and by the broiling sun, that we soon had to give in, and then we sat moodily gazing at one another till the sun again set.

On the fourth day the calm continued, and after several unavailing efforts to row—our strength being now quite gone—we all stretched ourselves under the thwarts, and drew the sail over us to shade the rays of the burning sun. That night we shared the last biscuit, and drained the last drop of water out of the keg. Reuben Lane, by far the most physically powerful when we started, now was weakest and most cowardly. In the course of the evening he muttered to us—

"Messmates, I now wish we were even aboard the cruel old hooker again!"

Alas! so did we.

The fifth day dawned. Still a dead calm—still the merciless sun scorched us like the fiery blast from the mouth of an iron foundry, and our lips cracked till the blood oozed forth, and the skin of our necks, faces, and hands came off in crisp rolls. Not a morsel to eat—not a drop to drink—and the noon-day vertical sun overhead! Exerting our united strength,

we dipped the sail in the sea, and then spread it over the thwarts and gunwale, and crept under it. Despair was fast gaining the mastery, and we recalled to each other the many hideous stories of sufferings experienced by others in situations similar to our own. Hunger we might have battled with, but our thirst was intolerable. Reuben Lane groaned aloud in his agony, and sometimes he cursed and raved. Once I heard him pray, and oh! what a fearful prayer! He prayed that not one of us might live to see the light of another day! After a while he crept from under the sail, and I fancied I heard the gurgling sound of drinking. I crawled forth, and beheld the wretched fellow leaning over the gunwale, scooping up the saltwater with both hands, and swallowing it as fast as he could. I instantly exclaimed—

"Reuben, for pity sake don't drink *that*! It will drive you raving mad!"

He turned round with an idiotic grin, and answered—

"Let it! I don't care if it does!"

That very night he *did* go raving mad, and just after sunset he leaped overboard. The instant he was in the sea he was torn to pieces by two large white sharks, which had kept alongside the boat, with instinctive expectation, ever since the calm commenced.

This awful event seemed but a warning to us of our own coming fate; and young Bailey, who had hitherto kept up his spirits in a marvellous manner, began to sob pitifully, and the poor little fellow cried—

"Oh! messmate, who is to tell my mother? I shall never see her again. I shall soon follow *him*. Oh, Bill! if you live to get back to England, will you see my mother, and tell her how I died?"

I promised I would; but not a shadow of hope had I now that I should escape the appalling doom I had unwittingly brought on myself. However, I opened the Bible (*my mother's gift*), which had been brought on board in my little bundle, and I read passages from the Psalms. My throat and tongue were so parched that my voice shrank to a childish treble, but the words of promise refreshed the souls of us both. I re-

member two verses especially, which seemed so applicable to our condition, that when I had read them I reverentially closed the sacred volume, and could read no more. These were the words :—" Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him : and upon them that put their trust in His mercy. To deliver their soul from death : and to feed them in the time of dearth. . . . Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us : like as we do put our trust in Thee."

Towards noon a large flying-fish leapt on board. We instantly seized it, tore it in half, and ravenously devoured every morsel, whilst it yet quivered with life. But, alas ! this only seemed to increase our pangs of thirst, and we both felt doubtful whether we should survive during the day.

About an hour before sunset my little messmate sank rapidly. I supported his head on my knee, and so long as he continued sensible, he clasped my hand, and kept moaning—

" Oh, Bill ! my poor, dear mother ! She had only me—and I am dying ! Tell her I thought of her, and prayed for her to the last—tell her *that*, Bill !"

I strove to comfort him, and at length he cried—

" I feel my head all a-fire ! Good-bye, Bill ! you've been a kind messmate to me, and my only friend at sea. Good-bye, and God bless you, Bill !"

He never was sensible after this ; but for hours his mind wandered among the scenes of his infancy and young boyhood. His cottage-home in Nottinghamshire, and his beloved, widowed mother, were all he spoke about ; and he died in my arms, with some inarticulate murmur about his mother on his shrivelled lips. When I perceived his breath had fled, I laid his head down, and closed his eyes ; and, shocking as it may appear, I rejoiced in heart that he was dead. I had loved him like a brother, but it seemed a mercy for God to remove him from such a state of torment as we had both endured for

the last forty-eight hours, and I inwardly prayed that my turn might come before morning.

After this, I remember gazing with a sort of idiotic admiration at the brilliant moon, and the unfathomable heavens overhead. Such a resplendent orb, and such a sky, are seen nowhere but in the Tropics. So powerful were the rays of the moon, that only a few stars of the largest magnitude were visible, owing to the excess of lunar light. By degrees clouds began to gather, and rain—blessed rain !—descended heavily. I stretched myself on my back, with open mouth, and every few moments I wrung the sail and sucked its moisture, but the more I sucked the more insatiate grew my thirst. At length I sank on a heap by the side of my dead companion, and fell into a deep, dreamless slumber, which was rather stupefaction than sleep.

It was some hours after daybreak when I awoke, and the dreadful sun was shining hotly once more. My first impulse was to eagerly suck the last drop of moisture remaining in the sail and in my own clothes, and then I groaned for more. By this time I was emaciated to a skeleton, and my skin was full of ulcerated sores. I strove with all my power to heave the decomposing corpse of poor Bailey overboard, but after repeated efforts I relinquished the attempt in despair. It was again a dead calm. I removed to the extreme bow of the boat, resting my back against the stem. After awhile, to my inexpressible horror, five or six gallinases\* fluttered over the remains of my messmate, having doubtless been attracted by scenting the dead. I was astonished to see these birds, as their presence was a proof that I must be almost in sight of land (for the gallinases are incapable of venturing very far from it), but whither the boat had drifted was beyond my power to reckon. I endeavoured with all my might to frighten these disgusting creatures away, but in vain. They sailed boldly round my head, evidently sensible that I had not the power to hurt them, and I felt an awful thrill at the foreboding thought that they pro-

\* A species of huge carrion crow. In Jamaica people call them John Crows, and they help the vultures to perform the office of general scavengers.

bably were conscious that after they had banquetted on my messmate, I also should serve their turn. The body of Bailey—so rapid is decomposition in these latitudes—now presented an awful spectacle. . . . All identity of features had for ever vanished.

When I think of the revolting scene that now ensued, I feel sick at heart, although so many years have elapsed. The gallinases settled with outstretched wings on the festering body; they . . . and all this time they croaked, and fluttered, and flapped their blood-stained wings, and ever and anon fixed their glittering eyes on me—ah, what fiendish eyes, as I then thought, yet they only followed the instinct implanted in their nature by their all-wise Creator—and mine—for His omniscient purposes. "God have mercy on me, a sinner!" was all I could ejaculate.

More than once I felt a strong impulse to cast myself headlong into the sea—for death by drowning, or even by being crushed in the jaws of the terrible white sharks, the ominous satellites of the boat, seemed preferable to being devoured piecemeal and alive by the diabolical gallinases—and this I dreaded, not altogether without reason, would soon be my fate.

Minutes—hours—passed on; and the obscene birds, now increased in numbers, continued their horrid banquet. It was evident that ere sunset nothing but the skeleton of my messmate would remain, and I could not, and did not doubt, that then they would attack me, whether alive or dead. I felt my heart sicken—my brain reel—a film came over my eyes—a loud droning sound filled my ears—my hands groped wildly about—and I became as though dead.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in the cabin of a vessel, and learnt that an American trader, bound from Port Royal to Barbadoes, had picked me up, a breeze having providentially arisen, and brought the ship down upon me whilst I lay in a state of utter insensibility. I received every possible kindness at the hands of my preservers, who placed me in an hospital on the arrival of the vessel at Barbadoes, and there I remained nearly three months ere I was finally discharged as convalescent.

Thus ended Captain William Brace's extraordinary narrative—to which we

have endeavoured—however inadequately—to do justice in our present version.

By this time the Bowl was again "shoal," and the two Dutchmen, after emphatically observing that "de poonch ish ver' goot!" privately addressed the Dane, and the result of their guttural whispering was that the worthy trio insisted on treating us English in turn. And so the Old Commodore made a third capital brewage, which we unanimously pronounced A 1, and it was drained even yet more rapidly than its excellent predecessors. Meanwhile, the Dutchmen entertained us by singing every word of their lengthy national hymn, *Vaderland*; and then the Dane sang his national song, *Den tappre Landsoldat*. Of course, we bold Britons responded by patriotically roaring in full chorus, *Rule Britannia*; and thereupon Captain Goahead felt irresistibly impelled to sing *Hail Columbia*. This being finished, and duly applauded, the gallant Yankee, to our agreeable surprise, announced that for the honour of the Stars and Stripes, he, Aminadab Washington Goahead, would "stump down" for a fourth replenishing of the mighty Bowl, and, added he, with impressive emphasis—"Darn the expense!" The punch was quickly brewed, and, all glasses being duly charged, Captain Goahead arose (slightly unsteady on his feet, as we—perhaps erroneously—fancied), and in a triumphant, yet gracious tone, recited:—

"Ameriky and Engerland  
Whop all the world beside 'em;  
And may the Atlantic erer be  
The only thing as shall divide 'em."

He resumed his seat amidst tumultuous applause, and deservedly so, for the sentiment of the last two lines is excellent—whatever the poetry may be.

We ardently wish that Mr. Richard Cobden, and Mr. John Bright, and the other eminent leaders of the Peace Society, could now have dropped into the Captains' Room in the Old Ship Tavern, for it would, indubitably, have gladdened their hearts to behold a sort of practical realization of their amiable theory of the fraternity of nations. English, Dutch, Dane, and Yankee were promiscuously shaking hands, all was harmony and brotherly love.

Time wore on. The Bowl was once more drained to its very dregs; eleven

o'clock struck; and the noble Old Commodore, observing that he was an hour beyond his usual time of departure, and that he really didn't know what his "old woman" would say to him, prepared to go. We offered to see him safely home, and he graciously consented. As the fine old sea-captain and we quitted the room together, we cast around it a lingering farewell glance. The two Dutchmen and the Dane were vehemently spluttering close before the fire; Captain Rupert

Charleston and Captain Aminadab Washington Goahead were solemnly and affectionately vowing friendship for life; Captain Anthony Blowhard was loudly singing (as well as he could) his favourite song of "Nature and Nancy"; Captain Fidgett was drearily declaiming about scientific seamanship, his discourse being addressed to nobody in particular; and Captain William Brace was sitting bolt upright in his chair, smiling most benignantly on everybody.

#### THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*DEUT. xxxiv. 6.*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave.  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth,  
But no man heard the trampling  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,  
On grey Bethpeor's height,  
Out of his rocky eirie  
Looked on the wond'rous sight.  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot:  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muff'd drum,  
Follow the funeral car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honour'd place  
With costly marble drest.  
In the great minster transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword ;  
This the most gifted Poet  
That ever breath'd a word ;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour ?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, most wond'rous thought !  
Before the Judgment Day ;  
And stand with glory wrapped around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
O dark Bethpeor's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell ;  
He hides them deep like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

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SPRING.

A flush of green is on the boughs,  
A warm breath panteth in the air,  
And in the earth a heart-pulse there  
Throbs underneath her breast of snows :

Life is astir among the woods,  
And by the moor, and by the stream  
The year as from a torpid dream  
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds ;

Wakes up in music as the song  
Of wood-bird wild and loosen'd rill  
More frequent from the windy hill  
Comes greenening-forest-aisles along ;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen  
 Of woodland-pool the gleams receives  
 Through bright flowers, overbraided leaves,  
 Of broken sunlights, golden-green.

She sees the outlawed Winter stay  
 Awhile, to gather after him  
 Snow-ropes, frost-crystalled diadem,  
 And then in soft showers pass away :

She could not love rough Winter well,  
 Yet cannot choose but mourn him now,  
 So wears awhile on her young brow  
 His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns her, loving, to the sun,  
 Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,  
 And in the joy of his first kiss  
 Forgets for aye that sterner one :

Old Winter's pledge from her he reaves—  
 That icy-cold, though glittering spar—  
 And zones her with a green cymar,  
 And girdles round her brow with leaves :

The primrose and wood-violet  
 He tangles in her shining hair,  
 And teaches elfin breezes fair  
 To sing her some sweet canzonet,

All promising long summer hours,  
 When she in his embrace shall lie  
 Under the broad dome of bright sky,  
 On mossy couches starred with flowers,

'Till she smiles back again to him  
 The beauty beaming from his face,  
 And, robed in light, glows with the grace  
 Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

Oh ! Earth thy growing loveliness  
 Around our very hearts has thrown  
 An undimmed joyance all it's own,  
 And sunned us o'er with happiness. X. ?

MEMOIR OF GENERAL KILMAINE, COMMANDANT OF LOMBARDY AND GENERAL  
 OF THE ARMÉE D'ANGLETERRE.

CHARLES JENNINGS KILMAINE, a gallant and justly celebrated general in the French army, was born in Dublin in the year 1750, and was descended from an ancient Irish family, which had always been strongly attached to the Roman Catholic religion, and opposed the interests of England. So deep was the animosity of his father to the church and government as established in Ireland, that in 1765 he took Char-

les to France, and there recommended him, when only in his fifteenth year, to enlist as a private hussar in the regiment de Lauzun, a distinguished cavalry corps of the old French service, raised originally in the department of the Garonne. He accompanied this corps to America, where he served in the War of Independence under the celebrated Marquis de Lafayette, Grand Provost of the kingdom

of France, and was present in most of those battles in which Washington and his generals so signally discomfited the troops of Great Britain. Association with officers of the United States army, added to those impressions made upon him during his youth in Ireland and the teachings of his father, caused Kilmaine to imbibe strongly the sentiments of a revolutionist.

He repeatedly distinguished himself in action; and his colonel, the gallant Biron, after passing him through the more subordinate ranks, appointed him sous-lieutenant of a troop.

On the conclusion of the war, our Irish hussar returned with his regiment to France, full of those ideas of liberty and insurrection which he had seen so signally triumphant in the New World; and nearly all his brother officers had imbibed the same opinions. Thus it was with ill-concealed joy that the young Kilmaine and his comrades, the hussars de Lauzun, in 1789, saw a revolution, which seemed destined to achieve results like those they had witnessed in America, break forth in old monarchical France.

In 1789 he was appointed captain of his troop, and continued to serve with the hussars, who became so much attached to him, that during the tumults of 1794 he contributed greatly by his influence, presence and example, to retain under their colors nearly the whole of the regiment, which like the regiment of Royal Germans and the hussars de Saxe, seemed disposed to desert *en masse*. Thanks to the patriotic zeal displayed by Kilmaine in the cause of his adopted country, the officers of noble family who chose to become emigrants were alone lost to the service; but this proved to him a new source of advancement, and he was soon appointed a *chef d'escadre*, which in the French army is equal to the rank of a general officer, being commander of a division; and about this time he enjoyed the friendship of his countryman the Comte O'Kelly, who was ambassador of France at Mayence, with an income of 30,000 livres per annum.

As a *chef d'escadre*, Kilmaine served throughout the first campaigns of the revolution, and under Dumouriez and Lafayette commanded a corps of that army which burst into the Nether-

lands, and annexed that territory to republican France.

He fought with remarkable bravery at the great battle of Gemappes, on the 6th November, 1792, and with his hussars repeatedly charged the Austrians, driving them *sabre à la main* along the road that leads from Mons to Valenciennes; and so pleased was his general, the unfortunate Dumouriez, that in the moment of victory he named him colonel; but this nomination was not confirmed by the minister of war. However, he was soon after gratified by a brevet of *maréchal de camp*, which made him, in rank, second only to a lieutenant-general.

He continued to serve with this army, and to be one of its most active and able officers, during all the sufferings which succeeded the victory at Gemappes. It consisted of forty-eight battalions of infantry, and three thousand two hundred cavalry. In December, by the neglect of the Revolutionary Government, these troops were shirtless, shoeless, starving and in rags; fifteen hundred men deserted; the cavalry of Kilmaine were soon destitute of boots, saddles, carbines, pistols and even sabres; the military chest was empty, and six thousand troop and baggage horses died at Lisle and Tongres, for want of forage. "To such a state," says Dumouriez, "was the victorious army of Gemappes reduced after the conquest of Belgium!"

Honorable testimony has been given to the unceasing efforts of Kilmaine to preserve order among his soldiers amid these horrors; and with other staff-officers, he frequently endeavoured by private contribution to make out a days subsistence for their men, who roved about in bands, robbing the villages around their cantonments at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in revenge many were murdered by the peasants, when found straggling alone beyond their out-posts.

After the defection and flight of General Dumouriez, Kilmaine adhered to the National Convention, and by that body was appointed a general of division; and now he redoubled his energies to restore order in the army, which by the defection of its leader Dumouriez was almost disbanded; thus, in one month after General Dampierre took command, so ably was



he seconded by Kilmaine, the discipline was completely established.

He commanded the advance guard of Dampierre in the new campaign against the allied powers, on the failure of the congress at Antwerp on the 8th of April, 1793; and his leader bears the highest testimony to the gallantry and noble conduct of Kilmaine, in the "murderous affairs of the 1st and 2nd May"; in which, according to the official report, he had two chargers shot under him.

Six days of incessant skirmishing succeeded, during which Kilmaine never had his boots off, nor returned his sabre once to the scabbard; and he displayed the most reckless valor on the 8th of May, in that battle fought by Dampierre, to deliver Condé.

The French were routed with great loss; Dampierre was slain; and on Kilmaine as an active cavalry officer devolved the task of covering the retreat of the infuriated and disorderly army, which fell back from Condé-sur-l'Ecluse, which is a barrier town, and was then the nominal lordship of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.

On General La Marche succeeding Dampierre, he sent Kilmaine with his division to the great forest of Ardennes, which formed a part of the theatre of war, on the invasion of France by the allies; but he remained there only a short time, and rejoined the main army, which he found in the most critical circumstances.

The fall of Dampierre and the arrestment of Custine acted fatally on the army of the North, which was now reduced to about thirty thousand rank and file, and these remained in a disorderly state, without a proper chief, and without aim or object—its manœuvres committed to chance or directed by ignorance; for with the exception of Kilmaine its leaders were destitute of skill, experience and energy. Quitting the camp of Cassar, they returned to their fortified position at Famars, three miles distant from Valenciennes, the approach to which it covered. Here they were attacked on the 23rd of May, driven back and obliged to abandon the city to its own garrison under General Ferrand; a success which enabled the allies under the Duke of York to lay immediate siege to Condé and to Valenciennes, the two most important barrier towns upon the northern frontier. While

the army of the North continued in full retreat towards the Scheldt, the British commander-in-chief briskly attacked Valenciennes, which General Ferrand first laid in ashes, and then delivered up; his garrison, as the reward of their obstinate defence, being permitted to march out by the gate of Cambray, on the 28th of July, with all the honors of war. Condé had already fallen on the 10th of the same month.

General Custine, who in the two preceding campaigns had rendered such essential services to the faithless Convention, was meanwhile brought to trial on the charge of corresponding with the enemy, and fell a sacrifice to the malice of his accusers.

It was on the banks of the Scheldt that Kilmaine rejoined the army early in August, with his division from Ardennes; and now his position became almost desperate. In presence of the scaffold erected by the ferocious mutineers for all the vanquished generals, and in a camp where no suspected person dared to assume the precarious office of leader, when pressed upon him, he accepted the baton provisionally, and in the meantime said to the representatives who were sent from Paris to manage affairs and act as spies upon the army, "that he wished another more skilful than himself should take the great responsibility of leading the troops of the republic."

His presence for a time appeased the tumults in the army. Though upon the banks of the Scheldt, and having before him both the Duke of York and the Prince of Cobourg, Kilmaine, with only twenty-four thousand ill-appointed troops, dared not attempt to attack them; for if he fought and lost the day, he could thereafter assume no position of sufficient strength to prevent the allies from penetrating to Paris and crushing the power of the Convention. After so many levies and enrolments, that body had no longer a battalion to spare, and had around it, only the frothy orators of armed clubs, and the refuse of prisons; thus it dared not abandon the capital or retire beyond the Loire, for now the men of Poitou, Bretagne and La Vendée, were in arms under the white banner, and elsewhere the tides of war and politics were setting in against them. At this crisis Mayence had capitulated, after a three months

bombardment. Toulon was under the cannon of the British; the Spaniards had invaded Roussillon; the Austro-Sardinians menaced Provence; the ancient patrimony of the House of Anjou; and on the Alps, their troops hung over Dauphine and Vienna; finally, after the Revolution of the 31st of May which had assured the triumph of Robespierre, Lyons, Marseilles, and all the departments of the south, with those of the west, were roused against the pride, power, and oppression of the Convention.

If it was really true that the allied monarchs wished to re-establish the fallen throne of Louis XVI.; if, as they had so proudly announced in their manifestoes, it was again to restore order to bleeding and desolated France, and to repress the Republic and its horrors, they had displayed their standards in the Netherlands, never were circumstances more favorable to them than after the retreat of Kilmaine towards the Scheldt: but the secret measures of wily diplomatists had more influence then, on events, than the arms of the allied kings.

It appears that in the second campaign, when the allies were masters of Condé and Valenciennes, and saw that the road to Paris was almost open to them, the Austrians wished to take their revenge locally for the cruel deeds of which they had been spectators in the Camp de la Lune; and were more intent upon gratifying this sentiment than advancing into the heart of France.

The Prince of Cobourg had shewn himself from the first frank, loyal and gallant; he had promised to Dumouriez to concur in his daring project for re-establishing the monarchy, and for that purpose had engaged to form an auxiliary force to aid him, while solemnly renouncing all projects of aggrandisement for the crown of Austria. But for these engagements he had not received from his cabinet either instructions or authority. When Thugut was supreme director of the Austrian affairs, it was to these rash promises of the Prince his consent was required; he disapproved of them so strongly, that they were cancelled by the Emperor of Austria, and a congress met at Antwerp, where, in concert with Britain, it was decided that in the result of the war the allies ought to find indemnities for

the past, and guarantees for the future peace of Europe.

These were the expressions of the protocol, which the members of the congress comprehended without difficulty; but French diplomatists loudly declared that a projected dismemberment of France was clearly announced in its phraseology.

One thing is certain: not a reference was made therein to the House of Bourbon, or to the throne of Louis—that throne of which Dumouriez, in concert with the Prince of Cobourg, had so boldly promised the restoration in his manifesto of the 5th April; and not a measure was taken for the advantage or safety of the beautiful and unhappy Marie Antoinette, then languishing in prison at Paris, and over whose devoted head hung the blade of the guillotine, and whom a simple menace from her nephew the Emperor, threatening the advance of his armies, might have saved.

At all events, it seemed sufficiently evident to the jealous and excitable French, that the allies were no longer true to the interests of the fallen Bourbons; and equally so that it was not to restore them, the Austrians at least, made war. It was in *his own name*—not that of Louis XVII.—king of France and Navarre—their Emperor took possession of those fortified places and provinces which his armies overran; and after he became master of Condé and Valenciennes, he no longer cared to define or form a frontier for those districts of the Netherlands which once he proposed to cede to the Prussians; but which Thugut now wished to preserve to the descendants of Rudolph of Hapsbourg.

At the same time the Duke of York, who from his own cabinet had received orders and instructions similar to those given to the Prince of Cobourg, in the name of George III., resolved to seize upon Dunkerque, which the English had coveted of old; but he did not wait for the departure of a British fleet prepared for this object. The naval squadron was delayed, and in the meantime the Duke deliberated with the Austrian General under the ramparts of Valenciennes, to learn, if before engaging in new sieges they might not give to the French army a final blow, which would deprive Kilmaine of all power

of interrupting their combined operations and mutual schemes of conquest.

This was a very simple question, yet they were fourteen days in coming to a conclusion. Though Valenciennes, as already stated, had capitulated on the 28th July, it was not until the 8th of August, that the Austro-British army were in motion, and their advanced guard beheld the camp of Cæsar; this on the very day after Kilmaine had wisely evacuated the fortifications and retreated southwards.

It is said that he fully anticipated the march of the combined armies, and this was sufficiently probable; for we know that the committees of the National Convention had mysterious means of procuring secret intelligence, not only from the cabinets of the allies, but from the staff officers of their troops!

Kilmaine in retiring only obeyed the dictates of wisdom and necessity, and quitted a position which he could not defend, as his army was reduced by defeat and desertion, mutinous, or as the French style it, *demoralised*.

If the allies had wished to follow and engage him upon the Scarpe or the Somme, a last effort could easily have been made to disperse his troops completely, and then seize upon Paris, where they could have torn the Revolution from its very basis. But such was not the intention of the allied generals. "Their aim on this occasion," says a French writer, "was to profit by our disorders and revolutions to make themselves masters of our places and provinces after assuring themselves of indemnities and guarantees, and to leave the volcano to consume itself, as a Prussian prince said, not long ago: it must be admitted, that never had this policy shewn itself more evidently in its shameful nudity!" But the reader must bear in mind that these are the opinions of a Frenchman and a sympathizer with the Convention.

Such was the state of matters when Kilmaine, having abandoned the untenable camp of Cæsar, and fallen back beyond the Scharpe, a navigable river of French Flanders (but still a narrower barrier than the Scheldt) prepared again for retreat, and marched towards the Somme, another river which falls in the British Channel between Crotoy and Sainte

Valori. This was his last position—his last asylum; and now the chiefs of the allies, instead of pushing on in pursuit of his retiring bands, to complete the triumphs so well begun, faced about, and wheeled off to seize Dunkerque and Quesnay.

It was in autumn that the Royal Duke appeared before the former; and there his troops received a check which proved but the commencement of a long series of disasters; the latter was stormed by the Austrians, and retaken by the French in the following year.

But what must astonish us more, even at this epoch of deception and duplicity, political insanity and revenge, is the startling fact that the brave Kilmaine, who had rendered such gallant services to that new and most faithless republic—he who by a judicious retreat (executed *against* the advice of the meddling and presumptuous representatives of the people, and in consequence thereof perilled his life) had preserved to shattered France her most important army, was precisely for that reason denounced to the Convention, arrested by its orders, and flung in the loathsome prisons of Paris, where he passed a year; being but too happy in the obscurity of his dungeon, that he had not perished on the scaffold like the gallant Custine, his predecessor in the command; like his old colonel and protector Biron, and like Houchard, who for the brief period of fifteen days had been his successor, and who, after winning a signal and decided victory over the Duke of York—a victory alike honourable to himself and to the arms of France, expiated by a cruel death the grave fault of having forgotten for a moment the powers of a bullying representative of the people!

Kilmaine only recovered his liberty after the fall of Robespierre; but he still remained for some time in Paris, without military employment, though he eagerly and anxiously sought it. He found himself there at the epoch of the insurrection of the 22nd May, 1796, and with much zeal and valor he seconded General Pichegru in the struggle made by that officer to defend the National Convention against the excited mobs of the Parisian faubourgs. Amid a thousand dangers, Kilmaine continued to fight

for the Convention until the 13th Vendemaire of the year following, actively co-operating with Bonaparte and the revolutionary party.

Being appointed to the command of a division in the army of Italy, he marched with Napoleon across the Alps to the invasion of that country, and shared in the glory of his first victories, and in that brilliant campaign in which the French destroyed two armies, took two hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, and forty-nine stand of colors from the Austrians who were commanded by the veteran Wurmser, the bravest of all brave men.

At the head of his division Kilmaine fought with remarkable courage at Castiglione delle Stiviere, a fortified town in Lombardy, where, in the beginning of August, 1796, several severe engagements took place between the French and Austrians, which resulted in the discomfiture of the latter. Mantua was the next scene of Kilmaine's achievements; and in July that ancient city, after fifty years of peace, beheld the army of Napoleon before its walls, while all the country on the right bank of the Po was laid under contribution.

The whole direction and charge of the siege of Mantua was committed to Kilmaine by Bonaparte, in September, when Wurmser, after being successful against General Massena, was overthrown by Augereau and our Irish soldier, and after a six days' contest shut himself up in the city on the 12th, after which the siege was pressed with great vigor. Twice after this did an Austrian army under Alvinzi attempt its relief, and twice were they baffled by the besiegers; on the last occasion, an advancing corps of seven thousand men were compelled to surrender to Bonaparte and Kilmaine within gunshot of the walls, and the position of the aged Wurmser, his garrison and the Mantuans became desperate in the extreme.

In an action before Mantua in October, Kilmaine had his horse killed under him, and a rumour was spread through France and Britain that he was killed. Wurmser made several furious sallies, and on one occasion was severely routed by Bonaparte. In the *Courier du Bas Rhin*, we are told that the French

repulsed him with the loss of eleven hundred men and five pieces of cannon, and that "their dispositions were made by General Kilmaine, commander of the siege of Mantua." Bonaparte, in his dispatch to the Directory, dated the first day of October, writes thus:—

"On the 20th of September, the enemy advanced towards Castelleccio, with a body of horse 12,000 strong. Pursuant to the orders they had received, our advanced posts fell back, but the enemy did not push forward any further. On the 23rd September, they proceeded to Governolo, along the right bank of the Mincio, but were repulsed after a very brisk cannonade, with the loss of eleven hundred men and five pieces of cannon.

"*Le General Kilmaine*, who commands the two Divisions which press the siege of Mantua, remained on the 29th ultimo in his former position, and was still in hopes that the enemy would attempt a sortie to carry forage into the place; but instead they took up a position before the gate of Pradello, near the Carthusian convent and the chapel of Ceresse. The brave General Kilmaine made his arrangements for an attack, and advanced in two columns against these two points; but he had scarcely begun to march when the enemy evacuated their camps, their rear having fired only a few musket-shot at him. The advanced posts of General Vaubois have come up with the Austrian division which defends the Tyrol, and made one hundred and ten prisoners."

In November a series of sanguinary actions were fought between the French and Austrians at Arcola, where the latter were completely overthrown; and there fell Citizen Elliot, a Scotaman, who was one of Bonaparte's principal aides-de-camp. During this time Kilmaine was at Vicenza with three thousand men, and all the French cavalry were sent there to be under his orders, and though still commanding the operations against Mantua he shared in the disastrous battle fought near Vicenza by the aged Alvinzi, who was advancing to raise the siege. Despairing to reach Mantua, he fell back upon the Vicenza road, and was routed after a bloody conflict of eight hours' duration.

Early in December, Wurmser led a sortie, sword in hand, against Kilmaine. The Imperialists sallied out of Mantua at seven in the morning and almost in the dark, under a furious cannonade which lasted all day;

"but General Kilmaine," says Bonaparte, "made him return as usual faster than he came out, and took from him two hundred men, one howitzer and two pieces of cannon. This is his third unsuccessful attempt." So energetic were the measures and so able the precautions of Kilmaine, that Wurmsér, seeing all hope of success at an end, surrendered after a long, desperate and disastrous defence, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd February, 1797, giving up his soldiers as prisoners of war. The following is a translation of Kilmaine's brief letter on this important acquisition :—

"Kilmaine, General de Division, and Commandant of Lombardy, to the Minister of war. Milan, 17 Pluviose (Feb. 5), 1797.

"Citizen Minister—I avail myself of a courier which General Bonaparte sends from Romagna (in order to announce to the Directory the defeat of the papal troops), to acquaint you with the capture of Mantua, the news of which I received yesterday evening by a courier from Mantua itself. I thought it necessary to announce this circumstance, because General Bonaparte, who is occupied in Romagna annihilating the troops of his Holiness, may probably have been ignorant of this fact when his courier departed. The garrison are our prisoners of war, and are to be sent into Germany in order to be exchanged. I have not yet received the articles of capitulation; but the Commander-in-Chief will not fail to send them by the first courier.

"KILMAINE."

The capture of Mantua was celebrated in Paris by the firing of cannon and the erection of arches in honor of Bonaparte and the Irish Commandant of Lombardy, and a general joy was diffused through every heart in the city, on the fall of what they styled the *Gibraltar* of Italy; while Bonaparte, loaded with the diamonds of the vanquished Pope and the spoils of our Lady of Loretto, pushed on to seek fresh conquests and new laurels.

Kilmaine remained for some time in command at Mantua after its capitulation.

During the siege and other events, a revolutionary spirit had pervaded the Venetian States. Peschiera, a fortified town in the province of Verona, and Brescia, a large city in the beautiful plain on the Garza, had been both seized, garrisoned, and republicanised by the French. The

people rose in arms, fired by new and absurd ideas of liberty and equality, and frightful scenes of bloodshed ensued, when the more loyal and sensible inhabitants resisted these new patriots; but the latter, on being joined by fifteen hundred banditti from Bergamasco, pressed the Venetian troops, who were driven out with great slaughter.

On hearing of these things, the politic Kilmaine wrote from Mantua to the French general commanding in Brescia, desiring him "not to interfere in behalf of these insurgents, lest by so doing he might infringe that strict neutrality which the generals of the French Republic were bound to observe."

In April, however, he was compelled, by the violent proceedings of the Italians against the French garrison in Verona, to unite his forces to those of Generals Victor and La Hotze, and march to the succour of General Balland, who was there assailed by forty-five thousand men, whose war-cry was *Viva San Marco!* who had cut to pieces six hundred Frenchmen, taken two thousand more after a four hours' contest, and driven the rest into the Castle. From its ramparts Balland threatened to lay in ruins the unfortunate city, which had enjoyed profound peace for ages, until Bonaparte arrived on the banks of the Adige, and added it to the new kingdom of Italy.

On the 24th the insurgent Veronese capitulated, for, on the approach of Kilmaine, the governor, the two provveditori, and the Venetian General Stratico, fled with all their cavalry, on which he took as hostages the bishop, four of the principal nobles of the city, and several cavaliers of distinction, and peace was thus restored for a time. He disarmed all the insurgents, and seized three thousand slaves, whom he marched under an escort to Milan. In every way Kilmaine aided Napoleon most efficiently in these operations which preceded the capture and subjugation of Venice; and thus gave his great leader a thousand causes to admire and appreciate him, during those campaigns which were so disastrous to Italy, but so glorious to the arms of France. During his command in Lombardy, he settled or compromised the contested question of the free

navigation of the Lake of Lugano, in the south of Switzerland, which had occasioned many angry disputes between the jealous Switzers and the aggressive generals of the French army in Italy. By his intervention, it was satisfactorily arranged that France should have the open navigation of the lake by boats of any size; but the cantons violated the treaty, on which Napoleon threatened to send a column of his troops among them, if they did not behave more amicably towards their faithful and ancient allies.

At this time General Acton, the favourite minister of Naples at Milan, was an Irish soldier of fortune, and the intimate friend of Kilmaine. The story of Acton is rather a singular one.

He was the son of an Irish Jacobite gentleman, who had emigrated to France, and settled at Besançon. An unsuccessful love adventure forced him to leave that city, at the college of which he was studying physic with every prospect of distinction. Repairing to Toulon, he enlisted in a battalion of French marines. From this corps he passed into the Neapolitan service, and distinguished himself at sea with a Barbary corsair, on which he received a commission in the marines of Naples, and rose to the rank of general. He possessed a high spirit, great courage, good address, and a handsome figure; and he soon became at the court of Naples, what the Prince of Peace was at Madrid—the favourite and lover of the Queen. Another of Kilmaine's friends was the veteran General O'Cher, a *chef de brigade*, who had been upwards of forty years in the service of Louis XVI. and of the Republic, and held an important command in the army of Italy.

In the memoirs published by General Count Montholon, and which were written by that faithful officer at St. Helena, we have the following descriptive reference to the commandant of Lombardy:—

"Kilmaine being an excellent cavalry officer had coolness and foresight; he was well fitted to command a corps of observation, detached upon those arduous or delicate commissions which require spirit, discernment, and sound judgment. He rendered important services to the army, of which he was one of the principal generals, notwithstanding

ing the delicacy of his health. He had a great knowledge of the Austrian troops: familiar with their tactics, he did not allow himself to be imposed upon by those rumours which they were in the habit of spreading in the rear of an army, nor to be dismayed by those heads of columns which they were wont to display in every direction, to deceive as to the real strength of their forces. His political opinions were very moderate."

These are the words of a brother soldier, who must have known him well in the land of his adoption.

In the spring of 1798, the French government was seriously employed in preparations for a descent upon the British Islands, and, in the February of that year, marched to the coast of the Channel forty demi-brigades of infantry, thirty-four regiments of cavalry, two regiments of horse artillery, two regiments of foot artillery, six companies of sappers and pioneers, six battalions of miners and pontooniers. These forces were led by eighteen distinguished generals of division, and forty-seven generals of brigade—the most brave and able in France. Among the former were Charles Kilmaine, Berthier, Marescat, Kleber, Massena, "the son of Rapine;" Macdonald, Ney, Victor, and others, whose names were to become famous in future wars as the marshal dukes of the great military empire.

The brave but blustering Jean Baptist Kleber, who had originally been an architect of Strasbourg, commanded the right wing of this *Armée d'Angleterre*, which was to stretch from Calais to the mouth of the Scheldt, while another corps assembled at Flushing.

Kilmaine commanded the centre.

These forces were partly composed of troops returned from Italy, and were all experienced soldiers, the victors of Mantua, Lodi, and Arcola. Headed by bands of music, the *édit-majors* marched through Paris, displaying black banners, indicative of a war of extermination, and inscribed, "*Descent upon England*—Live the Republic! May Britain perish," &c.

On St. Patrick's Day, the 17th of the following month, Kilmaine, O'Cher, Colonel Shee, and all the Irishmen in Paris, celebrated their ancient national and religious festival by a grand banquet, at which the notorious Thomas Paine—then a political fugitive—assisted. All the cor-

responding members of the Irish clubs and malcontent party at home were also present. Many fierce and stirring political toasts were drunk, amid vociferous enthusiasm; and among these—one in particular—"Long live the Irish Republic!" and speeches were made expressive of the rapid progress which republicanism had made in their native country, and of the strong desire of the Catholics and Dissenters to throw off the yoke of England—that yoke which Kilmaine in his boyhood had been taught to abhor and to hate. Napper Tandy, a *general de brigade*, was in the chair; on his left sat Tom Paine, and on his right sat Kilmaine, who, immediately after the banquet, left Paris to rejoin his column of the army on the coast.

Five hundred gunboats were ordered to be prepared, and three hundred sail of transports were collecting at Dunkirk, to be protected from the British fleet by a Dutch squadron then at the mouth of the Scheldt; and all Britain was in arms on hearing of an armament so formidable.

The condition of France was then desperate; assignats were at 6,500 livres the louis; she had to maintain a million of men in arms from an empty treasury; the ruffian demagogues and savage soldiers of the Republic, men steeped to the lips in the blood of women and priests, nobles and aristocrats, hardened by the atrocities in La Vendée, and trained to war in the campaigns of Austria and Italy, occupied every post and place under the unstable government; a rabble of brutal ministers occupied the palaces of the fallen line of St. Louis, armed with sabres and pistols, to which they resorted in every trivial dispute, and on every difference of opinion, and while warring against all manner of title and form, appeared on the rostrum in cassocks and stockings of rose-coloured silk, with knots of scarlet ribbands in their shoes; and, with that mixture of ferocity and tom-foolery which caused Paris to be characterised as a city of monkeys and tigers, debated on the cut of a coat and the massacre of a city.

In April, Kilmaine repaired to Paris, after having executed, by order of the government, a survey of the coasts of France and Holland, then reduced to a province of the former; and the

chief command of this famous *Armée d'Angleterre*, on which the eyes of all Europe were fixed, and the command of which had been given to the noble Dessaix, the hero of Marengo, was now bestowed upon him.

A French writer asserts that this expedition was destined, not for Britain, but for Egypt; and that Kilmaine received the command of it, not so much for his great military skill, as to deceive our ministry; supposing that the name of an Irishman would cause them to believe that the armament was destined for Ireland; "and so they named him General in Chief of the *Armée d'Angleterre*, which never existed at all." Unfortunately for this writer, history affords abundant proof to the contrary. The number of transports was soon increased to a thousand, and all the naval and military resources of Holland were pressed into the French service.

Colonel Shee, Wolfe Tone, Generals Clarke and Kilmaine, were by this time well acquainted with the extent of the military organization of the United Irishmen, and knew that by the close of the preceding year the people were well provided with arms, and knew the use of them. In the beginning of 1797, great quantities were discovered and seized by the British Government, who, in Leinster and Ulster alone, captured seventy thousand six hundred and thirty pikes, with forty-eight thousand one hundred and nine muskets. Had the Irish managed their projected rising with the vigor which has ever characterised the Scottish insurrections, we cannot for a moment doubt what would have been the result, had this formidable expedition once landed in Ireland, where no yeomanry were organised; where the militia were not to be depended upon, and where the king's troops, on whom the ministry mainly relied, were so inferior to the French in tact and skill, that Humbert, with less than a thousand men, was able to defeat double that number, and immediately after received into his ranks two hundred and fifty of the drilled and attested Irish militiamen.

On the 12th April, Kilmaine, with General Bonaparte, had a long audience with the Directory at Paris, reporting on the state of their armaments.

The appointment of the former to the chief command, relieved Britain of the apprehension that the conqueror of Italy would cross the channel in person, and great was the disappointment of the malcontents at home.

The duties of Kilmaine were alike harassing and arduous, as he had to superintend the equipment and organisation of such a vast force, composed of men of all arms and several nations, and he was repeatedly summoned to Paris, even in the middle of the night, by couriers who overtook him in his progresses; thus, though suffering under great ill health, the Directory once brought him on the spur from Bruges early in July, and again from Brest about the end of the same month.

Citizen d'Arbois, an officer on the staff of Kilmaine, in a letter published in the Parisian papers of the 7th August, 1798, states that his general "is on his return," after having made a tour of the coast of the ocean, from Port St. Malo to L'Orient; that he was well satisfied with the state of the French ports and armaments, and had enjoyed with delight the magnificent aspect of Brest, in the harbour of which he saw thirty sail of the line, with a fleet of frigates and transports. D'Arbois states that Kilmaine had been surveying Brittany, where all was then peaceful, by the "wise measures" of the constituted authorities. "The eagerness with which our troops, both by sea and land, await the moment when, under the brave Kilmaine, they will engage the English, is the best pledge of our approaching success, and the ruin of our enemies."

It is evident that Citizen d'Arbois had then no thought of fighting in Egypt.

But doubts hovered in the minds of the Directory, if there were none in the hearts of their generals, and long delays ensued. General Hoche, who was the main spring of the projected movement in favour of Ireland, died in September, 1797; and Bonaparte, to whom Kilmaine, Tone, Shee, and others of the Irish patriots turned, had no sympathy with their cause, and all his views were now directed towards a warfare in the east. By the beginning of autumn the Directory began to break up their boasted *Armée d'Angleterre*, and withdrew

their troops to reinforce their columns on the Rhine. Upon this, the anxious Kilmaine came hastily to Paris to confer with the government and the Minister of Marine concerning the embarkation of the troops and departure of the fleet from Brest; but his questions were waived, or left unanswered, although the division of Bompard, consisting of the *Hoche* of 74 guns and eighteen frigates, filled with troops under General Hardy, destined for Ireland, remained with their cables hove short, and all ready for sea at a moment's notice.

Of the forces that really sailed for Ireland, and their fate, we need not inform the reader. For a time, all Britain supposed they were led by the commander-in-chief in person; and all the press of England and Scotland teemed with blustering or scurrilous remarks on "Paddy Kilmaine and his followers;" but the general never embarked, though he certainly superintended the departure of a body of troops from Rochfort.

"We are assured," says a Brussels print, "that in case the French republicans shall be able to make a successful descent upon Ireland, the Belgic youth will be employed in that country under General Kilmaine, who, being a native of it, will there have the command of the united French and Irish forces." Citizen Macdonagh was to have a high command in the corps of Irish Marines, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in France.

By the end of 1798 the army of England and its expedition were alike dissolved, and the Directory wished to give Kilmaine command of the forces assembled for the war in Egypt; but for the present his career finished with the military examination of the coasts of France and Holland.

In 1799 the Directory appointed him generalissimo of the army of Helvetia, as they chose to designate Switzerland, thus reviving the ancient name of the people whom Julius Cæsar conquered. The French troops already occupied Lombardy on one side, and the Rhenish provinces on the other; thus they never doubted their ability to conquer the Swiss and remodel the Helvetic constitution. Kilmaine accepted the command with satisfaction, but his failing health compelled him to give up his baton to



Massena; and with a sorrow which he could not conceal, he saw that army march which penetrated into the heart of the Swiss mountains, and imposed on their hardy inhabitants a constitution in which Bonaparte, under the plausible title of mediator, secured the co-operation of the valiant descendants of the Helvetii in his further schemes of conquest and ambition.

In a feeble condition Kilmaine returned to Paris, where his domestic sorrows and chagrins added to the

poignancy of his bodily sufferings, for his constitution was now completely broken up.

Struck by a deadly malady, he died on the 15th of December, 1799, in the forty-ninth year of his age, at the very moment when the triumphant elevation of Bonaparte was opening up to his comrades a long and brilliant career of military glory. He was interred with all the honors due to his rank and bravery, and a noble monument was erected to his memory.

#### LOVE IN CURL-PAPERS ; A TALE.—CONCLUSION.

THE incognita of the pink domino had proceeded with me thus far at a hurried pace through the dark streets, when just as she was assuring me that what she had said about Beatrix was no calumny, but very true, she suddenly stopped, and looked anxiously down the unlit lane which we had just threaded, and listened attentively.

She was evidently in great apprehension lest the man, whom we had so unceremoniously locked into his own house, should have discovered some means of exit, and be now in pursuit of us. She spoke hurriedly :

"He has not managed to escape again and follow us. Still it will be safer to elude him. Let us pick our way through this narrow lane."

We turned into a black alley, and by this time I had completely abandoned the little topography I possessed, and given up the attempt to discover where we were.

"Can you," said I, as we groped along, "give me any proof of what you have said about Beatrix? Can you tell me her parentage, and prove that her birth was—was illegitimate?"

"On one condition I will," she answered. "You have said that if she really loved you, you would encounter any censure the world can heap on you, and wed her. You admit that the censure in this case is misplaced, is unjust, is unmerited. Promise that you will seek out Beatrix, that you will discover if she really loves you, and that you will protect her through life against the world. You are an Englishman. She will live with you in England, and none will ever know

the reproach that here hangs to her. Save her, Sherwood."

"Go on, I will—I will marry Beatrix, whoever she may be, if she loves me," I replied firmly.

"Then hear her story. I was brought up a spoiled child. The world seemed to be made for me. Everything obeyed my slightest wish; everything seemed devoted to me. Yet I soon felt how lonely this child's grandeur was. My parents were cold and distant. I was an only child and a lonely one; and I soon found that my governesses were the sole companions I had. Among these was one of your nation, with red hair, a cold blue eye, a back as stiff as a poker, and that severe rigidity of manner, that clear commanding voice which bespeak the strong-minded woman. She was a purist and a puritan, a sabbatarian and a sermonizer. She was supreme in all the virtues, and learned in all the ologies; and ere she had been with me a month, she had done more to make me hate all that was good and right and decent, than a legion of devils could have effected. I soon got thin and ugly under her harsh regime. She quarrelled with anybody about me, and her place was soon filled by a garrulous French woman of the very loosest and vainest school. I was now sixteen, and—so the looking-glass and Mademoiselle Bruat told me—very handsome. I was to be introduced next season, and my instructress initiated me gracefully into all the arts of the toilette, the ways of wooing, winning, and withering at will, and the mode of making the most of

my natural attractions. I had a wit and a will of my own, and she turned them to good advantage. She fed me with some of the best and worst French literature; gave me false though brilliant ideas of the world; put Voltaire and, still worse—Rousseau—into the hands of a girl of sixteen; and left in her room a library of the choice villainies which the French press has unblushingly produced, and with which, whenever she was gone out, I was wont to fill my young, forward mind. I soon found that I had much wit, more vanity, most conceit; while I had little faith, less charity, and least principle. At seventeen I was introduced in Munich. I found the world detestable in its ball-rooms. My tongue was tied by the peculiarity of my position, and I had to assume an air of extreme modesty in my character of *débutante*. *En effet*, I felt shy at first, but I soon found how easily I rose above my fellows by the selfish wilfulness of my nature. At the end of a year I was told that I was to marry a man among the highest of the state. The feeling of ambition fired me. I cared little about my husband, but I longed for power. Unfortunately, as ill-luck would have it, I fell desperately in love just after this announcement. The inspirer of this strange new feeling was a young man, who had already begun to make a *furor* in Munich. It was not alone his Apollo-like beauty, his manliness and refinement so wonderfully combined. It was not his high intellectual powers and extensive knowledge, nor even the brilliance of his conversation, though it attracted young and old, grave and gay around him. It was the courageous novelty of his sentiments, as he came forward in a vicious age to abuse and deride its follies and its crimes. One bitter satirical poem levelled at royalty itself had been ascribed to him, and the very person who had offered for my hand came under his ruthless scourge, in a truly ridiculous light.

When one morning my father came in his stiff manner to ask me what answer I should send to the offer of my suitor, I took up the poem I was reading.

"Show him these lines," said I, "and tell him I should refuse, even if he were the Emperor of Germany himself."

My father had the sense never to deliver this message.

Meanwhile, among the many girls with whom I had mixed in society, I could find only one that I cared for. Caroline Von Grevenburg attracted me, because she was so unlike myself, and indeed unlike any one else. At first I thought her melancholy and reserved; but when I had glided into her confidence, I found out her true and charming character. She was gentle, sweet and placid as a dove. She had scarce a fault. Unselfish, loving, warm, she was still full of a wild enthusiasm for all that was beautiful and romantic, and she had a deep feeling of religion, mingled with a certain poetry that accorded with her saintlike yet still earthly features.

We grew as intimate as twin roses. She confided everything to me, and among other things she told me that Von Ritter loved her and that she loved him again. It was a desperate struggle with myself, for I had begun to love this girl as a sister, yet I could scarcely resign Von Ritter. The case, however, was soon decided.

She came to me one morning weeping bitterly. Her lover had asked the consent of her parents. He was penniless, and of an insignificant family. It was only his talents that admitted him into society and about the court.

Caroline on the other hand had a large fortune. It was quite natural, as the world goes, that her parents should object, though nature in this as in many other cases was no real excuse for the wrong. It was not, however, the mere refusal that chiefly grieved my poor friend. It was the proud contempt with which Von Ritter had met it.

"I own," he had said, "that I am all unworthy of your daughter in myself, but I deny that I am inferior in birth and fortune. I deny that rank depends merely on a patent of nobility; or that fortune can be counted in bank notes. Education gives real rank; capability is real fortune. You may choose for your daughter an illiterate clod, whose name was heard in the ranks of the crusaders. He may have a regal account with Messrs. d'Eichthal, and a castle in the Tyrol. But I will still deny that his rank and fortune are superior to mine."

It is needless to say that papa Grevenburg had laughed heartily at this

republican effusion, and that Von Ritter had retired with a curling lip.

I consoled Caroline to the best of my power, though I confess I could scarcely smother a feeling of pleasure at this improved phase in my prospects. It mattered little to me that he loved another, and that that other was my bosom friend. I was too selfish to see anything but the joy of winning the one being I really loved on earth.

I was not, however, wholly devoid of feeling, and I had, mingled with somewhat of ambition, a high admiration for noble and chivalrous deeds.

As I lay that night sleepless and musing, it occurred to me that I could by one fine action sacrifice my own happiness for life, and ensure that of two fellow-beings. The idea grew upon me in all its beauty. My lofty suitor was to visit me the next day, to prosecute his almost hopeless suit. For the first time I received him with a smile, and feigned an affection which I was far from feeling. He was so delighted, that he could not refrain from covering my hands with kisses and calling me his bride.

"On one condition," I said, "I will be your wife. Herman Von Ritter must be sent as ambassador to Austria."

His brow darkened. He remembered too well the reported authorship of the verses I have mentioned.

"Impossible," he replied. "There is a spirit of republicanism in him that cannot and shall not be encouraged."

"Adieu then," I replied carelessly. "I shall marry him next month."

My suitor was a fool, and what is more—he was in love with me. The next day it was arranged that the appointment should be placed in my hands three hours before the marriage ceremony was performed. I was so delighted at my own self-command, and at this one generous action of my life, that I determined to make the most of it. I was to keep it secret as a surprise for Caroline, and the moment my wedding was over, I intended to place the signed appointment in her hands.

Meanwhile the next two months were passed in preparing for the grand event, and I saw but little of my friend. Whenever I did so, I consoled her and

gave her hopes. The day before my marriage I sent for her. I was simply told that she was too unwell to come and see me, and I was too busy to go to her. As soon, however, as all was over, I ran with my precious gift in my hand, to enjoy the reward of my sacrifice in the sight of her happiness. I found her in a state of delirious fever. The Count Von Dornheim, a hulking, red-faced young cavalry officer, whose only recommendation was a good old name and a large estate in rocks and forest, was sitting by her bedside looking the picture of stupidity. Two days before, her parents had literally dragged her to the altar to become the wife of this blockhead, and had bullied her into acceptance of his hand. She had held up till all was over, and had then sunk insensible. Von Ritter, like a man of honour, left Munich the moment he heard of this barbarous marriage, not even daring to seek an interview with Caroline before he left. He of course refused the proffered appointment, and made for Italy, the land of his dreams. Meanwhile, I know from her own mouth, that Caroline and the Count lived simply on terms of friendship, and that she refused his gross overtures of affection as she had before refused his hand.

But I had gained the summit of my own ambition, and I began, like a spoiled child as I was, to abuse the power I possessed over my weak husband. I was moderate enough at first, but the more I found that everything gave way before me, the more the necessity of exercising my power grew upon me; the more I indulged, the worse I became. Ere three years had elapsed, I believe I was notorious for every species of extravagance, if not of vice.

When that period had elapsed, Von Ritter returned. He had travelled through Italy and France; and winters passed at Naples, Florence and Paris had completely altered him, still young as he was, and weak enough to receive impressions without testing them.

Disappointment or rather despair had made him reckless, temptation had ensnared him, and he had ere long slipped imperceptibly into the very abyss against which he had passed his earlier days in declaiming.

Still, on his return to Munich, he was at first careful and reserved ; but the temptation around him was too much for his weak character. He had travelled and seen the world, which was then a far greater recommendation than now. He had adopted the easy nonchalance of Paris, and mingled it with his own sparkling wit. His former marked peculiarities were moulded down and softened ; his intellectual powers developed ; his opinions formed and fixed.

He avoided Caroline as much as possible for a long time, but her affection soon outbalanced his prudence, and ere long both had fallen. This was the beginning of evil. From that moment, the demon of vicious indulgence could number Herman Von Ritter in his train.

The Countess Von Dornheim soon retired to the Tyrol alone. She was on the same terms still with her husband, who had stormed and fretted till he found it useless, and then like a prudent man, rather than publish his own shame, had returned to his former life of bloated bachelor-hood. Your friend was now born, and was brought up in the old castle in the Tyrol, whither Caroline returned for some months to educate her own dear child. I would I could have done the same. The calm of the country and the sight of nature's grandest aspect soon worked a change upon her. She repented her fall, and was eventually reconciled to her husband.

I cannot bear to tell you of my own reckless descent. I was also partly the victim of a system of forced and unnatural marriage. I had uttered a vow against my own conscience and I could never keep it. Von Ritter too became worse and worse. We drew together ; but our intrigues were at first confined to politics. I was still, however, attached to him, and ten years after his return to Munich I had ensnared him. Beatrix—Beatrix whom you love, was our child.

She paused here. We stood in the dark street, each burying our feelings in the dead silence of the night. At length she continued :

"You can imagine the rest. Herman took our child under his own roof, and her innocent, lovely face gradually recalled him to a sense of his own sin. In a few years he was

a reformed man, and he passed his time in forming and working out schemes for the good of his fellow-creatures. He became one of the most useful men in the capital. The people respected and loved him, and his power augmented till it became even dangerous. He now worked out his old theories, and all his energies were turned against the very vices in which he had at one time taken so prominent a part.

"Beatrix was the only one of my children that I really loved, and in my better moments I was wont to go and see her. She never knew I was her mother, however, for I had not the courage to tell her. She was brought up to believe that her mother was dead.

"At length Von Ritter wrote his celebrated 'Utopia.' It was filled with liberal ideas, which the conservative and despotic spirit of the Government dubbed as revolutionary. I confess I thought them dangerous myself. At any rate he was ordered to leave the country quietly, and the book, when too late, was suppressed. It was now in my power to succour him. You will ask me why I did not do so ? I reply, that my whole life since has been passed in regretting my neglect of him. I had, indeed, cogent reasons at the time. Our connexion had long since—for about twelve years—ceased. On his side a coolness had succeeded, followed by disgust at what he called my open licentiousness, but which was really my reckless attempt to drive away the phantoms of my crimes. He had, indeed, never reproached, nor even reprov'd me ; but at length he had striven to recall me delicately to a sense of my folly, and this had irritated me.

"Moreover, Beatrix was growing up. Inquiries would naturally be made as to her parentage. I dreaded these, for Von Ritter's liaison with me had hitherto been artfully concealed from my husband, who suspected him, and hated him more than any other of my many lovers ; for he knew that my affection for him was of a deeper and truer nature. Lastly, I was afraid, even had I been willing to do so, to intercede for one who could never be forgiven.

"Herman left Munich without a reproach, and the story is finished."

We were standing as she spoke beneath a solitary lamp, which was swung on a chain across a broad street. It was nearly burnt out, but by its light we could still distinguish to our left the old, rambling, rickety palace of the Electors. There was a broad, black arch close at hand, and the step of the weary sentinel rang on the pavement beneath it.

I was so much overcome with the horrible, truly horrible revelation, that I stood absorbed and silent for many minutes.

"And who *are* you?" I asked, at length, remembering my position and my companion.

"Give me your hand in token of eternal secrecy," she replied.

I gave it her.

"You vow you will not utter a word of what I have said till after my death. Then I shall care little who knows it. Even to Beatrix you must maintain a strict secrecy. But you will make her your wife: you will cherish her and defend her against an unjust world."

"On the honour of an Englishman," was my reply.

She drew the mask slowly from her face, retreating backwards as she did so. I bent forward, and by the light of the dying lamp, I could distinguish the now pale, though too often bloated features of the—Electress.

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We were not many on board the steamer, but by the time we neared Coblenz, we were all intimate acquaintances. I for one was ready to embrace every one I met. I felt so buoyant and happy as I approached my longed-for goal, that I could not understand why some around me were gloomy and sad. I had not left Munich without extracting a promise from many influential friends, and from the Electress in particular, that they would do their best to have Von Ritter recalled from exile. Armed with this, I looked with certainty on the issue of my journey. Beatrix would scarcely repulse her father's deliverer, and my only fear was that I should find her married in my absence. I soon crushed this fancy in its cradle, and revelled in the delight of winning and owning the lovely, the almost angelic Beatrix, with her golden locks and her dark blue eyes.

I lay in the forepart of the vessel—for it was a fine day in March, almost as soft as a May morning—and as I gazed on the old shells and ruined towers of many a feudal castle crowning the dark river's banks, I was proud within myself that the possession of her I loved was worth them all.

We stopped at Andernach, with its beautiful old tower at the water's edge. A single passenger came on board. He was an old fellow-student from Bonn.

I embraced him in real student fashion, and ere long we had taken mutual notes of our respective well-being and whereabouts for the last two years.

"Come, old boy," said I, "you look gloomy to-day. This is no moment for thinking of some pretty little maiden, though I well remember that you were generally love-sick in the good old days of yore. What is the meaning of it?"

"If you had past the last week as I have done, you would scarcely be as merry as you are," he replied. "You know that I took my doctor's degree last year. Well, I have been practising down here with Wurm, on the cholera patients, and I assure you that I am not yet hardened at the trade, and it tells upon me."

"Ah!" said I, "I heard there had been one or two cases along the Rhine."

"One or two cases, indeed! Why, my good sir, from here to Dusseldorf half the population has been cleared off."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "I hope it has not been at Niederlahnstein."

"Niederlahnstein! Why? Yes, by the way, I heard that all the village—at least I think so—all the village had been attacked. But, come! what's the matter? Have you any relations there?"

I made them put me out at Braubach. I left my luggage there, and hiring a small pony, jumped upon it, and dug my heels into its side.

I did not draw rein till I reached Niederlahnstein; then, as I trotted over the stones, the beat of the pony's hoofs re-echoed with a dull sound through the deadly silent street. Good God! the angel of destruction, the great avenger, had been there in

very truth. From every cottage the dread black flag was hanging. The shutters of most of the houses were closed. There was not a sound, not a soul in the street. A hungry dog, that was prowling about, started away as I rode past, as if I had been a demon. Horror-stricken, I quickened my pace, till I alighted before the professor's house.

I jumped off, and leaving the panting beast to take care of itself, ran through the open gate. The house-door, too, was ajar. I pushed through, and hurried up the stairs. The professor's library was there just as I left it, just indeed as I had seen it, the first time chance had brought me thither ; but now it was empty.

The high-backed chair was in its old place. For a moment in my confusion I seemed to see the dignified and noble figure of my old tutor seated where I had so often seen him. I looked nervously towards the window—it was open as usual, and there was the chair that she always sat in ; was it really her figure now, or mere fancy ? No, the favourite robin was there, with his scarlet bosom ruffled, and an anxious look for his old mistress ; but the two chairs were both empty. The great book was open as of old, and strange indeed, *fresh* flowers—wild field flowers, such as she always loved—were thrown upon it. I scanned the page. It was turned down over those eternal words of comfort.

But what hope could I gain from this ? The flowers indeed were fresh, but what hand had placed them there ? I could not stay in this anxiety. I rushed through the house—every room was the same as ever—I could scarcely believe it was so long since I had left it ; but every room was empty.

Still I had hitherto abstained from entering Beatrix's bedchamber. It was a sanctuary I had never dared to violate. I well knew where it was, for at night I had often strolled down to the garden to watch her shadow pass across the muslin curtains, and to be happy in the mere knowledge that it was hers. I mounted, trembling with an unacknowledged dread. I knocked gently at the door. But even that light sound rang echoing through the gallery, so silent was the house. I knocked again more loudly. Even

my heart stopped beating to catch the faintest answer.

None came.

Slowly and fearfully I opened the door, and stopped a moment ere I dared to look in. A dreadful apprehension had taken me. My first look was towards the bed. I thanked God that it was empty. I had almost expected to see—a corpse. A long, slant beam of the setting sun lay upon the ruffled sheets. Some one had evidently been sleeping there lately. This revived my dying hope. On her little table lay the books that we had read together. They were all closed and neatly arranged. Then there was the little white toilette, with its simple garnishment. She could not have left the village, for here were her brushes, and a few long golden hairs were still in the comb. Yes, her spirit seemed still to hover there.

I rushed to the open window, and called aloud through the garden, "Beatrix ! Beatrix !" The opposite hill of Stolzenfels took up the sound, but that was all.

Maddening with this suspense and doubt, I rushed again into the long street. Mine host of the Crown would know something of them. Alas ! the old inn was shut up. Shutters and doors were bolted, and I called in vain. Perhaps his race too was run, and he was gone to a world where no steamboats would come to trouble him.

Then I sped from house to house. Most of them were shut up. Those that were open were desolate. The black rag still waved in front of each, for the simple peasant had believed in the contagion of the dreadful scourge.

I passed rapidly along the street from house to house. I would have given all I possessed to the first man I met, but there was not one. At length, as I mounted the steps of a cottage, I heard a deep sad groan. I hailed it as I would have welcomed laughter. I flew up the stairs, and burst through the door. Here I was checked ; a double scene of horror was before me. On a bed in a corner, lay the groaning form of a dying boy, and by his side sat the haggard figure of his mother, wringing her hands in despair. She had not heard me enter, though I had made much noise, and I listened a moment to her bitter wailing.

"Oh! God, they call thee the God of mercy, and I know thou art so. But wilt thou forget thy character now? Wilt thou take my only child? It cannot be. Thou canst not be so cruel, so very cruel—my only son, and I a widow—my only friend on earth. Oh! Father, take me as well, if it must be—or rather take my life for his."

When she ceased, I approached her softly.

"Can I aid you, my good woman?" I said, scarcely knowing what I meant.

"Away, away!" she cried, not turning to look at me, but stretching her lank hand angrily out. "Are you so hungry for the dead? Have you not sated your vile hands with corpses yet? And will you rob me of my only one?"

Then becoming suddenly calm, she continued:—

"Wait but a little, for heaven's sake. My good friend, my dear friend, there must be still some one to bury. Come again in half an hour. We shall both be dead then, and it will save you trouble to take us both away together."

I turned away horror-stricken. At the door I met the dreadful death-cart. A priest, himself half dead with fatigue, was on the threshold with the sacred elements, and the crucifix was borne by a haggard wretched-looking peasant. Another drove the surly bullocks which dragged the common hearse, a mere open cart.

I told the priest that the boy up stairs was still alive, and then hastily asked after Von Ritter and his daughter.

"I cannot tell you," he replied indifferently. "I have been here but a short time, for our good old pastor died some days ago, and I came from Coblenz to take his place. I believe that Herr Von Ritter died a fortnight ago of the same dreadful plague."

"And his daughter—his daughter?"

"I know not, I at least have not buried her. We are all dead here. The whole village is dead."

I turned angrily to the haggard attendants.

"You knew the Fräulein Von Ritter," I said. "You must know what is become of her? Speak."

"She is gone, I think," said one sulkily.

"Gone? Where? What do you mean? Not—not—dead?"

"No, left the village. How should I know?"

I could learn nothing more from the poor wretches. In serving the dead, they seemed to have forgotten the living.

I turned away in despair. As I went, a thought struck me. I held up three bank notes. The bribe was high.

"This to the man who will find the Fräulein Von Ritter."

A ghastly laugh passed over the faces of the three.

"Of what use will that be to us tomorrow?" said one. "It will not buy us from the cholera."

"Nor purchase us a coffin," said the other; "for there are none to be had."

For a moment my knees trembled with anxiety. Then becoming desperate, I ran to and fro about the street, crying aloud: "Beatrix, Beatrix, answer me; where are you? Are you dead, Beatrix? Are you gone? Answer me; answer me!"

The weary hearsemen did not seem to heed me. They had grown callous to death and grief, and they sat on the door-step, with their heads between their hands, as if nothing were going on.

At length I grew calm, like a drunken man recovering. "I will seek her through the wide world," I said to myself, and I meant it. But I would first take a long look at all the old and well-loved haunts. I turned from the village, and mounted towards the castle of Lahneck. The air revived me as I went; and at length refreshing tears came in a full stream, when I thought that my old friend was dead. Too late, too late—he was gone where he could dispense with the promised return to his native land. He had returned to the common country of all of us, whence there was no banishment; to the true Utopia, where the great light of real philosophy blazes, like the sun in the heavens. Little would he care now for the wild hills and rich plains of Bavaria.

Goodbye, old friend—goodbye, best of philosophers. A long repentance has well washed out your old sins—sins of love too. Your Father has a fatted calf and a noble mansion

in store for you. Go, friend, and stand before Him.

I walked calmly now towards the turret on which I had first seen her white dress flutter. The spirit of the castle was not there now. I looked down upon the view below. There, steeped in the red of the dying sun, stood the broad stout tower of Saint John's, where we had sat together among the neglected bells, and looked out upon the Rhine.

"Flow on, proud heedless river ! Flow on for ever. Our feet have ceased to tread thy banks. Her laugh will never more be echoed o'er thy careless stream."

I entered, as I spoke, the roofless hall of the old castle ; a hall, on the stones of which had once clanged the long spurs of knights, or my lady's light foot had trod, like flies on gossamer. Chivalry and romance had fled it for ever, and the cockney tradesman from a city of black chimneys and iron roads could enter now, where he would once have stood uncapped, and bowing on the threshold.

Involuntarily I uncovered my head as I entered the temple of the Past. There was one side where probably a breach had been made. A large window, as it were, had been opened down to the floor. Stunted shrubs

and wild weeds stopped up part of the gap, while the heads of tall pines peered from the gulf beneath. Outside this window, the rock broke off into an abrupt precipice, and beyond was a view of the lahn and the rapid which had brought me to Niederlahnstein. I knew this spot well, for we had often sat there together.

I turned towards it now, and perceived a dark, female figure watching the sunset. I stood for a moment, with my hands clasped. In the next she turned her face, as beautiful, as perfect as ever—and now, an angelic calm and resignation lay upon it,

"Beatrix !" I murmured—

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I need scarcely tell you how my father cut me off, without even the customary twelve pence. His will was altered ; I was forbidden his presence for ever. I grieved for his foolish severity, and we both prayed that time might change him.

Von Ritter had left his daughter the little cottage, and about fifty pounds a-year, his long earned savings. We could not bear to stay in Niederlahnstein. So we came here, where in the great city I could earn bread for us both, and remain unknown. When we can afford it, we shall go back and pass the rest of our days on the banks of the gentle Rhine.

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#### MEMOIRS OF MRS. FITZHERBERT.\*

THE ten years immediately preceding the French Revolution are in many respects the most interesting in modern history. A variety of causes contribute to make them so : one of which undoubtedly is that men yet survive who were beyond the age of boyhood at a time when the inhabitants of Europe as little dreamed of the state of things we now see around us, as the mariners of Greece dreamed of the compass and the steam-engine ; men who dwelt in literally another world from that which we now inhabit—whose every thought and association sprang from a soil which has been totally washed away—men familiar with a generation to whom

Jacobitism had been formidable, and for some of whom the white rose still preserved its fragrance : to whom the sword was still the emblem of the gentleman—and who grounded their right to govern upon it :—a generation which was infinitely more free, hearty, and unconventional than our present aristocracy, for the best of all reasons, that no doubt of their own position ever crossed their minds, and that they troubled themselves no more about the possibility of popular insurrection, than we do about an insurrection of our domestic animals. It is this astounding unconsciousness of the impending catastrophe ; the gorgeous and imposing and durable



aspect of the social fabric up to the last second of its existence—combined with the extraordinary recklessness which immemorial impunity had engendered in the ruling class—that impart to this brief epoch a strong and almost painful fascination—and lead us to dwell with inexhaustible interest upon the actions of those who figured in its stirring annals.

But furthermore, in the period itself, apart from the circumstances we have noticed, there is much that is specially and deeply remarkable. The discoveries of science, and the writings of the French philosophers had produced a deep impression on the minds of the cultivated classes. Franklin's conductor, and Mongolfier's balloon, Lavoisier, and Herschel, and D'Alembert had created a ferment of excitement. A new age seemed to be approaching. Every aspect of liberalism was fashionable. But liberalism as the moving spring of the rulers, and not of the ruled. In Austria, in Sardinia, and in Prussia, the sovereign was imbued with the latest theories of philanthropy. In France every fine gentleman talked language which he little dreamed would ever be realized; and after the peace of 1782 England was as enthusiastic as the Continent. It was an age of vague and stirring aspirations—of a fevered restlessness and looking forward—of excitement which is impatient of routine—and of passion which is fruitful of greatness. But with all this the beautiful surface of society remained unbroken. Literature, politics, and religion still flowed in the same channels as of yore, though the gradual turbidness of their waters would have denoted a flood to those who could read the sign. Rank and birth still retained their predominance; all the old fashioned courtesies which had been transmitted through centuries of chivalry were still in force—everywhere was heard the wit and the eloquence—everywhere was seen the grace and the polish which denotes the very highest stage of aristocratic culture. In England the spectacle was more than usually striking. The stern, political struggle of seventy years was over. The house of Stuart was the shadow of a shadow. Already much that had made the Hanoverian dynasty odious had passed

away. German concubines, and German manners, and German predilections were now no more. For the first time since the dying Charles apologised to his courtiers, an English prince was a gentleman and a wit. Men of letters—their forty years wandering in the desert concluded—began once more to be recognised and courted. Of eloquence it is needless to speak, for we still point to the senators of those days with despairing admiration. While seldom indeed, if we may credit contemporaries, has the world of fashion been led by three such goddesses as Devonshire, Gordon, and Rutland. The influence upon the brilliant society of England by the more brilliant and corrupt society of France was wholly bad—but like certain deceitful poisons, while it diseased the vitals, it added lustre to the complexion. At the same time a sort of false sentiment was everywhere in vogue, which was doubtless deemed an equivalent for vice and infidelity. A vague philanthropy, a love for everybody but one's real neighbour, general invectives against oppression in the abstract but not in the concrete. These were the virtues which justified every social excess, and shed a halo round every kind of dissoluteness. The ancient regime was dying, but it was dying in a blaze of glory.

If the above remarks convey even the faintest impression of the truth, nothing can be plainer than the error of judging our grandfathers and grandmothers by the code which regulates ourselves. This observation might be thought to wear the appearance of a truism, but as the Hon. Mr. Langdale has undertaken the complete and formal exoneration of the lady whose name stands at the head of our article, according to the most rigid standard of modern purity, we have felt bound at the outset to give such a sketch of the state of society in which she lived, as will enable our readers readily to comprehend the sentence we are about to pronounce on his labours—namely, that his proofs of her innocence, according to the present interpretation of the term, are insufficient, and according to the then interpretation of it, superfluous.

"The subject of the present memoir, Mary Anne Smythe, was daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Brambridge, in the county of Hants, second son of Sir John Smythe,

Baronet, of Eske, in the county of Durham, and Acton Burnett, in Shropshire. She was born in July, 1756, and married in July, 1775, Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, in the county of Dorset, who died in the course of the same year. She married secondly Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swainston, in the county of Stafford, in the year 1778. He only survived their union three years, leaving her a second time a widow, before she had attained the age of twenty-five."

At the death of her second husband, who died from bathing when heated after exerting himself in the Gordon riots, Mrs. Fitzherbert went to reside at Richmond Hill, on a jointure of £2000 a-year. It was here that she first became known to the Prince of Wales, and was celebrated as the lass of Richmond Hill. According to Mr. Langdale, it was not till four years after the death of Mr. Fitzherbert that she first met the heir-apparent. But as this would make the year of their meeting as late as 1785, the very same in which the marriage ceremony passed between them, there is probably some inaccuracy in the figures. Mrs. Fitzherbert resisted the Prince's proposals for a considerable period in England, and spent at least more than one year abroad before she yielded; so that the probability is that their acquaintance commenced some time in the first year of her widowhood, 1781, at which time the Prince, who had just been declared of age, was living in her immediate neighbourhood at Kew, and tasting the first sweets of independence. Richmond Park is favourable to love-making, and at nineteen the Prince could hardly have grown callous to sentiment. The following is Mr. Langdale's narrative of a trick played upon her by the Prince, for we can scarcely suppose the incident to have been genuine:—

"For some time her resistance had been availing, but she was about to meet with a species of attack so unprecedented and alarming, as to shake her resolution and force her to take that first step which afterwards led her by slow advances to that union which he so ardently desired. Keir the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in the most imminent danger, that he had stabbed himself, and that only her immediate presence would save him."

Resisting at first, but at length consenting on condition that some lady of high character should accompany her, she drove with the Duchess of Devonshire and the four above-named gentlemen to Carleton House.

"She found the Prince pale and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness."

Under these circumstances, believing the wound to be real, she permitted him to put a ring upon her finger. But repenting of it directly afterwards, she drew up a protest against what had taken place, and literally fled the country. She went first to Aix la Chapelle, and afterwards to Holland. That Mrs. Fitzherbert should have believed the Prince attempted suicide is in no way surprising, for the most diffident woman has a secret faith in her power of making men die for her. But that Mr. Langdale should believe it simply because the lady says so, argues a degree of simplicity that a little invalidates his opinions on other matters. The fact is, that suicide by stabbing is a very difficult business. When a man wore a sword he might fall on it, and such would be a very natural and gentleman-like method of terminating his existence. But to stab oneself to the heart with a common knife must require unusual strength and skill; and, from the awkwardness of the gesture required, is not likely to occur to a man as a ready means of self-murder. We will not follow Mrs. Fitzherbert in her wanderings. Suffice it to say, that after spending sometime in Holland, France, and Switzerland, she was finally induced to return to England, and was united to the Prince of Wales on the 21st of December, 1785. She was married at her own house in town by a Protestant clergyman, the witnesses being her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe; and, according to some authorities, the Duke of Bedford also. In our construction of this ceremony we must beg leave to dissent very decidedly from Mr. Langdale. We cast no imputation on Mrs. Fitzherbert's character, for when we remember who were her constant associates, that would be idle; but we do say, that the plea of conscience which

has been set up in her behalf is wholly untenable.

We are prepared to maintain that what constitutes the validity of marriage is its indissolubleness, not in the sight of God, but in the sight of man. It is an institution adapted to the imperfections of our present state, and in heaven, we are told, there will be none. It was ordained to check licentiousness, and to cement the fabric of civil society, by means of the family. A union which does not answer these purposes is not marriage; and it cannot answer them when either of the two contracting parties is left as free as before. When infidelity is not adultery, and the children are not legitimate—in such a case the plea of conscience is totally irrelevant. The man who steals my purse, because he conscientiously believes in a community of goods, is not the less a thief; and the woman who consents to a union, invalid in law, because it is valid according to her own peculiar notions, is not the less a concubine. We use the term in a merely formal sense, and as not necessarily conveying the idea of unchastity. The truth indeed is, we never know what people's consciences may lead them to do, and though there are some cases in which this does not signify, where positive institutions are concerned, obedience must be literal: so that we think, considering the origin and final cause of wedlock, we shall not be exceeding the mark if we contend that that cannot be a marriage in the sight of God, which is not one in the sight of man. For if man does not regard it, the object is lost for which God ordained it. These, however, are arguments fitter for the advocates and advisers of Mrs. Fitzherbert than for the lady herself. But we cannot get over the one fact that she lived with a man who either did not believe himself that he was married to her, or else who deliberately committed bigamy once, and was ready, according to his own words, to have done it again. In our estimate of Mrs. Fitzherbert's behaviour, therefore, we must steer a middle course. We will not doubt that in the first instance she was led to believe the marriage all that it ought to be. The ritual, though Protestant, was sufficient to constitute a lawful union in the eyes of her own church, and she may have readily anticipated that the act of 1792 might be in

some way evaded. On this subject we could not expect her to reason philosophically. But we think that after the Prince was positively united to another woman, her excuses for remaining with him are rather to be sought in the circumstances and manners of the times than in any ecclesiastical justification. The public opinion of the day was in her favour. Queen Charlotte was on terms of marked intimacy with her. She was received among the highest nobility. And she very naturally accepted this manifestation of feeling, in lieu of that more precise morality which would have demanded the sacrifice of so dear a connexion. We cannot agree with Mr. Langdale that she was completely blameless from every point of view. But we think she occupied a position *sui generis*; one wholly distinct from that of an ordinary mistress; one whom we can safely commend to the sympathy and indulgence of her own sex, but not to their imitation.

About seventeen months after the marriage ceremony a pamphlet was published by Horne Tooke, in which he openly claimed for her the title of the Princess of Wales, and expressed his gratification at seeing the Royal Marriage act boldly violated by the heir to the throne. It is probable that this pamphlet may have had something to do with the scene that soon afterwards occurred in the House of Commons. It was just about this time that the Prince's debts were being brought before the notice of Parliament; and, in reply to Mr. Alderman Newnham, who gave notice of a motion to that effect on the 24th of April, 1787, Mr. Pitt gave utterance to some insinuations of danger to church and state to be apprehended from the present conduct of the Prince. His remarks were contemptuously treated by Sheridan, but were vehemently supported by Mr. Roke, member for Devonshire, a man of coarse manners, but considerable courage and ability. But, on the following Monday, the 30th of April, the so-called slander was completely crushed for the time by the emphatic and unqualified language of the leader of the Prince's party. "The fact," said Mr. Fox, alluding to the marriage, "not only never could have happened legally, but never did happen in any way whatsoever, and had

been, from the beginning, a base and malicious falsehood."

Horne Tooke, in a postscript to his pamphlet, affected to disbelieve the newspaper report attributing these words to Mr. Fox. That resource is, unluckily, not open to us, and we must explain them as best we may. As persons living at the time and acquainted with all the parties concerned were sorely puzzled to account for them, any solution that is now offered must be received with caution. It is not likely that Fox would have told a direct falsehood to the house, nor that the Prince would have told one to Fox which was almost certain to be detected. Lord John Russell, indeed, boldly charges the Prince with so doing, but there seems no foundation for the charge, while all *a priori* probability is against it.—Probably of the two the Prince was more to blame than Fox, but we think both may be acquitted of any intentional falsehood. When Mrs. Fitzherbert returned to England in 1785, Fox addressed a long letter to his Royal patron, dissuading him from marrying her, and received in reply a letter requesting him to make himself perfectly easy on the subject. Now it is quite possible that at that moment the Prince may not have felt certain of the step he was about to take—and it is quite possible, also, that Fox may have made no further inquiries. When, therefore, in reply to Mr. Roke, he asserted that he was speaking from direct authority, he may have been simply thinking of the Prince's letter. We will grant that this was stretching a point—but it was hardly stretching it further than political friendship is generally considered to warrant. It seems clear that the Prince was a good deal annoyed when he heard of the decisive terms in which "Charley" had taken up his cause. He was compelled, by Mrs. Fitzherbert's own reproaches, to deny that he had ever given his friend any authority to make such a statement; and also to find out some means of softening down the objectionable straightforwardness of the denial. Fox would not, of course, retract a word. Grey refused to interfere, and at last Sheridan was prevailed on to make a few unmeaning remarks, to the effect that, in this discussion, there was "another

person" "whose feelings were entitled to their consideration, and whose character was worthy of their respect," and so on; and in this manner the question was allowed to drop. Mrs. Fitzherbert never forgave Fox, but Mr. Langdale mentions a rumour, which, if true, would exonerate him completely at the expense of the Prince. It is this—that Sir John Throckmorton, a friend of Mr. Fox, had said the latter received a written message from the Prince, authorising him to speak as he did; and that Fox had in his possession a scrap of paper which the Prince was always very anxious to recover. Such was the story—one very much doubted by Mrs. Fitzherbert, of course, and which Lord Stourton himself, who is Mr. Langdale's authority, does not seem inclined to adopt. That Fox's language, however connived at for state purposes, was not generally believed by the public, is evinced by the fact that "at no period of his life were their visits so frequent at her house as on the day which followed Mr. Fox's memorable speech; and, to use her own expression, the knocker of her door was never still during the entire day."

The incident, however, was taken advantage of by a filthy lampooner of the name of Withers, who wrote under the assumed signature of Alfred. This man published a pamphlet, entitled a "Conversation between Prince Henry and Lady Herbert, by a Page of the Presence," disfigured by gross and undisguised obscenity. Lady H. is represented as entering the Prince's room with the *Morning Post* in her hand, and, repelling his advances with disdain; at length she bursts into tears, and points to a paragraph, stating that she has been offered £10,000 a-year and the coronet of a Duchess to quit England. The Prince soothes her, and she then questions him about the conduct of his friends Falstaff (Fox) and Edmund the Jesuit (Burke), which elicits from him impassioned denials that he had ever commissioned them to deny the marriage. In another performance Withers gives a long-winded account of an "infamous attempt" to suppress the above, and how Ridgway, his publisher, had been threatened by Lord Sidney, the Secretary of State, with the severest penalties

if he sold any more numbers. He next brought out a thing called the *Crisis*, which contained a mock examination of witnesses on the subject of the marriage. These were Mrs. Fitzherbert's maid-servant—Doctor Wynne, a Roman Catholic priest—Mr. Fox and Mr. St. Omer. The whole is a tissue of absurdity and uncleanness.

But the most persevering enemy of both herself and the Prince was one Jefferys. After Mrs. Fitzherbert had received an assurance from Rome that it was lawful for her to continue with the Prince, though married to another woman, the happiest period of her connexion commenced. This was in 1796. They passed most of their time between Brighton and London, and were sometimes (she said) so poor that they could not muster five pounds between them. Jefferys was a goldsmith and jeweller, who seems to have been a strange compound of avarice, impudence and vanity. He became jeweller to the Prince during the early years of his connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the former, in an evil hour for his peace, borrowed £1,400 of him to discharge a pressing creditor of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who refused to take his own guarantee. Jefferys was prodigiously puffed up by this mark of the Prince's confidence, and felt greatly offended by what he considered a look of mortified pride on the lady's countenance, when she was brought by her lover to thank him in person, as if Mrs. Fitzherbert couldn't have stayed away if she liked! On the occasion of the Prince's marriage, Jefferys received the order for the wedding jewels, and anticipating a golden harvest, he determined to throw over his business and turn gentleman. He contrived to get himself elected member for Coventry, which caused a hostile wit to observe that there would soon be as much disgrace in being sent from Coventry as in being sent to it; and launched out in a style of expenditure which not even his anticipations of plunder could justify. But he was doomed to be disappointed, and the commissioners appointed to pay the Prince's debts docked his charges ten per cent., and reduced him to bankruptcy. When Jefferys got out of prison, he published a Review of the conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince of

Wales, containing a kind of balance sheet, and asserting that he had been swindled out of £30,000, for which he could get no redress; that the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, unmindful of former obligations, treated him with contumely; and that actually when he once met them, walking arm in arm, upon the Steine at Brighton, "they regarded him with scorn." He tells us very pompously that they accused him of writing a composition in which Mrs. Fitzherbert was styled the grandmother of the lover, and seems to have imagined that he was a constant subject of persecution by the illustrious pair, who probably never gave him a thought, except to smile at his ludicrous complaints. So far from having lost £30,000 by his royal patronage, he was proved to have pocketed £15,000; and there is little doubt that his real chagrin was occasioned by having been unable to induce Mrs. Fitzherbert to run deeply into his debt. She only purchased goods of him to the amount of £120, and the money was promptly paid. This he could never forgive. No calumnies were too black for his vindictive malice; and his latest accusation was that Mrs. Fitzherbert had attempted to bribe an officer in the army with £80,000, to declare that he had enjoyed the favours of the Princess Caroline. To all such calumnies there is but one answer—the position which that lady occupied to the day of her death in the esteem of the royal family.

The final cause of the separation between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert was in this wise:—

"A circumstance now took place, which ended by blasting all her happy prospects, and finally terminated in a rupture with the Prince which lasted till the end of his life. One of the dearest friends of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Horatia Seymour, in the last stage of a decline, was advised to go abroad to seek in change of climate her only chance of recovery. She had at that time an infant, and not being able to take it with her, she entrusted her treasure to the care of her attached friend, Mrs. Fitzherbert, who having no child of her own, soon became devotedly attached to the precious charge, and her affection for the child increased with the loss of the parent. Some time afterwards, one of the near relatives of the family, desirous of having the education of the child placed in other hands, and being jealous of the

religion of its protectress, applied to the chancellor to obtain possession of Miss Seymour as guardian. Mrs. Fitzherbert, now more than ever devoted to the child, and sharing in this affection with the Prince himself, exerted every means to retain the custody of it; and after all others had failed, had at last recourse to Lady Hertford, with whom she was formerly intimately acquainted. She requested her to intercede with Lord Hertford, as head of her house, to come to her aid, and demanding for himself the guardianship of the child to give it up to her upon certain conditions as to its education.

"This long negotiation, in which the Prince was the principal instrument, led him at last to those confidential relations which ultimately gave to Lady Hertford an ascendancy over him superior to that possessed by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, and from a friend converted her into a successful rival."

The mortifications which Mrs. Fitzherbert was compelled to undergo during the ensuing two or three years seriously affected her health, and rounded greatly to the discredit of the Prince who permitted them. We are not told the exact date of their separation; but it was owing to a slight put upon Mrs. Fitzherbert at a dinner given by the Prince to Louis XVIII., when, for the first time, the guests were arranged to sit according to their rank—

"When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the Prince, who had invited her with the rest of the company, where she was to sit. He said, 'You know, madame, you have no place.' 'None, sir,' she replied, 'but such as you choose to give me.' Upon this she informed the royal family that she would not go."

This was the end. As Mr. Langdale has not given us a biography of Mrs. Fitzherbert, we have no means of satisfying the curiosity of our readers as to the details of her subsequent life. She continued, however, on the most intimate terms with the royal family, and especially the Duke of York, and he and the Queen procured for her an annuity of £6,000 a-year, secured on the Pavilion at Brighton, as she had no legal claim on the Prince for a single shilling, and her jointure was burdened with debts incurred on his behalf. The correspondence between herself and the Duke of York was burned previously to the death of the latter; though, as she herself says, had she

been of a mercenary turn of mind, she could have obtained almost any price for it—as "she could have given the best private and public history of all the transactions of the country, from the close of the American war down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communication with the duke, or her own connections with the opposite party, through the prince and his friends."

Mrs. Fitzherbert appears to have possessed a real attachment for the Prince. She did not forget him, even when he had, as she supposed, forgotten her. Shortly before his death, she wrote him a letter of a tender and affectionate character, to which she never received any answer.

"Nothing (she said) had so 'cut her up,' to use her own expression, as not having received one word in reply to that last letter. There is reason however to suppose that George the Fourth was not wholly indifferent to her memory. He is said to have seized her letter with eagerness, and placed it immediately under his pillow, and to have desired that a particular picture should be hung round his neck and deposited with him in the grave. This was supposed by the Duke of Wellington to be the portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert."

After his death she seems to have lived principally at Brighton, where she was treated with marked kindness and distinction by William the Fourth—who expressed his deep sense of the forbearance she had exercised—offered to create her a duchess—insisted on her wearing mourning for the King, and took care that she should mix on the most familiar terms with his own family. At the small Sunday dinner parties at the Pavilion she was generally one of the guests. In 1833, an arrangement was come to between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the executors of the late King, to destroy all the correspondence which had passed between them, and all papers except such as Mrs. Fitzherbert might wish to preserve. These were five in number—namely, 1. The mortgage on the Palace at Brighton. 2. The certificate of the marriage, dated December 21, 1785. 3. Letter from the late King relating to the marriage, signed George the Fourth. 4. Will written by the late King, George IV. 5. Memorandum

written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.

These papers were deposited at Coutts', and Mr. Langdale has been unable to obtain access to them. We do not altogether see what good could have been gained by producing them. The world is pretty well satisfied about the real nature of Mrs. Fitzherbert's connexion—and we think the Hon. author has unnecessarily swollen his book by correspondence with the executor on this subject. Mrs. Fitzherbert died at Brighton in the month of March, 1837, in the 81st year of her age.

Concerning the precise character of Mrs. Fitzherbert's beauty we have little authentic information. A portrait is prefixed to Mr. Langdale's volume which represents her with a profusion of short thick ringlets—an aquiline nose, and an oval face—a beautifully curved mouth, and eyes of melancholy softness. Her figure is described by one of the above mentioned pamphleteers as inclining to fulness, and from the late period to which she retained her charms, it is not an improbable conjecture that the prince's celebrated definition of his own taste in such matters may have sprung from recollections of the beautiful widow. Of her manners and disposition we know more—they were eminently engaging and amiable. It is recorded of her that when taken as a child to view Louis the Fifteenth dining at Versailles, she burst into a fit of laughter, on seeing him disjoint a chicken with his fingers; and that the king was so pleased with her appearance, that he sent her a dish of sugar plums by the Duke de Soubise. She seems in her late life to have won golden opinions from everybody except the baffled rogue Nathaniel Jefferys. The king listened to her intercession in favour of the Prince, at a period when great coolness existed between them, and received him with so much kindness that he returned from court in the highest spirits without in the least knowing to whom he was indebted. The Princess Caroline always spoke highly of Mrs. Fitzherbert. "She always says, that is the prince's true wife; she is an excellent woman; it is a great pity he ever broke with her." The

same authority pronounced his connexion with Lady Hertford merely platonic—as she was too 'formal,' for the prince. The princess Charlotte was deeply attached to her mother's rival—on one occasion she threw her arms round Mrs. Fitzherbert's neck, and besought her to intercede with her father "that he would receive her with greater marks of his affection,"—but when Mrs. Fitzherbert once ventured to remonstrate with him, she got but a rough answer, "That is your opinion, madam." The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Horatio Seymour, the Dukes of York and Clarence, and other members of the royal family were her warmest friends—and she seems never at any period to have given offence to any one by undue elation or assumption. In reading the scanty memoirs which this volume contains, we cannot help all along fancying that her mind was for ever haunted by the apprehension of coming misfortune—and that she was inclined to consider her elevation in the light of a calamity. Sometimes, when compelled to be subservient to the caprices of her proud and cold-hearted rival, she would often reflect on her early reluctance to contract an engagement for which thousands of her sex would sigh, and repeat without ceasing those soberly sorrowful lines—

"Yet Vane can tell what ills from beauty  
spring;  
And Sedley cursed the firm that pleased  
a King."

The only author of any repute who has spoken with harshness of Mrs. Fitzherbert is Dr. Croly, in his "Life and Reign of George IV." He seems to consider her a designing woman, who took advantage of the Prince's youth and temperament. We can only regard this as the hasty opinion of a writer more zealous in the defence of morality than in the search for truth. Had the doctor made those inquiries which he is in a position to make with success, he would have discovered many facts which separate Mrs. Fitzherbert from the ordinary class of royal mistresses. But he adopted a vulgar prejudice, and has been unintentionally the propagator of a vulgar calumny. It is no small merit in Mr. Langdale to

have collected and put upon record such a statement of facts as will silence at all events such detractors as these. Persons there may be still who will refuse to see in her anything different from the King's other favourites, on the score of propriety; but we think no one will henceforward accuse her of a calculating and mercenary spirit which could trifle with genuine passion.

There are certain general reflections to which this volume will give rise, more than usually important under existing circumstances. How far is it expedient to retain these restrictions upon the marriages of the royal family? What advantages do they confer on us? What impropriety can there be in a Duke or Princess marrying an English subject? Six out of the eleven sovereigns immediately preceding the Hanoverian dynasty were sprung from such marriages; and George I. himself married the daughter of such a marriage.

It cannot be said that a more genuinely English policy has governed the conduct of our sovereigns since their more intimate connexions have been sought from a single continental country. The monarchy becomes more isolated in every generation, and the great English race is ruled by a small junto of German families. Were the younger branches of the Royal House permitted to intermarry with our nobility, the throne would become nationalised, and would rest on much wider and deeper foundations than it does at present. We are not now about to discuss the propriety of removing these restrictions. But we think it is a fair subject for consideration. Public opinion is so powerful and vigilant, and new blood is so much required, that we fancy the advantage would be considerably greater than the danger; but we admit it is a difficult question, and one on which we should not like hastily to pronounce a decided opinion.

#### THE GENTLEMAN-SOLDIER.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the conduct and results of our military operations during the two years that have just passed by, it will be generally admitted that they have had the effect of raising doubts in the public mind as to the soundness of the system under which the national army is formed and organised. Into a consideration of the grounds upon which these doubts are based it is not our intention to enter. It is sufficient for our present purpose that they prevail widely, and have assumed practical shape in a multiplicity of projects of changes in the manner of recruiting, educating, and officering the army. Some of these plans have already been put into at least partial operation, with the infelicitous haste to do something, under the pressure of popular clamour that has been too often exemplified in the course of the war. Others, which would probably be forced upon the government in like immaturity were another campaign to be undertaken, will perhaps in the contingency of a peace be laid aside; yet it can scarcely be expected by the most credulous believer in

things as they are, that subjects so important in their own nature, and so well adapted to the uses of the grievance-monger, will be forgotten by the parliament or the people. We wish it were in our power to feel equally certain that they will be dealt with in a temperate, informed, and above all in a national spirit. Unfortunately, however, in this age, excellent as we must believe it to be, moderation is sublimed into apathy or recklessness, learning expands into the possession of the Universal Secret, and nationality is transcended by general philanthropy. One day, every child knows that it was under the cold shade of the aristocracy the army dwindled away last winter, and that the remedy—the effectual and only remedy—is to choose generals out of the ranks. The next, it is enough to pronounce the single word *routine*, in order to explain to the meanest capacity why every third man in a host of some thirty thousand died of hunger, cold, fatigue and exposure within the short period of six months. The cause of the evil being thus discovered after



so short a search, it can of course be removed with equal facility—a cure will speedily be effected by the use of the simple formula, ‘confusion to order.’ It needs but to abolish the *system*, and to obliterate experience, and all will be right again. ‘They manage these things better in France,’ is commonly the word of power which is to evoke those reforms. Everything will be accomplished if we will only adopt the conscription, the system of military schools, the Legion of Honour. These few changes from ancient ways may, it is true, involve the elimination of the essential elements of the Saxon character from our nature; but they will be effectual. We may enter upon a career of conquest as brilliant as that of the great Napoleon, if we will but forego our stupid prejudices in favour of the liberty of industry, if we will forget our dislike to despotic institutions, if we will learn to think upon *la gloire et la patrie* in the French tongue. How easy it is to set down these few remedial measures! and who will doubt that it would be as easy to carry them out in practice? The way to do it is plain as road to parish church, when viewed through the columns of certain eminent journals, or from the elevation of hundreds of platforms. It is true, the adoption of the new model has not seemed quite so simple a matter in the eyes of those whose official duty it would be to introduce it; but they have manifestly admitted a doubt of the perspicacity of their own vision, and got them glass eyes, through which they seem to see, like Lear’s scurvy politician. They have not chosen generals out of the ranks; but they have promoted a few sergeants, and probably embittered the future lives of most of them. They have not proposed to cast the net of military service over various ranks of the population by a conscription; but they have tried to coax a better class of men into it, by offering increased pay to balance as it were the degradation of the common soldier’s condition. They have not established doubles of the Polytechnique or the School of St. Cyr; but they have raised a barrier of crabbed learning in front of young aspirants to commissions, which they cannot get over without the aid of crammers and grinders. They have not incorpo-

rated a Legion of Honour into our system, but they have forged a pinchbeck cross in counterfeit presentment of it.

It would be absurd to deny that these measures have been to a great extent very honestly designed to remedy acknowledged evils; but it would also, we think, be difficult to maintain that they have not been put into execution hastily, or that they have not been conceived under the influence of popular clamour, rather than in a cool and philosophic apprehension of the nature of an army, and of the quality of the materials out of which a *British* army must be composed. It was too, as it seems to us, very unreasonably put out of sight by the public, that war is an art which like every other art can only be learned by actual practice; and that this must vary according to circumstances. There are rules and principles of navigation and architecture more certain and definite than those of strategy; but no one would expect theoretical learning, or even skill in handling, reefing, and steering such a piece of rigwork as may be seen in the grounds of the royal naval school, to enable a man to handle a ship in a gale of wind. Neither would the most extensive acquaintance with plans and models be thought sufficient to qualify an architectural student to undertake the construction of a public building; nor would it be expected that a skilful practical architect, transported suddenly from among the bricks of Holland, would at first make any great figure as a builder of log houses in the sandy wilds of Australia. So even though Mr. Joseph Hume had never lived, and ever so much money had been spent in recruiting and drilling the army, we have no doubt it would have required a campaign or two to render it handy in the field and self-reliant in camp or cantonments. And useful as recollections of the actual warfare of the Peninsula and of India must unquestionably have been in the Crimea, some time was as certainly required to revive and to modify their details so as to secure to the particular service the benefits of the general experience. An apprenticeship is necessary in every craft; skill and success are seldom reached without passing through a probation

of blundering and misfortune. But while these truths may be fairly appealed to, in partial extenuation of the faults exposed in the Crimean campaigns, they also contain a lesson against presumptuously rushing out of one fault into its opposite; and when applied to illustrate the actual state of our army, they teach the necessity for many changes if we wish to make any serious attempt to square our system with them. The making of an accomplished 'officer and gentleman' is a work of time and training, to effect which an apprenticeship is required as much as it is for the making of a hardy, self-reliant soldier. It is no more possible to discover by an examination in mathematics, languages, and history whether the germs of the qualities of a commander in any grade be in a youth's mind, than it is to train his body to military exercises by book learning.

We must not, however, be misunderstood as though we undervalued learning and intellectual development in the military profession. Nay we are, on the contrary, very far from thinking that a brutal, unlettered swordsmen is in his right place in any rank in the army; agreeing, as we do fully, with old Munro,\* that "reading and discourse doth as much or rather more to the furtherance of a perfect souldier than a few years' practice without reading." To us it has always seemed a very idle task to discuss the question so commonly disputed, as to the danger of an excessive literary education of men whose lives must be passed for the greater part in bodily labour. The danger in truth lies in not educating them sufficiently in the practice of their handicraft; for if that be attended to, an excess in literary education will be simply impossible. Train a farm labourer, a gardener, a carpenter, or a sailor perfectly in his respective art, and—such a creature of habit is man—it will be a case of rare exception in which any amount

of learning he can ever acquire will lead him away from the pursuit whereby his faculties were first developed, and in which he knows he is skilful. And if this truth applies to men of other crafts, it is much more forcibly applicable to the soldier, for the 'laudable profession of arms' holds out many attractions to the adventurous mind of youth, and cannot be thoroughly learned without training the grown man in modes of life and imbuing him with tastes in a great measure incompatible with other callings. He is no true soldier who having served a few years, or a campaign or two, longs to retire in the prime of life; such a deserter, it may be taken as certain, has not been thoroughly educated in the military profession, though he may be perfect in drill, or even able to set a squadron in the field. The well-trained cavalier will discern but one path of duty, but one goal of honour before him, and whatever advances he may make in learning, or philosophy, or religion, the effect of mental development will be to stimulate his military ambition, or to teach patience under the discouragements of a military life, or to supply consolation in its reverses. This standard of military education is tersely described, as having been attained in those armies with which Bonaparte achieved wonders, by the pithy saying that every private sentinel carried a Marshal's baton in his knapsack. We need not stop to prove that it has not been reached in our own system of late days, and we will assume as admitted, that to set it up ought to be the object of any changes that may be made with a view to improving the character of our soldiers of all ranks. These positions will not be contested, however diverse may be the opinions entertained as to the specific reforms that should be adopted, and as to the amount of benefit that can be fairly expected to attend upon any practicable alterations in existing arrangements.

\* The original of Captain Dalgetty. We shall again refer to his duties and observations of service in his "Expedition with the worthy Scots regiment, called Mac Keye's regiment, levied in August, 1626, by Sir Donald Mac Keye, Lord Rees, Colonel, for His Majesty's service of Denmark," and "afterward under the invincible King of Sweden; collected and gathered together at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Munro, for the use of all noble cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of armes." The formidable title, wanting in the copy before us, will be found at length in the introduction to the "Legend of Montrose."

Too many old officers will probably think that time has consecrated acknowledged blemishes and imperfections ; too many young ones will lose heart in the contemplation of the obstacles that stand in the way of the most obvious and necessary reformations ; too many civilians will look with suspicion upon any proposal for elevating the military profession, as dangerous to liberty, and (what now-a-days will, perhaps, seem more objectionable) as calculated to divert a large proportion of the labour of the country into an unprofitable channel. On the other hand, it is much to be feared that an indiscreet zeal will bring discredit upon all attempts at improvement, by courting the failure of crude experiments devised in ignorance, or hastily adopted from foreign nations differing essentially in national character and social habits from ourselves. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that all these several obstructors of military reform would agree in desiring the improvement of the character and position of the soldier, if precedent could be shown for proposed changes ; if they could be proved to be safe ; and if a trial of them would involve no sudden revolution in official routine, and no violation of conventional prejudices. Under these circumstances, and viewing the matter thus, it seems to us that some advantage may be gained, if we can direct the public attention towards the facts (for such we consider them to be), that the vices of our existing military system have not antiquity to recommend them ; that they are not the necessary complement of our national peculiarities ; and that something may be done towards their cure without uncitizenising our soldiers, or violently subverting the etiquette of the mess-room.

"The English army has at the present day both the virtues and the defects of aristocratic armies. When we read those letters which came from the English camp in such numbers, and with such complete freedom, and which they publish with such courageous frankness, we might easily suppose them to have been written by our own valiant men-at-arms of other days, who, victorious at Marignan

and Cerisolles, could not endure the tedium of winter quarters in a hostile land, and returned in all haste to the court or to their domains to await there the coming battle. By its heroic bravery, by its composition, by the too great distance which separates the officer from the soldier, as well as by the slowness of its movements, by its weariness and impatience under the protracted fatigues of modern strategy, finally by the difficulty it experienced in extricating itself from the prosaic embarrassments of a camp life, the British army resembles but too closely our own in the times of Francis I. or Louis XIV. These shed eternal honour upon the name and the flag of France, but, except upon the field of battle, they would bear no comparison with our modern legions, hardened to all fatigues, accustomed to create in the bivouac all the resources of domestic or civil life, and in whom a severe and intelligent discipline has in no degree damped the incomparable ardour of their forefathers."\*

In this candid criticism, M. de Montalembert has concisely described the British army in the condition in which it was at the commencement of the present war, and to which it had been brought by the operation of a forty years' peace. But the description, scarcely truthful at the present moment, would be very incorrect if applied to those veterans of forty years' since, with whom the Duke of Wellington was convinced he could "go anywhere and undertake anything." The survivors of the men whose gallantry achieved victory at Alma and Inkerman—such of them, at least, as have not been called from the field by "urgent private affairs"—would not now be content to dine upon a ration of raw pork, spending the time in which they might have cooked it in pining lamentations. Another campaign or two would probably have developed in the camp as large a proportion of culinary and house-keeping ability, as that which, in the army of 1813, was unquestionably the basis of those admirable qualities upon which its great commander so confidently relied.

The main point in the art of war is

in truth the feeding of troops. The general who can maintain the greatest number in health and strength is sure to conquer; but no skill nor forethought in a commander, not even an abundance of supplies at his disposal, can avail to feed large bodies of men without their own zealous and intelligent co-operation. That is a feat which it would be impossible to perform in the midst of the resources of the most advanced civilisation. The Duke of Wellington, with Sir Richard Fletcher as his chief commissary, and in undisputed command of England and the sea, could not feed London for a single week, if the fathers and mothers of the population sat in their door-ways and wept over their rations, instead of taxing their ingenuity to devise the means of cooking and husbanding them to the best advantage, for the sustenance of their children and themselves. It is obvious that this truth applies still more forcibly to a large body of men in the field before an enemy; and it can scarcely be doubted that it was not duly appreciated in our army before Sebastopol last winter, or that much of the suffering and mortality that occurred there was traceable to its neglect. Every individual officer and man had been long accustomed to be provided for; it was only the most intelligent and stout-hearted of either class, who at once recognised, and set themselves as best they could to discharge the duty of providing for themselves. The effeminate among the highest, and the degraded among the lowest ranks, alike sank under a burthen, more or less of which the soldier on active service is, under all circumstances, required to bear. But it is habit and training only which can render the necessary cares and labours of a campaigning life tolerable to the manliest and most spirited soldier. Heroic bravery or incomparable ardour in fight will not sustain the spirits of the officer, suddenly transferred from the luxury and ease of home, under the privations of a camp, accompanied by the menial drudgery of watching over the supply of the daily wants of himself and his men, of painfully attending to the preservation of their health, taking

care of their arms, their clothing, their lodging. Animal courage and brute strength will be as little effectual in supporting the common soldier, newly separated from the flesh-pots of the barrack and the pleasures of the canteen, in the course of self-denial and vigilance necessary to secure any measure of success for the provident attentions of his officer. Not even the habit and training of a campaign will reconcile officer or man to a cheerful continuance in active military service, unless he can enter upon it as a profession to whose honours and rewards he may look forward without presumption, and the present practice of which he can continue without shame. "It is ambition, grounded upon virtue, (says Munro) makes the meanest souldier mount from the lowest centrie to the top of honour, to be a general; as some of our worthy countriemen have done under the crown of Sweden to their eternall glory." The tendency of a protracted war would no doubt be now, as it was in the beginning of the century, to eliminate from the army, both the luxurious man of wealth and the degraded outcast, to neither of whom it would offer the advantages and inducements of a permanent profession; but the showing of the present muster-roll notoriously justifies the commentary of M. de Montalembert. The distance which separates the officer from the soldier is too great; in the one class, there is too much of the pretension if not of the wealth and rank of the rich aristocrat; in the other, the infusion of the vagabond element is sufficiently large to tinge the whole with a Pariah colouring. With the exception of the officers of the artillery and engineers, there was scarcely a man of any grade under sixty years' old in the army that left England for Turkey in 1854, who entered upon the military life as a profession by the practice of which he might hope to "rise to supreme honor, wealth, and dignities, having the patience to attend his fortune;"\* or to obtain an honest livelihood, as in any other calling. And how could a different result be reasonably expected? It is literally impossible for any officer, under the rank of captain,

to live upon his pay in any regiment of the line : enlistment into the ranks is, in the common opinion, a step so desperate and degrading, that it is a perfect wonder how a sufficient number of decent men can be found to fill the places of non-commissioned officers.

So long as this state of matters shall endure, the distance between the officer and the soldier will be too great, the defects of aristocratic armies will continue to mingle with the acknowledged virtues of our troops ; they will be brave indeed in the actual combat, but languid and impatient in winter quarters, unskilled in the arts of camp life, and unready to create in the bivouac the resources of home and civilization. If these defects are to be removed, the agents in the reformation must be the regimental officers. But it was the Duke of Wellington's opinion that the work done in continental armies by that agency has been, during the period of the long peace, left undone in the British army. With one trifling exception, the study of the tempers and individual capabilities of the men has been altogether neglected, and their social management left absolutely unattended to. " Indeed (said his Grace, in his memorandum of 1829) we carry the principle of the gentleman, and the absence of intercourse with those under his command, so far as that, in my opinion, the duty of a subaltern officer, as done in a foreign army, is not done at all in the cavalry or the British infantry of the line. It is done in the guards by the sergeants. Then our gentleman officer, however admirable his conduct on a field of battle, however honorable to himself, however glorious and advantageous to his country, is but a poor creature in disciplining his company in camp, quarters, or cantonments." This opinion, the importance of which cannot be overrated at the

present time, was given by the last great British captain some fourteen years after the dissolution of the army he had formed in his Peninsular campaigns, and which he believed to be invincible. It will, perhaps, be argued that the very vice he condemned existed in that army at the time when it enjoyed his fullest confidence ; but a very slight examination of the circumstances will show the argument to be fallacious. It is quite true that the formal rules of the Horse Guards were pretty much the same in 1814 as they were in 1829 ; but in the former year the great Duke was the dictator of our military constitution, and he exercised his despotic functions in the immediate presence of a powerful enemy. It would have been unsafe for any man living under that iron rule to have carried " the principle of the gentleman " into practice, in his dealings with the men under his command, to such an extent as should interfere with his knowledge of and attention to their wants, their comforts, and even their prejudices. Nor is it possible that any man of spirit can serve during a campaign in close community of suffering, danger, and triumph, with a comrade, however inferior in social rank, without being drawn towards him by those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. Poverty brings men acquainted with strange bed-fellows ; but common peril of life, a common bivouac, common hunger, and common thirst, can effect still more. The proudest of men will, under such trials, be brought within the influence of obligations to the meanest of those around them ; and—for Englishmen, at least, we need not shrink from the pledge—they will usually acknowledge the force of the bond, and endeavour to discharge it.\*

Following up the view to which

\* An old and esteemed friend who passed away but a short time since, used to cite an incident from his own experience in corroboration of the maxim that refers the governing power of man to his stomach. Being obliged to lead his regiment into the field very early one morning during the campaign in Holland, he was accosted by a Rosshire tinker of his own name and clan, but the most notorious pillager in the corps, who offered him a shank of ham for breakfast. The colonel, knowing he must have stolen it, scornfully rejected the offer, promising further inquiries and punishment. The day was spent in a harassing combat, and as the regiment was retiring in the evening, the tinker again drew the piece of ham from his haversack, and again tempted his chief : " And that time," Sir — used to say with great glee, fifty years afterwards, " by — I ate it, and never forgot his kindness from that day to this."

we have referred, the Duke of Wellington contrasted the Prussian subaltern with our own, the former being the friend and adviser of the soldier, with whom he lives much and with whose feelings and peculiarities he is intimately acquainted. No one knew better than that great commander, that the perils and chances of actual war would be sufficient to soften the points of the contrast: but, it may well be asked, why such violent remedies as the winter campaign of 1854-5 should be necessary to bring about the organization of our army as a society; why so marked a difference between its constitution and that of other armies should ever be suffered to exist? The effect of a continuance of active service in the field must be to lead the soldier to consider his occupation as a profession, and no longer to regard it as a pastime for the wealthy or a refuge for the destitute. The mode in which service works towards the social adaptation of the various parts of the army, is by the gradual elimination from the ranks of the officers of all who have 'urgent private affairs,' who possess other means of living, and who are conscious of no vocation for a military life; and, on the other hand, by drawing into the ranks of the private men a proportion of recruits animated by a spirit of adventure and the hope of promotion; men who could not endure the degradation and tedium of a private soldier's life in barracks, but who can see in the freedom of the bivouac and the excitement of the reconnaissance or picquet but an exaltation of the pleasures of the moor or the river. A little leaven of this active kind will leaven a large mass of brute strength and courage, and the fermentation will extend upwards as well as downwards. The presence of a few gentlemen-soldiers in the ranks has seldom failed to arouse the heroic spirit in the breasts of their officers, and to fill those of their comrades with fortitude and devotion. The noblest deeds of war have been performed under the influence of such inspirations. It was no rabble of mere common soldiers, headed by dilettanti gentlemen-officers, which conquered at Naseby or the Boyne, or which held out at Derry

or Limerick. The renowned exploits of the more regular defenders of Cremona and Lille were the work of gentlemen-soldiers, obliged by the chances of war and their own misfortunes to serve in the ranks. In the last-named place, Marshal Boufflers held out full three months against the united genius and force of Eugene and Marlborough, a main part in the celebrated defence being borne by a battalion of reduced officers of the Irish Brigade. They were attached to the different regiments in the garrison, inspiring them with their own courage and animating them by their example, and "when the siege was over," says their historian, "they were again regimented, and in marching out must have excited the sympathy no less than the admiration of the military of Europe engaged in that siege. Gentlemen by birth, education, and inheritance, victims to conscience and loyalty, famed for valour, reduced from wealth and military station to poverty and to the ranks, they submitted to their cruel destinies with the same fortitude that marked the heroism of Dundee's officers reduced to the same state, and immortalised in the pages of Dalrymple."<sup>\*</sup>

The memory of every reader will suggest numerous examples in addition to those we have adduced in illustration of the fact, that a private soldier is none the worse in war for not being a mere outcast; nay, that he is the better the nearer he approaches in tone and spirit to his officer—the more conscious he is that it is possible he may carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The increased value of veteran troops does, in fact, to a great extent, consist in the approximation of the characters and qualities of men and officers towards each other. As the elimination we have above alluded to proceeds, so will "the principle of the gentleman" by degrees force the subaltern officer to take pride in the performance of his duty; and as the spirit of the gentleman-soldier more and more pervades the private sentinel, he will proportionately grow more and more competent to take care of himself, and to execute the commands and comprehend the designs of his superiors. What we

\* Military History of the Irish Nation, by Matthew O'Connor, Esq. Dub. 1845, p. 340.

do not so plainly perceive is, the reason why we insist upon paying so heavy a price for this advantage of social organization in our army. There appears to us to be no sufficient argument adducible in favor of our plan of excluding from among our officers all who are likely to make the military life a profession, and of keeping out of the ranks all who are not content to be branded as the most degraded outcasts of society. We own we cannot see any necessity for following this course in time of peace, when experience teaches us that the system will be entirely changed by the emergencies of war, and at that terrible cost which the events of the last two campaigns have made so plain to every eye. Precedent sanctions a different system, and as we are a precedent-governed people, perhaps we cannot more efficiently employ our mite of power to advance the public good, than by showing that the idea of a gentleman-soldier is no novelty, and that, in fact, the outlawry of the common soldier from society was only consummated in our aristocratic army during the forty years' peace that preceded the present war.

The respective rates of pay of men employed in different grades of the same profession will be admitted to indicate, at least to some extent, their relative social position; and the farther we go back towards the period of the origin of standing armies, the stronger we shall find such evidence of the enjoyment of a comparatively high status by the private soldier. We have the sufficient authority of Mr. Hallam for the fact, that the pay of soldiers stipulated in the extant contracts of Edward III. and his successors was "extremely high; but it secured the service of a brave and vigorous yeomanry.\* Without, however, going so near to the foundation of things, we have found some figures confirmatory of the views we have ventured to suggest, in the old pay lists of the military establishments in Ireland; for an opportunity of examining which we have to acknowledge our obligations to the kindness of Mr. Harding, of the Record Office. In a warrant signed by Elizabeth on the 24th of March, 1598, we find provi-

sion made for 1,300 horse in 26 bands, and 16,000 foot in 160 companies, at the following rates of daily pay:—

Captain (with an additional allowance, in the foot, of 6 dead pays at 8d)	s.	d.
Lieutenant . . . . .	4	0
Cornet . . . . .	2	0
Ensign . . . . .	1	6
Private horseman . . . . .	1	3
Private foot soldier . . . . .	0	8
Sergeant, drum, and chyrurgeon, each . . . . .	1	0

In an entry of a payment made to the Lord Lieutenant's company of footemen in 1641, the items are:—

The Lord Lieutenant, as captain at (per day)	s.	d.
Lieutenant, at . . . . .	7	6
Ensign, at . . . . .	1	1
Chyrurgeon, at . . . . .	0	9
45 privates, at . . . . .	6	6

The pay lists of the Commonwealth are not to be found among the Irish records; but in a table of the pay of the foot in Scotland, established by Cromwell in 1655, printed in Colonel Mackinnon's *History of the Coldstream Guards*, the rates of pay differ considerably from the scale of the preceding century. The pay of the captain, lieutenant, and ensign is doubled, being respectively 8s., 4s., and 3s.; the chirurgeon is separated from the sergeant and drum, and his entertainment increased five-fold; the sergeant himself got 1s. 6d., one-half more than before; while the private soldier had still but 8d. in garrison, with an additional penny when employed in the field. It is curiously illustrative of the spirit of the times, that the regimental preacher received nearly as much pay as a lieutenant and ensign together, 6s. 8d. a day.

In a warrant of Charles II., dated 1st April, 1666, the pay list of the ordnance department shows these curious items:—

	per diem.	s.	d.
Master of the ordnance . . . . .	6	8	
A Lieutenant . . . . .	1	6	
A Cornet . . . . .	0	9	
18 horsemen (the piece) . . . . .	1	0	
The Lieutenant of the ordnance Engineer, Overseer, Surveyor, and Director-general of fortifications, each . . . . .	7	0	
		5	0

\* Constitutional History of England. Lond. 1846, vol. 1, p. 549.

	per diem.	
	s.	d.
Master-gunner . . . . .	3	0
6 gunners, each . . . . .	1	6
4 quarter-gunners, for Castle of Dublin, each . . . . .	1	2
Gunsmith, blacksmith, carpenter, wheeler, each . . . . .	1	4
Armourer, cutler, cooper, each . . . . .	0	9
Matrouse . . . . .	0	8

During this reign the pay of the foot soldier was reduced to 6d., that of the other grades remaining about the same; and so it continued, still 6d., in the establishment of William III. in 1699; when, however, the pay of the trooper was 1s. 6d., and that of the private dragoon 1s. 2d. At this period the corporal of horse received 2s. 6d., as much as the surgeon's mate, and within 6d. of the pay of the cornet. Chaplains were borne upon the regimental books during the reigns of Charles II. and William III., at the same rate of pay as in Cromwell's establishment; but in the Irish regiments pipers were added at 1s. a day in the former reign; perhaps to balance the account in favour of the more joyous sentiments of the Restoration.

In the earlier periods to which these accounts refer, it is plain that there could have been no very great difference of condition between the private soldier and the officer. The gradation of pay in Queen Elizabeth's bands of horse, from the 1s. 3d. of the trooper to the 2s. of the cornet and lieutenant; and in her companies of foot, from the 8d. of the soldier to the 1s. of the sergeant and surgeon, and on to the 1s. 6d. of the ensign, is so easy as to shew that, without doubt, there could be no very great obstacle in the way of transition from one of these ranks to the other. From 1655 down to the present century, the value of the labour of the common soldier was proportionately less than before—the population was increasing,—but the relative money estimation of the positions of the commissioned and the non-commissioned officer indicated no marked difference of social rank between them. And this position is further strengthened by such facts as the pay lists disclose, in regard to the status of the civil officers of the army in those days. Thus the pay of the trooper of the king's guard of horse in the Irish establishment in 1672 was

£3 10s. (it was at that date reduced from £4 18s.) per month of twenty-eight days, or £45 10s. a year, the pay of the advocate-general and chirurgion-general of the army being each only £112 a year. In William's army in 1699, the pay of these considerable officers was 6s. 8d. a day, that of the corporal of horse and private trooper being, as we have stated, respectively 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. The natural inference from these facts and figures would seem to us to be, that long after the diminished value of mere manual labour brought down the pay of the private soldier and introduced a lower class of men into the ranks, these continued to be freely supplied with persons of a better condition. For such recruits the higher pay in the horse and dragoon regiments was doubtless intended, and the facility of advancement through the grades (then relatively higher) of corporal and sergeant to those of ensign or cornet must have been to them a sufficient inducement to take service. We are not, however, left without more direct evidence that this was the case.

Whatever may be thought of the morality of contracts for mercenary military service, there can, we believe, be no difference of opinion with respect to the fact, that the most perfect professional soldiers of modern times were the English, Scotch, and Irish mercenaries who served upon all sides during the continental wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among those bands the custom was for the young soldier to begin in the lowest rank, from which promotion was free, though often very slow, through the grades of corporal, furier, and sergeant, to the highest posts; to the attainment of which "all brave cavaliers, of minde to follow the laudable profession of armes," were expected to look "not grudging, though their advancement and preferment came not at first, but with patience to await on God's blessing." In the Thirty Years War, the regiments were commonly raised under contracts made by men of known military character with one or other of the belligerent sovereigns, the contractor stipulating for the commission of colonel, and having previously made arrangements with certain known officers, willing to accept the command of companies, and to



take a part in the labour of recruiting. These, then, went to work to raise their respective contingents among their kinsmen, connexions, or dependents, as they best could; and the hopes of promotion they were able to kindle, by pointing to the personal history of themselves and their chiefs, were assuredly their most effective recruiting agents. Thus we find Munro recounting the story of his chiefs and cosen the Baron of Fowles, who, having redacted his estate to a weak point, went beyond sea a volunteer to Germany with MacKeye's regiment, well accompanied with a part of his nearest friends; and having the patience to attend his fortune, ultimately was colonel of horse and foot, under the invincible King of Sweden. The example, no doubt, produced its desired effect in animating other cavaliers, borne of lesse fortunes, "rather to live honourably abroad, and with credit, than to encroach (as many do) on their friends at home, as we say in Scotland, leaping at the half loafe, while as others through vertue live nobly abroad, served with silver plate and attendance." We have known, in our time, many a gentle Irish house where this exhortation would have been suitable; aye, and as effectual as it was among the cadets of Munro, M'Leod, and M'Kay, if only it could be delivered with any show of sincerity and truth. The prizes in the lottery in which those worthies took tickets in their day, were neither more numerous, nor perhaps more certain of attainment than are those in the game of military life at the present day; but to try one's chance was not then to plunge into hopeless degradation. The common soldier knew that he must expect to attend his fortune long, and that he might never arrive at it; but he need not forfeit his self-respect in the interval; and even though he were to perish in the way of preferment, he might count upon dying with fame and more credit than if he were to arrive at the end in his peaceful home. It is in the spirit of the recruiting sergeant rather than of the philosopher, we would ask for a comparative consideration of the effects upon the condition and conduct of the private soldier, of Lord Raglan's nominal lists of killed, wounded, and missing, or the returns from the hospital at Scutari and of

Munro's record of sundry worthy young gentlemen musketers of the colonel's own companie, who, at the passe of Oldenburgh, did lie on the place in defence of it; or of "one rare spark, being a resolute fix souldier with a musket as ever he commanded, who dyed of the pest, called Andrew Munro, who, being but eighteen years of age, though little of stature, no toyle nor travel could overset him; and as he was stoute so he was merry and sociable without offence." It is plain, even from such incidental allusions as these, that the common soldier of those days was not necessarily an outcast, and that he was often a gentleman of the same social rank and of as good blood as his officer. The infusion of the element of gentility into the regimental ranks, it is also manifest, had the effect of raising the body of non-commissioned officers to the level of gentlemen. They did not scruple to redress certain injuries with their own swords; they were expected to maintain their honour in private combat against any one who might impugn it; and they sat upon courts martial, and joined in trying their comrades for the gravest offences. Thus, a sergeant of MacKeye's regiment is described by Munro as having, in his presence, taken summary vengeance upon an officer of another corps, for an injury offered to one of his comrades.

"A Dutch captaine (he says) having, out of mad humour, mutilated a souldier of my captaine's company of one finger, the souldier complaining to me, I made my lieutenant-colonel acquainted with the matter, who sent to the captaine to know his reason; the captaine not repenting of the wrong done, but rather bragging he would second the first with a greater, he comming through my quarters, I being exercising the company, the sergeant overtakes him, and almost kill'd him, who made no defence, neither pressed ever to be repaired of his wrongs."

Upon another occasion, Master William Forbese, the chaplain, after recommending the successe to the Lord, which seems to have been always done as near as possible to the enemy, went on to remarke the men's carriage, and having found a sergeant neglecting his duty and his honour at such a

time, he chid him, and subsequently revealed him unto the colonel. The parties being confronted, the sergeant denied the accusation, and the preacher offered to fight in support of it; whereupon the sergeant was cashiered, and his place given to a worthier, called Mungo Gray, a gentleman of good worth and of much courage. The cashiered sergeant, touching whose name a discreet silence is observed, never called Master William to account, for which he was evilly thought of; so that he retired home and quit the warres.

The manner of administering justice under articles of war, in those days, is described by Munro as "by a president or judge, he amongst us present having the command, to whom his Majesty joynes as assessor to the judge an auditor for doing of justice; our assissers or jury we have not to seeke, viz., a competent number of thirteene of our own regiment—officers, captaines, lieutenants, antients, sergeants, and corporalls, till our number be full." This description may disgust strict disciplinarians of the present day; but it will scarcely fail to convince them that the non-commissioned officer of those times of earnest, genuine, military life was a gentleman-soldier. A fresh interest is given to the record, by the fact that a modern military writer, thoroughly conversant with his subject, "ventures to submit, though with the almost certainty of giving offence," that the ancient practice should be revived.\* It does not seem to have prevented the doing of rigid justice, which we find exemplified in the execution of Andrew Munro, doubtless of the blood and lineage of the narrator, for the slight offence of beating a burgher of Stettin.

We have seen how some of the most distinguished services of the Irish Brigade were performed by reformed officers, as the phrase was; that is, officers reduced to serve in the ranks, in consequence of their excessive number; and we cannot suppose that those gentlemen forfeited either their self-respect or social position, while they discharged the duties of common soldiers, and subsisted upon five-pence

a-day. That a proportion of gentlemen should always serve in the ranks of the Irish regiments in the French service was, indeed, arranged in the first formation of the brigade; with a view, apparently, to the business of recruiting the corps from Ireland or among Irishmen. In Mountcashel's regiment—one of the six exchanged by James II. for seven French battalions in 1689—there was an establishment of twenty cadets, at ten sous per day; and in Dillon's regiment, sixteen cadets were provided for in 1703. After 1744, sixteen cadets were given to each Irish regiment in the French service, with a daily pay of thirteen sous. In none of these cases did the course or mode of promotion offer any difficulty. In the regiments of the Irish Brigade, the reformed officers and cadets filled the higher places vacated by death or retirement; and in the earlier British mercenary regiments to which we have referred, the officers appear to have been invariably selected from the ranks. Colonel Munro incidentally tells that such was his own case, in adducing as an instance of the strict discipline of his early days, that he was made to stand sentry for nine hours at the Louvre gate, for sleeping a little too long in the morning; and his casual records of incidents in MacKeye's regiment show how the matter was managed there. Upon one occasion we find that "Patrick Dunbarre, a young gentleman of worth and merit, was advanced to be ensigne;" upon another, that one of the captaines having died, Lieutenant David Innes was made captain, Ensign Burton lieutenant, Sergeant Andrew Rosse and Mungo Gray—the same, we presume, who owed his first advancement to the pugnacious propensities of Master William Forbese—ensigns. Each regiment was then a training college, in which the professional and social qualities of the students were moulded and diligently inquired into, after a fashion which altogether precluded imposture. There was no making up—grinding, we believe, is the technical phrase—for that examination. The course of education was conducted in the field, and the examiners were comrades and superiors,

\* Jackson on the Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies." Lond., 1845, p. 320.

whose comfort, safety, and reputation depended upon the distribution of the right men into the right places. The force with which public opinion was brought to bear under such a system, is shown to some extent in the anecdote we have recounted of the regimental chaplain. Left thus freely to operate, it must, in the face of an enemy, have been more than a match for any conceivable power of human corruption. A true gentleman-soldier was thus formed, bound by the strongest ties to his colours and his comrades, restrained within the path of professional duty by the strictest even though the narrowest rules, animated by an earnest if not a very exalted ambition.

The practical qualities of the soldiery of the commonwealth were proved at Naseby, Marston Moor, Dundee, and Worcester. The design upon which they were formed was expounded by Cromwell, in his well known account of his conversation upon the subject with Hampden, which, as it expresses very shortly our view of the theory that should guide the formation of an army, we shall venture to recall to the recollection of our readers:—"Your troops, said I (Cromwell), are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and, said I, their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? Truly, I prescribed him in this manner conscientiously, and truly I did tell him, you must get men of a spirit, and take it not ill what I say (I know you will not), of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still. I told him so, I did, seeing he was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly, I told him that I would do something in it. I did so, and truly I must needs say that to you (impute it to what you please), I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten; and whenever they were engaged

against the enemy, they beat continually." Cromwell understood the true principle of the formation of armies, and his men were, as Whitelocke tells us, for the most part freeholders and freeholders' sons. They were gentlemen-soldiers, who recognised a point of honour, although they might not have called it by that name, and who squared their actions by a notion of right. They were not outcasts, seeking refuge from a gaol or destitution under their colours, and bound to them by fear of the lash.

The reasons assigned by Cromwell for substituting men of honour—or, as he phrased it, men of conscience—for the base and mean fellows that first followed the parliament drums, are sufficient evidence of the quality of the royal army at that time. The king's troops were gentlemen's sons and persons of quality; and it is known that Monk, the Restorer, himself served as a private soldier in the fleet, in 1626, when he found it convenient to leave England in order to escape an action brought against him for cudgelling the under-sheriff of Devon. The future Duke of Albemarle, at the time a man of quality, lost no caste, suffered no degradation, by that companionship; and seven-and-thirty years later we find Evelyn recording, on the 4th of July, 1663, that Monk, the former private soldier of the fleet, led, at a review, 4,000 of his Majesty's Horse and Foot Guards, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran souldiers. Among them, the "old Earl of Cleveland trail'd a pike, and led the right-hand file in a foote company, commanded by ye Lord Wentworth, his son; a worthy spectacle and example"—which truly so it was.

An inquiry into the personal history of the soldiers of fortune employed in the various grades, high and low, during the wars of William III. and Anne, would lead to the exploration of a wide field of romance in real life which our present limits forbid us to enter upon. It is, nevertheless, well worthy of examination, as well for the purposes of the political philosopher as of the novelist or historian. Many a strange eventful tale might have been told by the watch fires of Caillermotte's and Ruvigni's Huguenot regiments in the Irish

campaign of 1690; and on the memorable 1st of July many a true gentleman-soldier's heart bounded in the breast of a private sentinel, to the sound of the stirring words, "Gentlemen, there are your persecutors!" A curious examination might trace the honourable origin of many worthy and even of some noble houses to men of gentle birth, sufferers for conscience sake, who on that eventful day forded the Boyne, musket in hand. Nor would a select biography of private soldiers in Marlborough's armies be much less interesting to a thoughtful student of the military art. We are told by Archdeacon Coxe, that many of them were "the refuse and the dregs of the nation;" but true as that description undoubtedly was, it is only necessary to read the truthful fictions of Defoe, to be convinced that such a degree of intimacy occasionally subsisted between officers and men in those days, as is sufficient to prove that there was among the latter a large infusion of the gentle element. There were probably no such persons as Christian Davies and Captain Carleton, but their adventures are as truthful as those of Nelson or Wellington, and they plainly show that when they were written no impassable social gulf separated the private soldier from the officer, or necessarily restrained the former within the bounds of a Pariah caste. It was, doubtless, to the influence of that element in the society of the camp, fully as much as to religious practices, that we must attribute the change, under the operation of which Marlborough's "poor soldiers became at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible, and clean, and possessed of an air and spirit above the vulgar." Dr. Jackson attributes the perfection of military discipline and promptitude in movement attained by Marlborough's army to the higher tone of the troops, "The nation was then warlike, and it possessed a republican spirit. The object of the service was a high object—the protection of Europe from the fangs of an ambitious prince. This idea, proclaimed in the wars of Queen Anne, made the soldier in some degree a party in the case."

When those wars terminated, "the spirit of Marlborough and Peterborough being withdrawn from the army, the military cause, instead of advancing, appeared to retrograde. The allurements of gain from manufacture and trade supplanted the ideas of national glory from conquest; and as from that, or other cause, the ranks of the English army were chiefly filled by the outcasts of the English population, the English army was little distinguished in the field until the latter years of the war of 1756."\*

We have abundant evidence in the writings of the novelists and humourists of the period, that during the interval alluded to by Jackson, the spirit of the army was broken by debasement of the upper as well as of the lower grades. A vile traffic in commissions was established, which reduced the tone of the subaltern officers nearly to a level with that of the outcasts in the ranks. A pair of colours was a common gift from a fashionable lady to her decayed footman, and was often a great lord's reward to his pimp. Such base and mean fellows of course worked towards promotion by the most contemptible arts. They were obliged to submit to be passed by, when a bishop pensioned off a gentleman of his household by endowing him with a company of foot. Somewhat of a revival of military spirit in the army was brought about by the national enthusiasm that followed upon the exploits and death of Wolfe; and the fierce wars that raged during the remainder of the eighteenth and first years of the present century prevented the *mischievous* "principle of the gentleman," condemned by the Duke of Wellington, from working the evil it has since accomplished. In the artillery and horse regiments, during the latter half of the last century, the ranks were filled with respectable young men, sons of farmers and tradesmen, and occasionally even of small gentry. It is within our own knowledge, that two gentlemen born, who died generals but a few years since, entered the Irish artillery as private gunners, and subsequently held important commands in the regiment when the English and Irish corps were

united. Up to the close of the Peninsular war, the gentleman-soldier was represented in the ranks of the British infantry by volunteers who served as privates, receiving arms, rations, and clothing, and who were considered to have a claim to vacant commissions by virtue of their service. There were no fewer than seventeen of those volunteers in the 71st regiment, in North America, in 1788; and an incident in the life of Dr. Jackson shows the position they occupied. Finding himself in New York without means or friends, Jackson presented himself to the commanding officer of the 71st, Lt. Col. Sir Archibald Campbell, and offered his services as a volunteer. The colonel having ascertained that he was a Scotchman, and known to no one in New York, accepted him on the strength of his own skill in physiognomy. "Sir," he said, "I require no testimony as to your being a gentleman. Your countenance and address satisfy me on that head. I will receive you into the regiment with pleasure; but then, I have to inform you, Mr. Jackson, that there are seventeen on the list before you, who are, of course, entitled to prior promotion." The peace of 1814 seems to have put an end to this system of recruiting for officers; and during the forty years that followed, the separation of the officer from the soldier was completed in our army; the poor gentleman was driven as effectually out of the one class as out of the other, and service in the army practically ceased to be a profession. It was then that the system of purchase of commissions became a fixed institution;\* and then that the vices of aristocratic character described by Montalembert came to be the distinction of our army.

We have written to very little purpose if, in the brief outline of a feature in our military history we have endeavoured to draw, we have not proved our position, and shown that neither ancient custom nor any of the national peculiarities require that the ranks of the army shall be recruited from the dregs of the population; or

that wealth shall be a necessary qualification for admission among its officers; that at no remote time men fitted by social position to be promoted to the higher posts were brought into the ranks without a conscription; and that it would be but a return to former wisdom to provide against a violation of the gentility of the mess by permitting common soldiers to qualify for preferment by asserting, when they can, a claim to the character of gentlemen. "All this is mighty well," we shall perhaps be told; "but how are the habits of society to be changed now? how can men fit to be officers be induced to enter the ranks? by what sumptuary laws can the expenses of the mess be accommodated to the means of the poor gentleman?" Our general answer must be, that a continuance of war would necessarily tend towards the accomplishment of these ends. We have the authority of the Under Secretary for War for the statement, that in the year 1855 no fewer than one hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers have been presented with commissions in the cavalry and infantry; and that many more have been promoted in the Land Transport Corps, and in the various foreign contingents in the pay of England.\* We have thus already witnessed a large intrusion into the respective messes, of men who have no means beyond their pay, and who will be able to live upon that while upon active service. A continuance of such promotions at the rate of last year, combined with the gradual elimination of the wealthier officers, would, in half-a-dozen years, give the control of the economy of regiments in a great degree to men so situated; while the chances of promotion, and the increase that has been made in the private soldier's pay, would draw into the ranks a larger supply of men fitted to fill the vacant places of the promoted non-commissioned officers, and looking through that probation to the ultimate attainment of commissions. It would not seem to be very difficult to follow out this war model in peace, or even to improve upon it.

\* The system was begun in the reign of Charles II.

† \* Debate in the House of Commons on Motion for a Committee to inquire into the system of Sale and Purchase of Commissions in the Army.—*Times*, March 5, 1856.

The main obstacle in the way is the system of purchase of commissions, which would be re-established in all its enormity were peace to be now concluded before the shock that has been given to it shall be consummated. Six months would not elapse from the date of a definitive treaty, before private affairs would lose their urgency; the poverty of the promoted officers would be tempted to make way; the Duke's "poor creature of a gentleman-officer" would again be placed in supremacy over the mess; and the whole system would return to the *status quo ante bellum*. The wealthy grocer's or brewer's son would buy his way on to the command of a regiment, and claim the position of an aristocrat by reason of his nominal connexion with the military profession, for the practice of which he would possess no qualifications, and whose livery he would affect to disdain. The ranks would be filled with wretched outcasts, whose most manful struggles to redeem themselves and their occupation from the depths of degradation would be met by withering contempt. Even within our own memory, gentlemen of the army habitually wore the dress of their rank when they appeared in public places or went into company; at this moment, notwithstanding the glories of Alma and Inkerman, no alderman's son in a line regiment would condescend to shew himself out of barracks in his uniform, except upon duty. The merest upstart officer despises the badges of his service, which are upon the other hand treated with contumely by the meanest of civilians. It is not long since we saw an authenticated statement in the *Times*, that a serjeant with a Crimean decoration on his breast was expelled from a London singing saloon, because he ventured to intrude upon the select society of the place dressed in the ungentle habiliments of his calling. We have ourselves witnessed with indignation an attempt to exclude an inoffensive non-commissioned officer from the polite companionship of a railway carriage. To this complexion matters will most certainly again return—they have not yet got very far away from it—unless the change that the war has made in the system of purchase of commissions be followed up by its total abolition. Until

another war shall come, supposing this Russian embroilment to be at an end, another opportunity for reformation in this particular will not offer; if it be neglected, the next war will open with at least as much confusion, loss, and disgrace as distinguished the campaigns of 1854–5. On the other hand, if the great obstacle be removed, we humbly venture to think it would be found to be no very hard task, to organise the British military service into a profession which would not be inferior to any other in Europe. We do not admit that we are called upon to lay down the details of a plan for the remodelling of our military system, because we have used an opportunity for disclosing our views touching its defects; but lest the charge of being unpractical should be brought against us, we shall briefly point out what seems to us to be the line of action deducible from the historical facts we have established.

The objects in view are to make the army a profession, and to bring into it the greatest possible number of men, the motive of whose actions shall be a sense of duty and not fear of punishment—that is to say, gentlemen, giving to the word the most accurate and yet the most comprehensive definition we can conceive it to be susceptible of. In order to accomplish these objects, it is neither necessary nor desirable to exclude from the army any class, even to the highest of the aristocracy; but it is both desirable and necessary to enable a poor gentleman to live at his ease among the officers, without being obliged to exceed his pay; and also to render it possible for such a one to enter and live in the ranks, without forfeiting his self respect or consenting to his own utter social degradation. The first end could not be attained without an entire remodelling of the mess system; but in order to attain it, all important as it is, a prudent minister for war would not hesitate to abolish the mess altogether. It is not, in our opinion, at all probable that any such extreme measure would be required. We only say, that a sincere military reformer ought not to shrink from its adoption, if the obstinacy of some officers or the coxcombry of others should resist needful changes. For ourselves, we

are firm believers in many advantages as flowing from that distinctive institution of the British army ; but we can also confidently say, that the expense and tyrannical coxcombry of the mess is generally felt to be a grievous burthen ; and we venture to affirm that a remodelling of the system would be hailed with satisfaction by the majority of regimental officers. Every social advantage that is derived from a community of living in regiments might be obtained for one half of the lowest sum it now costs, while many other and greater advantages would flow from the change. The young officer, fearing to incur debt, is driven to the solitude of his quarters, or into cheap debauchery ; when, could he do so without ruinous expense, he would gladly pass the evening in the society of his comrades and superiors. It does not appear to us to be difficult to conceive that a well-conducted, economical mess might be made the means of much social enjoyment, and even of yet more direct moral and intellectual improvement.

But when thinking of the modes of benefiting the young officer, and of removing from him the reproach of being "a poor creature in camp, quarters or cantonments," the maxim of the nursery rhyme should be kept constantly in view :—

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do."

The life of a commanding officer should be a continued crusade against the idleness of his subalterns. The proper management of a regiment would provide ample work for every officer in it ; and were arms a profession as well as a service, a tone would exist, as in every other professional society, which would oblige a young man of spirit to devote all his leisure to the acquirement of the technical knowledge needed to enable him to maintain a position level with that of his companions. The barrister, physician, or divine must be prepared to show at meetings of his fellows, that he is not ignorant of law, physic, or divinity, or he will lose caste. And so in the laudable profession of arms, the soldier would find it necessary to exhibit some acquaintance with the various and difficult branches of

knowledge which compose the elements of the military art. He, too, would, in that case, be forced to devote time and attention to studies of the nature of which not one in a hundred young officers has now the slightest notion ; or to make the painful confession of inferiority.

The changes to which we have pointed would, we believe, go a long way towards making it possible for the poor gentleman appointed to a commission to maintain himself in that position without incurring debt or showing meanness ; but a good deal more should be done before the poorest gentleman could be reconciled to beginning his career, as of old, in the ranks. It is a sore trial to the stoutest-hearted young adventurer to be debarred of all privacy, to be forced to abandon all former acquaintanceships, to be shorn of all respect of men. We have known the sorest part of the trial, that which made it unbearable, to be the necessity for sleeping and dressing in a room common to thirteen comrades, the serjeant and his wife. It is hard for a generous youth to brook the contempt of all associates, to know that friend, schoolfellow, brother, father fear disgrace from the slightest intercourse with the poor outcast, whose red coat is the recognized badge of profligacy and degradation. It is a mere mockery to attempt to elevate the private soldier, crushed under this weight of dishonor, by cross, or medal, or chevron, or sixpence additional pay. Education, otherwise so desirable, and for the advancement of which so much has been well done of late, will but degrade him the more, when by developing his faculties it sharpens his perception of the wrong that is done him. Yet surely, in this ingenious age, we need not shrink from attempting a work of restoration. Something has already been done by the establishment of reading rooms, towards affording to the soldier who desires to improve his mind, quietness if not privacy ; and we trust that, at any cost, the abominable outrage of quartering women in the barrack rooms may be put an end to. We do not hesitate to say, also, that the totally useless and degrading formality of health-inspections ought to be discontinued. The abolition of these two practices would do much

towards lessening the barrack annoyances of the decent soldier : trivial as they may seem, their retention is as good a proof as could be offered of the ignorance of regimental officers with respect to the feelings and habits of those for whose well-being they are responsible. We have no wish to see the soldier coddled. His life ought to be somewhat of a rough one, but in a material aspect he has at present little to complain of. He is well fed, well clad, and except in the particular we have alluded to, usually well lodged. The real point of difficulty is the improvement of his moral and social condition, so as to place him at least upon a level in society with the artizan or clerk. The Prussian soldier takes his place at a table d'hôte or in a public garden, according to his personal claims, his uniform forming no bar to social intercourse. That state of the matter is produced in Prussia by the fact that every man in the nation must be a soldier. It would, we believe, be brought about in England if the military life were made a regular profession. If that duty referred to by the Duke of Wellington as being performed by the officers of foreign armies were performed by our subalterns, the private soldier would at once be raised many degrees in the social scale. It is impossible to bring a body of men into the highest state of military efficiency, without an intimate acquaintance with their individual characters and abilities, and that can be obtained only by careful observation on the part of the company officers ; which again implies a drawing close of the links of communication between the inferior grades down to the lowest. It is by the absence of intercourse with those under his command that our gentleman-officer is, according to the Duke's opinion, reduced to his condition of a poor creature in disciplining his company. By the re-establishment of respectful intercourse between him, his sergeants, corporals, and men, he would be made a strong creature and no less of a gentleman ; while those under his command would be all the better soldiers for their more careful training, and would lose no feeling of deference to their officers ; because, in respecting them as more dignified comrades of the same profession, they would, to their own apprehension and in the eyes of the world, honor themselves. It is

not, of course, by specific regulations or general orders that such a change as we point to could be made in the economy of the army. It must be a work of time, and itself the result of those other changes in the character and position of the officers which we have indicated. Something might be done by encouraging, and if necessary enforcing the habitual wearing of their uniform by officers ; by restoring to the men the privilege of wearing their side arms ; by making use of the opportunity afforded in the home camps for the association of officers and men in manly sports ; by the establishment of more respectful forms of addressing non-commissioned officers and men, in service documents and conversations. The distinction made in regimental addresses between an "officer" and a "man" intended to mark the superiority of the rank of the one provokes a ludicrous comparison in the mind, and lowers both in the passing thoughts of civilians. The effect of this contemptuous style is to impress upon the non-commissioned officers and privates, the idea that they are not recognized as members of the profession of arms, but as mere servitors ; and it cannot be doubted that men usually conform their conduct to the estimation in which they are held in their circle, more especially when that is set at a low standard. In the best days of the British army other forms of address were usual, a shadow of which still remains visible in the custom of mustering the troopers of the Royal Horse Guards by the title of Mr. It was in those evil times, between the disappearance of Marlborough and the advent of Wolfe, that the fashion of addressing soldiers in regimental speeches as "gentlemen," or "comrades," was abolished ; when the desire of seeming to be pre-eminently gentle was so strong upon the shabby captains and subalterns of the day, that the sergeants of the Coldstream Guards were (Dec. 1747) forbidden to wear ruffles, lest they should be mistaken for commissioned officers. The withholding from non-commissioned officers of the courtesies of address seems to be still more novel, as in a war office letter of 1756, which chanced to fall under our eye as we were occupied by these reflections, we find an intimation to a commanding officer that three non-commissioned officers named were appointed lieuten-



ants in another regiment, and "His Royal Highness orders that the said gentlemen be discharged from doing duty as serjeants." We admit that much has been done of late years, and well done, towards elevating the condition of that most deserving class of men to which we allude. A step or two further, which could be taken at very small cost, would render the position of a serjeant in the army as good as that of a junior clerk in any department of the civil service; to our thinking—and we are not expressing the hot thoughts of youth—it is one infinitely more desirable for a young man of spirit, good conduct, and reasonable ambition.

There is yet one point in which the moral condition of the soldier might be benefited, to which we shall allude before we leave the subject. There is now no mediator, no one who commonly acts the part of guide, philosopher, or friend in the regimental family. This duty in former times, we fear we must go back a good way beyond the epoch of the abolition of the office, was performed by the regimental preacher or chaplain; whose influence well employed must have been of vast importance in forming the character of the soldier, and in harmonising the social action of the necessarily discordant parts of a corps. Circumstances now forbid the use of that particular agency in regiments. Yet we cannot but think that this portion of the chaplain's function ought still to be performed; and further, that the peculiar position of regimental medical officers especially fits them to discharge the duty of common friend to their comrades of every grade. We have upon a former occasion sketched an outline of our conception of the *beau idéal* of a soldier-surgeon,\* and we do not mean now to recur to the subject. It is our belief, however, and we express it with the utmost respect for the many excellent qualities of the medical officers of the army, that they might do infinite good to the public service, contribute much towards the elevation of the position of the soldier, and acquire an increase of respect for their own class, were they generally to shape their conduct in accordance with the hint we have here ventured throw out.

The growing heap of manuscript before us gives warning that it is time to lay down our pen. Our original design was simply to vouch a record or two in illustration of the genealogy of the now extinct family of the gentleman-soldier, and we find we have got rambling into a consideration of means by which it might be regenerated. We wish we could believe that we have said enough to induce our military reformers to withdraw their thoughts from the contemplation of foreign models, and to turn them seriously towards the study of the native material for soldier-making, of the manner in which it has been worked up in other days, and of the possibility of reverting to those well proved practices. We hear a great deal of French and German military schools, and not a little, latterly, of examinations of young aspirants for commissions, and we can see some gigantic jobs in the academic line looming in the middle distance. Already this turn of the public mind has raised up a new race of military grinders, and that we firmly believe is the greatest good it is ever likely to accomplish. Having come near to an end of our observations, we must not take fresh wind and set off again; but we would seriously ask any military man, does he really think any object will be gained to the advantage of the public service by this puerile system? We will answer for ourselves that we have no doubt the military profession cannot be sufficiently learned except by practice—by practice and reading, as old Munro recommends—and that the most efficient project for a military college would be to restore the custom of admitting gentlemen volunteers into the several regiments. There, by carrying out to their legitimate extent the existing plans of regimental education, an opportunity might be afforded to the aspiring soldier to improve himself to the utmost of his bent. Thence he would naturally graduate as non-commissioned officer, and that step ought to open to him the whole career of promotion. There is one fatal objection to this plan: it would cost nothing to the public; place no patronage at the disposal of the minister, who by patronage alone can hope to carry on the Queen's government.

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**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

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ŒUVRES DE NAPOLEON III.\*

WE reviewed the two first volumes of Louis Napoleon's works in our July number last year. The conclusion we then drew from a consideration of his writings, as affording an insight into his character, was of a mixed description. We expressed our regret at what appeared an idolatry of expediency to the almost total exclusion of principle; but we thought we discovered traces of a mind so eminently practical and sagacious, that on the whole we were induced to augur good, and we concluded that "as it is an arrangement of Providence that the truly useful is in the main the just and right, we may hope that the strong intellect of Napoleon III. will lead him to results which good men would wish to see accomplished."

Our expectations have been hitherto verified, and we see no reason why we should not entertain as good hopes for the future. His foreign policy has been moderate and peaceful; and if the internal government of France is still despotic, we may yet give credit to the professed intention of the Emperor, to remove these measures of repression, whenever France is in a condition to do without them. It is his maxim, stated in his former volumes and repeated in this, that "*La liberté n'a jamais aidé à former l'édifice politique; elle le couronne quand le temps le consolide.*"

It is with a view to ascertain whether this third volume of his

works affords any additional clue to his character, that we now propose to review its contents. According to the editors, these consist of "Discours, Proclamations, Messages, &c." They begin with the spring of 1848, and are continued in the order of their dates down till 29th December, 1855. They thus afford material for tracing step by step the progress of Louis Napoleon during this most eventful period of his life. We have in fact an autobiography of these important seven years—an autobiography in a state dress.

As such, however, it augurs considerable boldness in the author. In a life of such startling vicissitude, consistency was not *a priori* to be expected. The position occupied by him at one time is so different from that attained at another, that it would appear almost inevitable that he should frequently have belied his professions. But Louis Napoleon seems conscious of no such inconsistency; and startling though the assertion may be, we are of opinion that no inconsistency can be technically brought home to him. His language seems gradually to develop itself with his fortunes; his opinions at the beginning have a manifest filiation to his opinions at the end, and it would seem as if he had foreknown what he was to be, and had purposely calculated his language, so as to allow of the possibility of reconciling it with that which he foresaw he would re-

\* Œuvres de Napoleon III. Paris, Henry Pion, Editeur. Amyot, Editeur, 1856.  
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quire subsequently to use. We believe that in part such was the case, and that this mysterious man had all along the conviction that he would attain imperial power. But the chief secret of his formal consistency, for it is little better, is to be found in the cardinal principle on which he based his political creed, namely, that the will of the masses is the ultima ratio. Such a principle affords him a logical basis alike for democracy and for absolutism. It is the will of the people which he always obeys. He professes to do so to the Constituent Assembly, but he does not say public opinion is on their side. And when universal suffrage declares in his favor, invests him with despotism, and annihilates all republicanism, we still find him on the same text, still speaking of himself as the organ of the public will, the elect of France; as deriving his power from the people, and accountable to them and to them alone for its exercise. Nay, we will find that he can plead his principle in justification of the Coup d'État.

We think all this was in a considerable degree jesuitical. He was using words in a non-natural sense—satisfying himself with a bare technical consistency, as a substitute for an actual policy of remarkable pliancy; and which, if not dictated by purely selfish ambition, certainly looked very like it, in the ends which it was made to subserve. But as we do not wish to prejudice the case, we are bound to admit that we have arrived at these conclusions from a perusal of the book before us, with hesitation. We will let the Emperor speak for himself; and as we will follow the arrangement of the book, our readers will have an opportunity of marking the progress in the development of his ideas, and of forming their own opinion of his character.

On the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848, Louis Napoleon wrote to the Provisional Committee, offering to range himself under the flag of the republic. But Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, and Company, had embarrassments enough without the presence in Paris of the heir of the Bonapartes; and, instead of welcoming his adhesion, used all their power to enforce against him the law which excluded the Bonaparte family from the soil of France. They could not have better

played the game of the future Emperor. In a letter from London to the Assembly, he protests against this attempt. "Why," he says, "am I excluded? Is it because I have openly professed that I desire the principle of national sovereignty, (which alone can put a term to our dissensions,) to triumph without anarchy?"

This brief question was a pregnant one; it at one and the same time put his own case on its best footing, and fixed public attention on the dangers to be feared from those who tried to exclude him; for it was well known that several members of the Provisional Government thought that a particular newspaper clique represented the national sovereignty, and were quite ready to enforce the opinions of this national sovereignty on the country, even at the risk of anarchy.

Meantime, Louis Napoleon is elected as a member of the Assembly for several places; but it is not till the 26th September that he takes his seat in the Assembly. The same day he makes his first speech, which is of the most liberal character, and expresses complete devotion to *La République*. It was favourably received, and the Assembly revoked the law which banished the Bonaparte family.

A month intervened before he spoke again, and it was in answer to some attacks made on him. The reader will admire not only the dignity of the speech, but also its dexterity, considering that he was nearly as much embarrassed by the rashness of his own party as by the animosity of his professed opponents.

"How little do those who accuse me know my heart! If an imperious duty did not restrain me here; if the sympathy of my fellow citizens did not console me for the animosity of some attacks, and the impetuosity even of some defences, I would long ago have regretted my exile.

"They reproach me with silence; but there are only a few who have the gift of applying eloquent words to the service of just and healthy ideas."

A cutting allusion this to the eloquent nonsense with which the democratic party consumed the time of the Assembly.

"What France requires," he continues

"are acts, not words; she requires a firm, intelligent, and wise government; which thinks more of curing the evils of society than of revenging them; a government which puts itself at the head of true ideas, in order by doing so to repulse a thousand times better than by bayonets, theories which are founded neither on reason nor experience."

"I know they wish to sow my path with snares and ambushes. I will not fall into them. I will always follow as I understand it the line which I have traced for myself, without disquieting myself, and without stopping. Nothing will take from me my calm; nothing will make me forget my duties. I will not answer those who wish me to speak when I wish to be silent."

Strange that the Assembly did not begin to know what sort of a man they had to deal with; but at this time his personal qualities were the subject of ridicule; the common opinion being that he was even deficient in ordinary ability.

But time rolled on with that fiery accelerated rotation which it has recently attained, especially in France. The candidature for the Presidentship commenced, and to the astonishment of all parties, it was plain that Louis, whose only recognised merit was that he was the nephew of Napoleon, had at least as good a chance as Cavaignac, who had recently done such service to the cause of order by his bloody suppression of an insurrection of that Parisian mob which he and his coadjutors, so long as it suited their purpose, flattered as the sovereign people.

Louis Napoleon's address is a masterpiece. He accepts the character given to him by his enemies. He sinks his personality. He is merely a name—a symbol; otherwise it is singularly moderate in its professions of opinion, and might well pass for the address of a conservative candidate for an English county. He is to devote himself to the re-establishment of order, to the protection of religion, combined with a wise toleration of all sects and persuasions, and "*Quant aux reformes possibles, voici celles qui me paraissent les plus urgentes,*" and he goes on with a political programme which is by no means remarkable except in its admirable mediocrity, which recommended it to France, tired of theories and revolu-

tions. It is the role of the "safe man," played to perfection.

The result of the canvass was not long doubtful; on the 10th December, 1848, a day so often appealed to afterwards by Louis Napoleon, he was elected president by five and a half millions of suffrages.

His address to the representatives, ten days afterwards, evinced a full appreciation of the vantage ground he had thus attained:—"I will consider them enemies of the country," says he, "who will try to change by illegal ways, what entire France has established." But on the Republican principles, every way was illegal except the one way of an appeal to the people. Universal suffrage alone could change what universal suffrage had established.

So closes the year 1848, leaving Louis Napoleon in the possession, if not of much power, still of a position possessing great advantages, from which to advance further in his pursuit of power—advantages which he well knew how to make the most of. He was the executive chief of the state. He was elected by universal suffrage, and he was personally responsible to the people. It logically followed from the first, that he had the disposal of the army; from the second, that he was capable of re-election, for though the letter of the constitution might say otherwise, yet it, and all other barriers must give way before the declared will of the sovereign people; and it followed from his personal responsibility that he was entitled, or rather bound to select a ministry which would carry out his personal views, even though these might be in opposition to the opinion of the Assembly.

The year 1849 was spent by Louis Napoleon in developing these advantages, not a little aided by the factious conduct of the Assembly, who never failed to give him an excuse for the steps in advance he successively took, by giving them the aspect of measures necessary for the defence of that authority which the sovereign people had conferred on him. The fact was that the Assembly was re-actionary; there were a few Bonapartists in it, and a considerable number of Republicans ready to risk anarchy to carry out their theories, but the greater num-

ber were Monarchists after some fashion or other, who at least agreed in repudiating the doctrine of universal suffrage, and all its consequences. The Assembly had made a dirt pie, and demurred considerably to eating it.

Meantime Louis Napoleon, never going beyond the logical attributions of his position, managed to encrease his power and popularity. He seems to be conscious that his forte lies in the expression of opinion, and therefore he lets no opportunity slip by unimproved. He assisted at the opening of all the railways that year; he was fêted by different towns, and there were numerous public occasions when he presided, and he never seems to miss the opportunity of making a speech, in which he introduces political opinions and maxims, calculated to conciliate public opinion.

At Chartres he says that the hopes of France rests on 'faith and conciliation,'—'C'est à la foi, qui nous soutient et nous permet de supporter toutes les difficultés du jour; à la conciliation, qui augmente nos forces et nous fait espérer un meilleur avenir.'

In a visit to the fortress of Ham, the scene of his captivity, he says, "I do not complain of having expiated here by an imprisonment of ten years, my temerity against the laws of my country." At Angers he says, "he is no admirer of that savage liberty which permits everyone to do as he pleases, but of the liberty of civilised people, permitting each one to do what does not hurt the community." And again, "under all regimes there will be, I know, oppressors and oppressed, but so long as I am President of the Republic, there will be no oppressed party."

In his speech at Tours, of 31st July, this year, he mentions for the first time the apprehensions entertained of a Coup d'Etat. He says they have no just foundations. "Les Coups d'Etat n'ont aucun prétexte, les insurrections n'ont aucune chance de succès; à peine commencés, ils seraient immédiatement réprimés." We are inclined to give him credit for sincerity, as a year and a half was yet to intervene before he had recourse to that remedy. Still he let it be seen that he felt embarrassed in his present position. "Qui est-ce qui em-

pêche aujourd'hui notre prospérité de se développer et de porter ses fruits. Permettez-moi de vous le dire c'est que le propre de notre époque est de nous laisser séduire par les chimères au lieu de nous attacher à la réalité." Nothing is more singular than the cautious and gradual way with which Louis Napoleon approaches his subject; this that we have quoted is an instance of it—it is the germ of complaints, which afterwards attain form and consistency, and which we will trace in the sequel till they reach maturity. The theorists, the ideologues, are his bêtes noires, which it becomes ultimately necessary for him to take strong measures with; as yet he merely hints a fault, and hesitates dislike.

On the 7th of June, this year, the President delivered his first message to the Legislative Assembly; this, as well as the subsequent ones to which we will allude in their order, is given *in extenso*.

He begins by recapitulating the pledges he had made in his manifesto, and as he abridges them we may as well reproduce them here:—

"To what, in effect, did I engage myself in accepting the suffrages of the nation?

"To defend society audaciously attacked.

"To strengthen a Republic wise, great, and honest.

"To protect family, religion, and property.

"To forward all ameliorations, and all possible economics.

"To protect the press against the tyranny of license.

"To diminish the abuse of centralization.

"To efface the traces of evil discord.

"In fine to adopt in our external relations a policy without arrogance, and without weakness."

He then goes into detail as to the state of France, arranging his observations under the heads of Finance, Garde Nationale, Armée, Marine, Agriculture, Industrie, et Commerce; Travaux Publics, Instruction Public, Affaires Etrangères. But it would be of little interest to follow him at length into these different subjects, which are all discussed in a business-like and exhaustive manner.

In the resumé of the address, the President takes occasion to explain some of his peculiar doctrines. "Our

duty is to take a part between the false and the true ideas which spring up from a revolution ; the separation once made, it is necessary to put ourselves at the head of the one, and to combat courageously the others." "Truth will be found by making appeal to all intelligences, by repelling nothing till we have profoundly investigated it, by adopting every thing which will have been submitted to the examination of competent men, and has undergone the proof of discussion." These doctrines no doubt are subject to qualification ; the first proposition would justify any degree of persecution, and their author subsequently proved this by the banishment to Cayenne of some thousands of citizens, who unfortunately had made a different selection from him of the ideas which spring up in a revolution ; and as to the second proposition, 'competent men' are often mistaken on political questions, and the proof of discussion is rather an imperfect test.

Some of the representatives don't seem to have relished these doctrines, for on the 12th of June we are told, "that a factious minority in the very bosom of the Assembly makes an appeal to insurrection, to civil war." The president answers by a proclamation to the people :—

"Some factious men," says he, "dare still to raise the standard of revolt against a Government, legitimate, since it is the offspring of universal suffrage. They accuse me of having violated the constitution—me, who have supported for six months, without being moved, their injuries, their calumnies, their provocations—

"Elected by the nation, the cause which I defend is yours, it is that of your families and of your property ; that of the poor as well as the rich ; that of entire civilization ; I will be deterred by nothing in my attempts to make it triumphant."

It was now sufficiently obvious that the Assembly and the President could not go on long together, and the former must by this time have attained some idea of their opponent. Very able men there were too in that Assembly—Thiers, Changarnier, Lamoricière. Statesmanship, literature, and war were all represented by first-class illustrations ; but the Prince President had one advantage, he was alone and he could rely on himself ;

whereas, the very reputation of his opponents kept them from combining in any uniform course of action.

On the 31st October the President delivered another message to the Assembly. He had changed his ministry—an important step, and one obviously in preparation of the struggle which was now inevitable.

On the 3rd November the President delivered a discourse at the ceremony of the institution of the magistracy in the Palais de Justice. After remarking that spite of all political tempests the magistracy, as instituted by Napoleon, had endured, he says :—

"Let us honor then that which is immovable ; but let us also honor what is good in the changes introduced. To-day, for example, that, assembled from all the points of France, you come before the first Magistrate of the Republic to take an oath ; it is not to man that you swear fidelity, but to the law. You come here in the presence of God, and of the great powers of the State, to swear to fulfil religiously a mandate, the austere accomplishment of which has always distinguished the French magistracy. It is consoling to think that, beyond the political passions and the agitations of society, there exists a body of men having no other guide than their conscience ; no other passion than the public weal ; no other end than to make justice reign."

There is another body in France even more permanent than the Magistracy, and which has as devotedly adhered to its peculiar functions. We mean the Political Police. In all the revolutions it has passed over nearly intact to the service of the victor for the time being. Fouché carried over his whole staff from Napoleon to Louis XVIII ; and at the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe found the same perfect instrument for watching conspiracy, but most imperfect one for repressing it, ready to his hand. At the Revolution of 1848, the Police passed over to the service of the members of the Provisional Government, to watch whom had for some years been the most important of its duties. Cavaignac used the police to hinder the election of Louis Napoleon, who now wields it to repress all republican ideas. But in fact the French Political Police has a more remote pedigree than that which dates from Napoleon I. ; the Police of Richelieu and of Louis XV.



and XVI. differed little in organization or efficiency from that of Napoleon ; originally it was an engine expressly invented for the maintenance of tyranny, and as centralised France is always tyrannical in its executive, there has always remained a need for its services.

On the 11th November the President presided at the distribution of prizes decreed to national industry. We believe this is an annual matter in France, and an institution which might be copied in our own country to advantage.

On this occasion the President thus indicates his ideas on an important question of political economy :—

“ Therefore, the principal care of an enlightened administration, occupied chiefly with general interests, is to diminish as much as possible the burdens which press upon the land. In spite of the sophisms daily spread abroad to deceive the people, it is an incontestable principle, which in Switzerland, America, and England has produced the most advantageous results, that we ought to free production and to burden only consumption. The riches of a country is like a river; if we take the waters at the source we dry it up; if we take them on the contrary when the river has increased, we may turn aside a large body of it without altering its course.”

This philosophy numbers the conservative party of England among its adherents. It formed the principle on which was based the budget of D'Israeli.

We think the Emperor has stated the grounds on which it rests correctly, but with somewhat more than his usual conciseness. He seems to hold first that an increase of population is the only test of national progress, since it is the natural consequence of increased well-being; but, secondly, that the additional number of inhabitants must be dependent on, and resulting primarily from, an increased agriculture; for, if the population increase from any other cause, it has nothing in the country itself to fall back upon, but being at the mercy of taste and fashion, and foreign trade, may be an element of weakness instead of power: and third, that it becomes, therefore, the duty of an enlightened statesman to facilitate as much as possible the development of agriculture, by abstaining from

imposing on it any burdens or taxes which, inasmuch as they diminish the net return, will prevent the inferior descriptions of land being taken into cultivation. But, lastly, if land is not to be taxed, either directly or in its productions, the revenue of the state must be derived from a tax on the consumers, “ d'affranchir la production et de n'imposer que la consommation.”

But, however English politicians may differ on this question, all parties will agree with the Emperor when in another part of this address he says :

“ The greatest danger perhaps of modern times comes from that false opinion that a government can do every thing, and that it is of the essence of every possible system to answer to all exigencies, to remedy all evils. Ameliorations are not improvised, they grow from those which precede them, like the human species; they have a filiation which permits us to measure the extent of progress possible, and to separate it from Utopias.”

Nor will we quarrel with the practical application :—

“ Let us not, then, be seduced into vain expectations; but let us all try to accomplish all that is reasonable.”

The last speech made by Louis Napoleon in 1849 was on the 10th of December, at the fête de l'Hotel de Ville. It is characterized by a calm consciousness of power, and trust in the future. He had evidently bettered his position; and though politicians still thought he was merely a stop-gap to the revolution, and that his power would come to a close whenever the Legitimists and Orleanists had effected their fusion, they might at least have seen that he was a man not to be put aside quietly or easily, and that he was fully determined to defend his position by every means in his power. One passage in this address, if they had reflected on its quiet power, and believed that there was something in it besides rhetoric, might have helped to dissipate some of their illusions; “ ce qui donne une force irresistible même au mortel le plus humble, c'est d'avoir devant lui un grand but à atteindre, et derrière une grande cause à défendre.”

The year 1850 was passed by Louis Napoleon very much like that which

preceded it; but the indications of his ultimate designs are more clearly hinted at, and his denunciations of the unfortunate Ideologues become more decided; though it never seems to enter into his head that he and his uncle were the most pronounced of all Ideologues, if by that epithet we mean men who wish to govern by new ideas. His actions, as we will find, keep pace with the loftier and more defiant tone of his speeches.

On the 7th of April, 1850, the President opened the session of the Council General of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. An interval of four years had elapsed since their last meeting, and the President tells them that then they enjoyed a complete security, which gave them time to study at leisure the ameliorations best suited to the material interests of France, but that now the task was different; "*un bouleversement imprevu a fait trembler le sol sous vos pas.*"

This allusion is judicious. It pointed out clearly, but at the same time without giving offence to the Republican party, that Louis Napoleon had no complicity in the revolution; and that he rather deplored it than considered it a subject of gratulation: an opinion calculated at one and the same time to quell the sensitive distrust of the men of order, who could not yet put confidence in a Bonaparte; and to disarm to some extent the animosity of the Orleanists, by the tacit preference it implied of the rule of Louis Philippe over the Republican regime which had displaced it.

On the 9th and 10th of June he is at St. Quintin. In his speech at an Exposition of Industry in the town, he says:—

"I am happy to find myself among you, and I welcome with pleasure all opportunities of coming into contact with that great and generous people which has elected me; for every day proves to me that my most sincere and devoted friends are not in the palace but under the thatch; they are not under the gilded roofs, they are in the work-shops and in the country. If I was always free to accomplish my wish, I would come among you without pomp, without ceremony. I would like, unknown, to mingle in your labours as well as your fêtes, in order better to judge myself of your desires and your sentiments. But it seems that fate puts incessantly a barrier between you and me, and I have to

regret never having been a simple citizen of my country."

We can easily imagine the effect of such language, addressed to the people of the provinces who already worshipped the inheritor of the name of the Emperor; it served also another purpose, by indicating, or to use a French phrase, "*faisant entrevoir*," his dissatisfaction with the Burgraves of Paris.

In this oration he defines his idea of "*ordre*," which is not with him merely an empty word which every one may interpret as he pleases, but "*it is the maintenance of that which has been freely elected and consented to by the people; it is the national will triumphant over all factions.*"

But as if to cool down all unreasonable enthusiasm, he says shortly afterwards at Dijon:—

"Governments which succeed revolutions have an ungrateful task: that of repressing in the first instance, in order afterwards to ameliorate; that of dissipating illusions, and of replacing by the language of cold reason the disorderly accents of passion."

Visions of the Coup d'Etat are no doubt by this time revolving in his mind; and in most of his speeches this year he throws out feelers on the subject. At Lyons he says:—

"Rumours of Coups d'Etat have, perhaps, come even to you, gentlemen, but you have not credited them, and I thank you for it. Surprises and usurpations may be the dream of parties who have not the support of the nation, but the elect of six millions of suffrages executes the will of the people; he does not betray them. Patriotism may consist in abnegation as well as in perseverance."

No doubt this was well considered. Indeed all the President's speeches bear traces of long and weighty preparation. Here he dexterously turns the artillery of his enemies against themselves. He, the elect of six millions, has no necessity for a Coup d'Etat; but the opposite party may attempt to compensate by violence and surprise their want of authority with the country. Nor, if well-considered, do these expressions absolutely foreclose him from attempting a Coup d'Etat, for the elect of the people may thus execute their will.

Lyons was the next stage on the

President's tour. There were some doubts expressed at the time as to the propriety of his venturing to this centre of red republicanism; but danger was not likely to deter a man who avowedly professes himself a fatalist. His allusion to their bad repute is dexterous:—

"From a distance I might believe the Lyonnese population animated with that spirit of vertigo which produces so many troubles, and almost an hostility to power. Here I find it calm, laborious, sympathetic with the authority which I represent. On your side you expected, perhaps, to meet in me a man greedy of honours and of power, and you see in the midst of you a man solely devoted to his duty and to the great interests of the country."

And at parting with them, he says:—

"On the point of making you my adieux, allow me to recal to you the celebrated words—no; I pause. There would be too much pride in me to say, like the Emperor, 'Lyonnese, I love you.' But permit me to say to you from the bottom of my heart, 'Lyonnese, love me.'"

Alsace was another district which the timid friends of the President would rather have avoided, but there his reception was enthusiastic. In his address he alludes feelingly to this:—

"Why, gentlemen, should I have been ill-received? In what respect have I failed to merit your confidence? Placed by the almost unanimous vote of France at the head of a power legally restrained, but immense by the moral influence of its origin, have I been seduced by the thought, by the advice I have received to attack a constitution, although nobody is ignorant that it was made in great part against me?"

It is pretty evident the time is coming when he will get rid of this constitution, "made in great part against him."

The President's message this year was delivered on the 12th November. The exordium could not be very agreeable to the Assembly. He informs them that he had dismissed four hundred and twenty-one mayors, and one hundred and ninety-three adjuncts; "and if all those who have exceeded their functions have not been dismissed, it is because the im-

perfection of the law prevents it;" "and for the purpose of assuring order in the most agitated provinces, great commands, comprising several military divisions, have been created, and more extensive powers confided to experienced generals." Otherwise this message resembles the preceding ones in the somewhat laborious detail into which it enters, regarding the finances, the public works, the industry, and commerce of the country.

In the resumé, the President is eminently suggestive:—

"I have often declared publicly, when the occasion has offered itself, my thought, that I would consider as criminals those who, by personal ambition, would compromise the little stability which the constitution guarantees to us. This is my profound conviction. It has never been shaken. Enemies alone of the public tranquillity could pervert the most natural steps incident to my position."

As first magistrate of the Republic it was his duty, he said, to put himself into communication with all interests, and personally to visit the provinces; and "if my name has had an effect in strengthening the spirit of the army, of which alone I dispose in terms of the constitution, this—I dare to say it—is a service I have rendered to my country."

Having thus indicated his opinion of the constitution, and significantly alluded to his influence with the army, he directs attention in brief and pregnant terms to an important matter:—

"It is now permitted to all the world excepting to me to wish to hasten the revision of our fundamental law. If the constitution contains in itself vices and dangers, you are free to expose them to the country. I alone am bound by my oath to confine myself within the strict limits which it has traced."

And somewhat farther on:—

"The uncertainty of the future produces, I know, many apprehensions by awaking many hopes. Let us all learn to sacrifice these hopes to the country, and to occupy ourselves only with her interests. If in this session you vote the revision of the constitution, a constitutional assembly will remodel our fundamental laws and regulate the lot of the executive power. If you do not so vote, the people in 1852 will solemnly manifest the expression of its new will."

Happy would it have been for all parties if the Assembly had taken this advice, and by convoking the nation without delay, sought from the only authority which they could both legitimately acknowledge a solution of the otherwise irreconcilable difficulties which had arisen between them; but the Assembly were well aware that the issue of such an appeal would have been the consolidation and increase of the President's power, and their own political annihilation. They preferred, therefore, to wait.

That the evil day was inevitable could not be a matter of doubt to any one at the close of 1850. On the part of the President every thing was ready. He had made the most of his position, and collected in a focus all the different sources of power or influence of which it was susceptible. He must also have seen—none more clearly—that the existing state of things could not continue. The machine was unworkable. The State had nearly come to that point when *salus populi is suprema lex*.

On the 19th of January, 1851, the Assembly adopted an order of the day, implying censure of the President's policy, the consequence of which was the resignation of his ministry. This was probably the very thing Louis Napoleon desired, he accepted the resignation, and formed in their stead what he was pleased to call a Ministry of Transition. He communicates this somewhat drily in a message to the Assembly.

On the first of June, the President is at Dijon, engaged in his favorite occupation of opening a railway. In his address on the occasion, the following passages occur:—

"France wishes neither the return of the ancient regime, whatever be the form which disguises it, nor the trial of fatal and impracticable Utopias."

The reader will notice the comprehensive way in which this sentence disposes of both classes of his opponents. France is neither Monarchical nor Republican; there is another alternative which he does not mention, but it is clearly implied, namely, that France is Bonapartist:—

"A new phase of our political era commences. From one end of France to the

other, petitions are signed, demanding the revision of the Constitution. I wait with confidence the manifestations of the country, and the decisions of the Assembly who will be inspired by the single hope of the public good. If France recognizes that no one has the right of disposing of her without her own consent, France has only to say so; my courage and my energy will not fail her."

We thus see the hints and feelers the President has been all along throwing out, taking form and consistence. He has made the most of the material advantages of his position, he now brings the logic of his case into a focus of gradually increasing clearness and intensity.

He is not, however, so communicative this year. He has nearly said his say, and put his case on the best ground of which it is susceptible. He has only now to put the Assembly in the wrong, and to bring home to them a violation of the letter of that institution they were so fond of pressing on him. Now he had kept himself as yet on the "windy side of the law;" or if he had gone beyond the limits of the Constitution, it was in one instance only, and the Assembly were his accomplices.

On the 31st May, the Assembly, with the concurrence of the President, had passed a law excluding from the privileges of universal suffrage all who had not resided for three years in the commune.

But it is now time for Louis Napoleon to repent of this encroachment on the sovereignty of the people, and in a lengthened address to the Assembly, he proposes to return to the former law of unrestricted suffrage. His arguments are ingenious. The law of the 13th May seemed reasonable at the time it was passed, its object being to strengthen the hands of the friends of order; but far from answering this purpose, it had served as a pretext to the anarchists to assume the character of the only true republicans; and it could not be denied they had a plausible ground for this assumption, since the effect of the law of the 13th May, going far beyond what he had anticipated, had actually disfranchised three millions of electors.

But there was another objection; the Constitution required that, of the ten millions of electors in France, at least two millions, or one-fifth, should

concur in the election of the President—otherwise it fell to the Assembly to elect him; but if three millions of electors were arbitrarily struck off the roll, the President would require to have a third, instead of a fifth of the voters to secure his election. So that in effect, this law of 31st May might take the election of the President out of the hands of the people, and give it to the Assembly, contrary to the Constitution.

Louis Napoleon could not have argued more adroitly. The inconsistency of Republicans of the French school restricting universal suffrage, was undeniable; but the bearing of the restriction on the election of the President, so far from weighing with the Assembly as a reason for its repeal, would rather act as a motive to them to retain it; or even to pass a law of a still more restrictive character, having more decidedly the tendency to throw the election of the President into the hands of the Assembly. They accordingly fell into the snare; they refused to repeal the obnoxious law; and Louis Napoleon thenceforth stood forward as the champion of the Constitution, and especially of universal suffrage; when the Assembly confessedly took the position of a reactionary body who wished to destroy the very power from which they derived their authority.

The quarrel was as "pretty a one" for the President as could be; a Coup d'Etat was now justifiable, in order to save the Constitution. Henceforth events rapidly culminated.

On the 9th November he addresses the officers of the army who had recently arrived in Paris, and tells them that "if ever the day of danger should arrive, I will not do like the governments which have preceded me; I will not say to you, 'March, I follow you'; but I will say to you, 'I march follow me!'"

Under date the 2d December, the following brief notice is inserted in this volume:—

"The National Assembly is dissolved. The President addresses the two proclamations which follow, to the people and the army."

In his address to the people, he states his position with his usual felicity:—

"Frenchmen, the actual position can no longer endure. Every day which passes by aggravates the danger of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of order, has become a centre of conspiracy; the patriotism of three hundred of its members could not check its fatal tendencies. In place of making laws for the public welfare, it forges the arms of civil war; it attacks the power which I hold directly from the people; it encourages all evil passions; it compromises the repose of France. I have dissolved it, and I make the entire people the judge between me and it."

Persuaded that the preponderance of a single Assembly is the cause of all the trouble and discord, he proposes to the people,—"the only sovereign which I recognize in France,"—the programme of a new government:—

1. One responsible chief elected for ten years.
2. Ministers dependent on the executive power alone.
3. A council of state formed of the most distinguished men, preparing the laws, and supporting the discussion of them before the legislative body.
4. A legislative body discussing and voting laws, nominated by universal suffrage.
5. A second Assembly formed of all the illustrious of the country, a preponderating power, the guardian of the fundamental pact of the public liberties.

If he does not obtain their suffrages as President with this programme, he is to invoke the reunion of a new Assembly, and to remit into their hands the mandate he has received from the nation.

There was no very great choice in this. As things stood, it was Louis Napoleon or Anarchy; and Louis Napoleon had the army on his side, whereas Anarchy could only boast of her usual adherents, the mob of Paris, assisted on this occasion by a few of the minor Ideologues, the magnates of that party having been in the meantime very judiciously put in prison.

The address to the army is in the tone of a man who is sure of their support. They are to vote like the other citizens; but their general is ordered immediately after ascertaining the result to burn the lists, so that the President might be ignorant of the names of those who voted against him.

On the 8th December all opposi-

tion, which indeed never for a moment assumed any formidable proportions, had been quelled. The President again addresses the people.

"Frenchmen, the troubles are appeased; whatever may be the decision of the people, society is saved. The first part of my task is accomplished. The appeal to the nation to terminate our contests would not, I knew, create any serious risk to public tranquillity."

And further on :—

"If I do not possess your confidence, if your ideas have changed, there is no need for shedding precious blood. You have only to deposit a negative vote in the urn. I will always respect the decision of the people."

That decision was formally intimated on the 31st December. In his address to the members of the Commission who had superintended the voting, occur the following passages :—

"France has answered to the loyal appeal I made to her. She has understood that I only went out of legality in order to return into right. I felicitate myself on this immense adhesion; it is not from pride, but because it gives me the force to speak and to act as it becomes the chief of a great nation like ours."

He might well say so; seven millions of votes had justified the boldest and best planned step in political action which the world had seen since the days of Cromwell, for the Coups d'Etat of Napoleon I. were neither undertaken at such risk, nor prepared for with such consummate sagacity.

So closed 1851, leaving Louis Napoleon in the possession of absolute power; for it need hardly be remarked that his Council of State, his Senate and Legislative Assembly, with their limited attributions, did not even in appearance come betwixt him and the exercise of undisputed authority. The political cycle had returned upon itself; the two extreme ends had united—from the most unlimited democracy the most unlimited despotism had legitimately sprung; universal suffrage had formally and deliberately selected autocracy. To the casual observer, to the Utopian Republican, no result could be less expected; it would seem to them as probable that heat should form ice

instead of melting it; but the result has been often predicted by ancient and modern historians, nor are the reasons on which these predictions were founded of a very recondite nature. In all states of society the good things of the world are for the few, while the majority can with difficulty provide the necessaries of existence. So long as the established order of things continues, so long as society rests on its ancient hierarchical foundations, the majority acquiesce in this as part of the economy of nature. But disturb the established order by revolutionary ideas, and they begin to question the fact of the immutability of such an arrangement; and although there are reasons which demonstrate that it cannot be otherwise, these are too philosophical for the apprehension of the masses, who are swayed by passion and not by reason. And once the revolutionary instincts are aroused, envy towards the rich becomes a predominant feeling, which soon ferments into hatred, assisted not a little by the distant and haughty manners of the rich, which, now that they are no longer believed to be a superior order of beings, seem an insult. Now suppose in such a state of things that the entire nation, voting *per capita*, were called on to decide whether they would have a continuance of the existing government, or the despotism of one man who proposes to reduce the upper and middle classes to a perfect equality with the labouring population in the eye of the law, and to take up the cause of the latter, and we have no doubt whatever that in any country the despot would have a large majority of votes. It is the conviction of this necessary and natural tendency of democracy which is the main reason why we have always advocated Conservative principles, and deprecated any rash extension of the suffrage.

The year 1852 was ushered in with the proclamation of the Constitution, purporting to be developed from the programme of the Coup d'Etat. In the preamble the President asserts he has taken for his model the institutions of the Consulate and the Empire.

In France as it is, he says, the Chief must be responsible; "to write at the head of a 'charte' that the

Chief is irresponsible, is to give the lie to public sentiment."

On the contrary, the new Constitution proclaimed that the Chief elected is responsible to the people. But, being responsible, it follows that his action should be free and without obstacles, "that his ministry should be the honored and powerful auxiliaries of his thought, but that they should not form a responsible council composed of members liable for one another, a continual obstacle to the impulse given by the Chief of the State, the expression of a political opinion emanating from the Chamber, and thereby exposed to frequent changes which hinder all unity, all regular system."

This is pretty distinct, but in order that there may be no mistake he asks, "What will then be the control exercised by the Assembly?" and he proceeds to answer the question at length, in rather more words than is his usual custom, and the more unnecessary in this case as the simple answer, "Nothing," would have been the true response to his query.

One of several sentences may prove this as to the Chamber Legislative, "the Chamber being no longer in presence of the ministry, and the projects of law being supported by the orators of the Council of State, time will not be lost in vain interpellations, in frivolous accusations, in passionate encounters, whose solitary object it was to overthrow the ministry in order to take their places."

As to the Senate whose inertia has been recently animadverted on by the *Moniteur*, it is difficult to discover what they are expected to do—

"It is the depository of the fundamental pact, and of the liberties compatible with the Constitution, and it is only sur le rapport des grands principes sur lesquels repose notre société qu'il examine toutes les lois et qu'il en propose de nouvelles au pouvoir exécutif."

We give this in the original French; what it means the reader must discover for himself; and if so, he will be cleverer than the Senate, who, according to the *Moniteur*, and that is an oracle of inspiration, have not yet made the discovery.

But whatever be this Constitution, "the people remains always master of its destiny, nothing fundamental

can be changed without its will." But the President does not inform us how this will is to be expressed, and we see no other way than by insurrection, a right which the people have under any kind of government whatever; though, perhaps, there are few in which it would be less safe to exercise it than in that of Louis Napoleon.

The Constitution is formulated in fifty-eight articles, which are here given *in extenso*, and to which we beg to refer the reader, if he is curious as to the Constitution of France. These articles, with the exception of those defining, or rather stating the power of the President—for definition implies limits—are vaguely expressed, and each of them seems capable of being developed in detail into a volume.

The remaining speeches and addresses this year contain, according to Louis Napoleon's manner, protestats of abnegation—he is content to remain simply President; followed by hints and indications, gradually getting clearer and clearer, till they reach their result in the proclamation of the Empire. All which was hardly necessary, since, as he ultimately says himself, the change would be only in name.

His address on the 29th March, at the opening of the Session of the Senate and the Corps Legislatif, is on the whole, a good specimen of his style; the peculiar feature of which is a frugality of words, so skillfully selected, that it is impossible to mistake his meaning; unless, which is sometimes the case, he is not desirous of being understood. We will extract a few passages from this address:—

"A few months ago, you will recollect, the more I restricted myself within the narrow circle of my attributions, the more they tried to restrict it, in order to deprive me of movement and action; often discouraged, I avow, I had the thought of abandoning a power so contested; but that which restrained me was, that I saw only one thing to succeed me, and that was anarchy."

There is a considerable similarity between the speeches and character of Louis Napoleon and Cromwell. Both indulge in the same self-denying asseverations; and if Cromwell denounces the malignants, our author denounces the Ideologues: while the 'people of God' of the Puritan, may be

represented by the 'men of order' of the President. In action both pursue a line of conduct which, whether planned *a priori*, or gradually suggested to them by the course of events, appears to those who review it, the most admirably calculated to forward their ambition; both give adequate time for the pear to come to maturity, ample rope to their opponents to hang themselves; and when the crisis is come, both accomplish their ends by violent measures, as bold as they are exquisitely concerted.

The only difference betwixt them seems to be that Louis Napoleon is a translation of Cromwell, from the somewhat crabbed and obscure dialect of a difficult language into a version of admirable plainness and perspicuity; for take any one of Cromwell's speeches, and find out the plain common sense of it, if you can, and ten to one you will find an address of the President expressing the same sentiments. Or, to take the reverse process: get Carlyle to translate the speeches of Louis Napoleon, not into English, but into his own dialect, and you will have a prelection of Cromwell to a committee of his officers.

But to return from this digression. In the speech under consideration Louis Napoleon goes on to say:—

"Among political institutions, in effect, those alone have duration, which fix in an equitable manner the limit where each power ought to stop. There is no other means of arriving at a useful and beneficent application of liberty; the examples are not far from us.

"Why, in 1814, did we see with satisfaction, in spite of our reverses, the inauguration of the parliamentary regime? It was because the Emperor, let us not fear to avow it, had been drawn, on account of the war, to a too absolute exercise of power.

"In fine, why is France not excited on account of the restrictions imposed on the liberty of the press and on individual liberty? It is that the one had degenerated into license, and that the other, in place of being the regular exercise of the right of each, had by odious excesses menaced the right of all."

A little further on in this speech occurs the first hint of the Empire:—

"Seeing we re-establish the institutions and souvenirs of the Empire, people often say that I desired to re-establish the Empire itself. If such was my constant pre-occupation, that transformation would be accom-

plished long ago; neither the means nor the opportunities have been wanting to me."

He could have done so, he says, in 1848, or on the 13th June, 1849, and still more easily on the 2d December, 1851.

In a message to the Corps Legislatif, on 28th June, he thus states the idea of his government. "A government animated by faith and the love of good; which reposes on the people, source of all power; upon the army, source of all force; upon religion, source of all justice." In which definition, it will be remarked that the basis of the *force* of the government is expressed in somewhat clearer terms than that of the other principles of his government; 'faith' and 'religion' being generic terms, susceptible of infinite meaning.

In an address on the 29th September at Lyons, the Empire is shadowed forth with slightly increasing distinctness. At all points of his progress he says he has been saluted with cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, "a cry, which is to me rather a souvenir which touches my heart than a hope which flatters my pride;" but, "if the modest title of President could facilitate the mission which was confided to me, and before which I have not retreated, it is not I who, from personal interest, would desire to change that title for that of Emperor."

Throughout the career of Louis Napoleon, which this volume illustrates, he has always shewn a disposition to court the clergy. There are several addresses illustrating his manner of canvassing that important interest. On the whole, his expressions are manly and honorable, without any affectation of exaggerated devotion. On one occasion, about this time, while laying the foundation of the cathedral of Marseilles, he says, "My government, I say it with pride, is one of the few which has supported religion for itself. It supports it, not as an instrument, not to please a political party, but solely from conviction and from the love of good which it inspires, like the truths which it teaches." Still it must be confessed that Paganism would be a sufficient platform for all the religious opinions which the President possesses. A belief in the *Etre Suprême* under the idea of fate will suffice.



On the 9th October, the President at a banquet at Bourdeaux, makes his celebrated declaration,—“Certains personnes se disent, L'Empire, c'est la guerre; moi je dis, L'Empire, c'est la paix.”

He develops this idea as follows :

“It is peace, for France desires it, and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil. Glory associates itself well to the title of heritage, but not war. War is not made for pleasure, but from necessity. Woe to him, then, who would first give to Europe the signal of a collision, the consequences of which are incalculable.”

And then he glances at the material progress which he wishes to secure to France :—

“We have immense territories lying waste to bring under cultivation—roads to open, ports to construct, rivers to render navigable, canals to terminate, our net-work of railways to complete. We have opposite Marseilles a vast kingdom to assimilate to France. We have all our great ports on the west to bring near to the American Continent, by the rapidity of those communications in which we are still deficient.”

On the 16th October, the Prince President liberates Abd-el-Kader, because “the government which has preceded me had not kept its engagements with an unfortunate enemy.”

On the 4th November, he submits to the Senate a proposition to declare the Empire. He does not “dissemble all that there is formidable in putting on his head the crown of Napoleon; but my apprehensions diminish by the thought, that, representing by so many titles the cause of the people and the national will, ‘ce sera la nation qui, en m'élevant au trône, se couronnera elle-même.’”

On the 7th November, the obedient Senate reports in favour of the Empire; and on the 25th the intelligence is communicated by a message to the Corps Legislatif, in which he says “The government, you know, will only change its form. Devoted to the great interests which intelligence produces, and which peace develops, it will restrain itself, as in the past, in the limits of moderation; for success never inflates with pride the mind of those who see in their new elevation only a greater duty imposed by the people—only a more

elevated mission confided by Providence.”

The Proclamation of the Empire follows, on the 1st December. We quote one or two sentences of it :—

“I take to-day with the crown the name of Napoleon III., because the logic of the people has already given it to me—because the Senate has legally imposed it, and because the entire nation has ratified it.

“Is it, however, that by accepting this title I fall into the error of the Prince who, returning from exile, declared null and void all that had been done in his absence? Far from me such an absurdity: not only do I recognise the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in some degree what they have done of good or of evil; for the governments which succeed one another, spite of their different origins are liable in *solidum* for their predecessors. But the more I accept all that which, since the last fifty years, history transmits to us with its inflexible authority, the less was it permitted me to pass over in silence the glorious reign of the chief of my family, and the regular, though ephemeral, title of his son.”

This closes the year 1852, in which one step more has been made in the ladder of his ambition. Is it a judicious one? Ought the man of the people to assume the pomp and trappings of royalty? Should the parvenu attempt to attach to himself traditions which are native only to antiquity? Should Louis Napoleon aspire after rank, as something different from power? We think not. We think he would appear in history in a far nobler and manlier character, without the attendance of Grand Masters of the Household, Grand Chamberlains, Grand Masters of the Horse, and Grand Equerries, although carrying any number of gold and silver sticks, and dressed in any amount of lace or embroidery. The “modest state” of Cromwell has secured him many voices, which would have been loud against him had he assumed a crown. Caesar, “the foremost man in all this world,” would have lost half the grand statuesque dignity of his character if he had assumed the purple; and Napoleon Bonaparte himself committed treason to his nature, and displayed a weakness which would otherwise not have been suspected, when he aped the state of the old sovereigns whom he had so often conquered.

The most important event in the

personal history of the Emperor in 1853, and on the whole the most honorable and satisfactory in his whole career, was his marriage to Eugénie. It almost compensated for the funkiness of the empire. He was not yet enslaved by ceremony and state.

His communication of the event to the Senate, the Corps Législatif, and the Council of State, worded at the Tuilleries—is noble and manly :—

"The union I have contracted," says he, "is not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy—that is its advantage. France, by her successive revolutions, has separated herself from the rest of Europe. Every sensible government ought to try to make her re-enter the pale of the old monarchies; but this will be more surely attained by a straightforward and frank policy, than by royal alliances."

For himself, he accepts

"Vis à vis de l'Europe, la position de parvenu, titre glorieux lorsqu'on parvient par le libre suffrage d'un grand peuple."

"I have preferred, gentlemen, a woman whom I love and whom I respect, to an unknown woman whose alliance might have had advantages mixed with sacrifices."

Well done! Emperor, President, Man! These sentiments find an echo everywhere, and have conciliated more admirers to you, and softened the animosity of more enemies, than if you had married a princess who could quarter direct from Noah, through the family of Shem!

The year 1854 opens on a different scene. The Russian war has commenced, and the Emperor is engaged heart and soul in the struggle.

On the 29th January, he writes a letter to the Czar, which is here given *in extenso*. There is nothing remarkable in it. It is moderate and firm. We need not say it led to no result.

His speech at the opening of the Legislative Session, on the 2nd March, 1854, is of course mostly occupied with the war. He makes the memorable declaration, "*le temps des conquêtes est passé!*" Consequently France has no idea of aggrandising herself.

We doubt the wisdom of such an announcement at the beginning of a war. It has a tendency to induce the enemy to protract the contest beyond what they would do, if they ex-

pected the ordinary penalty of conquest. A nation forced into war has a right to exact compensation from the aggressing state, and that in general can only be secured by appropriating a portion of territory.

We do not think the eloquence of the Emperor so much at home on war as on peace. He is too contemplative; and we miss altogether, in his addresses to the soldiery—of which there are several in this year—the fiery grandeur of the speeches of his uncle.

The Session of the Corps Législatif for 1855, for some reason or other, was opened on the 20th Dec., 1854. The speech on that occasion is somewhat vapid. The only memorable sentences are those relating to the English alliance:—"That alliance," he says, "is not the effect of a fleeting interest, or of a policy of circumstances. It is the union of two powerful nations, associated for the triumph of a cause in which, for more than a century, their greatness has been concerned—namely, the interests of civilization, at the same time with the liberties of Europe." In allusion to the army before Sebastopol he says—"The army of the East has up to this day suffered everything and surmounted everything—epidemic, disease, conflagration, tempest, privation. Each has nobly done his duty, from the Marshal who seemed to make death stand aside till he had conquered, to the soldier and the sailor whose last expiring cry was a wish for France—an acclamation for the Elect of the country."

This is somewhat of a bathos; the egotism of the empire is affecting his style.

The year 1855 is chiefly memorable for the Emperor's visit to London. His speech at the banquet in Guildhall deserves commemoration, as an instance of his felicity in seizing and giving apt expression to the prevailing ideas of the time. He thus speaks of the alliance :—

"In effect, England and France find themselves naturally in accord on all the great questions of policy or humanity which agitate the world, from the Baltic even to the Black Sea; from the abolition of slavery to the wishes for the amelioration of the fate

of the countries of Europe. I see in the moral as well as the political world, for our two nations, only one route to follow, only one end to aim at. There are, therefore, only secondary interests and paltry rivalries which could divide them. Good sense alone will answer for the future."

About the middle of April the Emperor was attacked by an assassin. In alluding to this, in an address to the Senate, he says—"I do not fear the attempts of assassins. There are existences which are the instruments of the decrees of Providence. So long as I will not have fulfilled my mission, I incur no danger."

Fatalism is a characteristic of the race of Bonaparte; but the fatalism of the nephew is of a more religious cast than that of the uncle. The latter had his star or his sun of Austerlitz, and believed that the bullet which was to kill him had not been cast; but he did not call himself an instrument in the hands of Providence. The difference betwixt the fatalism of the two is this: that you could not gather from the sayings of Napoleon I. that he believed in a God, at least in any other than himself; whereas Napoleon III., in all his speeches and professions, implies the existence of a higher power, of which he is the favoured instrument.

At the opening of the extraordinary session of 1855, on 2nd July, the Emperor, as usual, pronounced a discourse. The war, and the Vienna Conferences, are the prominent topics which he discusses.

On the 15th November he delivered a speech at the closing of the Exhibition, which contains several pregnant passages, the influence of which on passing events is yet in force.

"At the sight of so many marvels displayed to our eyes, the first expression is a desire of peace. Peace alone, in effect, may develop these remarkable products of human intelligence. You ought then all, like me, to wish that this peace be prompt and durable. But in order to be durable, it ought to resolve satisfactorily the question which has produced the war. In order to be prompt it is necessary that Europe pronounce itself; for without the pressure of general opinion the struggles between great powers threaten to prolong themselves; whereas, on the contrary, if Europe decides to declare who is wrong or who is right, it will be a great step towards the solution. At the epoch of civilization in which we are, the successes of

arms, however brilliant, are only transitory; it is, in the last resort, public opinion which gains always the last victory."

Following this address, and closing the volume, is a discourse by the Emperor to the army of the East, which, like his other war speeches, is by no means remarkable.

We have now finished our task, and have traced the career of Louis Napoleon during seven eventful years, step by step, guided by his own speeches selected and arranged by himself. We have done so calmly, and, so far as we are aware, without any preconceived opinion, for the fact was, and still is, that Louis Napoleon is to us an enigma. Our opinion of his ability and sagacity has, if possible, been increased by the perusal of the contents of this volume; and we think most of our readers will agree with us also in ranking the Imperial author high as a master of the most difficult quality of style—extreme conciseness coincident with perfect clearness of meaning; and will also admit that Louis Napoleon is equally great in language as in action—one of those very rare men who to a perfect command of language join the greatest sagacity of intellect, the most cautious and skilful preparation, and the most prompt and vigorous action. Still his moral nature remains an enigma. Are we to believe his professions of conscientiousness, or are we to suppose him a consummate hypocrite? We frankly confess we cannot solve the riddle. We have, however, to remark that comparing the opinions expressed in this volume with those of the first and second volumes, we notice a marked improvement in moral tone. Bare, hard expediency is no longer the only test appealed to: noble principles of ethics are openly proclaimed, and the regime of Providence is acknowledged. The great events in which he has lived have evidently had their effect, whether on his intellect alone, if we adopt the less favorable hypothesis, or on his intellect and heart together, if we believe him an honest man. His tone is less arrogant and harsh, and more serious and solemn, and not unfrequently pathetic. Indeed there are some passages which he could not have conceived unless he had felt them; speeches, in the delivery or con-

position of which the most sceptical must believe in his sincerity, at least, for the time being. But on the other hand, what are we to make of his frequent asseverations of respect for the Constitution, of his wish to maintain things as they were? What of his repudiations of all *Coups d'Etat*, when it is self-evident he was preparing all along, with the patient skill of a consummate chess-player, for the final move on his adversary? What of his declamations on liberty, the Republic, and the national will, when all along he was cautiously and pensively forging the iron fetters of despotism?

It is quite true that he manages with marvellous dexterity, always to provide a loophole for his consistency; and that understanding the Republic in his sense as simply the expression of the will of a gross majority, and liberty as the will of that majority to enslave themselves and others, he can

never be actually convicted of falsehood; but then, according to Paley, he who uses words in one sense, knowing that those to whom they are addressed understand them in another, is guilty of virtual falsehood.

As to the future we have no better reliance than on the grounds indicated in our last review; namely, that it is Louis Napoleon's interest to keep well with us and with the rest of the world; and that in general, and in the long run, the wise and the good are coincident, and that no man living is wiser or more sagacious and far-seeing than the present Emperor of the French. We have also this additional security, that he has given hostages to fortune, and that in the Empress Eugenie and her 'fils de France,' we have the best of guarantees that the commanding intellect of the husband and father will be employed for the benefit of France and the peace of the world.

## THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE CASCINE AT FLORENCE.

It was spring, and in Italy; one of those half-dozen days at very most, when, the feeling of winter departed, a gentle freshness breathes through the air; trees stir softly, and as if by magic; the earth becomes carpeted with flowers, whose odors seem to temper, as it were, the exciting atmosphere. An occasional cloud, fleecy and jagged, sails lazily aloft, marking its shadow on the mountain side. In a few days—a few hours perhaps—the blue sky will be unbroken, the air hushed, a hot breath will move among the leaves, or pant over the trickling fountain.

In this fast-flitting period, we dare not call it season, the Cascine of Florence is singularly beautiful: on one side, the gentle river stealing past beneath the shadowing foliage; on the other, the picturesque mountains towards Fiesole, dotted with its palaces and terraced gardens. The ancient city itself is partly seen, and the massive Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio tower proudly above the

trees! What other people of Europe have such a haunt?—what other people would know so thoroughly how to enjoy it? The day was drawing to a close, and the Piazzone was now filled with equipages. There were the representatives of every European people, and of nations far away over the seas—splendid Russians, brilliant French, splenetic, supercilious English, and ponderous Germans, mingled with the less marked nationalities of Belgium and Holland, and even America. Everything that called itself Fashion was there to swell the tide; and although a choice military band was performing with exquisite skill the favourite overtures of the day, the noise and tumult of conversation almost drowned their notes. For the Cascine is to the world of society what the Bourse is to the world of trade. It is the great centre of all news and intelligence, where markets and bargains of intercourse are transacted, and where the scene of past pleasure is revived, and the plans of future enjoyment are

canvassed. The great and the wealthy are there, to see and to meet with each other. Their proud equipages lie side by side, like great liners; while phaetons, like fast frigates, shoot swiftly by, and solitary dandies flit past in varieties of conveyance to which sea-craft can offer no analogies. All are busy, eager and occupied. Scandal holds here its festival, and the misdeeds of every capital of Europe are now being discussed. The higher themes of politics occupy but few: the interests of literature attract still less. It is essentially of the world they talk, and it must be owned they do it like adepts. The last witticism of Paris—the last duel at Berlin—who has fled from his creditors in England—who has run away from her husband at Naples—are all retailed with a serious circumstantiality that would lead one to believe that gossip maintained its ‘own correspondent’ in every city of the Continent. Moralists might fancy, perhaps, that in the tone these subjects are treated, there would mingle a reprobation of the bad, and a due estimate of the opposite, if it ever occurred at all; but as surely would they be disappointed. Never were censors more lenient—never were critics so charitable. The transgressions against good breeding—the ‘gaucheries’ of manner—the solecisms in dress, language, or demeanour, do indeed meet with sharp reproof and cutting sarcasm; but in recompense for such severity, how gently they deal with graver offences. For the felonies they can always discover “the attenuating circumstances;” for the petty larcenies of fashion they have nothing but whip-cord.

Amidst the various knots where such discussions were carried on, one was eminently conspicuous. It was around a handsome, open carriage, whose horses, harnessing, and liveries were all in the most perfect taste. The equipage might possibly have been deemed showy in Hyde Park; but in the Bois de Boulogne, or the Cascine, it must be pronounced the acmé of elegance. Whatever might have been the differences of national opinion on this point, there could assuredly have been none as to the beauty of those who occupied it.

Though a considerable interval of years divided them, the aunt and her

niece had a wonderful resemblance to each other. They were both—that rarest of all forms of beauty—blond Italians;—that is, with light hair and soft, grey eyes. They had a certain tint of skin, deeper and mellower than we see in northern lands, and an expression of mingled seriousness and softness that only pertains to the south of Europe. There was a certain coquetry in the similarity of their dress, which in many parts was precisely alike; and although the niece was but fifteen, and the aunt twenty-seven, it needed not the aid of flattery to make many mistake one for the other.

Beauty, like all the other “*Beaux Arts*,” has its distinctions. The same public opinion that enthrones the sculptor or the musician, confers its crown on female loveliness—and by this acclaim were they declared Queens of Beauty. To any one visiting Italy for the first time, there would have seemed something very strange in the sort of homage rendered them: a reverence and respect only accorded elsewhere to royalties—a deference that verged on actual humiliation—and yet all this blended with a subtle familiarity that none but an Italian can ever attain to. The uncovered head, the attitude of respectful attention, the patient expectancy of notice, the glad air of him under recognition, were all there; and yet, through these, there was dashed a strange tone of intimacy, as though the observances were but a thin crust over deeper feelings. “*La Contessa*”—for she was especially “the Countess,” as one illustrious man of our own country was “the Duke”—possessed every gift which claims pre-eminence in this fair city. She was eminently beautiful, young, charming in her manners, with ample fortune; and, lastly—ah! good reader, you would surely be puzzled to supply that lastly, the more as we say that in it lies an excellence without which all the rest are of little worth, and yet with it are objects of worship, almost of adoration—she was separated from her husband! There must have been an epidemic, a kind of rot among husbands at one period; for we scarcely remember a very pretty woman, from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty, who had not been obliged to leave hers from acts of cruelty, or

acts of brutality, etc. that only husbands are capable of, or of which their poor wives are ever the victims.

If the moral geography of Europe be ever written, the region south of the Alps will certainly be coloured with that tint, whatever it be, that describes the blessedness of a divorced existence. In other lands, especially in our own, the separated individual labours under no common difficulty in his advances to society. The story—there must be a story—of his separation is told in various ways—all of course to his disparagement. Tyrant or victim, it is hard to say under which title he comes out best—so much for the man; but for the woman there is no plea; judgment is pronounced at once, without the merits. Fugitive, or fled from—who inquires? she is one that few men dare to recognise. The very fact that to mention her name exacts an explanation, is condemnatory. What a boon to all such must it be that there is a climate mild enough for their malady, and a country that will suit their constitution; and not only that, but a region which actually pays homage to their infirmity, and makes of their martyrdom a triumph! As you go to Norway for salmon fishing—to Bengal to hunt tigers—to St. Petersburg to eat caviare, so when divorced, if you would really know the blessing of your state, go take a house on the Arno. Vast as are the material resources of our globe, the moral ones are infinitely greater; nor need we despair, some day or other, of finding an island where a certificate of fraudulent bankruptcy will be deemed a letter of credit, and an evidence of insolvency be accepted as qualification to start a bank.

La Comtessa inhabited a splendid palace, furnished with magnificence; her gardens were one of the sights of the capital, not only for their floral display, but that they contained a celebrated group by Canova, of which no copy existed. Her gallery was, if not extensive, enriched with some priceless treasures of art; and with all these she possessed high rank, for her card bore the name of *La Comtessa de Glencore, née Comtessa della Torre*.

The reader thus knows at once, if not actually as much as we do ourselves, all that we mean to impart to him; and now let us come back to

that equipage around which swarmed the fashion of Florence, eagerly pressing forward to catch a word, a smile, or even a look; and actually perched on every spot from which they could obtain a glimpse of those within. A young Russian prince, with his arm in a sling, had just recited the incident of his late duel; a Neapolitan minister had delivered a rose-coloured epistle from a Royal Highness of his own court. A Spanish grandee had deposited his offering of camelias, which actually covered the front cushions of the carriage; and now a little lane was formed for the approach of the old Duke de Bregnoles, who made his advance with a mingled courtesy and haughtiness that told of Versailles and long ago.

A very creditable specimen of the old noblesse of France was the Duke, and well worthy to be the grandson of one who was Grand Marechal to Louis XIV. Tall, thin, and slightly stooped from age; his dark eye seemed to glisten the brighter beneath his shaggy, white eyebrows. He had served with distinction as a soldier, and been an ambassador at the court of the Czar Paul; in every station he had filled sustaining the character of a true and loyal gentleman—a man who could reflect nothing but honour on the great country he belonged to. It was amongst the scandal of Florence that he was the most devoted of *la Comtessa's* admirers; but we are quite willing to believe that his admiration had nothing in it of love. At all events, she distinguished him by her most marked notice. He was the frequent guest of her choicest dinners, and the constant visitor at her evenings at home. It was then with a degree of favour that many an envious heart coveted, she extended her hand to him as he came forward, which he kissed with all the lowly deference he would have shown to that of his Prince.

"Mon cher Duc," said she, smiling, "I have such a store of grievances to lay at your door. The essence of violets is not violets, but verberna."

"Charming Comtesse, I had it direct from Pierrot's."

"Pierrot is a traitor, then; that's all: and where's *Ida's Arab*, is he to be here to-day, or to-morrow? When are we to see him?"

"Why, I only wrote to the Emir on Tuesday last."

"Mais à quoi bon l'Emir if he can't do impossibilities? Surely the very thought of him brings up the Arabian Nights, and the Calif Haroun. By the way, thank you for the poignard. It is true Damascus; is it not?"

"Of course. I'd not have dared—"

"To be sure not. I told the Archduchess it was. I wore it in my Turkish dress on Wednesday, and you, false man, wouldn't come to admire me!"

"You know what a sad day was that for me, madam," said he, solemnly. "It was the anniversary of her fate who was your only rival in beauty, as she had no rival in undeserved misfortunes."

"Pauvre Reine!" sighed the Countess, and held her bouquet to her face.

"What great mass of papers is that you have there, Duke?" resumed she.

"Can it be a journal?"

"It is an English newspaper, my dear Countess. As I know you do not receive any of his countrymen, I have not asked your permission to present the Lord Selby; but hearing him read out your name in a paragraph here, I carried off his paper to have it translated for me. You read English, don't you?"

"Very imperfectly; and I detest it," said she, impatiently; "but Prince Volkoffsky can, I am sure, oblige you;" and she turned away her head in ill-humour.

"It is here somewhere. *Parbleu*, I thought I marked the place," muttered the Duke, as he handed the paper to the Russian. "Isn't that it?"

"This is all about theatres, Madame Pasta, and the Haymarket."

"Ah! well, it is lower down: here, perhaps."

"Court news. The Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar."

"No, no: not that."

"Oh, here it is. 'Great Scandal in High Life—A very singular correspondence has just passed, and will soon, we believe, be made public, between the Herald's College and Lord Glencore.'" Here the reader stopped, and lowered his voice at the next word.

"Read on, Prince. *C'est mon mari*," said she, coldly, while a very slight

movement of her upper lip betrayed what might mean scorn or sorrow, or even both.

The Prince, however, had now run his eyes over the paragraph, and crushing the newspaper in his hand, hurried away from the spot. The Duke as quickly followed, and soon overtook him.

"Who gave you this paper, Duke?" cried the Russian, angrily.

"It was Lord Selby. He was reading it aloud to a friend."

"Then he is an *infame*, and I'll tell him so," cried the other passionately. "Which is he? the one with the light moustache, or the shorter one?" and, without waiting for reply, the Russian dashed between the carriages, and thrusting his way through the prancing crowd of moving horses, arrived at a spot where two young men, evidently strangers to the scene, were standing calmly surveying the bright panorama before them.

"The Lord Selby," said the Russian, taking off his hat and saluting one of them.

"That's his lordship," replied the one he addressed, pointing to his friend.

"I am the Prince Volkoffsky, Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor," said the Russian; "and hearing from my friend, the Duke de Bregmolles, that you have just given him this newspaper, that he might obtain the translation of a passage in it which concerns Lady Glencore, and have the explanation read out at her own carriage, publicly, before all the world, I desire to tell you that your lordship is unworthy of your rank—an *infame*! and if you do not resent this—a *polisson*!"

"This man is mad, Selby," said the short man, with the coolest air imaginable.

"Quite sane enough to give your friend a lesson in good manners; and you too, sir, if you have any fancy for it," said the Russian.

"I'd give him in charge to the police, by Jove, if there were police here," said the same one who spoke before: "he can't be a gentleman."

"There's my card, sir," said the Russian; "and for you too, sir," said he, presenting another to him who spoke.

"Where are you to be heard of?"

said the short man.

"At the Russian legation," said the Prince, haughtily, and turned away.

"You're wrong, Baynton, he is a gentleman," said Lord Selby, as he pocketed the card, "though certainly he is not a very mild tempered specimen of his order."

"You didn't give the newspaper as he said——"

"Nothing of the kind. I was reading it aloud to you when the royal carriages came suddenly past; and, in taking off my hat to salute, I never noticed that the old Duke had carried off the paper. I know he can't read English, and the chances are, he has asked this Scythian gentleman to interpret for him."

"So then the affair is easily settled," said the other, quietly.

"Of course it is," was the answer; and they both lounged about among the carriages, which already were thinning, and, after a while, set out towards the city.

They had but just reached their hotel when a stranger presented himself to them as the Count de Marny. He had come as the friend of Prince Volkoffsky, who had fully explained to him the event of that afternoon.

"Well," said Baynton, "we are of opinion your friend has conducted himself exceedingly ill, and we are here to receive his excuses."

"I am afraid, messieurs," said the Frenchman, bowing, "that it will exhaust your patience if you continue to wait for them. Might it not be better to come and accept what he is quite prepared to offer you—satisfaction?"

"Be it so," said Lord Selby: "he'll see his mistake some time or other, and perhaps regret it. Where shall it be?—and when?"

"At the Fossombroni Villa, about two miles from this. To-morrow morning, at eight, if that suit you."

"Quite well. I have no other appointment. Pistols, of course?"

"You have the choice, otherwise my friend would have preferred the sword."

"Take him at his word, Selby," whispered Baynton; "you are equal to any of them with the rapier."

"If your friend desire the sword, I have no objection—I mean the rapier."

"The rapier be it," said the Frenchman; and with a polite assurance of the infinite honour he felt in forming their acquaintance, and the gratifying certainty they were sure to possess of his highest considerations, he bowed, backed, and withdrew.

"Well-mannered fellow, the Frenchman," said Baynton, as the door closed; and the other nodded assent, and rang the bell for dinner.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE VILLA FOSSOMBRONI.

THE grounds of the Villa Fossombroni were, at the time we speak of, the Chalk Farm, or the Fifteen Acres of Tuscany. The Villa itself, long since deserted by the illustrious family whose name it bore, had fallen into the hands of an old Piedmontese noble, ruined by a long life of excess and dissipation. He had served with gallantry in the imperial army of France, but was dismissed the service for a play transaction, in which his conduct was deeply disgraceful; and the Colonel Count Tasseroni, of the 8th Hussars of the Guards, was declared unworthy to wear the uniform of a Frenchman.

For a number of years he had lived so estranged from the world, that many believed he had died; but at

last it was known that he had gone to reside in a half-ruined villa near Florence, which soon became the resort of a certain class of gamblers, whose habits would have speedily attracted notice if practised within the city. The quarrels and altercations, so inseparable from high play, were usually settled on the spot in which they occurred, until at last the Villa became famous for these meetings, and the name of Fossombroni, in a discussion, was the watchword for a duel.

It was of a splendid spring morning that the two Englishmen arrived at this spot—which, even on the unpleasant errand that they had come, struck them with surprise and admiration. The Villa itself was one of



those vast structures which the country about Florence abounds in. Gloomy, stern, and gaol-like without; while within, splendid apartments open into each other, in what seems an endless succession. Frescoed walls, and gorgeously ornamented ceilings, gilded mouldings, and rich tracery are on every side, and these, too, in chambers where the immense proportions and the vast space recall the idea of a royal residence. Passing in by a dilapidated grille which once had been richly gilded, they entered by a flight of steps a great hall which ran the entire length of the building. Though lighted by a double range of windows, neglect and dirt had so dimmed the panes, that the place was almost in deep shadow. Still they could perceive that the vaulted roof was a mass of stuccoed tracery, and that the colossal divisions of the walls were of brilliant Tierna marble. At one end of this great gallery was a small chapel, now partly despoiled of its religious decorations, which were most irreverently replaced by a variety of swords and sabres of every possible size and shape, and several pairs of pistols, arranged with an evident eye to picturesque grouping.

"What are all these inscriptions here on the walls, Baynton?" cried Selby, as he stood endeavouring to decypher the lines on a little marble slab, a number of which were dotted over the chapel.

"Strange enough this, by Jove," muttered the other, reading to himself, half aloud—"Francisco Ricordi, ucciso da Gieronimo Gazzi, 29 Settembre, 1828."

"What does that mean?" asked Selby.

"It is to commemorate some fellow who was killed here in '28."

"Are they all in the same vein?" asked the other.

"It would seem so." Here's one: '*gravamente ferito*,' badly wounded, with a postscript that he died the same night."

"What's this large one here, in black marble?" inquired Selby.

"To the memory of Carlo Luigi Guiccidrini, '*detto il Carnefice*,' called the slaughterer: cut down to the forehead by Pietro Baldasseroni, on the night of July 8th, 1829."

"I confess any other kind of literature would amuse me as well," said

Selby, turning back again into the large hall. Baynton had scarcely joined him when they saw, advancing towards them through the gloom, a short, thick-set man, dressed in much-worn dressing-gown and slippers. He removed his skull-cap as he approached, and said—"The Count Tasseroni, at your orders."

"We have come here by appointment," said Baynton.

"Yes, yes. I know it all. Volkofsky sent me word. He was here on Saturday. He gave that French colonel a sharp lesson. Ran the sword clean through the chest. To be sure he was wounded too, but only through the arm; but '*La Marque*' has got his passport."

"You'll have him up there soon, then," said Baynton, pointing towards the chapel.

"I think not. We have not done it latterly," said the Count, musingly. "The authorities don't seem to like it; and, of course, we respect the authorities!"

"That's quite evident," said Baynton, who turned to translate the observation to his friend.

Selby whispered a word in his ear.

"What does the signore say?" inquired the Count.

"My friend thinks that they are behind the time."

"Per Baccho! Let him be easy as to that. I have known some to think that the Russian came too soon. I never heard of one who wished him earlier! There they are now: they always come by the garden;" and so saying, he hastened off to receive them.

"How is this fellow to handle a sword, if his right arm be wounded?" said Selby.

"Don't you know that these Russians use the left hand indifferently with the right, in all exercises? It may be awkward for you; but, depend upon it, he'll not be inconvenienced in the least."

As he spoke, the others entered the other end of the hall. The Prince no sooner saw the Englishmen, than he advanced towards them with his hat off. "My Lord," said he rapidly, "I have come to make you an apology, and one which I trust you will accept in all the frankness that I offer it. I have learned from your

friend, the Duc de Bregnoles, how the incident of yesterday occurred. I see that the only fault committed was my own. Will you pardon, then, a momentary word of ill-temper, occasioned by what I wrongfully believed a great injury?"

"Of course, I knew it was all a mistake on your part. I told Colonel Baynton here, you'd see so yourself—when it was too late, perhaps."

"I thank you sincerely," said the Russian, bowing; "your readiness to accord me this satisfaction makes your forgiveness more precious to me; and now, as another favour, will you permit me to ask you one question?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Why, when you could have so easily explained this misconception on my part, did you not take the trouble of doing so?"

Selby looked confused, blushed, looked awkwardly from side to side, and then, with a glance towards his friend, seemed to say, "Will you try and answer him?"

"I think you have hit it yourself, Prince," said Baynton. "It was the trouble—the bore of an explanation, deterred him. He hates writing, and he thought there would be a shower of notes to be replied to, meetings, discussions, and what not; and so he said, 'Let him have his shot, and have done with it.'"

The Russian looked from one to the other, as he listened, and seemed really as if not quite sure whether this speech was uttered in seriousness or sarcasm. The calm, phlegmatic faces of the Englishmen—the almost apathetic expression they wore—soon convinced him that the words were truthfully spoken; and he stood actually confounded with amazement before them.

Lord Selby and his friend freely accepted the polite invitation of the Prince to breakfast, and they all adjourned to a small, but splendidly decorated room, where everything was already awaiting them. There are few incidents in life which so much predispose to rapid intimacy as the case of an averted duel. The revulsion from animosity is almost certain to lead to, if not actual friendship, what may easily become so. In the present instance, the very diversities of national character gave a zest and enjoyment to the meeting; and while

the Englishmen were charmed by the fascination of manners and conversational readiness of their hosts, the Russians were equally struck with a cool imperturbability and impassiveness, of which they had never seen the equal.

By degrees the Russian led the conversation to the question by which their misunderstanding originated. "You know my Lord Glencore, perhaps?" said he.

"Never saw—scarcely ever heard of him," said Selby, in his dry, laconic tone.

"Is he mad or a fool?" asked the Prince, half angrily.

"I served in a regiment once where he commanded a troop," said Baynton; "and they always said he was a good sort of fellow."

"You read that paragraph this morning, I conclude?" said the Russian. "You saw how he dares to stigmatize the honor of his wife—to degrade her to the rank of a mistress—and, at the same time, to bastardize the son who ought to inherit his rank and title?"

"I read it," said Selby, drily; "and I had a letter from my lawyer about it this morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed he, anxious to hear more, and yet too delicate to venture on a question.

"Yes; he writes to me for some title deeds or other. I didn't pay much attention, exactly, to what he says. Glencore's man of business had addressed a letter to him."

The Russian bowed, and waited for him to resume; but, apparently, he had rather fatigued himself by such unusual loquacity, and so he lay back in his chair, and puffed his cigar in indolent enjoyment.

"A goodish sort of thing for you it ought to be," said Baynton, between the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, and with a look towards Selby.

"I suspect it may," said the other, without the slightest change of tone or demeanour.

"Where is it—somewhere in the south?"

"Mostly Devon. There's something in Wales, too, if I remember aright."

"Nothing Irish?"

"No, thank Heaven—nothing Irish"—and his grim lordship made the nearest advance to a smile of

which his unplastic features seemed capable.

"Do I understand you aright, my lord," said the Prince; "that you receive an accession of fortune by this event?"

"I shall; if I survive Glencore," was the brief reply.

"You are related, then?"

"Some cousinship—I forget how it is. Do you remember, Baynton?"

"I'm not quite certain. I think it was a Coventry married one of Jack Conway's sisters, and she afterwards became the wife of Sir Something Massy. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, that's it," muttered the other, in the tone of a man who was tired of a knotty problem.

"And, according to your laws, this Lord Glencore may marry again?" cried the Russian.

"I should think so, if he has no wife living," said Selby; "but, I trust, for my sake, he'll not."

"And what if he should, and should be discovered the wedded husband of another?"

"That would be bigamy," said Selby. "Would they hang him, Baynton?"

"I think not—scarcely," rejoined the Colonel.

The Prince tried in various ways to obtain some insight into Lord Glencore's habits, his tastes, and mode of life, but all in vain. They knew, indeed, very little, but even that little they were too indolent to repeat. Lord Selby's memory was often at fault, too, and Baynton's had ill supplied the deficiency. Again and again did the Russian mutter curses to himself, over the impassive apathy of these stony islanders. At moments he fancied that they suspected his eagerness, and had assumed their most guarded caution against him; but he soon perceived that this manner was natural to them, not prompted in the slightest degree by any distrust whatever.

After all, thought the Russian, how can I hope to stimulate a man who is not excited by his own increase of fortune? Talk of Turkish fatalism—these fellows would shame the Moslem.

"Do you mean to prolong your stay at Florence, my lord?" asked the Prince, as they arose from table.

"I scarcely know. What do you say, Baynton?"

"A week or so, I fancy," muttered the other.

"And then on to Rome, perhaps?"

The two Englishmen looked at each other with an air of as much confusion as if subjected to a searching examination in science.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," said Selby at last, with a sigh.

"Yes, it may come to that," said Baynton, like a man who had just overcome a difficulty.

"You'll be in time for the Holy week and all the ceremonies," said the Prince.

"Mind that, Baynton," said his lordship, who wasn't going to carry what he felt to be another man's load; and Baynton nodded acquiescence.

"And after that comes the season for Naples—you have a month or six weeks, perhaps, of such weather as nothing in all Europe can vie with."

"You hear, Baynton?" said Selby.

"I've booked it," muttered the other, and so they took leave of their entertainer, and set out towards Florence. Neither you nor I, dear reader, will gain anything by keeping them company, for they say scarce a word by the way. They stop at intervals, and cast their eyes over the glorious landscape at their feet. Their glances are thrown over the fairest scene of the fairest of all lands; and whether they turn towards the snow-capt Apennines, by Vall'ombrosa, or trace the sunny vineyards along the Val d'Arno, they behold a picture such as no canvass ever imitated; still they are mute and uncommunicative. Whatever of pleasure their thoughts suggest, each keeps for himself. Objects of wonder, strange sights and new, may present themselves, but they are not to be startled out of national dignity by so ignoble a sentiment as surprise. And so they jog onward—doubtless richer in reflection than eloquent in communion—and so we leave them.

Let us not be deemed unjust or ungenerous, if we assert that we have met many such as these. They are not individuals—they are a class—and, strange enough too, a class which almost invariably pertains to a high and distinguished rank in society. It would be presumptuous to ascribe such demeanour to insensibility. There is enough in their

general conduct to disprove the assumption. As little is it affectation; it is simply an acquired habit of stoical indifference, supposed to be—why, Heaven knows!—the essential ingredient of the best breeding. If the practice extinguish all emotion and

obliterate all trace of feeling from the heart, we deplore the system. If it only gloss over the working of human sympathy, we pity the men. At all events, they are very uninteresting company, with whom longer dalliance would only be wearisome.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SOME TRAITS OF LIFE.

It was the night Lady Glencore received; and, as usual, the street was crowded with equipages, which somehow seemed to have got into inextricable confusion—some endeavouring to turn back, while others pressed forward—and the court of the palace being closely packed with carriages which the thronged street held in fast blockade. As the apartments which faced the street were not ever used for these receptions, the dark unlighted windows suggested no remark; but they who had entered the courtyard were struck by the gloomy aspect of the vast building; not only that the entrance and the stairs were in darkness, but the whole suite of rooms, usually brilliant as the day, were now in deep gloom. From every carriage-window, heads were protruded wondering at this strange spectacle, and eager inquiries pressed on every side for an explanation. The expression of sudden illness was rapidly disseminated but as rapidly contradicted, and the reply given by the porter to all demands quickly repeated from mouth to mouth, "Her ladyship will not receive."

"Can no one explain this mystery?" cried the old Princess Borinsky—as, heavy with fat and diamonds, she hung out of her carriage-window—"Oh, there's Major Scarsby; he is certain to know, if it be anything malicious."

Scarsby was, however, too busy in recounting his news to others to perceive the signals the old Princess held out; and it was only as her chasseur, six feet three of green and gold, bent down to give her highness's message, that the Major hurried off, in all the importance of a momentary scandal, to the side of the carriage.

"Here I am, all impudence. What is it, Scarsby?—tell me, quickly," cried she.

"A smash, my dear Princess—nothing more or less," said he, in a voice which nature seemed to have invented to utter impertinence; so harsh and grating, and yet so painfully distinct in all its accents—"as complete a smash as ever I heard of."

"You can't mean that her fortune is in peril?"

"I suppose that must suffer also. It is her character—her station as one of us—that's shipwrecked here."

"Go on, go on," cried she, impatiently—"I wish to hear it all."

"All is very briefly related, then," said he. "The charming Countess, you remember, ran away with a countryman of mine, young Glencore, of the 8th Hussars; I used to know his father intimately."

"Never mind his father."

"That's exactly what Glencore did. He came over here and fell in love with the girl, and they ran off together, but they forgot to get married, Princess. Ha—ha—ha—" and he laughed with a cackle a demon could not have rivalled.

"I don't believe a word of it—I'll never believe it," cried the Princess.

"That's exactly what I was recommending to the Marquessa Guesteni. I said, you needn't believe it. Why, how do we go anywhere, now-a-days, except by not believing the evil stories that are told of our entertainers."

"Yes, yes; but I repeat that this is an infamous calumny. She, a Countess, of a family second to none in all Italy; her father a Grand d'Espagne. I'll go to her this moment."

"She'll not see you. She has just refused to see La Genosi," said the Major, tartly. "Though, if a cracked reputation might have afforded any sympathy, she might have a'mitted her."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the Princess, sorrowfully.

"Just what you suggested a few moments ago. Don't believe it. Hang me, but good houses and good cooks are growing too scarce to make one credulous of the ills than can be said of the owners."

"I wish I knew what course to take," muttered the Princess.

"I'll tell you then. Get half a dozen of your own set together to-morrow morning, vote the whole story an atrocious falsehood, and go in a body and tell the Countess your mind. You know as well as I, Princess, that social credit is as great a bubble as commercial; we should all of us be bankrupts if our books were seen. Aye, by Jove, and the similitude goes further, too—for when one old established house smashes, there is generally a crash in the whole community; ha, ha, ha!"

While they thus talked, a knot had gathered around the carriage, all eager to hear what opinion the Princess had formed on the catastrophe.

Various were the sentiments expressed by the different speakers—some sorrowfully deploring the disaster; others more eagerly inveighing against the infamy of the man who had proclaimed it. Many declared that they had come to the determination to discredit the story. Not one, however, sincerely professed that he disbelieved it.

Can it be, as the French moralist asserts, that we have a latent sense of satisfaction in the misfortunes of even our best friends; or is it, as we rather suspect, that true friendship is a rarer thing than is commonly believed, and has little to do with those conventional intimacies which so often bear its name?

Assuredly, of all this well-bred, well-dressed, and well-born company, now thronging the court-yard of the palace and the street in front of it, the tone was as much sarcasm as sorrow, and many a witty epigram and smart speech were launched over a disaster which might have been spared such levity. At length the space began to thin. Slowly carriage after carriage drove off—the heaviest grief of their occupants often being over a lost *soirée*—an unprofitable occasion to display toilette and jewels—while a few, more reflective, discussed what

course was to be followed in future, and what recognition extended to the victim.

The next day Florence sat in committee over the lost Countess. Witnesses were heard and evidence taken as to her case. They all agreed it was a great hardship—a terrible infliction—but still, if true, what could be done?

Never was there a society less ungenerously prudish, and yet there were cases—this, one of them—which transgressed all conventional rule. Like a crime which no statute had ever contemplated, it stood out self-accused and self-condemned. A few might, perhaps, have been merciful, but they were overborne by numbers. Lady Glencore's beauty and her vast fortune were now counts in the indictment against her, and many a jealous rival was not sorry at this hour of humiliation. The despotism of beauty is not a very mild sway after all, and, perhaps, the Countess had exercised her rule right royally. At all events, it was the young and the good-looking who voted her exclusion, and only those who could not enter into competition with her charms who took the charitable side. They discussed and debated the question all day, but while they hesitated over the reprieve, the prisoner was beyond the law. The gate of the palace, locked and barred all day, refused entrance to every one; at night it opened to admit the exit of a travelling carriage. The next morning large bills of sale, posted over the walls, declared that all the furniture and decorations were to be sold.

The Countess had left Florence—none knew whither.

"I must really have those large Sevres jars," said one; "and I the small park phaeton," cried another.

"I hope she has not taken Horace with her; he was the best cook in Italy. Splendid hock she had, and I wonder is there much of it left."

"I wish we were certain of another bad reputation to replace her," grunted out Scarsby; "they are the only kind of people who give good dinners, and never ask for returns."

And thus these dear friends—guests of a hundred brilliant *fêtes*—discussed the fall of her they once had worshipped.

It may seem small-minded and

narrow to stigmatize such conduct as this. Some may say that for the ordinary courtesies of society no pledges of friendship are required, no real gratitude incurred. Be it so. Still the revulsion from habits of deference and respect to disparagement, and even sarcasm, is a sorry evidence of human kindness; and the threshold, over which for years we had only passed as guests, might well suggest sadder thoughts as we tread it to behold desolation.

The fair Countess had been the celebrity of that city for many a day. The stranger of distinction sought her as much a matter of course as he sought presentation to the sovereign. Her salons had the double eminence of brilliancy in rank and brilliancy in wit; her entertainments were cited as models of elegance and refinement, and now she was gone! The extreme of regret that followed her was the sorrow of those who were to dine there no more; the grief of him who thought he shall never have a house like it.

The respectable vagabonds of society are a large family, much larger than is usually supposed. They are often well born, almost always well mannered, invariably well dressed. They do not, at first blush, appear to discharge any very great or necessary function in life, but we must by no means from that infer their inutility. Naturalists tell us that several varieties of insect existence we rashly set down as mere annoyances, have their peculiar spheres of usefulness and good; and, doubtless, these same loungers contribute in some mysterious manner to the welfare of that state which they only seem to burden. We are told that but for flies, for instance, we should be infested with myriads of winged tormentors, insinuating themselves into our meat and drink, and rendering life miserable. Is there not something very similar performed by the respectable class I allude to? Are they not invariably devouring and destroying some vermin a little smaller than themselves, and making thus a healthier atmosphere for their betters? If good society only knew the debt it owes to these defenders of its pri-

vileges, a Vagabond's Home and Aged Asylum would speedily figure amongst our national charities.

We have been led to these thoughts by observing how distinctly different was Major Scaresby's tone in talking of the Countess, when he addressed his betters or spoke in his own class. To the former he gave vent to all his sarcasm and bitterness; they liked it just because they wouldn't condescend to it themselves. To his own he put on the bullying air of one who said, "How should you possibly know what vices such great people have, any more than you know what they have for dinner? I live amongst them—I understand them—I am aware that what would be very shocking in *you* is quite permissible to *them*. *They* know how to be wicked—you only know how to be gross;" and thus Scaresby talked, and sneered, and scoffed, making such a hash of good and evil, such a Maelstrom of right and wrong, that it were a subtle moralist who could have extracted one solitary scrap of uncontaminated meaning from all his muddy lucubrations.

He, however, effected this much: he kept the memory of her who had gone, alive by daily calumnies. He embalmed her in poisons, each morning appearing with some new trait of her extravagance—her losses in her caprice—'till the world, grown sick of himself and his theme, vowed they would hear no more of either, and so she was forgotten.

Aye, good reader, utterly forgotten! The gay world, for so it likes to be called, has no greater element of enjoyment amongst all its high gifts than its precious power of forgetting. It forgets not only all it owes to others—gratitude, honor, and esteem—but even the closer obligations it has contracted with itself. The Palazzo della Torre was for a fortnight the resort of the curious and the idle. At the sale crowds appeared to secure some object of especial value to each; and then the gates were locked, the shutters closed, and a large, ill-written notice on the door announced that any letters for the proprietor were to be addressed to "Pietro Arretini, Via del Sole."

MRS. BEHN.

Few Englishwomen, who have devoted themselves to literature as a vocation, have achieved a greater success than did Mrs. Behn in her day. She gained a liberal share of the applause of the wits of her age, and a yet larger share of their attention; she wrote poems that were allowed to be good; she was the authoress of plays which the town flocked to see acted; Charles the Second was fascinated by her powers of conversation and her beauty; Dryden complimented her on her powers of versification; and she wrote novels which every one read, and continued to read for generations after her death, and one (at least) of which was translated into the French language, and published at Amsterdam, when she had been in the grave more than half a century. And yet, we doubt not, many of our readers have never heard her name till now.

Aphra, Aphara, Apharra, or Afra (for the name is to be found spelt in all four ways) Behn was a daughter of a gentleman of good family. Her maiden name was Johnson, and Canterbury has the honor of being her birth-place—but the year of her birth is unknown. The various biographers, who have briefly sketched her life, concur in placing her birth at the close of the reign of Charles the First; it certainly was not earlier.

Her father was a friend of Francis, fourth Lord Willoughby, of Parham, county of Suffolk, to which nobleman, in conjunction with Laurence Hyde, second son of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Charles the Second gave (with the liberality that characterized European monarchs of those days) the colony of Surinam. The interest of Lord Willoughby secured the post of Lieutenant-General of Surinam and thirty-six West Indian isles for his friend Johnson, who immediately quitted England for the new world, taking with him his wife and children. Aphara was then quite a child—too young, her female biographer and friend assures us, to have known the passion of love. But her rare beauty had, even in those tender years, gained her many passionate admirers, and her quickness of intel-

lect was the wonder and amusement of all her acquaintance.

The lieutenant-general was fated not to reap any of the advantages of his newly-acquired appointment. He died on board ship, during his passage to America. His patron, also, was doomed to find his death at sea, but in a more calamitous manner. Francis, Lord Willoughby, was lost in a violent hurricane, which destroyed eleven ships, in the year 1666. Pepys mentions this catastrophe, in a letter to Lord Brouncker, with official brevity and coolness. "But perhaps our ill, but confirmed, tidings from the Barbadoes may not have reached you yet, it coming but yesterday; viz, that about eleven ships, whereof two of the king's, the *Hope* and *Coventry*, going thence with men to attack St. Christopher's, were seized by a violent hurricane and all sunk—two only of the thirteen escaping, and those with the loss of masts, &c. My Lord Willoughby himself is involved in the disaster, and I think two ships thrown upon an island of the French, and so all the men, to 500, became their prisoners."

When Aphara, with her widowed mother, and her brothers and sisters, gained the *terra firma* of Surinam, they took possession of a house that appears to have stood somewhere on the Parham estate, and which was placed at their disposal. The scene was novel, and had plenty to interest them. "As soon as I came into the country the best house in it was presented to me, called St. John's Hill." Aphara afterwards wrote in her novel of *Oroonoko*—"It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little waves, still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurs and purlings in the world; and the opposite bank was adorned with such vast quantities of different flowers eternally blowing, and every day and hour new, fenced behind 'em with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that sands can create. On the edge of this

white rock, towards the river, was a walk or grove of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the mall here, whose flowery fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce there, from entering a beam into the grove; and the cool air that came from the river made it not only fit to entertain people in, at all the hottest hours of the day, but refreshed the sweet blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming; and, sure, the whole globe of the world cannot show so delightful a place as this grove was; not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade to outvie this, which Nature had joined with art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast trees, as big as English oaks, can take footing in so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock. But all things by nature there are delightful and wonderful."

In another place, in the same novel, she writes of the country—"Though in a word I must say thus much of it; that certainly had his late Majesty of sacred memory but seen and known what a vast and charming world he had been master of in that continent, he would never have parted so easily with it to the Dutch. 'Tis a continent whose vast extent was never yet known, and may contain more noble earth than all the universe besides; for, they say, it reaches from the east to the west one way as far as China, and another to Peru. It affords all things both for beauty and use; 'tis there eternal spring, always the very months of April, May, and June; the shades are perpetual, the trees bearing at once all degrees of leaves and fruit, from blooming buds to ripe autumn; groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics, continually bearing their fragrances. The trees appearing all like nosegays adorned with flowers of different kinds, some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow; bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value above common timber; for they are, when cut, of different colours, glorious to behold, and bear a price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides

this, they yield rich balm and gums; so that we make our candles of such a rich aromattick substance, as does not only give a sufficient light, but, as they burn, they cast their fumes all about. Cedar is the common firing, and all the houses are built with it. The very meat we eat, when set on the table, if it be native, I mean of the country, perfumes the whole room; especially a little beast called an armadilly, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a rhinoceros; 'tis all in white armour, so jointed, that it moves as well in it as if it had nothing on; this beast is about the bigness of a pig of six weeks old." The reader will admit that Aphara knew well how to place the wonders of her travels before the gaping Londoners!

The young girl, while she was in America, had very delicate health, and was subject to fits of melancholy and sudden fainting. But indisposition did not restrain her from exerting herself in a manner that would astonish young ladies of the present day. She joined in the fierce sport of tiger hunting; and made expeditions far up the country, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the native tribes. On one occasion she was introduced to the war-captains of a tribe, whose appearance struck her. "For my part, I took 'em for hobgoblins and fiends, rather than men; but however their shapes appeared, their souls were very humane and noble; but some wanted their noses, some their lips, some their ears, and others cut through each cheek with long slashes, through which their teeth appeared; they had several other formidable wounds and scars, or rather dismemberings. Caesar was marvelling as much at their faces, wondering how they should all be so wounded in war; he was impatient to know how they came by those frightful marks of rage and malice, rather than wounds got in noble battle. They told us by our interpreter, that when any war was waging, two men, chosen out by some old captain whose fighting was past, and who could only teach the theory of war, were to stand in competition for the generalship, or great war-captain; and being brought before the old judges now past labour, they were asked, what they dare do, to show they were worthy to lead



an army. When he who is first asked, making no reply, cuts off his nose, and throws it contemptibly on the ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of lips and an eye; so they slash on till one gives out, and many have died *in this debate*." There was no routine system, it would appear, in the war-offices of that people.

The Cæsar who is mentioned in the preceding extract from *Oroonoko* was a negro slave on Lord Willoughby's estate, for whom Aphara had conceived a violent passion. He had been a powerful prince and warrior in Africa, and was known and feared as "the brave Oroonoko." Deprived of his liberty by an English slave-merchant, who was an extreme example of the villany of English slave-merchants of that period, the Prince Oroonoko was conveyed to Surinam, and there sold to Lord Willoughby's agent. The misfortunes of this poor fellow aroused the sympathies of the generous Aphara, who exerted herself to her utmost to gain his liberty, and was instrumental in bringing about his marriage with an old love, Imoinda, a beautiful captive, who had been taken from his embraces in Africa, and sent as a slave to South America, luckily to the same colony her lover was to visit in wretched servitude. The end of *Oroonoko* was heart-rending. He came into contention with the authorities of the colony, and was by them flogged once and again, roasted till he was nearly dead, and then, before life was extinct, was brutally dismembered. Aphara, luckily, did not witness her poor friend's last sufferings, but her mother and sister were present during the perpetration of the atrocity, ineffectually endeavouring to prevent the intentions of *Oroonoko's* merciless persecutors being carried into effect.

On the return of Mrs. Johnson and her children to England, Aphara made her appearance at court, and told Charles the Second the story of her adventures. She assured him that America contained snakes *three score yards long*, and I know not what else. The merry monarch was so delighted with her intelligence, and so deeply affected with the narration of *Oroonoko's* wrongs, that he requested her to pub-

lish her account for the benefit of the world. In obedience to the royal request, she wrote and in due time published "*The History of Oroonoko; or, The Royal Slave*." This is by far the best of her novels,—full of feeling and generosity, because the affections of the writer were warmly interested in the subject of her story. It had a great success—perhaps a greater for that day than Mrs. Sowe's famous "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." The world went mad on the enormities of slavery. There doubtless would have been public meetings of ladies on the question, had it then been the custom for ladies to hold parliaments on such matters. Southerne put the great novel on the stage. His tragedy, "*Oroonoko*"—which is nothing more than a dramatic version of Aphara's novel, and in some respects is not worthy of its original—was received by the play-goers with loud applause. Its author was amply rewarded, as indeed he was for nearly all his literary undertakings, for he once obtained no less a sum than £700 for a play.

A great literary authority has said that the memory of Southerne should be held sacred, because he was the first English writer who used his pen to expose the injustice and iniquity of the slave-trade. This remark, though made by a justly celebrated man, is erroneous, and does wrong to more than one author besides Aphara Behn.

To those who maintain that humanity moves in a circle, ever in action but never progressing, it may cause the delight of a cynical sneer to know that near two hundred years ago the favourite work of light literature was a "nigger novel."

Immediately Aphara returned to England, she was besieged by lovers of all degrees in rank and age. Her selection was prudent; Mr. Behn, a rich London merchant, of Dutch extraction, was the suitor so fortunate as to win her. History does not say much of this man, but it would appear that he did not live long after their marriage, for there is good reason to suppose that he died before the close of the year 1666.

In that year Aphara was employed by the king in an important service. Our conflict with the Dutch was then at a most interesting crisis, and Apha-

ra was sent abroad to act as a spy on the enemy's movements. Charles himself was the person who named her as the fittest possible agent for such a mission. She prudently fixed her head-quarters at Antwerp, and from that city sent a summons to a former admirer, whom she speaks of as Vander Albert, to hasten and gladden her with a sight of his countenance. Vander Albert was a merchant of Utrecht, of considerable reputation and influence in Holland—so much so, that important state secrets were confided to his keeping. Aphara's invitation was not despised; her old admirer (a handsome fellow, thirty-two years of age), quickly appeared before her, was wrought into an ecstasy of bliss by hearing her hint she would one day marry him if he only gave satisfactory proofs of his love, and without much parleying agreed to play his country false, and to communicate to his mistress the plans of De Witt and De Ruyter. He kept his word, and before long apprised Aphara that an expedition was in contemplation to sail up the Thames and destroy the English shipping. Quickly was this news conveyed to London; but the ministers were incredulous; and Aphara's note was only laughed at, and shown with expressions of derision to some who especially ought not to have seen it. Those clever statesmen! Had they only paid proper attention to a woman's words, the nation might have been saved the humiliation which was consummated 'while Charles was feasting with the ladies of his seraglio, and was amusing himself with hunting a moth about the supper-room.' Had they only acted with common prudence, Rochester might never have had occasion to write:—

'Mists, storms, short victuals, adverse winds,  
And once the navies' wise Division,  
Defeated Charles his best Designs,  
Till he became his Foes' Derision.  
But he had swinged the Dutch at Chattam,  
Had he had ships but to come at 'em.

Not meeting with the respect due to her from the government at home, Aphara no longer troubled herself about political affairs, but during the remainder of her stay at Antwerp devoted herself to the pleasures of society. The beautiful Englishwoman, mirthful (sometimes boisterously so),

with quick wit, rich and free with her money, a poetess and a travelled personage, soon became the rage of the place. Lovers flocked round her by scores, and good fun she made of the whole of them. One old gentleman, a rich merchant, fat, short-winded, unwieldy and pompous—a caricature of Dutch awkwardness and absurdity—a friend of Vander Albert, implored her to marry him. The letter in which he made this offer is worth the trouble of perusal. The magnificence of thought and diction displayed in this effusion must be accounted for by the fact, that the writer was impressed with the belief that so great a genius as Mrs. Behn would not be gratified by any ordinary epistle.

"Most Transcendent Charming,

"I have strove often to tell you the tempest of my heart, and with my own mouth scale the walls of your affections; but terrified with the strength of your fortifications, I concluded to make more regular approaches, and first attack you at a farther distance, and try first what a bombardment of letters would do; whether these carcasses of love, thrown into the sconces of your eyes, would break into the midst of your breast, beat down the court of guard of your aversion, and blow up the magazine of your cruelty, that you might be brought to a capitulation and yield upon reasonable terms. Believe me, I love thee more than money; for indeed thou art more beautiful than the ore of Guinea. \* \* \* Oh! thou art beautiful in every part, as a goodly ship under sail from the Indies; thy hair is like her flowing pennons as she enters the harbour, and thy forehead bold and fair as her prow; thy eyes are bright and terrible as her guns; thy nose like a rudder that steers my desires; thy mouth like a well-wrought mortar whence the granadoes of thy tongue are shot into the gun-room of my heart and shatter it to pieces; thy teeth are the grappling-irons that fasten me to my ruin, and of which I would wish to get clear in vain; thy neck is curious and small like the very top-mast head, beneath which thy lovely bosom swells itself like the main-sail before the wind. \*

\* \* \* Oh that I could once see thy keel above water! And is it not a pity that so spruce a ship should be unmanned, should lie in the harbour for want of her crew? Ah! let me be the pilot to steer her by the Cape of Good Hope for the Indies of Love. But oh! fair Englishwoman! thou art a fire-ship gilded and sumptuous without, and driven before the wind to set me on fire; for thy eyes indeed are, like that, destructive, though like brandy bewitching; alas! they have grappled my heart, my fore-castle's on fire,

my upper decks are consumed, and nothing but the water of despair keeps the very hulk from combustion; so you have left it only in my choice to drown or burn. Oh! for pity's sake take some pity, for thy compassion is more desirable than a strong gale, when we have got to the windward of a Sally-man; your eyes, I say again and again, like a chain-shot, have brought down the main-mast of my resolution by the board, cut all the rigging of my discretion and interest, blown up the powder-room of my affections, and shattered all the hulk of my bosom; so that without the planks of your pity, I must inevitably sink to the bottom. This is the deplorable condition, transcendent beauty! of your undone vassal,

"VAN BAUX."

Positively Aphara *did not capitulate!* She never married again. One rich merchant had given her enough of matrimony.

On quitting Antwerp, Aphara went to Ostend, and from that place she proceeded to Dunkirk where she took ship for England. One of her fellow-passengers was Sir Bernard Gascoign. "Sir Bernard had brought with him from Italy several admirable telescopes and prospective glasses; and looking through one of them, when the day was very calm and clear, espied a strange apparition floating on the water, was also seen by all in their turn that looked through it; which made them conclude that they were painted glasses that were put at the ends, on purpose to surprise and amaze them that looked through 'em; till after having taken 'em out, rubb'd and put 'em in again, they found the same thing floating toward the ship, and which was now come so near as to be within view without a glass. \* \* \* The figure was this, a four-square floor of various coloured marble, from which ascended rows of fluted and twisted pillars, embossed round with climbing vines and flowers, and waving streamers, that received an easy motion in the air; upon the pillars a hundred little cupids clambered with fluttering wings. This strange pageant came almost near enough for one to step out of the ship into it before it vanished; after which, and a short calm, followed so violent a storm, that having driven the ship upon the coasts, she split in sight of land; but the people, by the help of the inhabitants and boats from shore, were all saved; and our *Astrea* arrived safe, though tired,

to London from a voyage that gained her more reputation than profit." The marvel of the "great sea-serpent" sinks into insignificance when compared with this "strange apparition."

Perhaps the reader wonders what may be the meaning of *Astrea* in the above passage. It was Aphara Behn's *nom de plume*. It was then much more the fashion, even than now, for ladies stepping out of the usual path and becoming authors or wits to shroud themselves under an assumed name. Orinda, Rosania, Leucasia, Ardelia, and scores of like elegant appellations, including the ever famous Stella and Vanessa, are as familiar to our ears as Currer Bell.

With the exception of the Duchess of Newcastle, England had never seen so voluminous a female writer as *Astrea*;—a great lyric Tom-Moorish sort of poem called "a voyage to the Island of Love," and innumerable smaller effusions of a like kind, congratulatory odes to royal personages on the birth or anticipated birth of babies, novels, some taken straight from the French without a profession of alteration, and some the productions of Scarron and other French writers of that date served up with slightly different and perchance stronger spices, and plays which are best described by saying that the age liked them, constitute the works on which she confidently rested her claim to the applause of posterity.

Her "Pindarick Ode on the Death of our late Majesty," i. e. Charles II. ought no longer to remain in oblivion. She compares his late Majesty to Moses, and James II. to Joshua. On his death-bed Charles

"Blest his stars that in an age so vain,  
Where jealous mischiefs, frauds, rebellious  
    reign,  
Like Moses, he had led the murmuring crowd,  
Beneath the peaceful rule of his almighty  
    wand;  
Pulled down the golden calf to which they  
    bowed,  
And left 'em safe, entering the promised land:  
And to good Joshua now resigns his sway.  
Joshua, by heaven and nature pointed out to  
    lead the way.

And now the fatal hour came on,  
And all the blessed pow'rs above,  
In haste to make him all their own,  
Around the royal bed in shining order move.

Once more he longs to see the breaking day,  
The lust his mortal eyes shall ere behold,  
And oft he asked if no kind ray  
Its near approach foretold.

And when he found 'twas dawning in,  
(With the cold tide of death that flowed all  
o'er)

"Draw, draw," said he, "this cloud that  
hangs between,

"And let me take my last adieu ;

"Ah, let me take my last, last view,

"For I shall never, never see it more."

And now—

Officious angels catch his dying sighs,  
And bear 'em up in triumph to the skies,  
Each forms a soul! of the Divinest dress!  
For new-born kings and heroes to possess.  
The last that from the sacred Fabrick flew  
Made Charles a god! and James a monarch  
too!"

Her "Congratulatory Poem to her  
most sacred Majesty on the universal  
hopes of all loyal persons for a Prince  
of Wales"—that is, to James the  
Second's queen, is not less good :—

Like the first sacred infant, this will come,  
With promise laden from the blessed womb,  
To call the wand'ring, scattered nations home.  
Adoring princes shall arise from far,  
Inform'd by angels, guided by his star,  
The new-born wonder to behold, and greet ;  
And kings shall offer incense at his feet.

The poem concludes with this address to James—whilom Joshua :—

"Behold with joy three prostrate nations come ;  
Albion, Hibernia, and old Caledon  
Now join their int'rests, and no more dispute,  
With sawcy murmurs, who is absolute ;—  
Since from the wonders of your life 'tis  
plain,  
*You will, you shall, and must for ever reign.*

And this was written in 1688!!!  
The reader perhaps thinks this  
poetry pitiful and impious trash.  
Our ancestors thought it superior to  
anything Milton had written!

As a poetess, Astrea was most  
felicitous in ballad-writing. To collectors of ballads her sheets in grim  
black-letter are well known. The  
following may honestly be praised.

#### SCOTS SONG.

When Jemmy first began to love,  
He was the gayest swain  
That ever yet a flock had drove,  
Or danced upon the plain.

'Twas then that I, weys me poor heart,  
My freedom threw away ;  
And finding sweets in every smart,  
I cou'd not say him nay.

And ever when he talked of love  
He wou'd his eyes decline ;  
And every sigh a heart wou'd move,  
Good faith, and why not mine ?  
He'd press my hand and kiss it oft,  
In silence speak his name,  
And whilst he treated me thus soft,  
I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flocks with him  
My Jemmy wou'd invite me ;  
Where he the gayest songs wou'd sing  
On purpose to delight me.  
And Jemmy every grace display'd,  
Which were enough I trow  
To conquer any princely maid,  
So did he me I vow.

But now for Jemmy must I mourn,  
Who to the wars must go ;  
His sheep-hook to a sword must turn ;  
Alack, what shall I do ?  
His bag-pipe into warlike sounds  
Must now exchanged be ;  
Instead of bracelets, fearful wounds ;  
Then what becomes of me ?

Against Astrea's novels the charge  
of immorality has been brought, and  
it is difficult or rather impossible to  
rebut it. The only defence that can  
be made for them, is to be found in  
the fact that they did not run against  
the taste of the times in which they  
were written. Indeed, when compared  
with the indecencies of the  
Italian, Spanish and French novels  
which were the models of Mrs. Behn's  
productions, the most objectionable  
passages in the memoirs of the "Court  
of King Bantam," and "Oroonoko"  
are very trivial offences. Steele passed  
sentence on her as one 'who understood  
the practick part of love  
better than the speculative.' Still her  
fictions so little shocked the feelings  
of our ancestors, that every young  
lady of fashion who could read read  
them, and the French editor of  
"Agnes De Castro" said it was constructed  
so as to present "le vice sous  
les traits les plus odieux, et à faire  
respecter la vertu." But it cannot be  
denied that no man of common respectability  
would in our days permit  
these works to lie on the table of his  
drawing-room. Their very faults,  
however, become valuable historical  
features. Sir Walter Scott in a note

to his Life of Swift says, "The editor was acquainted with an old lady of family, who assured him that, in her younger days, Mrs. Behn's novels were as currently upon the toilette as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humour her own surprise when, the book falling into her hands after a long interval of years, and when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it impossible to endure at the age of fourscore, what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety." Some may ask whether this faculty of detecting impurity where formerly none had been discernible proves an increase in refinement of taste? Few will hesitate as to an answer.

As a sample of what the court of Charles II. regarded as remarkably agreeable reading, a portion of "The Unfortunate Happy Lady—*A True History*" will amuse.

The "Unfortunate Happy Lady" is a young lady called Philadelphia Wilding, of extraordinary beauty and goodness, who has a rogue of a brother, William Wilding. This man plots his sister's destruction so that he may not have to pay her portion of the patrimonial estate. Gracelove (a heroic young Turkey merchant) frees the lady from a most critical position, the nature of which modern taste would not detail, and takes her to the house of his uncle Counsellor Fairlaw in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We shall now give the words of "The True History."

"At these words, they went down, where a coach was called; which carry'd 'em to Counsellor Fairlaw's house, in Great Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, whom they found accidentally at home; but his lady and daughter were just gone to chapel, being then turned of five. Gracelove began his apology to the good Counsellor, who was his relation, for bringing a strange lady thither, with a design to place her in his family: But, sir, continued he, if you knew her sorrowful story, you would be as ambitious of entertaining her, as I am earnest to entreat it of you. A very beautiful lady 'tis (returned the Counsellor), and very modest, I believe. That I can witness (reply'd t'other). Alas, sir, (said the fair unfortunate) I have nothing but my modesty and honest education to recommend me to your regard. I am wronged and forsaken by my dearest relation; and then she wept extravagantly: That gentleman can give you

an account of my misfortunes, if he please, with greater ease and less trouble than myself. Not with less trouble, believe me, Madam, (returned Gracelove); and then began to inform Fairlaw in every point of her unhappy circumstances. The good old gentleman heard 'em with amazement and horror; but told her, however, that she need not despond, for he would take care to right her against her brother; and that in the meantime she should be as welcome to him as any of his nearest kindred, except his wife and daughter. Philadelphia would have knelt to thank him; but he told her that humble posture was due to none but Heaven, and the King sometimes. In a little while after, the Lady Fairlaw and her daughter came home, who were surprised at the sight of a stranger, but more at her beauty, and most of all at her story, which the good old gentleman himself could not forbear relating to 'em: Which ended, the mother and daughter both kindly and tenderly embraced her, promising her all the assistance within their power, and bid her a thousand welcomes. Gracelove stay'd there till after supper, and left her extremely satisfied with her new station. 'Twas here she fix'd then; and her deportment was so obliging, that they would not part with her for any consideration. About three days after her coming from that bad woman's house, Gracelove took a constable and some other assistants, and went to Beldam's to demand the trunk, and what was in it, which at first her reverence deny'd to return, 'till Mr. Constable produc'd the emblem of his authority, upon which it was delivered, without so much as reminding Gracelove of his bargain; who then pretended that he would search the house for Sir William Wilding; but her graceless reverence swore most devoutly that he had never been there, and she had neither seen nor heard from him since the day he left Philadelphia with her. With these things and this account, he returned to Counsellor Fairlaw's, who desir'd Gracelove, if possible, to find out Sir William, and employed several others on the same account. In less than a month's time Gracelove had the good fortune to find him at his lodgings in Soho-square, where he discours'd him about his sister's portion, and desired Sir William to take some speedy care for the payment of it; otherwise, she had friends that would oblige him to it, tho' never so contrary to his intentions. Wilding asked where she was? t'other enquired where he left her? \* \* \* This discourse was a great mortification to the Knight, whose conscience, hardened as it was, felt yet some pain from it. He found he was not like to continue safe or at ease there, wherefore he immediately retreated into a place of sanctuary, called the Savoy, whither his own equipage was removed as soon as possible, he having left order with his servants, to report that he went out of town that very afternoon for his

own country. Gracelove in the meantime return'd to the Counsellor's, with a great deal of joy, for having discovered Sir William at his lodgings, which was likewise no little satisfaction to Fairlaw, his lady and daughter, Philadelphia only was disturb'd, when she heard the good old gentleman threaten to lay her brother fast enough : But alas ! he was too cunning for 'em ; for in a whole twelve-month after, all which time they made enquiry, and narrowly search'd for him, they could not see him, nor any one that could give an account of him, for he had changed his true name and title for that of Squire Sportman. The farther pursuit of him then seem'd fruitless to 'em, and they were forced to be content with their wishes to find him. Gracelove by this Time had entertained the sincerest affections and noblest passion that man is capable of, for Philadelphia ; of which he had made her sensible, who had at that time comply'd with his honourable demands, had she not entreated him to expect a kind turn of providence which might (happily) e're long, put her in possession of her right ; without which, she told him, she could not consent to marry him, who had so plentiful a fortune, and she nothing but her person and innocence. How, Madam ! (cried he) have you no love in store for me ? Yea, sir, (returned she) as much as you can wish I have in store for you, and so I beg it may be kept 'till a better opportunity. Well, Madam, (said he) I must leave you for some months, perhaps for a whole year : I have receiv'd letters of advice that urge the necessity of my going to Turkey : I have not a week's time to endeavour so dreaded a separation as I must suffer ; therefore, thou beautiful, thou dear, thou virtuous creature, let me begin now ! Here, thou tenderest part of my soul ! (continued he, giving her a rich diamond ring) wear this till my return ! I hope the sight of it may sometimes recall the dying memory of Gracelove to your better busy'd thoughts. Ah, Gracelove ! (said she) nothing can so well, nothing I am sure can better employ my thoughts, than thy dear self ; heaven only excepted. They enlarged a great deal more on this subject at that time ; but the night before his departure was entirely spent in sighs, vows, and tears, on both sides. In the morning, after he had again entreated his cousins, and the Lady's, and her Daughter's care and kindness to Philadelphia, the remaining and best part of his soul, with one hearty kiss, accompany'd with tears, he took a long farewell of his dear Mistress, who pursued him with her eyes, 'till they could give her no further intelligence of him ; and they help'd her kindness to him, and eas'd her grief for his absence in weeping for above a week together, when in private. He never omitted writing to her and his cousin by every opportunity, for near nine months, as he touch'd at any port ; but afterwards they could not hear of him for

above half-a-year ; when by accident the Counsellor met a gentleman of Gracelove's acquaintance at a coffee-house, who gave him an account that the ship and he were both cast away near five months since \* \* \* With this dreadful and amazing news the good old gentleman returns home ; afflicts his poor and sorrowful daughter, and almost kills unhappy Philadelphia ; who next day, by mere chance, and from a stranger, who came on business to the Counsellor, heard that one Sir William Wilding, an extravagant, mad, young shark, of such a county, who lately went by the borrowed name and title of Squire Sportman, had mortgag'd all his estate, which was near four thousand a-year, and carry'd the money over with him into France on Saturday last. This, added to the former news, put so great a check on her spirits, that she immediately dropped down in a swoon ; whence she only recover'd, to fall into what was of much more dangerous consequence, a violent fever, which held her for near six weeks, e're she could get strength enough to go down stairs : In all which time, Madam Fairlaw and Eugenia, her daughter, attended her as carefully and constantly as if they had been her own mother and sister : The good old Counsellor still commending and encouraging their care. The roses and lilies at last took their places again ; but the clouds of her sorrow were still but too visible \* \* \* \* \* Two more years passed on : towards the latter end of which the old Lady Fairlaw took her bed, desperately sick, inasmuch that she was given over by all her physicians ; she continued in great misery for near two months ; in all which time Philadelphia was constantly with her all day, or all the night ; much about that time she dy'd ; and, dying, told her husband, that she had observed he had a particular esteem or kindness for Philadelphia ; which was now a great satisfaction to her ; since she was assured that if he married her, she would prove an excellent nurse to him, and prolong his life by some years. As for Eugenia (said she) you need not be concern'd ; I am sure she will consent to anything that you shall propose, having already so plentifully provided for her. The good old gentleman answered that he would fulfil her will so far as lay in his power : and not long after, she departed this life. Her burial was very handsome and honourable. Half-a-year was now expired since her interment, when the old Counsellor began to plead his own cause to young Philadelphia, reminding her that now the death of Gracelove was out of question ; and, that, therefore, she was as much at liberty to make her own choice of an husband as he was of a wife. \* \* \* \* \* The young lady being broken in sorrows, and having mortified all her appetites to the enjoyments of this world, and not knowing where to meet so fair an overture, tho' at first, in modesty, she seem'd to refuse it as too great an honor,

yet yielded to less than a quarter of an hour's courtship: and the next sunday married they were, with the consent, and to the perfect satisfaction of his daughter Madam Eugenia; who loved Philadelphia sincerely. They kept their wedding very nobly for a month, at their own house in Great Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; but the memory of the old Lady was still so fresh with the young Lady Fairlaw, that she prevail'd with him to remove to another, more convenient as she fancy'd, in Covent-Garden. They had not dwelt there much more than four months, e're the good old gentleman fell sick and dy'd. \* \* \*

'Tis past all doubt she did really mourn for and lament his death; for she lov'd him perfectly, and paid him all the dutiful respect of a virtuous wife, while she liv'd within that state with him; which he rewarded, as I have said before. His funeral was very sumptuous and honourable indeed! and as soon as it was over, Eugenia desired her young beautiful mother-in-law to retreat a little with her into the country, to a pleasant house she had, not twenty miles distant from town; urging, that she could by no means enjoy herself under that roof, where her dear father dy'd. The obliging stepmother, who might more properly have been called her sister, being exactly of the same age with her, readily comply'd, and she passed all that summer with Eugenia, at their country-seat, and most part of the winter too; for Eugenia could by no means be prevail'd on to lie one night in her mother's house; 'twas with some reluctance that she consented to dine there sometimes. At length the whole year of Philadelphia's widowhood was expired; during which, you can't but imagine that she was solicited and addressed to by as many Lovers, or pretended Lovers, as our dear King Charles, whom God grant long to reign, was lately by the Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, and all those canting Whiggish Brethren! But she had never liked any man so well as to make him her husband, by inclination, unless it was Gracelove, devour'd by the greedy inhabitants of the sea.

"Whilst her fortune began to mend thus, her brother's grew worse; but that was indeed the effect of his extravagancy. In less than two years' time he had spent eight thousand pounds in France, whence he return'd to England, and pursuing his old profuse manner of living, contracted above 100*l*. Debts here, in less than four months' time; which not being able to satisfy, he was arrested, and thrown into goal, whence he remov'd himself into the King's Bench, on that very day that old Fairlaw dy'd. There at first, for about a month, he was entertain'd like a gentleman; but finding no money coming, nor having a prospect of any, the Marshal and his instruments turn'd him to the common side, where he learn'd the art of peg-making, a mystery to which he had been a stranger all his life long till then.

'Twas then he wish'd he might see his sister, hoping that she was in a condition to relieve him: which he was apt to believe, from the discourse he had with Gracelove some years past. Often he wish'd to see her, but in vain; however, the next Easter, after the old Counsellor's Death, Philadelphia, according to his custom, sent her steward to relieve all the poor prisoners about town; among the rest he visited those in the common side of King's Bench, where he heard 'em call Sir William Wilding to partake of his lady's charity. The poor prodigal was then feeding on the relief of the basket, not being yet able to get his bread at his new trade: to him the steward gave a crown, whereas the others had but half a crown apiece. Then he enquired of some of the unhappy gentlemen, Sir William's fellow-collegians, of what country Sir William was? how long he had been there? and how much his debts were? Of all which he received a satisfactory account. Upon his return to his lady he repeated the dismal news of her brother's misfortunes to her; who immediately dispatch'd him back again to the prison, with orders to give him twenty shillings more at present, and to get him remov'd to the Master's side, into a convenient chamber, for the rent of which the steward engaged to pay; and promis'd him, as she had commanded, twenty shillings aweek, as long as he stay'd there, on condition that he would give the names of all his creditors, and of all those to whom he had engag'd any part of his estate; which the poor gentleman did most readily and faithfully: After which, the steward enquir'd for a Taylor, who came and took measure of Philadelphia's unkind brother, and was ordered to provide him linnen, a hat, shoes, stockings, and all such necessaries, not so much as omitting a sword: with all which he acquainted his lady at his return, who was very much griev'd at her Brother's unhappy circumstances, and at the same time extremely well pleas'd to find herself in a condition to relieve him. The steward went constantly once aweek to pay him his money; and Sir William was continually very curious to know to whom he was oblig'd for so many and great favours; But he was answer'd, they came from a lady who desir'd her name conceal'd. In less than a year Philadelphia had paid 2500*l*., and taken off the mortgage on 2500*l*. of her brother's estate; and coming to town from Eugenia's country-house one day, to make the last payment of two thousand pounds, looking out of her coach on the road, near Dartford, she saw a traveller on foot, who seem'd to be tir'd with his journey, whose face, she thought, she had formerly known; this thought invited her to look on him so long, that she, at last, persuaded herself it was Gracelove, or his ghost: for, to say truth, he was very pale and thin, his complexion swarthy, and his cloaths (perhaps) as rotten as if he had been buried

in 'em. However, unpleasant as it was, she could not forbear gazing after this miserable spectacle; and the more she beheld it, the more she was confirmed it was Gracelove, or something that had usurp'd his figure. In short, she could not rest till she call'd to one of her servants, who rode by the coach, whom she strictly charged to go to that poor traveller, and mount him on his horse, till they came to Dartford; where she ordered him to take him to the same Inn where she baited, and refresh him with anything that he would eat or drink; and after that, to hire a horse for him, to come to town with them; that then he should be brought home to her own house, and be carefully look'd after, till farther orders from her. All which was most duly and punctually perform'd.

"The next morning early she sent for the steward, whom she ordered to take the stranger to a sale-shop, and fit him with a suit of good cloaths, to buy him shirts, and other linnen, and all necessaries, as he had provided for her brother; and gave him charge to use him as her particular friend, during his stay there; bidding him, withal, learn his name and circumstances, if possible, and to supply him with money for his pocket expenses: All which he most faithfully and discreetly perform'd, and brought his Lady an account of his sufferings by sea, and slavery among the Turks; . . . ; adding that his name was Gracelove. This was the greatest happiness, certainly, that ever yet the dear beautiful creature was sensible of. On t'other side, Gracelove could not but admire and praise his good fortune, that had so miraculously and bountifully relieved him; and one day having some private discourse with the steward, he could not forbear expressing the sense he had of it; declaring, that he could not have expected such kind treatment from any-body breathing, but from his cousin, Counsellor Fairlaw, his lady, or another young lady whom he plac'd and left with his cousins. Counsellor Fairlaw! (cry'd the steward) why, sir, my lady is the old counsellor's widow; she is very beautiful and young too. What was her name, sir, before she marry'd the counsellor? (asked Gracelove). That I know not, (reply'd t'other) for the old steward dy'd presently after the old lady, which is not a year and half since; in whose place I succeed; and I have never been so curious or inquisitive, as to pry into former passages of the family. Do you know, sir (said Gracelove), whereabouts in town they liv'd before? Yes, sir, (return'd the steward, who was taught how to answer), in Great Lincoln's Inn Fields, I think. Alas! (cry'd Gracelove), 'twas the same gentleman to whom I design'd to apply myself when I came to England. You need not despair now, sir, (said t'other) I dare say my lady will supply your wants. O wonderful goodness of a stranger! (cry'd Gracelove) uncommon and rare amongst relations

and friends! How have I, or how can I ever merit this? Upon the end of their conference, the steward went to Philadelphia, and repeated it almost verbatim to her; who ordered Gracelove should be taken measure of by the best taylor in Covent-Garden; that he should have three of the most modish rich suits made, that might become a private gentleman of a thousand pounds a year, and hats, perukes, linnen, swords, and all things suitable to 'em, all to be got ready in less than a month; in which time, she took all the opportunity she could either find or make to see him, and not to be seen by him; She obliged her steward to invite him to a play, whither she follow'd 'em, and sat next Gracelove, and talk'd with him; but all the while masq'd. In this month's time she was daily pester'd with the visits of her addressors; several there were of 'em; but the chief were only a Lord of a very small estate, tho' of a pretty great age; a young blustering knight, who had a place of 500*l*. a-year at court; and a country gentleman, of a very plentiful estate, a widower, and of a middle age. These three only of her lovers she invited to dinner, on the first day of the next month: In the mean while she sent a rich suit, and equipage proportionable, to her brother, with an invitation to dine with her on the same day. Then she writ to Eugenia to come and stay in town, if not in the same house with her, for two or three days before; which her affectionate daughter obey'd; to whom Philadelphia related all her brother's past extravagancies and what she had done for him in redeeming most part of his estate; begging of her, that if she could fancy his person, she would take him into her mercy and marry him, being assured that such a virtuous wife as she would prove, must necessarily reclaim him, if yet he were not perfectly convinced of his follies; which, she doubted not, his late long sufferings had done. Eugenia return'd, that she would wholly be directed and advis'd by her in all things; and that certainly she could not but like the brother, since she lov'd the sister so perfectly and truly.

"The day came, and just at twelve, Gracelove meeting the steward on the stairs coming from his lady, Gracelove then told him that he believ'd he might take the opportunity of that afternoon to go over to Putney, and take a game or two at bowls. The steward return'd, Very well, sir, I shall let my lady know it, if she enquires for you. Philadelphia, who overheard what they said, call'd the steward in haste, and bid him call Gracelove back, and tell him she expected his company at her table to-day, and that she desir'd he would appear like himself. The steward soon overtook him at the door, just going out as Eugenia came in, who look'd back on Gracelove: The poor gentleman was strangely surpris'd at the sight of her, as she was at his; but the steward's message



did more amaze and confound him. He went directly to his chamber, to dress himself in one of those rich suits lately made for him; but the distraction he was in made him mistake his coat for his waistcoat, and put the coat on first; but recalling his straggling thoughts, he made shift to get ready time enough to make his appearance without a second summons. Philadelphia was as pleasant at dinner as ever she had been all her life; she look'd very obligingly on all the sparks, and drank to every one of 'em particularly, beginning to the Lord — and ending to the stranger, who durst hardly lift up his eyes a second time to her's, to confirm him that he knew her. Her brother was so confounded, that he bow'd and continu'd his head down 'till she had done drinking, not daring to encounter her eyes, that would have reproach'd him with his villany to her.

"After dinner the cloth was taken away; she began thus to her lovers; My Lord! Sir Thomas! and Mr. Fatacres! I doubt not that it will be some satisfaction to you, to know whom I have made choice for my next husband; which now I am resolv'd no longer to defer.

"The person to whom I shall next drink, must be the man who shall ever command me and my fortune, were it ten times greater than it is; which I wish only for his sake since he deserves much more. Here, (said she to one that waited) put wine into two glasses; then she took the Diamond ring from her finger, and put it into one of 'em. My dear Gracelove (cry'd she), I drink to thee; and send thee back thy own ring, with Philadelphia's heart. He start'd, blush'd, and look'd wildly; whilst all the company stared on him. Nay, pledge me, (pursu'd she) and return me the ring; for it shall make us both one the next morning. He bow'd, kiss'd, and return'd it, after he had taken off his wine. The defeated lovers knew not how to resent it; The Lord and the Knight were for going, but the country gentleman oppos'd it, and told 'em, 'twas the greatest argument of folly to be disturb'd at the caprice of a woman's humour. They sat down again therefore, and she invited 'em to her wedding on the morrow.

"And now, Brother (said she), I have not quite forgotten you, tho' you have not been pleas'd to take notice of me: I have a dish in reserve for you, which will be more grateful to your fancy than all you have tasted to-day. Here! (cry'd she to the Steward) Mr. Rightman, do you serve up that dish yourself. Rightman then set a cover'd dish on the table. What! more tricks yet? (cry'd my Lord, and Sir Thomas). Come, Sir William! (said his sister) uncover it! he did so; and cry'd out, O matchless goodness of a virtuous sister! here are the mortgages of the best part of my estate! O! what a villain! what a monster have I

been! no more, dear brother; (said she, with tears in her eyes) I have yet a greater happiness in store for you: This lady, this beautiful virtuous lady, with twenty thousand pounds, will make you happy in her love. Saying this, she joined their hands: Sir William eagerly kiss'd Eugenia's, who blush'd, and said, Thus, madam, I hope to show you how much I love and honour you. My cousin Eugenia! (cry'd Gracelove). The same, my dear lost dead cousin Gracelove! (reply'd she) O! (said he in a transport) my present joys are greater than all my past miseries! my mistress and my friend are found, and still are mine. Nay, faith, (said the lord) this is pleasant enough to me, tho' I have been defeated of the lady. The whole company in general went away very well that night, who return'd the next morning, and saw the two happy pair firmly united."

## FINIS.

Noble, magnanimous Philadelphia! Delicate-minded Eugenia! Have such brothers such women to deal with in this century? Is there a lady with such a compliant, as well as fascinating, step-daughter? "*The whole company in general went away very well that night.*" The critic is at a loss to tell the exact meaning of the words. How, *well*? Does it mean that the dinner did not disagree with the guests? or that they were mellow with drink? or is it a delicate way of declaring the sobriety of the company? The *went away very well*, certainly implies they were not *carried off*! How truly an English arrangement, also, was that dinner previous to that tender passage of love!

And what is the insight which this bald, inornate fiction, without dramatic arrangement, or attempt at any analysis of feeling, or descriptive power, gives us of the intelligence of the age? It seems to speak both for and against the mental condition of our ancestors. What but dull, addled pates could find satisfaction in poring over such a picture of life? But again, if the poet and his reader must both quit their standing points in the dull, every-day existence, and meet each other in the domain of imagination, before delectation can be had, the students, who found pleasure in such literature as we have just given an example of, must have possessed no mean poetic faculty for filling up a rude outline. How much

more obliging is the fiction-writer of Bulwer's dynasty, who not only tells his readers what to think about, but all but thinks for them!

If Aphara's novels are open to censure on the score of their indelicacy, her plays are yet more so, and may more-over be sentenced as stupid. Her dramatic works did not escape severe reflections from her contemporaries. Still they did not sin so much against the laws of propriety, as the comedies of the great poets of that era. Dryden, Wycherley, Southerne, Etherege, and a score other men, were applauded for compositions which no one can now read without disgust; but Astrea, who only imitated the men, called down upon herself vehement reproof. How came this? She answered the question in her way, in the preface to *The Lucky Chance*. "But I make a challenge to any person of common sense and reason—that is not wilfully bent on ill-nature, and will, in spite of sense, wrest a *double entendre* from every thing, lying upon the catch for a jest or quibble, like a rook for a cully, but any unprejudiced person that knows not the author—to read one of my comedies, and compare 'em with others of this age, and if they can find one word that can offend the chastest ear, I will submit to all their peevish cavills; but, right or wrong, they must be *criminal because a woman's*. . . . And this thing I venture to say, though against my nature, because it has a vanity in it, that, had the plays I have writ come forth under any man's name, and never known to have been mine, I appeal to all unbias judges of sense, if they had not said that person had made as many good comedies as any one man that has writ in our age; but a devil on't, *the woman damns the poet*."

In part, Aphara was right. The abuse she was favoured with she would not, in all probability, have received had she not been a woman. For though the age saw nothing unfit in *men's* writing immoral plays, and acting them in the presence of ladies, its taste revolted from the sight of a female author for the stage. We all know how an ingenious lady cured her husband of the reprehensible habit of snuff-taking, by starting a peculiar snuff-box of her own, and

taking a pinch whenever her husband regaled himself with one. As the snuffy husband could not endure seeing his wife take "high-dried Scotch," so the filthy play-wrights were shocked by a woman imitating them. That the beautiful, witty Aphara, gentle and refined in appearance as she was generous at heart, could put her signature to ribald comedies, and that she was only a pupil painting after a copy, were truths that wounded and humiliated the wits of the theatres. Pope lashed the offender—

The stage how loosely does Astrea  
tread;

and dedicated his greatest work to Mr. Congreve, whose comedies, though brilliant as wit can make them, are certainly not free from impurity.

When the first stone had been thrown at poor Astrea, the number of her accusers became numerous. Her own sex was especially severe on her. Virtuuous "ladies," as the victim herself said, "taking up the scandal from some conceited sparks who would in spite of nature be wits and beaux," cried fie in most edifying tones, and then retired to their closets to enjoy the songs of D'Urfey, and the satires of Wilmot. Men, too, who were her personal friends, played her false. "I cannot omit to tell you," she writes, "that a wit of the town, a friend of mine, at Will's coffee-house, the first night of the play, cry'd it down as much as in him lay, who before had read it, and assured me he never saw a prettier comedy. So complaisant one pestilent wit will be to another, and in the full cry make his noise too." Poor Aphara! what great pain can a little, mean heart, and a smooth tongue work! Let us hope that to balance against this mortification, she had the joy of having repeated to her the praises poured on her in her absence, by some blunt, rugged friend, who could not applaud her to her face.

She fought a brave fight with her enemies. The men were astonished at finding her strong enough to hurl them down. The ladies, although she was fighting their battle as well as her own, were jealous of a sister so superior to themselves. It was, indeed, a novel contest. Hitherto it

had been received as a fact not to be questioned, that any woman was the inferior of almost every man; and any weaker vessel who took it upon herself to figure in literature, was to be very modest in her manner of doing so—to depreciate the powers of her sex—to “invoke the muse” with a confession of her utter unworthiness—and to take every opportunity to exalt the lords of the creation. The delightful Duchess of Newcastle could never allude to women in general, without attacking their ignorance and mean tempers, and calling them “a kind of mountebanks.” Katherine Philips, the chaste Orinda, who had been formed by a strict Presbyterian education, to whom Cowley wrote—

We allowed you beauty, and we did  
submit  
To all the tyrannies of it;  
Ah! cruel sex, will you depose us too  
in wit?

produced a very meagre poetry, and made humble apologies to the men—not for her innumerable sins against the laws of grammar, but for writing at all—being only a woman! The same timidity characterized nearly all the female writers of the close of the seventeenth and opening of the eighteenth centuries. Lady Mary Wortley Montague certainly had no diffidence; and some of her verses would make a shoe-black blush; but *she* was a woman of the world and of rank, and naturally courageous.

It was *Astrea* who first refused to be bound by any flimsy distinctions, and said boldly—“Whatever it is right for you men to do, it is right for me to attempt.” The challenge was answered, the conflict began, and lasted long;—the lady returned, and usually with interest, every blow she received. Her power of railery and her spirit were admitted. “She was of a generous and open temper, something passionate, very serviceable to her friends in all that was in her power, and could sooner forgive an injury than do one. She had wit, honour, good-humour, and judgment. She was mistress of all the pleasing arts of conversation, but used them not to any one but those who loved plain-dealing.” This is the testimony of her most intimate female companion.

It would be difficult to give any-

thing like an accurate picture of *Astrea's* daily life, that would not horrify modern refinement. No imputation, approaching dishonour, rests on her name; but her amusements and tastes were those of her age. In Charles's Court, “ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling, such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit.” In the public promenades of the capital, they would grimace, ogle, and flirt with strangers: at the theatres they would call out in a loud voice to their own acquaintance, and bandy jokes with them: at balls they romped and rollicked with the sparks, pouring forth badinage which a maid-servant in any reputable household would now be ashamed to utter: their habitual discourse was garnished with a disgusting imprecation which would not now be heard from the lips of the most debased, and was on topics most displeasing to feminine delicacy. Satirists and grave chroniclers agree in their accounts, when describing the manners of the period. In such a society as Evelyn, Pepys, and Grammont delineate, a lady might live the pace, and yet cause no scandal. Aphara availed herself of the license in such manner as suited her temperament. She encouraged the addresses of young noodles, conceited enough to think no woman safe against their attacks; and when their impertinences became dangerous, she had them unceremoniously kicked out of her house.

In such amusements, when she had not passed the middle age, and when she was still young in the buoyancy of her spirits, she died on the 16th of April, 1689. Her death, we are informed, was occasioned by an unskilful physician—a fact which seems to strike her biographer, whom we have often quoted, as singular! She was interred in Westminster Abbey. Gerard Langbaine, the second, gives, in his “Account of English Dramatic Poets,” the following as the inscription on her tablet, beneath her name and the date of her death:—

Here lies a proof that wit can be,  
Defence enough against mortality.

Another biographical work has the following lame, though more orthodox, version of the foregoing lines:—

Here lies a proof that wit can never be  
Defence against mortality.  
Great poetess, O ! thy stupendous lays  
The world admires, and the Muses praise.

Aphara's last achievement was the  
translation of the sixth book of Cow-  
ley's "Plants." Westley makes her  
exertions on this work the cause of  
her death :—

But why should the soft sex be robb'd of thee?  
Why should not England know  
How much she does to Cowley owe?  
How much to Roscobel's ever sacred tree?  
The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods,  
The fields, the meadows, and the floods:  
The flow'ry world, where Gods and Poets use  
To court a mortal or a muse?  
It shall be done. But who? ah! who shall dare  
So vast a toil to undergo,  
And all the world's just censure bear,  
Thy strength, and their own weakness show?

*Soft Afra*, who had led our shepherds long,  
Who long the nymphs and swains did guide,  
Our envy, her own sex's pride,  
When all her forces on this great theme  
she'd try'd,  
She strain'd awhile to reach the inimitable  
song—  
She strain'd awhile, and wisely dy'd.

Let us now say farewell to Aphara  
Behn. Her dust is mingled with the  
ashes of kings, bards, and patriots,  
in that noble temple in which our  
Byron has no statue,—in that temple,  
the walls of which, it was once said,  
would be profaned should they be in-  
scribed with the name of him who  
sung—

O, welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed  
hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girl with golden wings;  
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity!

# KADISHA ; OR, THE FIRST JEALOUSY.

## AN EASTERN LEGEND,

There is a curious legend as to the origin of jealousy. When Adam and Eve were in Paradise, the former was accustomed to retire at eventide to the recesses of the garden, for the purpose of prayer. On one of these occasions the devil appeared to Eve, and informed her that her solitude was to be accounted for by the attractions of another fair one. Eve replied that it could not be so, as she was the only woman in existence. "If I show you another, will you believe me?" returned the evil one, and produced a mirror, in which she saw her own reflection, and mistook it for her rival. See "Life in Abyssinia," by Mr. Parkyns; Murray, Albemarle-street. The Kadisha, flowing to the south of Lebanon, is called "the holy river," as having been a minor stream of Paradise.

## PART I.

'Tis said that love is ne'er complete  
Till bitter leaven make it sweet ;  
Account not then our tale amiss  
That jealousy was part of bliss ;  
But rather note a mercy here,  
That fact was thus outrun by fear ;  
And so, before the harder bout,  
When sin must be encountered too,  
A woman's heart already knew  
The way to conquer doubt.

## I.

When sleep was in the summer air,  
And stars looked down on Paradise,  
And palms and cedars answered fair  
The visionary night-wind's sighs,  
And murmuring prayer :

When every flower was in its head,  
(By clasps of diamond dew retained)  
Or sunk to clude the honey-brood,  
Down slumber's breast with shadows veined,  
In solitude :

The citron, and the damask rose,  
Pomegranates, camphor, argentine,  
And ivory-sceptred aloe Queen,  
All dreamy in repose :

## II.

When rivulets were loth to creep,  
Except unto the pillow moss,  
And distant lake, encurtained deep,  
Was but a silver thread across  
The eyes of sleep :

When nightingales, in the sycamore,  
Sang low and soft, as an echo dreaming ;  
And slept the moon upon heaven's shore,  
The tidal shore of heaven, beaming  
With lazuled ore :

When new-born earth was fain to lean  
In Summer's arms, recovering  
The unaccustomed toil of spring,  
Why slept not Eve, it's Queen ?

## III.

Upon a smooth fern-mantled stone  
She sat, and watched the wicket-gate,  
Not timid in her woman's throne,  
Nor lonely in her sinless state,  
Though all alone ;

For having spread her simple board  
With grapes, and peaches, milk, and flowers,  
She strewed sweet mastic o'er the sward,  
And waited through the darkening hours  
Step of her lord.

Such innocence around her breathed,  
And freshness of young nature's play,  
The sensitive plant shrunk not away,  
And cactus' swords were sheathed.

## IV.

The vision of her beauty fell  
Like music on a moonlight place,  
Or trembles of a silver bell,  
Or memory of young mother's face  
On childhood's spell :

The grace that wandered free of laws,  
The look that lit the heart's confession,  
Had never dreamed how fair it was,  
Nor guessed that purity's expression  
Is beauty's cause :

No more that unenquiring heart  
Perused the sweet home of her breast,  
Than turtle-doves unline their nest  
To see the outer part.

## V.

Although, in all that garden fair  
Whate'er delight abode or grew,  
Flowers, and trees, and balmy air,  
Fountains, and birds, and heaven blue  
Beyond compare ;

In her their various charms had met,  
And grown more varied by combining,  
As budded plants do give and get,  
Each inmate doubling while consigning  
His several debt :

And yet she nursed one joy above  
Her thousand charms, nor born of them,  
But blooming on a single stem—  
Her true faith in her love.

## VI.

And though, before she heard his foot,  
The moon had climbed the homestead palm,  
Flinging to her the shadowed fruit,  
And tree-frogs ceased to break the calm,  
And woods were mute,

With sudden transport ever new,  
She blushed, and sprang from forth the bower,  
Her eyes as bright as moon-lit dew,  
Her bosom glad as snow-veiled flower  
When sun shines through ;

He, with a natural dignity  
Untaught self-consciousness by harm,  
Sustained her with his manly arm,  
And smiled upon her glee.

## VII.

Next day, when early evening shone  
Along the walks of Paradise,  
Strewing with gold the hills, her throne,  
Embarrassing the winds with spice  
(Too rich a loan)—

Fair Eve was in her bower of ease,  
A cool arcade of fruit and flowers,  
From North and East enclasped by trees,  
But open to the Western showers  
And Southern breeze.

Here followed she her gardening trade,  
Her favourites' simple needs attending,  
And singing soft, above them bending,  
A song herself had made.

## VIII.

In evening's calm, she walked between  
The tints and shades of rich delight,  
While overhead came arching green  
Many a shrub and parasite,  
To crown their Queen ;

There laughed the joy of the rose, among  
 Myrtle, and Iris,\* heaven's eye,  
 Magnole, with cups of moonlight hung,  
 And Fuchsia's sunny chandelery  
 And coral to igue :

And where the shy brook fluttered through,  
 Nepenthe held her chalice leaf  
 (Undrained as yet by human grief),  
 And broad Nymphaea grew.

## IX.

But where the path bent towards the wood,  
 Across it hung a sombre screen,  
 The deadly night-shade, leaden-hued ;  
 And there behind it, darkly seen,  
 A Being stood :

The form, if any form it had,  
 Was likest to a nightly vision  
 In mantle of amazement clad,  
 A terror-sense, without precision,  
 Of something bad.

A tremble chilled the forest shade,  
 A roving lion turned and fled,  
 The birds cowered home in hush of dread,  
 But Eve was not afraid.

## X.

She stood before him, sweetly bold,  
 To keep him from her garden shrine,  
 With hair that fell, a shower of gold,  
 Around her figure's snowy line  
 And rosy mould :

He (with a re-awakened sense  
 Of goodness, long for ever lost,  
 And angel beauty's pure defence)  
 Shrank back, unable to accost  
 Such innocence :

But envy soon scoffed down his shame,  
 And with a smile, designed for fawning,  
 But like hell's daybreak sickly dawning,  
 His crafty accents came.

## XI.

" Sweet ignorance, 'tis sad and hard  
 " To break thy pretty childish spell,  
 " And my soft heart hath such regard  
 " For thine, that I will never tell  
 " What may be spared."

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\* Plat. Egypt.

He turned aside, o'erwhelmed by pain,  
 And drew a sigh of deep compassion :  
 She trembled, flushed, and gazed again,  
 And prayed him quick in woman's fashion,  
 To speak it plain :

"Then, if thou must be taught to grieve,  
 "And scorn the guile thou hast adored—  
 "The man who calls himself thy lord,  
 "Where goes he every eve?"

## XII.

"Nay, then," she cried, "if that be all,  
 "I care not what thou hast to say ;  
 "The guile that lurks therein is small,  
 "My husband but retires to pray,  
 "At evening call."

"To pray ! oh yes, and on his knees  
 "May-hap to find a lovely being :  
 "Devotions so devout as these  
 "Are best at night, with no one seeing  
 "Among the trees."

She blushed as deep as modesty,  
 Then glancing back as bright as pride,  
 "There is no woman," she replied,  
 "In all the world, but me."

## XIII.

He laughed with a superior sneer,  
 Enough to shake e'en woman's faith ;  
 "Wilt thou believe me, simple dear,  
 "If I am able now," he saith,  
 "To show her here?"

She cried aloud with lightsome heart,  
 "Be that the test whereon to try thee ;  
 "Nature and heaven shall take my part :  
 "Come show this rival ; I defy thee  
 "And all thy art."

A mirror, held in readiness,  
 He set upright before her feet—  
 "And can thy simple charms compete  
 "With beauty such as this?"

## XIV.

A lovelier sight at once she saw  
 Than ever yet had charmed her eyes,  
 A fairer picture, void of flaw,  
 Than any, even Paradise  
 Itself, could draw ;

A woman's form of perfect grace,  
 In shadowy softness delicate ;  
 Though flushed by sunset's rich embrace,  
 A white rose could not imitate  
 Her innocent face :



Then, through the deepening glance of fear  
 The shaft of doubt came quivering,  
 The sorrow-shaft—a sigh its wing,  
 And for its barb a tear.

## xv.

“Ah me!” she cried, “too true it is;  
 “A simple homely thing like Eve  
 “Hath not a chance to rival this,  
 “But must resign herself to grieve  
 “O’er by-gone bliss.  
  
 “Till now it was enough for me  
 “To keep the form our Father made;  
 “Oh Adam, I was proud to be  
 “(As I have felt, and thou hast said)  
 “A part of thee.

“No marvel that my lord can spare  
 “His true and heaven-appointed bride:  
 “And yet affection might have tried  
 “To fancy me as fair.”

## xvi.

The tempter, glorying in his wile,  
 Hath ta’en his mirror and withdrawn;  
 Again the flowers look up and smile,  
 And brightens off from air and lawn  
 The taint of guile.

But smiles come not again to Eve,  
 Nor brightens off her dark reflection:  
 Her garland-crown she hath ceased to weave,  
 And, plucking, maketh no selection,  
 Only to grieve.

She feels a dewy radiance steep  
 The languid petals of her eyes,  
 And hath another sad surprise,  
 To know the way to weep.

## GREAT WITS AND LITTLE STORIES.

“WHEN Rogers”—such was the commencement of a sentence, destined to be drowned for ever in the merri-ment of a pair of illustrious scape-graces. “When Rogers”—thus far Moore and Byron went, over and over again, upon one memorable evening;—but what was to have followed never came—a roar of laughter at each attempt extinguished the sequel. “When Rogers”—a burst of eloquence was supposed to hang upon the words. They were the opening

of an epic. What followed ought to have been Homeric. Whatever it was, it was strangled at its birth—it died in convulsions. But a time must come for all things—it has come for Rogers. Nobody need fear that if the sentence “When Rogers” is now begun, it will be cut short by any one, contemporary or survivor. Strong in this conviction, we dare to pronounce the insuperable words, and fill up the chasm that has gaped for forty years.

When Rogers died, he left a large property behind him. Part of this was what is commonly called wealth; but the most important portion was a mass of memories, accumulated during seventy years of a literary and London life. Some of these had been converted into memoirs by himself, and might be said to represent the real property of the deceased. Some had been borrowed and treasured up by friends and associates, resembling mortgages and such regular securities. Others again had been long appropriated by the public, and passed freely from hand to hand, like money in the funds;—while no small portion still floated airily within the brains of those who had intellectual dealings with the mental *millionaire*, after the manner of unascertained balances on current accounts.

One of these debts has lately been paid in.\* A friend and associate of the clay which once was Rogers has hastened to relieve his estate—his conscience—of the burden upon it. The Rev. Alexander Dyce has refunded in one lodgment the advances made from time to time for so many years, and placed the sum total to the credit of the poet's true executors—the public.

Doubtless the obligation pressed heavily on the reverend gentleman's mind. He felt, in all probability, that the amount he had borrowed had swelled to an alarming sum. With commendable anxiety he has totted his book, and brought the balance, vast as it seemed to him, honestly to our credit.

Nobody can object to this proceeding of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. On the contrary, every right-minded person will be inclined to praise him for what he has done. If he but act as conscientiously in all his worldly transactions, he need not dread being brought "to compt" at any future day of settlement.

But while the world will agree in appreciating and commending the reverend gentleman's motives, there may be considerable difference of opinion as to the amount of the debt, and consequently as to the actual value of what has just been refunded.

Samuel Rogers was a banker's son—nay, was a banker himself; and was not likely to under-estimate what he thus deposited in the hands of friendship; especially when he came to know, as he did early, that those successive loans were intended to fructify and to be repaid into the hands of those who were to follow him, with a large accumulation of interest. In point of fact, the whole of what we find here is not much. From Samuel Rogers—the poet—the wit—the banker's son—the *millionaire*—it is trifling. There must be a much larger amount coming to us, or we shall feel like legatees who have a right to be disappointed as to the testamentary dispositions of one from whom large expectations were reasonably formed.

What opportunities that man had of collecting memoirs! Perhaps nobody was ever before so favorably circumstanced for the purpose of eliciting, preserving, and transmitting good things as the same Samuel Rogers. Born to comparative opulence, without the rank which might have brought that opulence to waste—bred with care in habits of mingled industry and learned lucubration—induced to literature by association and to study by habit—thrown early among wits and poets, with whom his tastes and his opportunities enabled him to associate without servility—himself enabled to offer no mean contribution to the stock of his country's literature—escaping, nevertheless, the ordinary mischances of literary life, and able from first to last to patronise as well as court the muse—living out of one generation in which he learned, through another with which he worked, into a third which he taught—enabled, during all that time, to sit in placid observance, collecting the choice effects of society and social progress into a sort of silent camera obscura, where they were reproduced with a life-like fidelity,—just as he collected into various apartments of his house the gems and *chef d'œuvres* of each age, so as to make it an epitome of the wonders and beauties of the world:—thus distinguished, thus gifted, and thus privileged, he

\* "Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers, to which is added *Porsoniana*." London: Moxon, 1856.

might naturally be looked to as himself a cabinet of curiosities illustrative of the times he belonged to. And such, in fact, he was. If the glass through which you view what he has to show has a slight tinge of green, you have only to make due allowance, and be thankful that there are no bulls-eyes. The effect upon the objects is not to distort, but to discolour—things appear as they are in reality, faithful to the shape and outline of truth; the light is at fault; and for this a due correction must be made. Indeed, we have only to look at the man, as he has been seen up to a few years ago—as he may still be seen in the fine portraits executed by the master-hands of his day—to account for and rectify these defects. Observe the feeling and appreciative yet wary eye,—the firm but lubricated and flexible lip,—the smooth sickliness of skin,—the delicate reticulation of wrinkle,—the slight sneer of nose,—the expansion of the not quite noble forehead,—the shrunken chest and the raised shoulder, and you will have no difficulty in reading off the man's character. You will expect to find high refinement, polished taste, shrewd appreciation of character, considerable mental and eminent social powers. Along with these you will not look for very lofty qualities—great disinterestedness, high principle, warm philanthropy, generous devotedness, unshaken constancy. Somewhat of the stoic—a little of the cynic, perhaps, will colour his philosophy. His thoughts will be often those of Pascal; but the maxims on which his estimate of others will be based will more nearly approach those of La Rochefoucauld.

Let us turn to a contemporary of his. What a contrast to all this was Sydney Smith! If ever there was a man altogether deficient in the acids which go to the composition of our nature, it was this. He was a perfect dairy of human kindness. Loud, boisterous, almost burlesque in his tone and temperament, he had a heart made of true, tender stuff; and we cannot choose but love him. A sound head, too. A man of vigorous understanding and of varied learning. A

high and gallant gentleman, if not a dignified clergyman (even *that* he could be when he chose); he might have risen to any eminence in a convulsed state of political society. Two mistakes were made in Sydney Smith. He ought *not* to have been a churchman, and he ought to have been a Tory. He was doubly out of his place. People may listen patiently to a sermon from a man in a shooting-coat; but a joke in a cassock is not to be endured. And so also it came ill from the luxurious, institution-loving, constitutional, thoroughly aristocratic Englishman to assume the democrat. It became him as ill as the other. Men were outraged when they saw him don the fustian jacket and hob-nailed shoes; identifying himself with Hodge and Humphry. It was not for *him* to do this, though by others it might be becomingly done. Something there was indeed in the perfect fairness of his mind, which led him to hate with an instinctive hatred exclusiveness of privilege, and tyrannical demeanour from superiors to their inferiors. All this was revolting to him in theory. But in practice he was the gentleman—the member of the dominant caste—the Norman among Saxons—the lord amongst his serfs. It was absurd, if it escaped being ridiculous, to see a great, luxurious, laughter-loving gentleman like this, assuming the attitude of an injured artisan or trodden-down farm-labourer, and railing in the very caricature of an incongruous sympathy against the class and conduct he represented and practiced. Sydney Smith could not *un-tory* his nature. He was born in the purple, and could never dye himself any other colour in the tan-pits of whiggism. All the virtues and some of the faults and follies of the aristocrat were his. He had done well to avow and dignify them. With all the celebrity attained by this most learned of drôles and grotesque of wits, but little was known of him which could be quoted apart from a laugh or an anecdote, until his daughter, Lady Holland, gave to the world something which may by courtesy be admitted as a memoir,\* calculated to exhibit him

\* "Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland; with Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman, 1855.

in a character more important and personal than that of the "wag who was by." The outline of an amiable and consistent life makes itself visible through the hedge of anecdote which clings to it like a laughing bloom of roses to a parsonage wall. We can discern the solid and durable masonry of character through the clusters that half conceal it. There is, we are enabled to conclude, order and regularity and goodness and charity and principle and piety within, notwithstanding the flexible and flaunting luxuriance without. The affection of a daughter has led us through the rustic porch, and introduced us to the true economy of the paternal mansion. And, in doing so, she has pointed with no unbecoming pride to the marks, everywhere apparent, of strong sense and sound judgment, guided by the truest taste, presiding inside the walls abandoned on their exterior to the tendriled mercies of the least dignified of climbing plants. We had known Peter Plymley well, and had laughed at Sydney Smith's dinner-sayings and after-dinner-doings: but we have here learned to know, love, and respect the man with whom our intercourse had previously been a joke: we feel that Smith is no longer a modern Joe Miller;—he is a laughing philosopher.

But whom have we here—pacing measuredly after the others? A London exquisite, as we live! "Thomas Raikes, Esquire." A great man? some one will ask. Well, great, in some respects; great according to circumstances; great north, north-west; great if you consult his own self-estimate. Great, if to rub familiarly with the great constitutes greatness. Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Some put it on for themselves with their great-coat. There he is, in his habit as he lived. More carefully got up even than Hamlet's father's ghost. A glossy beaver crowns his respectable trim grey locks. A puff-complacency harmonizes respectable features into the semblance of distinction, while the languid droop of eye and over-swelling of dewlap make disclosures of turtle, truffles, and tokay. Over the manly chest buttons tight the most unwrinkled of coats; while the length of the somewhat shaky limb conveys itself through immaculate tweeds into the

polish of indubitable Wellingtons. The man has lived and moved and had his dinners in St. James's-street—when he has not lived and moved and had his "diners" in the Faubourg St. Germain,—and we can no more imagine him shouldering through the thoroughfares of life, or breasting its obstacles, than we can by any stretch of fancy divine what might be the aspect of that face released from its stock, or the proportions of that form, denuded of the padding, wadding, screwing, lacing, and strapping which constitute it the faultless model of the George the Fourth era.

Now, considering that it was a feather to know him in his day—it is a confession to own that we never laid eyes upon Thomas Raikes, Esquire, in the flesh. Nor shall we now; seeing that his stock has been taken finally down, and his frock-coat unbuttoned for ever. We have only seen him in lithograph. He stands, his own frontispiece, in the beginning of a book. Indeed, we do not say that it might not be possible, given the book, to argue up to the lithograph—to reconstruct Thomas Raikes, Esquire, out of his own memoirs. The thing might be done, as far as we see, by any careful Cuvier of literature. But it saves a world of trouble to have him got up and put together for us. It enables us, indeed, to understand much of what he has written; and here and there to correct, modify, reject, or adopt dubious matter by the light of the author's own countenance. We refer from Raikes in word, to Raikes in figure, and make our corrections and verifications accordingly. In short, Thomas Raikes' book begins with himself. None but himself can be his frontispiece. He stands before what he has said, like a champion, ready to defend his own assertions. "I tell a great many stories, and make a great many wonderful disclosures—if you don't believe me, here I am!"

Who was Thomas Raikes? and what is the book about? we fancy we hear some one ask. What? Not know Thomas Raikes? "Not to know him"—you know the rest. But seriously, who was Thomas Raikes? Perhaps the safest reply is to say, that he was—nobody. An individual—a person—an identity—a "particulier"

—nothing more. He was neither highly born, nor highly educated, nor highly gifted, nor highly fortunèd, nor highly distinguished. Nor was he the reverse of all this. Mediocrity was his essence. He glided through an eventless life, without ruffling its current or his own feathers. He swam down his destined canal, leaving not a ripple and scarcely a wake behind him. What, it may well be asked,—then, *can* his book be about? Simply, about what he saw, heard, and read; and anybody else circumstanced as he was could write a readable book—and we consider his book *very* readable—on the same subject. Fate threw him into the company of great—occasionally of illustrious personages. The want of bristles in his nature, corresponding to the scrupulous beardlessness of his countenance, enabled him to rub against these personages without making himself disagreeably felt. He was submitted to without objection or suspicion, as a domestic tabby, which passes its affectionate velvet across our legs without exciting so much as a *souffron* of tooth or claw. With this sleekness were associated a keen perception, a ready memory, and an industrious pen. He was, through life, and in all society, “among them, takin’ notes.” Here we have in the two volumes before us,\* the first instalments of these notes, which will probably run, according to the estimate we are able to make, to a length equalling those of our own genial and journal-making countryman, Thomas Moore.

Nevertheless, Thomas Raikes notes well. We can safely say, if we cannot shew it, that he has picked up, at his dinners at Oaklands, and at his suppers in the Rue St. Florentin, crumbs which ought not to have been swept off the table of life into oblivion. And thus we have no hesitation in admitting the less prominent journalizer as the appropriate complement—the *tertium quid*—in this compound of the choicer elements of society in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Truly, among them they do make the “*thé complet*” of

their time. Tea! Hot, high-flavoured, stinging, gossip-growing, scandal-raising, irresistible tea! who is there who does not own thy potent spell! Here is animated tea—written tea—tea of mighty minds and mighty personages—dangerous, explosive, gunpowder tea—thickened with the cream of society—flavoured with the sweets of piquancy—irrigated from the fount of stolen waters—all standing ready, only wanting a stir from our silver spoon to be a beverage fit for those divine objects of our worship—the old maids.

Now, what is to be gathered from this fresh three-fold contribution to our stores of amusing and instructive literature? What is the trefoil to produce? Great truths have been taught from the triune leaves ere now. Can we extract small truths from these? We dare not promise it. Carefully have we scanned the volumes lying before us, and conscientiously have we set to work to extract a remunerative amount of instructive material out of them:—we have painfully applied the severest tests, chemical, mechanical, logical, and moral. Yet we are concerned to state that the quantity of actual value which resulted would have passed through a gold-digger’s sieve. Thus disappointed, we felt naturally inclined to abandon the task of noticing them altogether. It would be, we felt, both cruel and ungraceful to animadvert with rigour upon this trifling defect in works so favorably received by the public. Why should we set ourselves up in unpopular opposition to the world? Why must we assert ourselves at the risk of becoming gratuitous martyrs? Better be silent and think the more—rather indulge in the luxury of holding our tongue. Besides, there is a satisfaction in being able to know oneself beforehand with the world, in case it should ever come to make the discovery for itself. There is a pride in being able to say, with the poet—

“*Omnia percepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.*”

Fortified with this logic, we had

\* “A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1856.

made up our minds to place Rogers, Smith, and Raikes on the shelf side by side, amidst the innumerable multitude of volumes which have passed to their silent sepulchres in our library, when it occurred to us that it might be as well, as we could not instruct the world by means of their pages, to try whether we could not make a few of our friends laugh out of them. It struck us that we had possibly expected too much from these departed worthies. Nay, as our thoughts continued to flow in this vein, we began to suspect that we had made a mistake. We had sunk for ore, where we ought to have bored for water. What right had we to dictate to the poet, the divine, or the dandy, the exact quality of the material he chose to supply to the public? If our austere and melancholic habit prompted us to look for the heavy metal suitable to the workshops of the world, ought we to be offended if there burst up at our feet a gush of brilliant, sparkling, living wit, drenching our morality, and escaping through a thousand channels to reach the haunts and hearts of mankind? We discovered our mistake just in time. The top step of the ladder had been reached, the volumes were on their way to the mausoleum on the highest shelf,—when our hand was stayed—a relenting smile passed across our face—we came down—the books were restored to the library table—the pen was resumed, and we set to work. By the time this process had been gone through, we had realized to ourselves the fact that while these three works are deficient in most of those qualities which can give sterling value to literature, and an enduring fame to their authors or heroes,—wanting in a connected and continuous interest, defective in character if not in tone and taste,—to a great extent destitute of curious, novel, and interesting information, and unennobled by original and comprehensive views of men and society—they possess one merit in common,—they are interspersed with odd, quaint, comical stories—with flashes of humour, in fact; and, at a sacrifice of our loftier sensibilities, draw from us, in numberless places, in spite of ourselves, a hearty laugh.

And, after all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good

thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage and moistens the eye of refinement,—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing,—throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Bully Bottom's transformation,—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides,—and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic! Half a dozen laughers round a table is a sight to see. But visit a popular assembly—a great multitude at a hustings, say,—or in a theatre. Go to see Buckstone. Observe, if you can keep yourself clear of the infection, the first approach of the throng towards laughing. The irregular, interrupted, confused disturbance, not quite fully participated in, or thoroughly welcome, but spreading, gathering, growing. See an uneasy commotion, as if people were making room amongst each other for an approaching riot, which demands play of elbow. Behold the colour mount, the universal visage widen, the general eye glisten as the wizard weaves his spell—be he clad in that irresistible Noah's Ark, or whatever other garb his supreme potency may please to assume. Watch the agitation increasing, the witchery becoming more and more ecstasically dominant, till to each movement, gesture, word, look, the whole mass responds in obe-

dient and simultaneous thunder, and rocks and roars and raves with awful regularity of pulsation, as the billows of mirth burst and surge upon the shore of reason, threatening to tear it into the abyss of madness. And then, as it dies off from sheer exhaustion, ever and anon, as some incontrollable sob relieves one overlaboured breast, the paroxysm gains fresh strength, and bursts into wild and wondrous abandonment once more.

In the limited societies amid which he moved, no man who ever lived had the power of exciting this short madness which is not anger, more thoroughly than the reverend divine of Combe Florey, Sydney Smith,—unless indeed we except a certain William Bankes, who is fabled to have overpowered even him. “When in good spirits,” says one who knew him well, “the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers and himself were at times fatigued with the merriment they excited.” His biographer relates that on some occasions the servants, forgetting all decorum, were obliged to escape to conceal their mirth. After a story,—““Oh, Mr. Sydney!” said a young lady, recovering from the general convulsion, ‘did you make all that yourself?’ ‘Yes, Lucy,’ throwing himself back in his chair and shaking with laughter, ‘all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;’ and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden.” This glimpse shows as much as any elaborate detail the power of the reverend Canon of St. Paul’s over the risible muscles of his auditory. Although refinement was a frequent attribute of that wit, and strong pungent philosophy and common sense occasionally dignified it, broad joke was its characteristic. Broad, blustering, boisterous fun. The roars he excited were partaken of by himself. Nay, he was chorægus of the cachinnation. He intoned the laugh of which the multiplied response was involuntary and from the heart. There can be little doubt in the mind

of any one who has read much of the literature of modern conversation, that of all the brilliant group of talkers of that day, our countryman Luttrell was the one whose observations were most pointed and whose wit was most sparkling. Rogers himself admits this. But in *humour* Sydney Smith stood alone. The humour was fresh, too,—you found the *deu* on it, as his friend Mr. Howard remarked. Out of so little, too! Take the following absurdity for instance—

“Talking of absence: ‘The oddest instance of absence of mind happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London; asked, ‘Is Mrs. B— at home?’ ‘Yes, Sir, pray what name shall I say?’ I looked in the man’s face astonished:—what name? what name? ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true, that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith.”

Or a still more utterly absurd anecdote—

“I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. “What is to pay?” “Pay, Sir? for what?” asked the turnpike-man. “Why, for my horse, to be sure.” “Your horse, Sir? what horse? Here is no horse, Sir.” “No horse? God bless me!” said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, “I thought I was on horseback.”

Rogers has continued to pick up, in his talk at table (as Boswellized by the Reverend Alexander Dyce,) some crumbs of the Canon of St. Paul’s, dropped from the board. “At one time,” he says, “when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. ‘Not at all,’ he replied; ‘above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.’”

This is quaint. The next is of doubtful merit. His physicians advised him to “take a walk upon an empty stomach.” He asked, “upon whose?”

Poor, dear old Lady Cork ! Well do we remember thee as thou satest amongst the young and light-hearted, using, at a hundred, the efforts of a school-girl to be young and light-hearted as they ! Not easily shall we forget the little white bundle of satin and muslin out of which a merry little eye peeped and a cheerful little voice piped, surmounted by a white-plumed turban, suggesting to a wag the resemblance to a shuttle-cock—"all cork and feathers." Nor will it quickly pass from our memory the start we gave when the little muffle of gauze sprung up, as the move of the ladies for the dining-room took place, and, leaning upon the arm of the loveliest of hostesses, actually gambolled, with infantine and (apparently) irrepressible *abandon*, to the door ! Her heart, all the time, was not quite as young as her ways. "Lady Cork," says Smith, "was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself."

But Smith's professional jokes were, after all, his happiest. We dare to add, in passing, that, as a rule, the church admits of a better class of conventional and technical wit than the bar. We feel a pang as we say this; for the vengeance of the long robe is before us; and they have a thousand ways of wreaking it—at this side of the grave, too; which makes a difference. But nevertheless, we must be candid. Whether it is that all men are and must necessarily be familiar with a portion of the technicalities which form the staple of clerical wit;—or that the very sense of the impropriety, according to the *Duchess de Longueville's* theory, enhances the charm, we will not decide: the fact is, in our estimation, incontrovertible. Church wit is universally relished and universally understood. Bar wit is only partially understood, and chiefly appreciated by barristers and those attorneys whom they entertain at dinner.

Let Sydney Smith speak for himself. "I had a very odd dream last night," said he; "I dreamed that there were thirty-nine muses and nine articles: and my head is still quite confused about them." We can imagine its being a little perplexing to

the waking divine to have got the idea, in an after-supper nap, that good old Burnet was the God of the Sun, and Apollo bishop of Sarum.

The few scraps we have been able to give, the reader will see, are chiefly gathered at second hand from Rogers. We have chosen them as the newest. It is only fair to the Canon Residentiary and laughter-loving Rector of Combe Florey, before turning from him, to relate one among the many traits of generosity of heart which so creditably distinguished him, and secured to him the affectionate regard of the great and good wherever he was known. A wag was he; and as a wag will he descend to posterity; but he was also a philosopher. He wrote, and he preached, and he spoke, and he joked, to the purpose. He was, however, better than all this. He was a man of kind, quick, and tender sensibility. And of this, our parting anecdote, characteristic as it is, shall satisfy the reader. We give it in his own words, as it is contained in a letter to his wife.

"I went over yesterday to the Tates at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton; the old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship, who had come from London for that purpose. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy. . . . I began by inquiring the character of their servant; then turned the conversation upon their affairs, and expressed a hope the Chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said, 'It is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living at Edmonton; and have written to our Chapter clerk this morning, to mention the person to whom I have given it; and I must also tell you, that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I have selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name?' 'No, we have not.' 'And, by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thomas Tate; in short,' I added, 'there is no use in mincing the matter, you are vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose, and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently."

There never was a story told which



bore on the face of it so palpable a stamp of truth. The whimsicality of the way in which the disclosure was made. The weeping and groaning of the kind-hearted humorist. The quick revulsion, and finale in the common chord of merriment ;—all this is genuine,—and points to the photographic accuracy of the self-narration.

Hydropathists assert that it is good for the human constitution to box oneself up in a vapour-bath, and when one is nearly suffocated, and the pulse is up to a hundred and twenty, to dart out, and plunge into ice-cold water. And thus it may, by some obscure analogy, be wholesome to start from the general philanthropy and overwhelming jocularity of Sydney Smith, and tumble head-foremost into Rogers. Rogers was a frequent visitor at Oatlands, where he often came across Thomas Raikes. Monk Lewis was a great favourite there, it seems. "One day after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected, his eyes filled with tears. We asked what was the matter. "Oh," replied Lewis, "the Duchess spoke so *very* kindly to me!"—"My dear fellow," said Colonel Armstrong, "pray don't cry; I daresay she didn't mean it."

This is good; and we bear the dash of vinegar, in the case of a man for whom we have little respect. It is otherwise when Byron comes on the table. The "table-talk" then begins to be offensive. The truth is, the revelations of modern literature, as one by one the contemporaries of the great bard die and disclose their secrets, offer a startling result. We find here, as in the case of one still less excusable, the further ramification of a wide-spread system of conventional depreciation, which seems to have existed as secretly as the Holy Vehm of Germany, and to have judged and executed with as little remorse. In Moore's case, there was the concurrent treason—the adulation of the book as it proceeded day by day, balanced off by the daily detraction of the journal. We do not find so much fault with Raikes, who speaks of the poet as a man of the world might be expected to do. But here we discover the heartless

half-Halifax, half-Dennis of his day—embellishing his table-talk with habitual sneers and innuendoes pointed against the man who had begun by honorably distinguishing him above his contemporaries, who continued to the last to keep his breast open to him, and of whom he had volunteered to sing,—

Thy heart, methinks,  
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn  
Of all things low or little; nothing there  
Sordid or servile.

How is all this to be accounted for! In one way—and in one only. Moore and Rogers *felt*, and it galled them—what Scott, more generous, *said*, without feeling galled—"Byron be me." Well, it only swells the noble bard's triumph. Of the cannon of a defeated enemy have the grandest monuments been reared to heroes. These little poisoned arrows are not enough to make a pillar of; but they may dangle as trophies over a tomb which called for an epitaph like Swift's: "save me from my friends;" for thus might it be paraphrased.

Well: now that we have made a clean breast of it, let us try to think no more about it. We wish from our soul that these pleasant, witty, sparkling fellows had not put it upon us to be seriously angry with them for a single instant. It is not our fault, but theirs. We have already forewarned the reader that as far as Sam Rogers is concerned, somewhat of an envious disparaging temper runs through all this table-talk of his. Perhaps it does not go farther than an absence of real freshness of feeling, where feeling is most ostentatiously paraded. It is the rouge assuming the place of the blush, that offends. A defect, this, which may, after all, let us charitably hope, be partly traced to the reporter, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, who may possibly—we speak without any disparagement to his own temper or principles—have only caught the pointed and poisoned ends of the poet's discourse on the target of his memory, and allowed the harmless shaft and the downy feather to quiver outside.

Nevertheless, it is certain, absence of heart weakens the wit in Rogers' instance as much as its presence, in that of Sydney Smith, strikingly enhances it. We do, after all, laugh

with a heartier abandonment when a slight touch of emotion ripples the fountain of tears. At the same time there are themes in which the heart has no concern : and here we have no fault to find. How well and shortly put is the following, in which the closing parenthesis forms the point !—

“An Englishman and a Frenchman having quarrelled, they were to fight a duel; and, that they might have a better chance of missing one another, they agreed that it should take place in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down—the Frenchman. (Whenever I tell this story in Paris, I make the Frenchman fire up the chimney.)

Talleyrand ought to have been a man after Rogers' own heart. Nobody said such good things as Talleyrand: yet here we have nothing worth recording, as coming from him. A few ordinary remarks and a strange account of Napoleon in a fit constitute the sum total. By the by, talking of Napoleon reminds us of an anecdote we remember to have heard many years ago related by a witty Scotch baronet, who had served in a regiment of dragoons in the French war, and who happened to visit Paris in 1802, during the short peace. Everyone flocked to pay court to the First Consul. Amongst these were numerous English officers, including militia in abundance. Whoever could make an excuse for a red coat, availed himself of it. A gentleman of some property in the neighbourhood of Kingston was amongst these; and appeared, his portly person arrayed in the conspicuous uniform of the Surrey militia. As he passed into the presence, Napoleon, not recognising the dress, put to him the question, “Quel regiment, monsieur?” The Saxon, whose French was more than that of “Stratford atte Bowe” than of Paris, felt suddenly at a loss: and after some hesitation stammered out—“Le regiment de Souris? Monsieur.” “Le regiment de souris,” repeated Napoleon, slightly frowning; but the next moment relaxing into a smile, added,—“Ah, apparemment c'est une uniforme de fantaisie que vous portez!”

There is something revoltingly characteristic of the man in the frequency with which Talleyrand's

thoughts and words turn upon apopleptic fits, sudden palsies, &c. He seems to revel in the convulsions of his friends as much as in those of empires. We all remember the scene at that dinner, where the *gourmet* archbishop had dropped upon his next neighbour's shoulder, and his servant, who was behind his chair, after trying in vain to unclench his master's teeth with a fork, pulled him out of the room to die, while the feast closed over him, and went on. Here we have it, on the same authority, that Napoleon had a fit at Strasburg, and foamed at the mouth. Raikes gives a choice *bon mot* on the same attractive subject:—

“Talleyrand's friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benigu host remarked with a sneer, ‘*C'est qu'il ne parait, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*’”

It appears that this prince of wits could indeed, like Scarron, jest with visitations of this shocking kind, even in his own person. Lord Stuart de Rothesay related the following anecdote to Raikes:—

“The Prince was unwell at Paris, some years ago, but wished to take a journey into the country. Stuart called upon him, and strongly advised him to defer the journey; which he fortunately did, and in two days afterwards he was seized with a fit, from which he only recovered by severe bleeding. After a few days Stuart paid him another visit, and found him quite well, eating some soup, when Talleyrand said, ‘*C'est bien heureux que je ne sois pas parti pour la campagne; je calcule que je serois arrivé à Chartres le jour de ma maladie; j'aurois de suite envoyé chercher des sangsues chez mon ami l'Evêque; il est très dévot, il ne m'auroit envoyé que l'extrême onction, et je ne serois pas sûrement ici à manger ma soupe aujourd'hui.*’”

We had hoped to have entered more at our leisure upon Mr. Raikes's volumes,—the rather as we wished to make the *amende* for what might appear a too disparaging tone with reference to them, when we first mentioned them. The fact is, they are a great deal better worth reading than one at least of the other books we have been quoting. A fuller in-

sight is given in their pages into the best society of London and Paris twenty years ago, than we remember to have found elsewhere. A diary is scrupulously kept; and although it is here and there much too frequently eked out by cuttings from the newspapers, there is less of self and more of others than in that of the other journalizer of that day, whose notes have been of late so prominently before the public—we mean Thomas Moore. Thomas Raikes was, as we have said, an undistinguished but regular habitué of the salons and drawing-rooms of London and Paris. In that capacity he saw, heard, read, and wrote diligently. It would be more appropriate to say that he looked, listened, studied, and noted down diligently. He was all eye, ear, and hand; and, except where his passion for toadyism carried him away, he may be considered as having been a shrewd and competent judge of character. The portion of the journal we have here was written while he lived *en retraite* in Paris. But he seemed all the while to know as much of the *dessous des cartes* of London life as if he was connected with it by the telegraphic wire. How he was blinded by the rays of royalty and aristocracy is abundantly and constantly manifest to any one who reads his book. Those who do not, will be amused by such entries as this. Raikes had just presented the Duke of York with a picture of Louis XV. when a boy. The following was the reply (bad English and all):—

"Dear Raikes,

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for the picture which you have been so good as to send me.

"You do not do it justice in abusing the painting of it; besides which, I think it extremely curious, and will, I can assure you, be considered by me as a great addition to my collection.

"Ever, my dear Raikes,

"Yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

The literary value of this document, as a specimen of the epistolary style, can only be equalled by its worth as a memorial of affection: both may be left to be determined by those who can see with the eyes of Mr. Raikes.

Here is an interesting obituary. It deserves to be placed beside the epitaph of Lady O'Looney.

"Tuesday, 16th April, 1883. — A sad, melancholy day. At seven o'clock this morning died my deeply-regretted friend Lord Foley. One short week's illness has carried him to the grave. For twenty-five years have I lived with him in the closest intimacy, and never knew a kinder or more friendly heart than his. The unbounded hospitality of his nature brought him into pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the latter years of his life; and I very much fear that anxiety of mind contributed to render his last illness fatal. He was of a noble and princely disposition; a kind, affectionate parent, and a warm friend. He married the sister of the Duke of Leinster, and has left eight children. He was lord of the bedchamber, and captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners to the present King."

But it will not do to make selections in an invidious spirit. The reader who turns over these volumes will sometimes light upon matter which will interest, amuse, and instruct him. A good healthy tone of politics pervades the journal. Mr. Raikes was a conservative on principle as well as from personal friendships; and often deals shrewdly with party questions then perplexing the wisest heads in England. But he is best in his *croquis* of character. No where do we find Beau Brummell so freely and delicately sketched as here. He was an intimate of Beau Raikes; who understood his rival thoroughly, yet depicts him with a kindly and unvenious pen. Some of the events recorded are to be found both in the journal and in the Table Talk. For instance, the Marchioness of Salisbury's death in 1835. Here the wit and the beau exhibit their several peculiarities. Rogers has a *ally soupçon* of humour crossing his pathetic. "Ah," he exclaims, "the fate of my old acquaintance, Lady Salisbury! The very evening of the day on which the catastrophe occurred, I quitted Hatfield; and I then shook her by the hand,—that hand which was so soon to be a cinder!" "Thus," says Raikes, musing after his manner, "perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Downshire." On one point, however, the man of letters and the man of *ton* differ. "She was one of the beauties of her day," says Raikes. "She never had any pretensions to

beauty," says Rogers. Both these men were of an age to have been able to judge for themselves. Rogers was thirteen years younger than Lady Salisbury. Raikes was twenty years younger. She retained her youthful appearance, such as it was, to an advanced age; and both knew her early in their lives. Raikes, after describing her adherence to old customs, informs us that after the disfranchisement of the boroughs, her ladyship went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, "with the exception, that to the last she bid defiance to reform." We have heard from another source, that her pride, which was excessive, indulged itself in unmeasured scorn of the Lamb family. This broke out into furious paroxysms when a member of it became premier. It appears that the ancestors of that house, for one or two generations, had been men of business connected with the property of the Cecils. The Dowager, on one occasion, being asked how the Lambs made their money, replied, with magnificent generalization—"By robbing the Lords Salisbury!"

We must quit these pleasant, if not quite satisfactory pages. In the case of the first published of the works we have glanced at, scarcely more could have been looked for than what has actually been given. It was the misfortune of Sydney Smith to have been, in society, what Barham was in poetic literature, a professed drole, who was expected to act up to his character. A misfortune for themselves in each of these instances,—for this reason, that both of the men belonged to a profession which refused to licence the legitimate performance of their rôle; and possessed talents that might have ensured them a more forward place in their respective walks than they could ever attain by bolting into burlesque. The two canons of St. Paul's thus gravitated by their levity, as Horne Tooke said of himself; but, what was worse, deprived the world, the one of a bold and brilliant philosopher and philanthropist, if not a distinguished divine, —the other of a rich and harmonious poet. Taking it for granted, then, that Sydney Smith mistook his part in life,—perhaps, it might be said, forfeited his best claims upon our respect, by relinquishing his true and noblest vocation, it could not reason-

ably be expected that his biographer, with every pious intention, could produce a full continuous flowing narrative of her father's life. Gracefully as Lady Holland, (or rather Lady Holland's mother;—for the memoir was composed principally by her, and at her death came into her daughter's hands for publication,) gracefully and feelingly, we say, as the biographer has performed her task, it is easy to see the disadvantages under which she laboured—disadvantages, nevertheless, by which the public are not quite losers to a proportionate extent; since the biographical memoir (taken along with the correspondence) may probably be as *entertaining* in its present form—or formlessness—as it would have been had it been drawn from more uniform materials in a more regular way.

We have already explained—at least hinted—in what way Rogers's reminiscences must be considered defective. They do not, indeed, aspire or pretend to be more than a foretaste of what is to come. The public had a right to expect, nevertheless, that these first pressings of the grape should have had at least the average amount of flavour and strength. Can we believe that such is the case? If we must, then let us not fret ourselves with impatience for what remains. It will not be tokay. We can afford to wait. But there is one hope. These table-sayings are selections made by another. Let us not pronounce till we hear what the poet-wit has to say for himself. We have seen what memories of him have lived in the brain of a friend. Let us bide our time, and see what his own "pleasures of memory" have been.

In giving to the world any reminiscences, however, of such men as these, an editor cannot make a mistake. As public characters themselves, their lives and thoughts are public property. No apology is necessary for presenting them to the world, in any commonly respectable garb. The same excuse will not serve in a case such as that of the publication of Mr. Thomas Raikes's diary. There was nothing to call it forth. It might have remained in manuscript, in the hands of his family, and the world could not and would not have complained. And consequently, when it does appear, a more rigid rule of criticism

must naturally be applied to it than in the other case. It will be asked—is it presumption, or is it not, that thus prompts the publication of the private journal of a private gentleman, who lived at a period not yet to be treated as historic? The answer to this question will depend upon the contents of the book,—how it is written—what it is about. We have already acquitted the editor of blame on this score. We venture to predict that the public will very generally agree in the verdict. With every disposition to vindicate the negative as well as positive rights of readers as regards the matter submitted to

them, we have felt justified in pronouncing that the student of life and manners would have been a loser had this journal been withheld. It forms a pleasant and readable addition to the stock of individual experiences on which a general estimate of the tone and temper and complexion of English and French polite society within the last twenty years will have some day to be made. With all its faults and some short-comings, it enables us to commend, as we do, the zeal of the editor which has forced through these discouraging circumstances into print a private diary not undeserving of public notice.

## THE DARRAGH.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DARRAGH AND ITS MASTER.

Loomed the mansion stark and lofty, spread the common brown and bare,  
 Yet the woods behind were peopled, for God's foresters were there:  
 Many a challenge gave the tempest from the red and scowling sky,  
 Many a challenge spoke the torrent as it swept in anger by.  
 Yet they answered not—these Oak-trees:—standing there all mute and lone,  
 Like the still ones in the story by the Wizard turned to stone;  
 Till their children came upon them with the balmy Summer air,  
 Then the deep heart stirred within them, and their green leaves murmured prayer.  
*Ireland—a Threnody.*

It was a cold bright afternoon in the month of March, 18—; the morning had been gusty, and the sun was going down amidst a glare of copper and fiery clouds, indicative of angry weather, and presaging a stormy night. Its dying rays were now kindling on the top of a broad belt of dark fir trees, which ran in a circle of nearly two miles around a smooth green lawn, slightly sloping up towards the north, and terminating in an extremely large and old fashioned mansion, with a low roof, balustraded clumsily, and heavily chimned, and flanked at each side by a tall weather-cock; both of which having been blown out of repair during a tempest in the reign of his Gracious Majesty, George the Second, had stiffened in their sockets, and now pointed obstinately and hopelessly to separate points of the compass. The front of the house was singularly wanting in physiognomy, presenting an unbroken

surface of facial stupidity and flatness, relieved by a few sickly creepers, which, straggling here and there, looked like the thin ringlets on the cheek of an aged spinster. Before the door was a small pleasure ground defended by a ha-ha; the avenue was a mile long to the high road, terminating in two lofty and elaborately worked iron gates, which were hinged on great columns of white stone, each supporting an heraldic cockatrice or griffin, boldly but roughly carved, as it rested its paw on a sloping scutcheon, with a scroll beneath on which was traced the word "*Decrevi*," being manifestly the motto, shield, and crest of the proprietor of the mansion. From each side of the old gates ran a wall which girdled the whole demesne—once strong and defensive, now full of large gaps where the stones had given way to the ceaseless hammer of old time, or fallen beneath the green but fatal blandishments of the ivy.

Beyond the park, to the west and south, the land trended away into sandy flats, broken by hillocks, where millions of rabbits burrowed and bred; this stretch of warren was half a mile across, and terminated in a hard and sloping sea beach, on which the long bright waves of the Atlantic leaped and thundered heavily day and night; never ceasing their motion, and only varying their sound as the weather roughened or calmed.

All behind the old house were great oak woods, from whence the place had its name of "Darragh," which word I was always told was the Celtic for "The Oaks." This wood was intersected by a hundred paths, and the legend in the country was, that half a century before the commencement of my narrative, the red deer of Ireland had been running free amidst these trees, and "under their high and melancholy boughs." The wood went up for nearly two miles to the base of a mountain range: there was Slieve-na-Quilla, or the Hill of the Eagle; Slieve-na-Kill, or the Church Mountain, where was a ruin and a waterfall; and Slieve-na-Phooca, or the Demon Hill: this chain went off westward, and terminated in some table land, and a bluff head or cliff which beetled boldly over the Atlantic, and where a pair of great sea eagles, which are the largest of that noble tribe of birds, had had their eyrie from time immemorial. Just at the place where the wood came to an end, a rapid stream issued from a gorge, and rushed tumbling and foaming through its boulders and over its rocks, and after running a short and angry course of three miles, brawling and raving amidst the old oaks, as if it were chafing at their imperturbability, it lost itself in the ocean, like the early death of a restless and wayward child.

Such was the landscape which now reddened beneath the slant sunset of the cold evening, and the scene would have well illustrated a picture of solitariness, had not the great iron gates at this moment been swung slowly back, and a large and heavy travelling carriage entered the avenue from the road. It was a plain brown britzka, drawn by four post horses, and containing as many people in the body, besides servants in the dickeys. In a few minutes it had reached the

hall door: forth from this carriage stepped lightly a very tall and spare old man, singularly erect and graceful, and combining in his countenance the two adverse expressions of sternness and gentleness, only the former seemed to have been an acquired, the latter a natural quality: the large, bright, brown eye was that of the eagle, while the smile was as sweet as a woman's. And this was my uncle, General Nugent, and the master of "The Darragh." After him descended his niece, my sister; then leaped forth my stripling self; and to complete the *partie quarrée*, out stepped Mr. Montfort, an Englishman, a kinsman, and a friend. As the servants came to the door to welcome and receive us; as the splashed and dust-stained britzka turned, and went round to the stables to be divested of its boxes; as we all stood on the broad door-steps, silent and very still in the crimson dusky light of the dying day, surveying the scene, and listening to the distant surge and thunder of the sea; boy as I was, and circled by all I loved, I felt a gloom, and a presaging of misfortunes, as if connected with the red light in which we were standing, and the leafless desolation of the landscape which was around us; and the break of the sea on the beach seemed to me to be like dull thunder-drums, beating on to some funeral procession, or scene of ghastly execution.

These feelings—unaccountable at the time, and quite unusual to me, however, rapidly passed away as we entered the house. A large oblong hall received us, low ceiled and having a great billiard table and oak settles by the walls: the drawing-room was on the left, a bright and wholesome little old room, full of worsted screens, hyacinth roots, geraniums, and rare china, and dressed up in chintz furniture of a lively pattern, like an ancient lady affecting juvenility. On the right of the hall was an extensive dining-room, so long that it was a standing complaint of our cooks that the viands were cooled in the length of their transmission from the door to the dinner table! On the left side of the wide fireplace stood an immense black leathern chair, tall backed, deep seated, broad armed, and mounted with dark tin, something in the manner of a coffin. This piece of furniture was never moved;

indeed I believe most of our servants considered it to be incapable of mobility ; and to be rooted to the floor as firmly as the oldest oak of the Darragh ; and this was the belief of my childhood also. Its face was two thirds to the fire, its long black back stared at the door ; and here on each winter evening sat the general, with his length of limb extended on the hearthrug, while the wood billets crackled and roared up the chimney. This chair had a terrible association with it, which was whispered in the servants' hall, which was murmured in the kitchen, which was smiled at in the parlour. Some ten years ago a young housemaid of an hysterical temperament had gone into the parlour at midnight, intent on the recovery of a missing duster, when what should meet her eyes but the figure of old Admiral Nugent, the builder of the house, and who had been dead for half a century, sitting up in the chair with his wooden leg protruding from its seat ; dressed in full uniform—blue and gold, and cocked hat : "the very moral of his picture on the landing place," said the alarmed damsel, who had instantly faced about and fled, but assured her credulous hearers that she saw the figure in the chair turn round, and slowly get up ; and as she clapt the door, and made all sail down the kitchen stairs, she protested she heard the Admiral with his wooden leg go hop—hop—hop along the floor, in hurried pursuit after her. True it was that next morning the General indulged in a most sceptical burst of laughter when he heard it, saying like Hamlet, "I would I had been there," and his mirth was confirmed when Martin the footman confessed to his having been in the parlour late that night, "putting the table to rights," and to his having left his livery coat over the arm of the chair, and the hearth-brush on the seat, through a mere chance : yet for all this, Susan's story found favour and great acceptance, and if a door chanced to rattle in the house after midnight, "oh it was the old Admiral on his dreadful wooden leg, stumping up and down the large parlour, mistaking it no doubt, the craythur—for the deck of his own ship." Or if the wind would blow through some ill-closed casement, or come roaring down the chimney, "sure 't was himself humming or whistling

his wicked sea songs," as imagination painted him lolling up in the chair all night, drinking ghostly grog, and beating time to his own music against the hearthstone with his formidable lignean leg.

This old officer had been famous for his bravery, his eccentricity, and I am sorry to say his wickedness ; he had purchased this place nobody knew why ; and lived here every body knew how. The house originally had been a shooting lodge of Lord—but when the "ancient Mariner" took possession of it, he built it out at both sides ; adding considerably to its breadth and depth ; patching it from year to year with returns, and wings, and new erections, till it had attained to its present outward condition of ugly respectability. The house at first contained as many windows as Argus had eyes, and within, innumerable landing places, lobbies, narrow galleries and gangways, spiral staircases, and ups and downs of all shapes, and such odd contrivance, that it required the exercise of a strong organ of locality to enable a stranger guest, on the morning after his arrival, to make his way with any degree of geographical accuracy to the reception room where he had supped on the previous night. It was also full of lockers, cupboards, and closets of all kinds, mao'-war fashion. Bulkheads loomed at you from the end of every corridor ; figure-heads grinned at you from above the bed-room doors ; with all its windows there was little light ; there were very many rooms for all, but no room for any, and a *tarey* atmosphere pervaded the whole house ; and thus this brave admiral, but bad artificer, had left it, spending the last ten years of his life ever cobbling and contriving and changing ; and, dying at last, he bequeathed it to his heir ; in all that concerns internal arrangement, a standing satire on architecture, and a lath-and-plaster libel on every domiciliary convenience. His heir was my uncle—at that time at a military college ; and he often told me of the number of cartloads of rubbish he had to draw away before the mansion had acquired the very tolerable degree of comfort which it now possessed. The Admiral had died rich, and when his "testamentary dispositions" came on the tapis, (to use the language of his man of business, who I presume

was a butcher's son) "had cut up well." The same passion for patchwork which originated his architecture at home actuated his purchases abroad, and much money and care were spent in buying up land and farms all around him, as old leases fell in, or people left the country; so that my uncle became a considerable landed proprietor on the death of his relative; and as he had six years of a minority to elapse, he found himself a wealthy man on the day he came into possession of his estates and their savings.

And as he sits at the head of his own dinner-table, the perfect model of a high bred and noble hearted old Irish gentleman, bear with me while I sketch him, and those who were now with him, the guests of his pleasant and his plenteous board.

General Almericus Nugent, colonel of the — Hussars, was the scion of a most noble family who had come to Ireland at the time of her conquest in 1160, when Henry the Second enslaved her civilly, and sold her spiritually to his countryman Adrian Breakspere, the Pope of Rome: this Nugent or Nogent had intermarried with De Lacie, "the great constable's" family, and had acquired large lands in an internal county. He is mentioned by all the chroniclers, Stanishurst, Holingahed, and Camden. One of his descendants, and the immediate ancestor of my uncle, when a young officer travelled in Sweden, and having been introduced at court, became a favorite with Gustavus Adolphus, who made him his aid-de-camp. Changing his religion, he married a Lutheran countess, an attachée of the Queen's court, and was present at Leipsig, Nuremburgh and Lutzen; after which last disastrous day he came to London, being well received at the court of King Charles; and his picture, painted by Vandyke, is at this moment looking down at me from my library wall, with its stern swarthy features, its large melancholy eyes, its thin and determined lip, and its low but broad shoulders, exhibiting a cuirass of blue steel, relieved by a white collar of point lace, elaborately worked and beautifully painted. This Count Nugent seems to have transmitted the military spirit through all his descendants: my uncle's father had been a

soldier; and so had mine also. He was a colonel of infantry, and was shot in a storming attack in the breaches of —, dying gallantly at the head of his regiment. Almost at the same time that he departed this life, I commenced to live: my mother survived her husband but a few years, and then my sister and I took up our happy residence with our dear and generous uncle. He was, indeed, a worthy descendant of the old iron "thirty years wars" man, and was, "ay, every inch, a soldier." He was esteemed a very brilliant dragoon officer, and had headed one or two dashing cavalry charges in the early campaign of the Peninsular war. He had been frequently wounded, and few who saw him on the evening I speak of, looking so graceful and so eminently handsome, and with such ease of motion in that spare but erect form—could ever have supposed that his body was covered with cicatrices, and that he would often pass a sleepless night from pain, at any change of weather.

On his right hand sat my sister Madeline. She was much my senior in years, and had been to me in *loco matris* during my whole life. She was a handsome graceful woman of thirty years or more. Courtesy must needs be an indifferent chronicler after a lady has passed her majority. She was dark eyed, and was of stately presence, had a small and well set head, like the general's, and was an equestrian *du premier rang*, having ridden since ever she was a child; and, trust me, no woman ever sits her horse either gracefully or firmly, unless she has been accustomed to it from her very early years. My sister was often considered by strangers as haughty, but this was an error; there was no gentler being than Madeline, and the breaking forth of a sportive and happy temper, combined with affections of a rare warmth, rendered her an object of great endearment to her intimates, while her active and liberal benevolence, for she was my uncle's almoner, made her to be regarded with great love and respect among the poor.

Opposite to her sat John Montfort, Esq. of the County of Salop—a warm friend; a keen sportsman; well born; not quite so well bred; and only tolerably well looking; a rough,



manly, honest Englishmen, about forty years of age, a great admirer of the general, including his preserves, his fishing river, his grouse mountain, and, if observation could be trusted, of his fair niece also; who, I believe, was now the chief attraction, and the cause of his coming to settle in this solitary county of ours.

It only remains to describe myself, a boy of eighteen, sitting at the foot of my uncle's table, and his reputed heir. In person I was nearly as tall as the general, whom I much resembled in outward appearance. It may seem vain in me to say so, but it was the old trick of kind nature, and both my sister and I could not help it that we participated in the advantages of being personally like our dear uncle. My mind was unformed, or, rather say, was in a process of formation. I was fond of books, music, scenery, and horses; had over-strained and romantic notions of human worth, fidelity, love, friendship, honour, &c., &c., and wished for nothing more than that my character and conduct should be conformed to that of the general, whom I justly regarded as a pattern of all that was noble and upright.

I would not close my tableau without the introduction of two other inferior figures, who had lived with us so long and served us so well, that they were regarded as a portion of our integral selves. One was my uncle's grim valet, Lemuel Bickerdyke by name; Yorkshire by birth; a soldier from his boyhood; as slender and as stiff as a ramrod; on the churchyard side of sixty; an inveterate martinet in punctuality, person, and habits; a determined old bachelor if not altogether a misogynist, with a set of dark features as immovable as if they had been made to order in Sheffield, and cast in an iron mould: seldom smiling, and then, like the Sardonie gentleman in Julius Cæsar, "in such a sort as if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit that could be moved to smile at anything." But rarely speaking, and then invariably in monosyllables, or if a longer word was inevitable, paring it down before and behind as closely as he could to his own standard of abbreviation: thus, when speaking to my uncle, he would pronounce his title as if it was spelt *gen'l*; and indeed often omitting the two last letters altogether. Yet this

man was brave, honest, sober, and shrewd, and greatly attached to my uncle, having served all the campaigns with him, and riding in the ranks of his regiment, where, from his odd habit of verbal elision, he obtained the nickname of "Corporal Monosyllabic," which, in imitation of his own style, was curtailed to "Corporal Mon;" so that even in our family he was called nothing but "Mon," or "The Corporal," which appellation seemed to please him well, he shewing no more dissatisfaction at the sobriquet, than he evinced satisfaction at my uncle, who alone persisted in always giving him the respect of addressing him by his proper name of Lemuel.

The other person I would fain speak a few words of was Rebecca Elliot; or, as she invariably styled herself in her bald northern fashion, Backy Elliott. She had been Madeline's and my nurse; was flat-faced and faithful: loving as a whole cage-full of doves, yet obstinate as a stable full of mules; generally in the wrong in the opinion of others, yet universally in the right in the estimation of herself; having a preposterous idea of her own importance, respectability, family, and so forth, and at all times keenly, though without noise, contending for the establishment of the ascendancy of self among the other servants; who, if they at all resisted her encroachments, she would in tones of contemptuous commiseration designate as "poor foolish bodies! ignorant craythurs! they ken na better." Or if the domestics were English, or stars of a higher order, like Madeline's maid or "The Corporal," she would then say in rather a gentler voice, "Egh, but it's a peety, poor thing: she's sae cocked up;" or, "The Lord save us, but that ould dragoon is grand and steff. Well, but he's a decent body for a' that."

And indeed there should have been more sympathy between these two domestics, as Becky's moral qualities were fully equal to those of "The Corporal;" both their tempers were a little rusty, no doubt, and Montfort who said hard things called them "the two Kitchen Bulldogs." However, to each other they were invariably civil, though distant and chilly.

My uncle had come to the country, deeming his presence necessary, for

his agent had apprized him that the peasantry were restless, and the district disturbed. One of those sudden volcanic throes which come on at periods among this impulsive people was now beginning to shake the neighbourhood. Cattle were loughed at night, water-courses destroyed, and threatening letters received; and the Government had sent to the neighbouring village a reinforcement of police: but, said the gentler mind of many, "there is distress in the country; wages are low, food dear, and but little employment given: we shall see better things when better times arrive." So said many, and so said General Nugent, who was a thoroughly kind and generous landlord, and was here now actuated by the desire to benefit by his influence, his care, and his purse the poor people he had heard so evil a report of.

Our dinner was over, and my sister had just left the room, when the tramp of a horse was heard on the gravel, and immediately afterwards the servant ushered in another member of the family, and one destined to fill an important niche among the living characters of this narrative. The new comer was short and set; well dressed, and neatly limbed; with light hair, pale face and soft grey eyes; being rather well looking, if not so effeminate; something wild in his manner, but with the wildness well concealed: a master of arts indeed as to his power of reserve; with a walk which he appeared to be always labouring to keep from breaking into a strut; with an air of almost irrepressible self-satisfaction, coupled with the most deferential voice, humble bearing, and the meekest expressions: with a courtesy chronic and unfeeling, but artificial, as if he had put it on with his cravat every morning: a keen but cool man of business; and a devoted worshipper of the God Plutus, and of all those whom that Deity honored. Such was Gilbert Nugent Kildoon, my uncle's nephew, and now sole agent for his estate. His mother was the General's eldest sister, and resided at the Darragh during his long absences with his regiment. Here she had met Gilbert's father in the way of business. He was a low attorney, and practised in the neighbouring village; but he was a young man and comely to behold;

she had 40 years on her shoulders, 400 grey hairs in her head, and 4000 charms in the pages of her banker's book: and so she married him for his person, and he wedded her for her pelf, and both had their reward; for he was an ill-conditioned fellow, and having spent all her money, and broken her heart by ill usage, he killed himself shortly afterwards, dying of the combined effects of drunkenness and madness, and ending his days in a lunatic asylum. His only child was this Gilbert, whom my uncle at once took into his house, giving him a good education as a boy; and a good farm when he attained to manhood—and finally appointing him his agent, with a liberal per centage on his rents, on condition that he should be a constant resident on the property.

He greeted us all most warmly, except Mr. Montfort, whom he seemed to dislike, and who, truth to say, treated him with superlative nonchalance.

"Well, Gilbert," said my uncle, "sit down and have some wine: we have to thank you for all our house arrangements being so nice; nothing has been forgotten. Now tell me how are the people behaving; and have they employment? Nothing brought me from London, where I am really wanted just now, but the wish to do some little good among them. I intend to spade up the eight-acre meadow, and if you can find me 30 or 40 able bodied diggers willing to work hard, I will pay them a high rate of wages till the spring and summer work comes on. I intend also getting up a soup kitchen in my yard for the very poor, and as long as I am here no man or woman shall want a meal's meat."

Kildoon replied by expressing his satisfaction at the General's plans. "At present the people were suffering; agrarian outrage much on the increase; work not to be had, food scarce, and feelings bitter. See," said he, producing a pair of small screw pistols from his breast-pocket, "I cannot ride over here without these friends to take care of me." The General shook his head sadly.

"I am sure," added Gilbert, "that other causes are agitating the people, which we can't reach either by the pressure of kindness or of force; emissaries from distant counties have been

here ; secret societies have sprung up ; they have revived the old foolish story of their possessing the ancient title deeds to the estates forfeited under Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and have ventured to say that "the Darragh" and its castle, as they call this house, belong to Dominick M'Hanlon, one of your tenants, and grandson to the farmer from whom the Admiral purchased this place at three times its value nearly a hundred years ago.

"These are bad—very bad things to hear, Gilbert," said my uncle, "but kindness can do much. We must try and kill this evil spirit by the introduction of a good and forbearing spirit of active and liberal benevolence ; and should we fail, it will be consoling to remember that we did all we could."

So saying, he arose from the table and walked to the fire, Gilbert following him, and holding him in conversation, which gradually sunk to a whisper : whereupon Mr. Montfort and I left the room, but not before we had heard the word "eviction," coupled with that gentleman's name, which caused my friend to assume a stern look and very lofty port. We crossed the hall. The moonbeams were playing on the old oak settle and billiard table, and we opened the house door to look out on the night, and watch the moon racing over the white storm-patches in the sky. With a smile of contempt Montfort spoke ;

"Kildoon has been, I see, complaining of my doings among my refractory tenants to your uncle : I would advise him to let me and my affairs alone. Walter," he added, "be always honest and straightforward ; you have no example in your cousin, whom I consider a double-faced fellow. He has much pride and vanity under all that surface of humility. Last year we met in Germany, I think it was at Mayence, and there Mr. Kildoon wrote his name in the hotel visitors' book as "Gilbert Nugent, Rentier,"—leaving out altogether his real name, which at all events in these parts is rather plebeian, and subscribing himself as a "rentier," when he has nothing to do with rents but the receiving of them as a paid agent. Was not this most contemptible ? He wanted to make up to me at the "table d'hôte,"

but I kept him at a respectful distance. I don't like such humbug ; no man should be ashamed of his name or his calling, if they are honest ones. Look at the General, and compare this Kildoon with him : your uncle is a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche* ; he is a preux chevalier for honour ; a pillar of integrity and truth, clear as the day ; you have a noble pattern in him ; but, Walter, you are young, and know nothing of mankind, and like your uncle you are singularly unsuspicious. This Kildoon is seven or eight years your senior, and as knowing as a Doncaster jockey ; watch him well, and don't trust him one inch beyond what you can help, for he is clever enough to give a much wiser man than you a heavy fall, and he may do so yet."

So saying, the doughty Montfort stalked slowly into the drawing-room, leaving me not at all obliged, but on the contrary rather indignant at his speech : first, because he had ignored my knowledge of the world—a thing on which every lad of eighteen piques himself, for it is not till he arrives

"At thirty, man suspects himself a fool."

I who had been educated at an English school, and visited the Continent on two occasions ! I not to know mankind ! how extremely absurd of Mr. Montfort !—and secondly, I was vexed at his depreciation of my cousin, who was at all events most kind and attentive to me, and whom I had no cause to suspect as Montfort did. Truly, thought I, this Englishman takes great liberties ; and so with a mein as proud as my adviser's I joined the party in the drawing room.

Gilbert left us early ; he had only a short mile to ride across the park to a place called the Island House where he lived. Before he mounted his cob, he looked well to his priming—we had no caps in those days ; and he set off from the hall-door at a furious gallop on the grass.

He took away all business with him, and music commenced. Madeline had a fine contralto, Montfort a well-taught bass, and I contributed rather a sweet tenor. We sang the lovely melodies of Moore, just then becoming fashionable—"The Fox's Sleep," "The Young Man's Dream," "The twisting of the rope." The

general paced the room with his chest expanded, his hands behind his back ; the clouds of thought had fallen back from his brow, a sparkle was in his large eye, a smile on his happy lip, as he trod the carpet with a short

swinging cavalry step, a delighted and sympathizing auditor of our strains ; although a band of Caravats might have been platooning in his lawn at the very time, or skulking amidst the old forest paths of the Darragh.

## CHAPTER II.

## "THE DARRAGH" AND ITS SHADOW.

Oh, heart of deep unrest,  
By love and sorrow torn ;  
Wild sea-rock by the billows pæst,  
Thou stand'st forlorn.  
Ah why this early doom ?  
Where life and gladness part—  
Why has thine own hand reared the tomb  
Which prisons thine own heart ?  
Thy foes have dealt thee wrong ;  
Thy own hand wrought thee sorrow ;  
These clouds but to thy past belong,  
And bright may be thy morrow.  
Then turn thee, for along the way  
Uprise the dawns of thy day.  
Then grieve thee—for 'tis meet to mourn  
For pardoned guilt and bootless ill ;  
Forget thy wrath ; dismiss thy scorn ;  
Proud heart ! be still—be still,

*Ireland, a Threnody.*

ABOUT two miles beyond our avenue gate, sat smiling conceitedly upon a hill the little town of Ballynatrasna. Truth to say, it was a mere village, but the self-importance of the small locality had assumed the larger title, and custom had now converted it into an unquestioned fact. It was after all but a juvenile place, computing its age by civic chronology, having only been built about forty years. It was not exactly the county town, but rather the self-constituted metropolis of the neighbourhood where it presided, and was indeed the only emporium of trade and traffic for many a circling mile ; and having a good river, the Trasna, which was navigable from the sea up to its very streets, it waxed saucy, and prosperous in mercantile matters of a minute kind ; trading in coals, corn, and fish ; and, if the truth be told, not a little smuggled tea and tobacco. It had a small neat church, where the family at the Darragh attended on Sunday ; a large straggling Roman Catholic chapel, with a bare and very damp interior, and clay floor ; a rickety tawdry inn, half hostel, half shebeen-house, with the gentleman proprietor

lounging at the door in a torn coat. It had also a smug and solid limestone police barrack, standing coldly in a small cabbage garden, and having in its upper windows metal balconies pierced with round holes for the insertion of a musket barrel. It also exhibited the united triad of houses found in almost every country village in Ireland—namely, the apothecary's, the attorney's, and the parish priest's—three traders, respectively, on our stomach, our purse, and our inward man. The first of these mansions was dingy and unclean, like that of a man who was not succeeding in the world—the place being most unfortunately salubrious ; the second was a deep and solid house—clean, and large, and well painted, with bright brasses and shining windows—like that of a man who was doing right well in the world ; and the third was dark, blinded up and batchelorly, like that of a man who did not choose to let the world know what he was doing.

Up the street of this town, about a month after the conversation narrated in the foregoing chapter, rode three horsemen. First, there was

my uncle, with his kind smile and handsome person, mounted on one of his famous Yorkshire bays—a magnificent animal, which had cost him two hundred guineas, and which was the pride and wonder of the field in the hunting season. Next there was our friend Mr. Montfort, who bestrode a powerful brown horse, which carried him to cover and was a favorite. This gentleman, by virtue of his having purchased a property between Ballynatrasna and the sea, had now been given the commission of the peace, which office he prosecuted with zeal and unflinching activity. The third horseman was myself, mounted on an animal called "The Highflier,"—a strong half-bred, but very hot horse, which was well known by the country people as having been bred in my uncle's stables, and broken and trained by myself while yet a mere youth.

It was market-day at Ballynatrasna; the streets were lined on either side by cars, stalls, and tables containing goods for sale; the crowd was dense, and a sea of waving caubeens appeared to occupy the centre of the road, and fill the space between the booths; save when its surface was broken by the disturbance caused by some perverse pig, who, held by a cord tied to his leg, straggled and struggled against its fetter, screaming loudly as if it were appealing to the sympathy of the whole porcine population around, against the illegality of its detention; or again, when the crowd was cleft asunder by some old green gig, advancing slowly amidst the hats and cloaks, like a boat amidst the breakers; and containing either a superannuated farmer, too fat or too lazy to walk, or haply the priest from a neighbouring parish, come to look after some of his four-legged sheep, or dispose of a fat heifer. The peasantry wore their appropriate costume: the men were mostly purple-hosed and frieze-coated; brogued and shillelaed; the women red-cloaked and blue-petticoated; most of them having dark Spanish faces, and light and even graceful figures: either party forming a living hedge on the right hand and on the left, and staring hard at us with wondering and upturned faces, as we slowly rode through them. We were recognized by many, and voices would ex-

claim, "Your Honour is welcome to the country," and "Well, but I'm proud to see you, General," issued from many a lip in the rich and cordial brogue of the M— peasantry. "Well, Master Walter, but it's tall you are; troth and it's the very moral of the General you are getting, alanna." "And sits on the highflier like a huntsman, bedad." These and sundry other remarks, polite and personal, were discharged at us like *bons-bons* at a Roman carnival, as we rode between the ranks of the complimentary public: but I remarked that no man greeted Montfort—which I ascribed at the time not to any personal unpopularity, but to his being an Englishman and a stranger.

On reaching the well-conditioned mansion before mentioned, my uncle and I alighted, while Montfort rode down the banks of the river to visit his newly purchased farm, where he talked of erecting a fishing lodge. In this house dwelt Mr. M'Clintock, a keen but kind man, and an able but thoroughly honest attorney. He was the General's law agent, and was greatly respected and entirely trusted by him. His wife was a pleasant unaffected gentlewoman; his daughters well educated and pious, good girls; sons he had none. M'Clintock himself was a middle sized stout man, with a compressed mouth, a keen blue eye, a bald and well knobbed forehead, and a strong seasoning of the northern accent in his habitual vernacular. We spent two hours there: lunching with him and his family: and were sorry to find that his account of the position of the country was, if anything, more gloomy than that of my cousin Gilbert. He said the people seemed grateful for the General's kindness and liberality; "yet still," added he, "the bad spirit is greatly on the increase among them; and what I dread is, that it will hardly pass away without some explosion which will end in mischief to themselves."

"The eviction of two families of the Aherns from the Long Holme farms by Mr. Montfort's Dublin agent has thoroughly angered the people. For my part, I think it was well done, and a good riddance off the land, for these Aherns are worthless fellows—smuggling and thieving evermore, and

paying neither rate nor rent: but they are an ancient stock—old ‘residents,’ as they say, and the peasantry value them not for any moral excellence, of which they don’t indeed possess an atom, but because they are of long standing in the place; and now having been evicted, they have by the custom of the country been regularly installed as martyrs, which no doubt adds in no small measure to the amount of sympathy felt for them. I do repent that the eviction of such men is a public benefit; yet I will honestly say that I wish Mr. Montfort—who however knows his own business best—had delayed a little till this cloud had blown by, when his stringent measures could have been put in force as effectually, and perhaps with more safety.”

A little after this conversation Montfort called for us, and remounting our horses we rode out of the town, which was still extremely full of people; the men standing grouped in knots on the street, or gathering themselves into public houses to consummate some half-closed bargain; the women for the most part on their way home. After a brisk trot my uncle suddenly pulled up, and addressed Montfort. He told him much of what Mr. M’Clintock had said, to all of which his auditor listened with a sturdy smile—“Well, my dear Montfort, I am glad to see you bear the intrusion of my opinions upon you so good-naturedly; but still I must feel that these Aherns are ugly folk to meddle with just now, and that in putting them to the sword, you have, as it were, thrust a stick into a wild wasp’s nest. M’Clintock tells me that Dermid Ahern, the old man’s nephew, is now in the country. I have had him twice in jail for poaching, and he is a desperate though a successful smuggler, and a lawless man. I well know how fearless you are, yet it is hard to provide against treachery, and these fellows are very guerillas in their method of attack and warfare.”

“My dear general,” answered Montfort, “I told these Aherns two years ago, that I should resume their farms when the last life in their lease dropt; and this took place at Christmas. I have never had one shilling of rent from them; but, on the contrary, I ordered my agent to

pay them fifteen pounds a man, and forgive them all rent due, on condition that they would unroof their houses (which have been dens for smuggling these six years), and bring the keys of the doors of their miserable wigwams to my agent. To all this they appeared to assent heartily; they took off their roofs and unhinged their doors, and I fitted up the best of the tenements for my bailiff, Cowan. And now after three months comes this smuggling mate of a Dutch lugger—this illconditional contrabandista—who ought to be hung for his misdeeds—this nephew, Dermid Ahern, and raises a tumult in the country; and I do believe had the audacity to address a threatening letter to that very honest and manly fellow, James Cowan, warning him off my premises, which has compelled me to furnish him with arms and means of self-defence.

“For my part, my dear general, I am as a magistrate determined to lay hold on this Dermid Ahern, or any other disturber of the peace whom I can catch in an overt act against the law; and as a man and an Englishman I need not say that the idea of fear could never trouble the mind of John Montfort.”

He spoke this firmly, but with rather a proud smile, sitting very erect in his saddle, the very form and glass of an honest, inflexible, but somewhat over-confident Englishman. The general looked at him with a grave and fixed attentiveness; and then, as if some thought crossed his brow like a gleam, he smiled.

“Well, general,” said Montfort, reciprocating his smile with one of his own, “tell me what it is amuses you? I should always prefer seeing a smile on your lip to a care on your brow.”

“It was nothing,” said my uncle, getting a little red, “nothing of any importance; it was a foolish thought and irrelevant to our subject; it was just a notion that came into my mind, Montfort; what an efficient heavy dragoon you would have turned out, had you been present, just as you are now, at our famous cavalry action at E—, in the frontiers of Portugal!”

The sun was near to his setting as we rode up to the Darragh approach. Immediately inside the great gates, on the right hand lay a round hollow

or pond containing water, and resting amidst green banks. On the side next the avenue was a bridle road, much trodden and broken up by the feet of cattle, as the grooms brought their horses to water there every day. We turned down as we entered the park, and Montfort rode first into the pond, as his custom was; and as his horse stooped his neck to drink, a figure, with a crape over his face, started from behind a thorn bush on the right bank, and levelling a gun, fired right at that gentleman; but happily without effect, the bullet tearing away the peak of the saddle, but doing no further mischief. In a second my uncle's usually placid tones awoke in thunder.

"Walter, ride right across the pond and up the bank after that cowardly ——" The rest of his sentence was lost to me, as giving both the spurs to my horse, he dashed in one bound violently into the pond with me, and in a moment was straining Mazeppa-like, and mad with passion, up the opposite bank. On gaining the top, I plainly saw the figure of a man running most swiftly towards the fir plantation; but though I went at him at a wild gallop, he had got among the thick trees before I could reach him. Here no horse could penetrate; so leaping off mine, I knotted the bridle on his neck, he plunging all the time, and resigned him to his own will, while I dashed on foot amidst the trees, searching and listening every where, and every moment, if haply I might come upon the assassin's trail. But when I had reached the park-wall which ran all round the wood, and climbed it over into the road, I saw no man, nothing but the cold, clear evening calmly settling into night around me, and I so hot and breathless, and fevered with excitement. In a hollow, on the opposite side of the road from the park-wall, was the eight-acre meadow, and at the far end of it some nine or ten men were digging lazily, and at their ease. I shouted to them to come over to me, but before they could answer, Mr. Montfort trotted up the road from the gate, as cool as if he was only about the unkenneling of a dog-fox, in place of arresting a homicide. The general, who had gone round the other way up the park, now joined us from an opposite direc-

tion, coming down the road in a cater, very much flushed, thoroughly roused, sitting in his saddle like an ancient Paladin, and looking really magnificent in his generous indignation.

He questioned the labourers from the trenched field, but they had heard nothing, seen nothing, knew nothing, and seemed ready to ignore every thing; they were mostly in their shirt sleeves, and their large frieze jocks were lying in a heap in a cart, whose two horseless shafts reposed on the ground. It seemed plain that these poor men had no knowledge of the deed, nor could they furnish any clue to discover what the newspapers in a day or two styled "the perpetrator of the outrage."

My uncle and Montfort were going back to Ballynatrasna to see M'Clintock, and issue warrants; and I returned home, where I found two grooms doing their best to dry the Highflifer, who was hot and wet, and had broken his girth in flying over the ha-ha, "wanting to make the short journey," said the groom, "for his stable."

I got on Madeline's mare, and rode after my uncle; first cautioning the men not to say a word about Mr. Montfort's having been shot at; but my warning came too late, for when we met at dinner, my poor Madeline looked pale and most unhappy, and asked many anxious questions; and though Montfort ate, and drank, and laughed, and was the joyfulest person of the party, yet I have often since remembered that that day seemed to be the first period of the occultation of the bright star of joy and hope which had risen on the loves and future prospects of my sister and her lover.

My cousin Gilbert dined with us, together with M'Clintock; the former was all full of a soft and spruce kind of sympathy, in keeping with his artificial manner; but the latter expressed the greatest horror and indignation at so audacious a deed, and seemed low and unhappy.

But my uncle engaged most of my concern. Sorrow and disappointment had clouded his noble features, and hope was fled. He had laboured much and brought home nothing; and all his liberality and thoughtfulness seemed to have produced no

moral effect on the people's mind. He sat in deep thought in the admiral's old chair, gazing into the red wood fire, while we were discussing "who the assassin could have been," or "where he could have hid himself from our search." M'Clintock expressed his conviction that it was young Ahern, or "Dermid Ruadh," as the people called him from his hair being of a bright red colour; but, said he, "I cannot make out how you, Mr. Walter, missed him in the wood; you were right upon his track. Depend upon it he ran across the road, for the fellow is a sailor and as active as a greyhound; and leaping down into the eight-acre meadow escaped by his swiftness of foot."

"That could not be," said my uncle; "because that field was full of my own labourers at the time, and not a man of them saw him, or even heard the report of the gun."

"Hah," answered M'Clintock; "that, indeed, is bad; that is the worst feature in the whole job; depend on it these men hid him, or abetted his escape."

"Impossible," said the general; "I could not believe *that* of the people—what! the very men I am supporting, and giving high wages to, to secrete a man who attempted to murder my guest and my friend on my own lawn, and in my own presence."

"My dear general," said M'Clintock, "it is dreadful, indeed, indubitably dreadful, but still quite true. The Irish peasant, individually, is generally affectionate and grateful; often faithful and thoroughly honest; always keen and intelligent. But let him connect himself with a secret society, and his personal qualities become absorbed during the time he is officially doing their work. His fidelity to them is more imperative than his fidelity to you. He may love you the better, your person and your pay; but he is under a tremendous oath and obligation to do *their* bidding; and sooner than risk his soul hereafter, and the safety of his person and house here, he will sacrifice you to them. It is a hard condition, and I am sure many of the decenter peasantry groan under it, poor fellows! They know no better; but so it most indubitably is. As for Dermid Ruadh, you may depend on

it he was lying in the cart which Mr. Walter saw, under the jock coats, gun in hand. Who ever heard of men taking off their coats to cool themselves on a cold March evening? Oh, no, it was to cover up Mr. Dermid and his villainy. I wish I had been with you, and I would have put you up to the rascal's tricks; but the general has always been too unsuspicious, and you, Mr. Walter, follow his example. However, if Dermid is in the country, our warrants must reach him; and Darcy, the police-sergeant, is now after him, and knows his haunts; and if ever a man could bring the stag to bay by cunning, activity, and bravery, that man is sergeant Darcy."

"It is most strange," said my uncle, musingly. "It is barely credible," said he, rising from his chair. "There is nothing like it I do believe in the whole compass of human history, except the German Vehmengericht. Strange that a people so light-hearted, and so removed by locality and by poverty from any of the great and deep political or national causes which generally produce associations similar to this, should possess such an underground system, so arranged, and apparently so sovereign in its dictation."

"These people," answered M'Clintock, "are mere subordinates; but I or no man yet could ever discover who the directors of the movement are; but that it does exist, and to an alarming extent, is a fact which cannot be gainsayed."

We rose to leave the dining-room. Montfort walked away to the stables, whistling as was his custom, to see a sick mare, and to smoke a cigar. Our two guests staid to sleep. Gilbert professed not to care about riding home; but M'Clintock said bluffly, "he had no ambition to be shot, and that he should take good care not to be absent from his house after dusk, for two or three months to come." There was no deceit about M'Clintock. Our tea-table was rather gloomy, but I know not how to account for the strange anomalies of Irish temperament; let physiologists or psychologists pronounce; but after we had some music our gaiety seemed to revive, and our anxiety to be all but forgotten. What is it in our physical or intellectual organization—so un-



like our neighbours the English—that enables us in a moment to change from mood to mood, and pass “from grave to gay, from lively to severe”? Perhaps it was a kindly intention of Providence, knowing that so much sorrow was to be our lot, that this elasticity of spirit was to be ours to enable us to meet it, and to stand under it cheerfully and successfully.

Days and weeks passed on, and though the search for Ahern was prosecuted vigorously, he was no where to be found. The peasantry preserved a strict reserve about him; and so people were beginning to forget the affair of the horse-pond, and my uncle once more ventured to indulge bright hopes that the darkest hour of the night was over, and that from henceforth we might expect the dawning of a happier day. One day, when I was riding out at some distance from home, I suddenly lighted on a strange vision, and all the stranger for its taking place in such an obscure corner of the world as ours. In a recess off the road, backed by rocks and trees, sat a man of peculiar physiognomy; he was evidently of foreign extraction, Spanish or Jewish, and was about forty years of age; he was broken-backed; in fact painfully deformed, yet inimitably handsome, with grand black eyes, and acquiline features of great regularity. He was writing, a small chest strapped with brass binders serving to support his paper and ink-horn; and I was struck with the whiteness of his hand, and the length and beauty of his fingers. Opposite to him stood a very young girl, apparently his daughter. I should not think she was more than sixteen years of age, rather short and stoutly-formed, but quite straight, and inheriting all the paternal beauty. She was a rich clear brunette, having magnificent eyes, shining like jewels out of their dark sockets, and a mouth of much beauty and expression. Her dress was simple, being of a dark crimson colour, and she had an immense pair of golden earrings which hung down almost to her shoulders from her head. As I passed, the man removed his cap, and asked in that singular musical voice so common to deformed people, and with a decided foreign accent, “which was the way to the village?” I told him, and having

received his thanks, I rode home, much musing on this singular couple; but had scarce arrived at the gate when I overtook sergeant Darcy, who informed me that James Cowan, Mr. Montfort's caretaker on the Holme-farm, had been *shot dead on his own hearthstone the previous night*. It appeared that the murderer had mounted on the thatched roof, and removing the straw, had deliberately fired down into the house; the dead man's gun, but undischarged, lay by the side of his motionless body.

The indifference and comparative sangfroid which Mr. Montfort had exhibited on the occasion of the attempt on *his own* life, utterly abandoned him on hearing of the assassination of his retainer. He showed a great deal of good feeling, and bitterly accused himself as being in some measure accessory to his death, in putting him into so lonely a tenement, and into a locality formerly tenanted by the evicted Aherns. Montfort's activity and energy now knew no bounds. He went up to Dublin, and saw the Viceroy, and by his representations, backed by letters from my uncle, he procured from the government the appointment of a “water-guard station,” on the very site of the house where Cowan had been slain;—with three men, all too young, too determined, and too well armed to fear any molestation from the Aherns, their scattered smuggling adherents, or their champion “Dermid Ruadh.”

One strange fact came to light on the inquest; a large lugger had been seen at anchor on the Trauma on the eve of the murder, and was gone next morning; but a peasant belated, and coming home from a distant fair, had passed up the bank of the river at midnight, and had distinctly heard the noise made by heaving up an anchor, and afterwards the rushing sound of a large craft passing through the water towards the sea; on hearing which circumstance Mr. M'Clintock observed, that “indubitably” (he used this word ludicrously often, and always with amazing *emphasis*), “it was Dermid's Isle of Man lugger, called the ‘Dusky Lass,’ in which he carried on a smuggling trade, and in which he now had fled from justice, though God's retribution will surely overtake so bold a man; and all events

he has made his last trip to Ballynatrasna, and a bloody one it has proved." True it was that all the coast smuggling about us was now over; it was put an end to by Montfort's resolute and sustained energy. Alas! he little guessed what dreadful vengeance the unhappy people whose homes he had seized, whose trade he had ruined, and whose persons he had outlawed, were now hiving up against him; biding their time, and couching for their spring when that time should come; in the distant lair whither their own wickedness had exiled them.

In the meantime Montfort and my sister had plighted their vows, and they were to be married early in the following year, when his brother returned from Madeira, whither he had gone to recruit his broken health. It was summer, and delicious weather; and Montfort and his fair fiancée were incessantly together. They seemed intensely happy, and their love grew and strengthened with their intercourse; for the feeling is deeper, and more entirely engrossing, when it takes hold on hearts matured by time. They rode much out together, and Madeline's health which was always delicate seemed to revive under all the exercise, united as it was with so much of what was happy for the present and promising for the future. She was a thoroughly elegant and engaging creature, and full of high feeling and nice tastes; and Montfort, who wanted that beautiful union of gentleness and courage which my uncle so largely possessed, rapidly improved under the mild influence of her companionship. She could not change his mental organization, but she sweetened his temper, and softened down a good deal of the brusquerie and hauteur of his manner. If what makes the English character so truly noble, enduring, and chivalrous be, as ethnologists advance, the effect of the happy mixture of the two nations subsequent to the Conquest, when the fierce doggedness and bull-dog tenacity of the Saxon was amalgamated with the proud valour and romantic chivalry of the more courtly Norman, and thus produced a race whose descendants have ever exhibited a striking combination of these peculiar traits, which have served them

well on the battle-field, in the protracted siege, and in the sea fight. If this theory had anything in it, I should say that Montfort had more of the physique of the Saxon in him than that of their conquerors; though I am sure if old Sir Simon, his grandfather, who was the proudest man in England, could have heard me make such an assertion, he would have had me out, and done his best to shoot me—so haughty was he on the score of his unstained and lineal descent from the old and somewhat disreputable Norman, his namesake, who fought and figured *temp.* Henry the Third.

To add to our happiness, the country now appeared tranquil; my dear uncle was giving employment to his tenants, and helping every man who was willing to help himself: he had improved the park much; opened vistas and a carriage road through the oakwood up to the waterfall which woke the echoes of Slieve-na-Kill; and built a beautiful and substantial cottage *ornée* on the banks of the torrent, with a bridge which spanned its fury. His two nephews led very different lives. Originally intended for a cornetcy in my uncle's regiment, I had rather neglected my academical studies, but as the — Hussars were now in India, where my uncle disliked my going, and as he had strong professional prejudices against a young lad becoming a soldier in time of peace, it was determined that I should enter Trinity College, of which venerable Alma Mater I was now a Fellow Commoner and Junior Sophister; though indeed possessing so little of the qualities indicated by the latter name, that by moral right I should have been a "Freshman" still. Yet I really loved the greater part of my studies, and had obtained honors in classics several times; which was partly owing to a taste I had which leaned in that direction, and a good deal to the able tutorage of our excellent little curate, Mr. Dalwood, who came to me three or four times a week. After my studies were finished in the morning, I generally sallied out by myself, being fond of solitary rambles, and not having any inclination to enact Monsieur de Trop to Montfort and his Madeline. So I would ride with the General, if

he wished me; and if not, to the mountains I would then proceed, and explore their gorges; or, going down to the shore, where I had a small skiff with a pair of sculls and a square sail, I would pull round the grey sea-worn bases of the huge and lofty mural cliffs which on this iron coast breast and beat back the surgings of the Atlantic. Or, hoisting my tiny canvass, with the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, I would scud out to sea, sinking and rising on the long hollows of the valleying waves;

listening with pleasure to the cry of the gull—as like a white spirit she would wheel around me; or smiling at the apparition of some hideous seal, as he would lift his head just under my bows, and, looking at me as if he were angry—suddenly go down again with a splash and a bubble.

And my cousin Gilbert, what was *he* about all this time? and what was *he* doing? Making money every way, I suppose, he honestly could—and as fast as ever he was able.

#### THE AGE OF THE EARTH.\*

GEOLOGY is the natural history of the earth. It teaches us the present state and form of the earth, the distribution of land and water, the height and shape of the former, the depth and form of the bed of the latter; and describes to us the nature and the distribution of the animals and plants which inhabit both. It examines the structure of the solid crust of the earth, and investigates the history of the processes by which that structure has been produced; in doing this, it teaches us what have been the past states of the surface of our planet, shows us what differences there have been formerly in the shape and distribution of land and water, and what other races of animals and plants have formerly inhabited them.

The first step, then, is to examine the earth as it at present exists.

In this examination, we should at first, perhaps, be struck by the irregularity and afterwards by the symmetry of its parts; first, by the evidences of the immobility and unchangeableness; afterwards, by these of instability and change.

When we were first lost within the recesses of a great mountain range, all would seem confusion and disorder; when we had thoroughly explored and laid down upon the map the whole chain to which it belonged, we should be struck by the straightness of its direction, the parallelism and

the order of its parts. Wandering at first over the apparently illimitable expanses of a great plain, we should fail to perceive that it was but a succession of graduated slopes, all so arranged and disposed as to pour their waters into one common central artery, emptying into the sea by one common mouth. When, however, we had found this symmetry of external form universal over the whole globe, we should be led to expect that it depended on some symmetrical internal structure, produced by some generally acting cause or combination of causes.

In most parts of the earth so little change takes place in the shape of the ground about us, during any of our lives, that we are naturally led to believe that no change at all occurs except such as is produced by the hand of man. Still, when we reflect that every shower of rain muddies the brooks and swells the rivers, we should perceive that whenever there is running water, there is a mechanical power ceaselessly at work, always carrying pebbles, sand and mud, as the case may be, from higher to lower levels, and at last delivering them into the sea. Every bank of sand or mud at the mouth of a river has been brought down from the interior of the country by the action of the running water, and far more than is now at the river's mouth must have been carried off by tides and currents, and

\* Sermons in Stones or Scripture confirmed by Geology, by Dominick McCausland. London: Bentley, 1856.

deposited on the bed of the ocean.

The delta of the Nile is the waste of the Abyssinian and Ethiopian mountains, that of the Ganges and the Mississippi the debris of the Himalayahs, and of the Rocky and Appalachian mountains. The turbid water of the Amazons has been recognised at a distance of three hundred miles from the land; the finer detritus of the Andes, therefore, is sinking slowly in the depths of the mid Atlantic. But what takes place along the line of every river takes place to a greater extent along the line of every coast. The breakers are but as the teeth of a great circular saw for ever gnawing and tearing at the land. In some countries, as along the north and east coasts of England, the destruction of land is so rapid as to be commonly marked. Whole fields, houses, churches, villages and towns are known to have been gradually destroyed within the last few centuries. Cliffs, fifty or sixty feet high, recede at a rate of three feet per annum along miles upon miles of coast. This vast bulk of earth is clean removed and spread somewhere in thin sheets on the bed of the English channel and the German Ocean, leaving no sign or indication of its former existence, beyond the broken form of the cliff, and the heap of ruin now at its foot awaiting removal in its turn. Guided by such facts, we soon learn to look upon all cliffs as caused by the eroding action of the sea, and as testifying to the destruction of land that once extended beyond them. They are, in fact, as plainly formed by the erosive action of the sea as the cliffs at the back or sides of a quarry are formed by the erosive action of the pickaxe and the spade.

However slight, therefore, may be the change in the form of any land during the life of any one generation, or even several generations of its human inhabitants, we must feel assured that during the last few thousand years vast accumulations of mineral matter must have been deposited here and there in the bed of our present seas and oceans; and that these accumulations represent the spoils and the waste of our present lands.

But in addition to mineral matter, merely transported as mud or sand,

vast quantities of mineral matter have been carried down into the sea as a transparent solution. All river and spring-waters contain limestone, salt, gypsum, or other minerals, dissolved in the water. It has been calculated that the Rhine alone carries down into the sea, every year, enough of dissolved lime for the formation of three hundred thousand millions of oyster shells. This dissolved lime is reproduced in a solid state on the bed of the sea in the shape of shells, and the bones and coverings of animals; and in tropical seas in that of vast masses of coral reef, hundreds of miles in extent, and hundreds of feet in thickness, making masses of solid limestone as large as Ireland or Great Britain, with thinner and softer sheets of calcareous mud spread far and wide over the bottom of the surrounding ocean.

However unconscious, then, man may be of the fact, there are agencies at work around him, everywhere and on all sides, acting unequally in different places, rapidly in one part, more slowly and stealthily in others—agencies which, if left uncounteracted, would in time steal the very land from underneath his feet, cut down and abrade the solid earth on which he treads, and bury it all beneath the waters of the sea.

But these agencies are counteracted. Another agent is at work which, though in some places aiding in the lowering and degrading action which running water always exerts—in other places lifts again into the air that which once formed the bottom of the sea, or pours out on the surface of the earth that which was once buried deep within its womb. This agency is fire or heat. Great mountain masses, running along chains hundreds and thousands of miles in extent have been formed by the ejection either of molten stone or of ashes, cinders, and dust from the interior of the earth. The quantities of mineral matter thus raised, even during historic times, are far greater than would be imagined by people who confined their study of volcanoes to that of the little pimple Vesuvius, or even the larger boss of *Ætna*. Single eruptions have vomited forth floods of lava in such mass as would have spread a hundred feet in thickness from *Lagnaquilla* down to

Waterford on the one hand, and to Dublin on the other.\*

Others have belched forth such volumes of ashes, that had the eruption occurred at Mount Blanc, France, Spain, and Germany would have had the sun darkened for three days, and Ireland and Greece would both at once have felt or heard the force of the explosion. Still, even such grand effects as these are but transient and partial; but there are more permanent ones.

During earthquakes, great countries, with all their weight of mountains and all their bulk, to an unknown depth within the interior of the earth, have been lifted up at one great heave to the amount of several feet; and after slowly settling down again a little, have retained a great part of their elevation. The coast of Chile gives us many well-attested instances of their action, and Mr. Darwin found the proofs of its having occurred many times during past years in the existence of old sea beaches and sea bottoms, on the flanks of the hills at various heights, up to one thousand two hundred feet above the sea.

In the earthquake of January, 1855, in New Zealand, a tract of land as large as Yorkshire was raised from one to nine feet. A little cliff, or scarp, bared of earth, nine feet high, was traced for ninety miles along the margin of the hills at the edge of the plain; and "in consequence of a rise of five feet of the land on the north side of Cook's Straits, near Wellington and Port Nicholson, the tide had been almost excluded from the river Hutt; while, on the north side of the same straits, where the ground has sunk about five feet, the tide now flows eight miles further up the river Wairau than before the earthquake." (Report of a Lecture of Sir C. Lyell to the Royal Institution. *Literary Gazette*, March 15th, 1856.)

It may reasonably be doubted whether a single earthquake of all the thousands recorded by Mr. Mallett or M. Perey, has ever occurred unaccompanied by some change, however slight, in the level of some portion of the land that has been shaken.

But it is not solely in times of earthquake and disturbance that a permanent change in the level of the land is now taking place. Land is quietly rising, or as quietly sinking unmarked of all men, unless it happen on the borders of the sea. Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, north of the latitude of Stockholm, are undergoing a process of gentle elevation at the rate of five feet in a century at the North Cape, the rate diminishing as we come southwards, till in Scania it appears to be converted into a depression.

The west coast of Greenland for six hundred miles is calmly sinking at such a rate, as that the Esquimaux avoid building even their rude huts at the water's edge, since they know that, although built upon a rock, the rock will be sunk below the sea, before the frail hut perishes. The posts on which the Moravian missionaries once hung their skin canoes upon dry land, may be seen now beneath the waters as silent evidences of the depression that has occurred.

If, then, we join to the changes caused by the external atmospheric and aqueous agencies, those thus produced by the internal igneous agencies of our globe, we shall see that we inhabit no inert mass of brute unmoving matter, but rather that we tread upon the surface of a huge slowly-moving self-acting machine, for ever at work in modifying its own external form, and in producing and reproducing the complexities of its own internal structure.

Allow but a sufficient time for the action of this machinery, and we should see the possibility of every part of our present lands having been once under the sea; every part of our present oceans having once been occupied by dry land; every one of our present mountains having been once a plain; and many at least of our present plains having been covered by mountain masses that have been sheared down and pared away, and literally "cast into the sea."

If we turn to the living part of nature, and examine into the history of animals and plants, we should, to our surprise, perhaps, be met with

\* Even while we write, we hear that Mouna Loa in the Sandwich Isles is pouring forth a molten stream sixty miles long, three miles wide, and from one to three hundred feet deep.

similarly good evidence of change having taken place in them in our own times ; and still greater changes in times that are long past.

The level of the upper surface of the sea and a few feet above or below it, is the more densely inhabited part of the earth. On land the vertical range of living beings varies with the latitude, being greatest under the equator, where sometimes the very mountain sides swarm with life to a height of several thousand feet. Even here, however, at 15,000 feet, life is excluded by everlasting snow, and becomes more varied and more numerous in proportion as we descend upon the plains and enter the jungles near the level of the sea ; while, as we pass through the temperate to the arctic zones, the vertical limits of life become narrowed, first by thousands, and then by hundreds of feet, all above a gradually diminishing altitude being a desert.

Beneath the sea the vertical range of life is even more limited than on land. Fifty fathoms or 300 feet is the depth within which by far the greater part of marine life is included, while beyond twice that depth the dark abysses of the ocean are almost as void of life as the sterile summit, of snow-clad mountains.

Many animals and plants, too, both subaqueous and terrestrial, are confined within particular portions of these zones of height and depth. Some few require a considerable altitude on land, or a considerable depth at sea, for their existence.

The lateral or geographical distribution of animals and plants, again, is equally well marked in the sea as on the land. The sea-fish, the shells, the star-fish, the sea-urchins on the opposite coasts of Europe or America—seas separated by great masses of land—are as different from each other, as are the land animals and plants of Europe and America, lands separated from each other by a great sea.

Similar climates in opposite hemispheres are inhabited by different, although representative, species of animals and plants both on land and under water. There was not a single

species of animal, mammal,\* bird or insect, not a single species of plant, tree, shrub, or grass in Van Dieman's Land when first visited by Tasman, the same as any British or European species ; neither was there a single fish, nor a single shell, nor a crab, lobster, shrimp, star-fish, sea-urchin or polyp, identical with any to be found here ; however the colonists may have appended the old names to them. There were, indeed, cockles and oysters and limpets, but not the same cockles and oysters and limpets as we have at home, and the differences are quite sufficient to be perceptible to everyone, when the two kinds come to be compared side by side.

Some species of animals, even of those so easily migratory as birds, are confined within much narrower limits than those we have alluded to. Mr. Darwin tells us that he found peculiar species of birds confined to small islands, even in sight of each other, among the Gallapagos group.

Now if species of animals and plants be confined within certain limits, and the climate or other local circumstances become within those limits unfavourable to the life of that species, it will shortly die out and become extinct.

If, again, the domain occupied by one species be invaded by another hostile to it, the latter will prey upon the former until it become first rare and finally extinct.

Man has extinguished the Dodo of the Mauritius, the Norfolk Island parrot, and, perhaps other animals, utterly,—and he has caused other species, to become extinct within certain districts, as, for instance, the wolf, and perhaps, the beaver and others, within the British Islands.

Now geological investigation shows us that there was once a time, when, the present lands of the globe, being much the same as we now find them, the animals inhabiting them were different from what they now are.

Ireland, for instance, was traversed by reindeer, by bears of an extinct species, and by great elks. England, and Europe, and Northern Asia were inhabited by a species of elephant,

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\* Two of the most remarkable animals of Tasmania, the native tiger, and the native devil, both carnivorous marsupials, are absolutely confined to that island, not being found even in any part of Australia, or any other spot on the globe.

with long hair and a woolly coat ; by an extinct species of hippopotamus and rhinoceros ; by bears, nearly as large as a horse, living in caves into which they dragged their prey ; and by hyænas differing from any living hyæna, making their dens, through a long series of ages, in the caves of Yorkshire and other places.

During the same period, North America was inhabited by great elephantine animals called mastodons ;\* South America by gigantic sloths and armadillos, called megatherium, mylodon, glyptodon ; India by many extinct species of elephants and other great animals, uniting the elephants and the antelopes ; Australia, by large extinct species of kangaroos and wombats ; and New Zealand by a gigantic bird allied to the ostrich and the emu. In most cases, especially in the southern hemisphere, these recently extinct animals had a more or less close relationship to the most remarkable kind of animals now living in the quarter of the globe in which they are found.

The remains of many of these animals have been found either buried under the stalagmites of caverns, in the mud of old dried-up lakes, or in the most superficial and recently deposited clays, sands, and gravels now covering the face of the country. In some cases these remains are found associated with sea shells, showing that the present lands were then covered by the sea, or in other words stood then at a lower level than they do now, and thus admitted the sea to flow over what is now the low land.

Deeper and wider research shows us yet more ; it proves to us that the solid rocks of which the plains, the hills, nay, even the mountains are themselves composed, are, in the majority of instances, relics of the sea, are nothing but indurated clays, muds, sands, gravels, or limestones, that have been deposited at the bottom of the sea, and are often crowded

by, sometimes almost entirely made up of, the remains of animals that inhabited the sea.

Space compels us to be brief and condensed in what we have yet to say upon this subject.

The crust of the earth is known to be composed of two kinds of rocks, igneous and aqueous. The aqueous are made up of a number of widely-spread but limited beds, each two or three feet thick, and varying in area from a few square feet to several square miles. These beds were deposited successively, now here, now there, side by side, and one upon the other. Fragments of such animals and plants as were living at the time of their deposition were now and then included in these beds, and were mineralised or petrified along with them. The igneous rocks have been from time to time thrust in among them in a molten state, protruded through them and spread over them.

The aqueous rocks have since their deposition been at various times elevated, tilted up, and set more or less completely on edge, so that even the lowest and oldest set of them show their edges occasionally at the surface of the ground. It follows that by diligent search, and widespread and laborious investigation, they may all be eventually examined and described, and that, by little and little, we shall be able to extract from the examination of their physical character and their organic contents, the natural history of the crust of the earth.

This history will be always a fragmentary one. It is a history made out of the examination of ruins and burnt records, and half-defaced inscriptions and old coins. Nevertheless it is a real one as far as it goes. The facts of which the record is preserved cannot be invalidated by the circumstance that the records of many other similar facts are irretrievably lost.

The history is read somewhat in this way. If there be any number

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\* One species of mastodon seems to have spread over the whole earth ; its remains being common in Europe and Asia, and having been found even in Australia. Very many new animals are known to have existed than those mentioned above. A horse had become extinct in South America before the present race of horses was introduced by the followers of Columbus. Extinct species of lions and tigers, deer, antelopes, camels, giraffes, besides a host of animals not referable to any existing genera, and to which, therefore, scientific names only can be attached, have rewarded the researches of geologists of late years.

of separate beds of earth (or rock) deposited one upon another, they must have been successively deposited, the divisions between the beds marking intervals or pauses that occurred in the deposition. The lowest are the oldest, and the highest the newest or youngest of the series. Suppose that in making excavations in a ruined city we were to find two pavements, one above another, with a deposit of several feet of earth between them, we should have no hesitation in assuming that we had here the record of a great lapse of time. We should look on the lowest pavement as the oldest, forming part of some very ancient building which some circumstances had caused to be ruined and deserted. The earth which covered it might be either volcanic ash, or mud, or sand, brought in by water. According to its nature we should attribute its origin to volcanic eruption, to floods of a river, or a lake, or to an incursion of the sea. The second pavement would prove to us the lapse of another period during which other buildings were erected and occupied, for some years at all events. If that were again covered with earth, we should reason about it as in the first case.

Now, if we substitute "limestone" for "a pavement," and think of submarine creatures as its constructors, instead of the human race—this is exactly what occurs so frequently in geology. The natural pavements, whether of limestone or other material, differ from the artificial ones in being much more numerous, and much more widely extended. It is the business of the practical geologist to trace these pavements or beds, and lay them down upon maps, so as to mark out their position and their extent, and to arrange and classify them in their natural order of occurrence.

In doing this he meets with difficulties from several sources. First of all they end irregularly, one in one place and one in another; he has to search for and to mark these endings, therefore, so that he may intercalate the periods they record in their proper places, in his abstracts and his tables. Secondly, they are often much broken, and frequently contorted and bent about, up and down, in various directions, and he has to

trace them out through these disturbed portions, so as not to lose the clue to their original order of date. Lastly, it is only here and there that they can be observed in any natural or artificial excavations, and he has to make himself master of all their characteristics, their points of difference, and points of resemblance, so as to recognise the same beds in separate excavations, and thus draw lines of connection between them.

His researches are facilitated by two sources of assistance. He first of all notes the materials of which the beds are composed, and in the majority of instances he finds these materials to be the same, in the same beds, or in beds of the same date, over very wide spaces. It is as if the architects of different periods had different materials at their disposal, one kind only being available or being in fashion during each period. In consequence, of this the geologist finds often a vast number of pavements, all made of the same peculiar stuff, and all resting directly one upon the other, so that however each separate bed may end or be confined within a small area, the whole bulk of exactly similar beds makes up a thickness of many hundred feet, and spreads over great spaces, sometimes over several large countries. These great masses of similar beds give us good horizons, enabling us at once to distinguish the beds above from those below them, and thus dividing the whole vast series of beds into comparatively few easily recognisable groups.

The other source of assistance is this. It has been found that each of the great groups thus obtained is characterised also by the presence of certain fragments of animals and plants of a kind peculiar to itself. This limitation of particular species of fossils to particular groups of rock has been found to be so precise and so invariable, that it might be trusted to independently of any local proof of the order of superposition of the beds, or of the nature of the material of which they were composed. If therefore all we could see in any locality was a single bed of rock, we should know from the species of the fossils which it contained, to which of the great groups mentioned above it belonged, and what groups of rock we might expect to find below it.



There has, in fact, been a succession of races of animals and plants living on the globe, their creation and extinction having been regulated by certain laws; the species having been created in a regular order, and no species once extinct having ever been re-created.

When once the order of the existence of the different species of fossils is known, therefore, they evidently form a chronological series or table of dates, just as coins do in human history, with this advantage over coins, that nature makes no false money, and never impresses a spurious dye upon her workmanship.

The main results of the reading of this history may be stated as follows :

The antiquity of the Earth, as a globe such as it now is—its surface diversified as now with land and water, seas, continents, and islands—is so vast as to be *illimitable*. The atmosphere, with its winds, and clouds, and rains; the sea, with its waves, and tides, and currents, are the same now as in the earliest geological periods. The land only has shifted its place—not once only, but many times,—in obedience to the action of those slowly moving causes which are now at work upon it in our own time, to make it change its place once more.

The species of animals and plants that now inhabit the Earth have come into existence, slowly and gradually, one after another, according as room was made for them, or their presence was required by the extinction of species that had gone before.

There was a period in the history of the Earth when not one of the present animals and plants were living, though we know the waters teemed with animals as they do now, because we have preserved for us the hard parts and coverings of hundreds of the creatures of those days. At a later period, a few of the now-living animals existed, together with many now extinct; while in newer and yet newer deposits, the proportion of living, to extinct species becomes gradually greater, till they are at length

universal. If we go back to the rocks where all are extinct, we still find the same law of gradual progression, of gradual creation, and gradual extinction to prevail. Some forms are confined to a few beds, or, perhaps, to one single bed; others range through many. Some species or genera come in gradually, being at first rare, afterwards abundant, then rare again, and finally extinct. Some come in at once, as it were at a maximum, and disappear as suddenly.

The periods of the existence of different species generally overlap each other, so as to form an endless and unbroken chain of creations and deaths. There have been no sudden and general catastrophes by which entire populations have been at once destroyed over the whole Earth—a clean sweep made, and an entirely new creation brought into being.

Wherever we have the appearance of these sudden breaks, we can always trace it to the fact of vast intervals of time having elapsed, during which no deposition of beds of rock took place in the district under examination, or during which beds of rock once formed have been destroyed and washed away.

From the earliest geological period down to the present hour at which we write, the physical forces of water and of fire have been for ever at work upon the Earth, just as they are now at work upon it;—one unbroken chain of animal and vegetable life has inhabited the Earth, gradually and stealthily coming into existence, slowly and gradually disappearing: just as now animals and vegetables are gradually exterminated—just as now new species may be, from time to time, first placed upon the Earth.\*

Such being the truths taught us by Geology, the question naturally arises, how are they to be reconciled with the *literal* interpretation of the account of the Creation given to us in the first chapter of Genesis? Our own answer to that question would be that of the Re-  
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\* In order to avoid any misconception, we would here disavow our belief in the notion of the development of new species by any effort or virtue of their own. The subject is beyond our powers of thought or understanding. Life itself is too mysterious to allow us to clothe our ideas of the production of a new form of life in any other words than "creation by Divine power."

rend Baden Powell and other scientific and religious men, that this reconciliation is impossible and unnecessary. Admit all that Geology teaches us as true, or holds out to us as probable, to be absolutely certain fact, and all the great doctrines of the Christian religion, nay, all the distinctive doctrines of its various sects, remain undisturbed and intact. We are compelled already to allow of other than literal interpretations of some portions of the Bible; why should we be afraid when we discover that Science—i.e., that *Knowledge of Truth*—gives us another interpretation of other portions of it. Let us thankfully receive truth, whether it comes to us from the study of His Word or from that of His Works.

We do not consider it any disparagement to Mr. M'Causland that, where all others have failed, he also has not succeeded; neither is it any derogation from his character, as a man of intelligence and education, that, being a barrister, he is not a professed and practiced geologist, or that, as a reader of geological books, he is not acquainted with the most recent of geological discoveries.

He approaches the subject in such a candid spirit, and his object is so obviously the ascertainment of the truth, whatever it may be, that we confidently anticipate his own gratitude if we point out the places in which his knowledge of geology is defective or behind that of the day.

In the first place, he speaks of Granite as "primitive" or as a "primordial" rock (p. 14). Now, without denying that the primitive or primordial rock of the Earth's crust *may* have been granite, it is yet true that no one can point to any granite now at the surface, which formed part of the "primitive" rock. All our granite masses are intrusive, and therefore of subsequent origin to the rocks by which they are surrounded. The

Wicklow granite is newer than the lower Silurian rocks, the Cornwall granite newer than the Coalmeasures; there are granites in the Alps and the Andes newer than some tertiary rocks. There is no known primitive granite, and it is very doubtful whether any primitive rock whatever is still existing on the Earth in its original form. It has either been worn down by water, or remelted and recast by fire long ago.

Mr. M'Causland speaks of the "Azoic" rocks, identifying them with the Cambrian. This term of "Azoic" was one proposed for these and other rocks some years ago, but never generally adopted. It was a bad term, since many rocks may be azoic or devoid of organic remains over large spaces, and contain them in other districts. The old red sandstone of Ireland for instance, over very wide areas and through a thickness of many thousand feet, might be called azoic, because no fossils have yet been found in it.

The Cambrian rocks were called Azoic, because they were then supposed by some to have been formed before life commenced upon the globe. No fossils had yet been found in them, and it was therefore assumed that no animals or plants existed during the Cambrian period.

Negative evidence is worth little or nothing in Geology, and yet more positive conclusions have been drawn from negative evidence in that than in any other science.

Fossils *have* now been found in the Cambrian rocks, since not only have we the Oldhamia azoophyte, from Bray Head and Carrick Mountain in Wicklow, which Mr. M'Causland mentions, but only last year Mr. Salter, of the Geological Survey, discovered, deep down, near the bottom of the 26,000 feet of the Cambrian rocks of the Long Mynd, fragments of trilobites and the tracks of annelids.\*

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\* There is one little point we would advert to as the measurement of the Cambrian rocks. Mr. M'Causland says that "Sir R. Murchison has computed them at 26,000 feet." Not so. Sir R. M. *quotes* it not as the computation but as the actual measurement of the Government Geological Survey. The officers of that survey measured it with theodolite and chain, as they have done hundreds of miles of other strata. It is possible that that thickness may be twice or thrice too great, owing to concealed foldings or doublings of the beds back upon themselves. It is given as the *apparent* thickness of a set of nearly vertical beds, after every pains taken to ascertain the truth. The Cambrian rocks of Wicklow must be many thousand feet thick at all events.

The few patches of undoubted and unaltered Cambrian rocks that have yet been examined were probably deep-water deposits; and, according to the distribution of life in our own seas at the present day, may have had few or no fragments of organic beings carried into them, however the shallow waters of the very same seas may have swarmed with life.

It is a still greater error to include all Gneiss and Mica Slate among either Azoic or Cambrian rocks, or to look upon their similarity to granite as resulting from their being the debris of the granite on which they rest. They are common clays and sands, indurated first into clay, slates and sandstones, and afterwards altered by the heat resulting from the intrusion of the granite into what they now are. The Mica schist of the Dublin and Wicklow mountains has been shown by the gentlemen of the Geological Survey to be altered Silurian rocks, and to be therefore of more recent date than the comparatively unaltered Cambrian rocks of Bray Head or Howth.

Organic remains have lately been discovered in the so called primary limestone, associated with the Gneiss and Mica schists of Scotland, which are probably of Devonian age.

In his description of the Silurian rocks, at p. 34, Mr. M'Causland has fallen into some strange misconceptions. Lingulæ, Rhyconellæ and Terebratulæ are all Brachiopods: their tentacles or arms did not, in most cases, protrude from their shells, and were certainly not instruments of destruction; neither could the animals have been the scavengers of the ancient seas.

The passages he quotes from Sir R. Murchison's *Siluria* against the existence of an arborescent vegetation\* and vertebrated animals during the Silurian period, are all instances of that drawing of rash conclusions from mere negative evidence which we have just protested against.

The assumption that there was no dry land during the Cambrian or Silurian periods is still more absurd and unfounded. The existence of mud, sand, and pebbles is just as

much proof of dry land as that of plants.

The fact that the Cambrian and Silurian rocks are made of these materials—the waste of former lands—is undoubted. The Cambrian rocks of Wales contain conglomerates, or old shingle beds, with fragments of slates and grits very similar to themselves.

The assumption that the causes of disintegration were different then from what they are now is a perfectly gratuitous one, and has not even an atom of probability to support it. Volcanic action seems, if anything, to have been less intense, for the Trappean rocks of the Silurian period—massive as they are—are not to be compared in bulk or extent with those poured forth in our own day in Iceland, in the Andes, or in the Indian Archipelago.

At p. 40, Mr. M'Causland, in his chapter on Silurian rocks, speaks of "graptolites, lingulæ, and other bivalve mollusks crawling on the muddy beds of the shoreless ocean;" and of "various species of the Trilobites, Nautili, and Ammonites roaming about," and of "equally voracious Brachiopods, and Terebratulæ."

Now graptolites and lingulæ, at all events, could not crawl. There are neither nautili nor ammonites in Silurian formations. Ammonites were never contemporaneous with trilobites, and the term voracious is no more applicable to terebratulæ or any other genus of brachiopods than it is to the oysters or cockles of our own shores.

We must equally dissent from Mr. M'Causland's statements as to the volcanic origin of the oxide of iron colouring the old red sandstone; and that all the mountains he names were elevated during the Devonian period. On the contrary, some of the Welsh mountains, at all events, were not elevated till long after the Devonian period; while the Pyrenees, the Himalayahs, and the Andes, are of much more recent origin, since they consist very largely of recent tertiary rocks.

We conclude that the "1600 species" of fossil fish mentioned at page

\* Beds of anthracite occur in the Lower Silurian rocks of Cavan in Ireland, and Dumfriess in Scotland. Vegetable cells have been discovered in the latter by help of the microscope.

44 is a misprint. In Morrison's catalogue (second edition), there are given 741 species of fossil fish from the entire series of British rocks, of which 93 only are Devonian.

There is less to object to in Mr. Causland's account of the carboniferous rocks, though we cannot pass by, without a caution, such exaggerated expressions as "the most exuberant and luxuriant vegetation that has ever been witnessed by the eye of man in the most prolific regions of the now existing earth, is mere waste and barrenness when compared with the profuse and gigantic vegetable productions of the primeval period, which formed the basis of the coal-measures."

The plants of the coal-measures are not gigantic, few fossil trees have been found in them so large as the average forest trees of our own day. As to luxuriance, those who have witnessed the mass of vegetation covering the ground of a tropical jungle will see at once the impossibility of there being room for many more plants, leaves, or branches of any sort or description whatsoever.

We must look too for the explanation of the more equable climate of the earth in those days, rather to the different distribution of land and water as shown by Sir C. Lyell, than to any great temperature proceeding from the interior of the earth.

The hypothesis of a thermal sea during Silurian and Devonian times, is one that could easily be shown to be untenable, however high may be the authorities adduced in its support.

Doubtless, ferns abounded in the shaded recesses of deep forests; but the supposition that there was any general shading of the earth from the direct rays of the sun during the carboniferous period is a mere dream.

In his account of the Permian rocks, Mr. M'Causland notices as if it were the earliest period of their occurrence—the rippled surfaces of sandstone. We could show him magnificent rippled surfaces in the sandstones of the Cambrian and Silurian rocks, as well as in those of all other formations. These rippled surfaces, however, do not necessarily prove a dry beach, or even shallow water, though the latter is probable. They are not caused by the rippling

of the waves, but are merely the mark of a current in the water, just as the ripple of the water is produced by a current in the air.

He afterwards confounds the new red sandstone with the Permian, and says that the Trias is the Muschelkalk: whereas the Trias is merely the continental name for the new red sandstone, of which the Muschelkalk is the middle term.

We have not much fault to find with Mr. M'Causland's account of the other secondary and the tertiary rocks and fossils, with the exception, perhaps, of the astounding assertion that the *Deinotherium giganteum* was "of the mole species;" and we are happy to say that we can speak of his chapter on the era of superficial deposits with almost unqualified praise.

After quoting Sir C. Lyell and Professor Hitchcock in proof of the vast periods of time required for the excavation of many river gorges, Mr. M'Causland proceeds:—

"The Professor mentions many other analogous cases in different parts of the world, more especially in eastern climes; all of them evidencing that mighty periods of time must have elapsed since the commencement of our present geographical distribution of land and sea; during which those stupendous effects were produced by the slow and gradual processes we have been describing. Take this period at the lowest limit, and it must have commenced at a time incalculably more distant than what we have reason to know, even independently of revelation, to have been the dawn of the human era.

"But though long the period which intervened between the formation of the tertiary deposits, and the human era, it is of importance to remark, that the researches of the geologist have proved, beyond doubt, that there has been no interruption in the animal or vegetable creation. Not only has there been no such blank as would require a resort to the theory of a new creation, to account for the present existence of an animal and vegetable world, but it is plain that many of the species which existed during the tertiary formations exist at the present day. Nothing is better established than that the specific forms of many of the now existing terrestrial animals, shells, and plants, are identical with those of the tertiary period, while others differ so slightly that they may be considered substantially the same.

"Going back to the earliest geological ages, the evidence is distinct that some of the species of each system have lived contemporaneously.

newly with some of those of the succeeding systems.

"These facts establish the proposition that no blank or break of continuity has hitherto occurred in the animal kingdom from the beginning; and that there is nothing to favour the hypothesis that there has been, at any time, a death of existing races, and a new birth of those which followed. On the contrary, all the facts of geology prove that such an event has never occurred."—(Pages 88 to 90).

These sentences prove to us that Mr. M'Causland can reason logically and justly, and argue boldly where he thinks for himself, and has the facts plainly before him; and that the geological errors we have previously pointed out are the result, partly of a want of practice in the study of Geology, and partly of trusting to statements that are now antiquated, or being led astray by assertions and authorities that are no longer maintained or enforced. It has been well said of Geology, that "that which is its goal to-day is its starting point to-morrow;" and none but the professed geologist can hope to keep pace with the progress of newly-discovered facts, and the march of improved reasoning and enlarged results.

This is especially the case, as we have before remarked, with reasoning depending upon negative evidence. The mass of confident assertions, bold hypotheses, and sweeping generalisations depending on such evidence, that have been refuted and overturned by the subsequent appearance of positive evidence against them, is so great, that it behoves the geologist now, who wishes to walk prudently and philosophically, to withhold his assent to any proposition whatsoever that has merely negative evidence for its support.

In his attempt to reconcile Geology with the *letter* of Genesis, Mr. M'Causland largely depends on this evidence; and, quoting from an authority not more than two years old, it already fails him. Even if we grant (which we need not) that *lingulæ* had neither sight nor hearing, there is no early fossiliferous bed known in which *lingulæ* occur that

trilobites\* do not accompany them, together with *fenestellæ*, and other fossils. Trilobites—creatures having delicate and complicated eyes—have now been found in the very bottom of the Cambrian rocks, many thousand feet below the *Lingulæ* flags. We have therefore no azoic rocks; and the very earliest rocks that have been preserved for our inspection, were formed since the creation of the atmosphere, and of light, and that very same adaptation of one to the other which still exists.

Under the weight of these facts, all the first part of Mr. M'Causland's explanation breaks down.

We shall not attempt to follow him step by step through the remainder, however ingenious it may appear in its reasoning, or interesting in its subject. He is compelled, in fact, to resort to non-literal and conjectural interpretations, and to evolve meanings from words which are not the obvious and simple meanings. If we once depart from the simple and literal meaning, one man's interpretation becomes as valid as another's, unless, indeed, we could appeal to some infallible authority, which we hardly think Mr. M'Causland would wish to arrogate to himself, or would allow in another.

It is, in our opinion, the wiser and the safer plan not to inquire too curiously and too minutely into problems which, by their very nature, do not admit of a final and demonstrative solution. If we are satisfied with the grounds on which our *faith* reposes, let us hold fast by it, and trust in it, even if some of those grounds should appear to be a little shaken and disturbed by our *knowledge*. Who can dispel the mystery which hangs over the connexion between the mortal body and the immortal soul?—who can draw a clear and absolute boundary between the reason of man and the instinct of animals?—who can tell us what mind is as distinct from soul?—who can explain distinctly what is meant by the very terms "inspiration" and "revelation"?—what were the limits of the supernatural action in the soul or the mind of the inspired writers?—how much or how little was re-

\* In the *Lingulæ* flags of Sweden and Bohemia, there are no less than seventy-nine different species of trilobites mentioned by Barrande.

vealed of what could have been told? Mr. M'Causland holds that Moses wrote what was conveyed to him by certain "visions." If that was *all*, can we be sure that he described those visions correctly, and that these descriptions have been handed down through many written copies without a single error on the part of the copier, and have been translated without a single mistake on the part of the interpreters? Mr. M'Causland himself gives us a new translation of certain passages, which he says conveys more accurately the sense of the original than the received version

does. Who is to decide upon these differences?

We mention these questions as but a few of those which crowd upon us for answering, as soon as we attempt to explain everything and decide all things. They are matters of *belief*, not of *knowledge*. We act with equal wisdom when we purify the one from error, and extend and enlarge the bounds of the other. Happy is the man who can sometimes do both, and who keeps both separate and both steadfast, rather than he who seeks to antagonise them, or vainly tries to fuse them together.

#### OTTOMAN TURKS.\*

THE public must necessarily acknowledge in Professor Creasy's work, the ablest historical treatise which has yet appeared in this country, on the government of an Empire whose religious and political constitution forms the strangest phenomenon in the annals of Europe, and of whose civil polity there exists no example even in the checkered history of Asia.—Considered in reference to the earlier works by which Mr. Creasy's name is known to the literary world, it certainly is that by which his abilities will be best appreciated. There may be other writings which convey a more vivid portraiture of Turkey, as she now exists. But to present such a portraiture of these times alone was not the aim of the author; and it would be an aim irreconcilable with historical pretensions. What we conceive Mr. Creasy to have aimed at, and to have accomplished, is, the drawing of a continuous portraiture of the Turkish Government and of the Turkish national character, in their military, their civil, their moral or religious, and their social relations. And if it be urged that this work is a compilation, it is not less true that all histories are essentially compilations—and that that history is the best which imparts, from whatever sources, the clearest view of political

events, and of the springs of action from which those events are ultimately produced.

If there is one question more deeply shrouded in obscurity than another, in the political future of the world, it is perhaps the final destiny of those bordering territories of the two continents, which, for traditionary ages, have been the theatre of conflict between the power and civilization of Europe and of Asia. The whole history of mankind exhibits a continual struggle for subjugation and repression, in which the impulse of conquest has sent forth population after population upon the plains of Europe from the remotest regions of the East. If we look back through that long vista of twenty-three centuries of history, during which the ancient city of the Bosphorus has watched the progress or the retrogression of mankind, we find the regions of Eastern Europe the scene not only of convulsions so gigantic, but of changes so rapid and complete, as to have baffled, even from century to century, the clearest political speculation. That the Byzantium of the early Greek, imperilled only, in one age, by the advancing tide of the Persian dominion, should have been destined to assume the gorgeous splendour and the imperial polity of Rome—that the Constan-

\* History of the Ottoman Turks, from the beginning of their Empire to the present time.—Chiefly founded on Von Hammer. By E. S. Creasy, M.A., Professor of History in University College, London.—In 2 vols. Richard Bentley: London, 1854-56.

tinople of the Latin Cæsars should be transformed into the Stamboul of the Ottoman Turks—that a city once acknowledging the graceful mythology of Greece should successively become the seat of the most illustrious councils of Christendom, and at length the capital of an anti-Christian Power—involved a destiny of vicissitude too stupendous to have been entertained by the speculation, and too wild to have been conceived by the fancy, of man. Yet the changes of dominion which the surrounding territories underwent were even more numerous and rapid; and no prediction would perhaps have been regarded as more preposterous, in the view of the political prophets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the Constantinopolitan Empire was fast tending to decay, and was threatened by the apparently invincible hostility of surrounding states, than that it was its destiny to be reserved for overthrow by a race which was not then existing on the theatre of the world.

The rapidity with which the Ottoman Turks rose from the most signal obscurity in Asia to the most overwhelming preponderance in Europe is an extraordinary feature even in their unexampled career. Two centuries before Constantinople surrendered to the victorious standards of Mahomet II., their name—as a race distinct from the other Turkish hordes—was altogether unknown, not simply to the politicians of Europe, but even to the Governments of the East. Scarcely more than a hundred and twenty years before the gates of Adrianople opened to the arms of Amurath I., the Ottoman sword had obtained no dominion whatever among the tribes of Asia. So lately as the middle of the thirteenth century they are described as a nomad section of a race, discovered from the great Turkish body, consisting of four hundred families, and protected by some four hundred armed horsemen. These families, too, are described not as a belligerent but as a pastoral community, defended by a small cavalry force against the contingent hostility of the wandering tribes of Western Asia. In this period they were moving slowly but surely to the westward, in obedience to that unvarying impulse which, in all ages, has fixed the tide of universal emigration

towards the plains of Europe. They were then led by one Ertoghrlu, a name signifying “the Right-Hearted Man.” He died in 1288, and was succeeded in the chieftainship of his tribe by his son Osman, or Othman. Hence the tribe of ‘Osmanli’ has attached to the European Turks, and hence that of the ‘House of Othman’ to the imperial dynasty of Constantinople. The Sultans of Iconium were then absorbing a large share of the dominion of Western Asia. Ertoghrlu had been the vassal of these Sultans; and Othman, in 1307, declared himself an independent potentate. So early as 1301, this Chieftain came into collision with the Byzantine arms, and after successive victories extended his dominion to the shores of the Black Sea, completely surrounding the fortresses of Broussa, Nicomedia, and Nice. In 1326, the former city fell, and became the capital of the Ottoman race. Hence the sanctity with which the Osmanli views the city of Broussa, which is still perhaps regarded as the religious capital of his sovereign, and still possibly is looked to as the eventual refuge of the Ottoman dominion, when the fulfilment of the prophecy universally credited by their race shall compel them once more to seek their fortunes on the soil of Asia.

Having thus passed, in the short space of seventy years, from the condition of a pastoral and nomad band, no larger than the population of a small country village, to an almost uncontested domination over the vast territories of Western Asia, we may cease to wonder at the force of that elastic impulse which sent on the Ottoman race, in a career of unslackening conquest and subjugation, against the representatives of the Roman Power. We may rather thank the energies of the West, in subordination to the beneficent dictates of an overruling Providence, that that career was finally checked, and restrained within the limits of a single empire of South Eastern Europe.

The causes, then, which thus produced the rapid overthrow of the political system of the East are not difficult to penetrate. The vigour which had pervaded the Governments of Western Asia during the first few centuries of the Mahomedan Power, had altogether passed away. Feuds,

dissensions, wars, and a glaring absence of all political centralisation in those vast territories, had made way for the irruption of a resolute and hardy force, guided by a chieftain who appears to have possessed the energy, the genius, and the intrepidity of Charlemagne. This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary incident in the Ottoman career. When such a race had thus emerged into the lands bordering upon Europe, and had once consolidated an Asiatic dominion, their further success required a less powerful impulse. The Byzantine monarchy was now shaken to its base: it had been exposed successively to the assaults of the Asiatic states, and to the struggles for independence of the European races whom it had subjugated in earlier campaigns. Moreover, in the period in which this new danger began to threaten the Christian powers, the spirit which developed the crusades had passed away. Europe, in the fourteenth and the first half of the fifteenth century, during which the struggle between the Turk and the Byzantine took place, was gradually passing from the mediæval to the modern age. In that interval she neither possessed those moral elements which would have been essential to the development of crusading war, nor those political elements which would have been essential to the development of modern war. The religious spirit of the crusades had been compounded partly of enthusiasm and partly of superstition; and in the last age of the Byzantine empire neither enthusiasm nor superstition had any force over the minds of men. The political spirit which afterwards devised extensive combinations against distant dangers had not then dawned upon the princes and statesmen of Europe. The House of Plantagenet and the House of Valois were content to waste their energies in mutual slaughter; their political vision did not extend like that of the House of Brunswick and the House of Bonaparte. The struggle between the Turk and the Byzantine was, therefore, for a long period necessarily a solitary one, except in so far as the latter was aided by the naval prowess of the Italian Republics; and it is obvious that by the relative strength of these two

Powers the fate of Eastern Europe must chiefly have been decided.

The reign of Amurath I.—which commenced 33 years after the capture of Broussa and lasted for 30 years—marks the first European warfare of the Ottoman Turks. They had then for the first time to encounter the warlike Slavonians. This hostility soon brought them into collision with the Latin Church. It was undoubtedly a political blunder on the part of Amurath, that he did not discern aright the religious relations of Christendom: but his military strategy served to atone for the defects in his political character. The Popes were not unwilling that war should subsist between the Courts of Broussa and Constantinople—that the heretic and the infidel, in a word, should “be set by the ears.” But when the Mahometan power began to threaten Hungary, Pope Urban V. immediately preached up a holy war against the Turks. Thus, chiefly at his instigation, Hungary, Serbia, Bosnia, and Wallachia leagued against the invaders. But the superior force and ability of the Turks defeated this project, and the infidels were once more victorious. There were then few powers capable of withstanding the House of Othman. Even the chivalry of France, which on a later occasion was arrayed against them, soon yielded to their valour. The Turkish dynasty, though at one time severely shaken by civil war, continued to increase in power, until the declaration of war between the rival governments of the Bosphorus, in 1451, brought about the final overthrow of the Byzantine Empire, and established the Turks in uncontested authority in the East of Europe.

It is not, however, our design on this occasion to follow these dreary annals of barbaric bloodshed and unphilosophical warfare. But it is singular to reflect upon the simultaneous consolidation of all the territories of Europe during this latter half of the fifteenth century which witnessed the triumph of the Crescent at Constantinople. France, under the adroit policy of Louis XI., had strengthened its dominion by the subjugation of its vassals. The progressive amalgamation of the Spanish Governments, which had been formed through the



gradual retrocession of the Mahometan power in that peninsula, had now been consummated in the marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand. The Germanic Empire had awoke from the anarchy and dissension which succeeded to the stern rule of its Suabian Cæsars; and the vigorous policy of Albert II., of Frederic III., and of Maximilian I., had gradually restored it to the condition of a powerful government. The civil hostilities waged by Edward IV. in this country simultaneously established the strength and international influence of England. We might quote other examples: and to these were added, as perhaps in that period the greatest of all, the empire of Mahomet II. at Constantinople.

It must have seemed, we think, to all the thoughtful politicians of that age, that old Europe (then supposed by many to be near the end of its days) was about to put on a new face—to develop a new character and a new history. Feudalism, indeed, was not a thing gone by. But the extension of individual dominion, and the rise of standing armies, heralded a totally different species of warfare. Contests were to be carried on upon a far grander scale. It became obvious that Europe, after having seven centuries before surmounted the fearful peril of Saracenic subjugation from the West, and after so many ages of fancied security, was now about to encounter a corresponding danger at the hands of votaries of the same religion, from the East. To these threatenings, indeed, of Turkish conquest, we may fairly ascribe the rapid cohesion of Western Europe into a definite political system.

Let us, however, here pause for a moment with the fifteenth century, and consider the character of the *political institutions* by which Mahomet the Second endeavoured to consolidate his splendid dominion. The two principal sovereigns to whom we may chiefly refer the political construction of the Turkish Empire, in its internal relations, are the second Mahomet and Solyman the Magnificent. The former laid the base, the latter raised the superstructure. These laws, as they stood with the death of Solyman, do not appear to have undergone any signal re-construction, until the revolutionary policy of

Mahmoud, at a period singularly coincident with our own Reform Bill, totally changed the constitution of the Empire. We might fill volumes with a description of the wars that were waged, and of the murders and other atrocities that were committed, under the Turkish rule. Such records, however, as these serve far less directly to elucidate the problem of the Ottoman dominion in Europe.

I. In order to do justice to the greatness of this Conqueror of the Byzantines and Legislator of the Turks, we ought to remember that he was not possessed of those elements of moral dominion by which his successors so effectually strengthened their internal despotism. The Turkish Sultans were not in that day regarded as the successors to the extinguished Caliphate of Bagdad, and consequently were not deemed the representatives of the Prophet. This authority was first secured for them early in the sixteenth century. Not only therefore were the sovereigns of that age devoid of a spiritual character; but in a political system in which religious elements were more closely interwoven than perhaps in any other, much of the supremacy over the Turkish Empire inevitably fell to the share of the Mufti. In this officer, indeed, a large part of the idiosyncrasy of the Turkish system seems to rest. The Mufti was, and is, at once a legal and sacerdotal personage. This union of functions forms the natural and almost necessary incident of a political religion in which the Founder of the Faith was also the Lawgiver of the State. The Mufti at Constantinople may be best described as at once Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury. He was, however, removable at the will of the sovereign; but the sanctity of his character invested him with a species of moral independence, which materially trench-ed, in actual practice, on the exercise of the imperial prerogative of dismissal. His powers varied, no doubt, with the personal administration of the reigning sovereign; but the sacredness of his character is sufficiently demonstrated, in such a government as the Turkish, by the fact that the Mufti appears to have enjoyed an unvarying immunity both from the scymetar and the bow-string!

According to the principles of the

Turkish polity, there existed three supreme sources of law, to which the Sultans recognised a general subordination. These are:—1. The Koran itself. 2. The traditional sayings of the Prophet. 3. The decisions of the four Mahometan patriarchs.—It is singular to observe the analogy which this decision bears to three great sources of law in our own country—viz., the Statute Law, the Common Law, and decisions of the Four Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. With this limitation, the Sovereign possessed, by the institutions of Mahomet II., the supreme legislative and executive power; and it is obvious, indeed, that his constitutional power of dispossessing the Mufti, who was the expounder of the law, must have rendered it no difficult task to assert the conformity of whatever edicts he might issue with these three sources of the Mahometan constitution.

When, moreover, we consider that the powers of the Sultan over life and death extend, according to the different theories current in the empire, to the decapitation, without any just cause, of numbers varying from seven to a thousand *per diem*, we are truly forced to the confession that the interests of Prerogative could scarcely have been carried to a greater height in any commonwealth under the sun. It is obvious, indeed, that popular insurrection could have constituted the sole effectual check on the despotism of the Sultan, with whom the claim of that Right of Petition which so affronted and astonished the House of Stuart, in England, was promptly answered by the immediate decapitation of the petitioning subject. The Janissaries, during the reigns of the elder Sultans, appear to have formed the principal check upon the exercise of the sovereign power. In later periods of Turkish history, the rising of the populace was not seldom appeased by the execution of the existing viziers; but under neither system, of course, has any substantial security been offered for the liberties of the subject.

II.—The Ottoman law of property, on the acquisition of territory by conquest, which was largely illustrated in the institutions of Mahomet II., was ably directed to the maintenance of the Turkish system. Land

—and we here offer a description more fully, we think, describing the scheme of the Ottoman polity than that of the learned professor—was divided into *private* and *public*. The former was partly allodial and partly feudal. The allodial was subject, if held by a Mussulman, to a tithe-charge to the State; if possessed by a Christian, to a capitation-tax, together with other burdens far heavier than those which fell upon the true believer. The feudal land was divided into military fiefs, held on the condition of military service, under which a large portion of the Turkish armies were wont to be equipped.

The latter, or public property, recognised a similar subdivision. Of this, one part was allotted to religious and eleemosynary purposes—an institution under which the mosques have gradually grown to the acquisition of their present enormous wealth. The other was devoted to the expenses of the Sultan, of the imperial family, and of the officers of government. It is singular to observe how the claims of religion, the necessities of the army, the privileges of individuals, and the dignity of the Crown, established under the Mahometan system a fourfold division of property, almost exactly coincident with that which the commonwealths of Christendom recognised contemporaneously, as existing in the feudal, the allodial, the ecclesiastical, and the royal lands.

III.—If such, then, were the character of the Central Government, and such the territorial law of property, what were, in theory at least, the relations of the Turkish State towards the Christian Provinces which it less completely vanquished? It is clear, by the terms of the Mahometan law, that the fanaticism inculcated by the Koran was simply political, and not religious. This may seem a startling fact, in consequence of the abandonment in practice of this principle during the early Saracenic wars. That "the bended head is not to be stricken off" is an axiom of the Mahometan policy, interpreted to mean that a vanquished Christian principality, on its acquiescence in a payment of tribute to the conqueror, is entitled to the rights of religious toleration.

"The Christian subjects," says Professor Creasy, "of Mahometan powers were bound to pay tribute; they were forbidden the use of arms and horses, they were required to wear a particular costume to distinguish them from the true believers; and to obey other social and political regulations, tending to mark their inferior condition.—vol. i., p. 173.

The extensive modifications of the Turkish policy towards the Christians do not render this description applicable—although perfectly true of three centuries of Turkish history—to the present relation of the *Rayas* to the *Porte*.

IV.—In accordance with the policy of Mahomet II., and other sovereigns of Turkey, the introduction of foreigners into great offices of state was not deemed incompatible, even in that proud age of the Crescent, with Turkish dignity.

"If we look," says the Professor elsewhere, "to the period when the Turkish power was at its height—the periods of Solymán I. and Selim II.—we shall find that out of the grand viziers of this period, eight were renegades. Of the other high dignitaries of the *Porte*, during the same period, we shall find that at least twelve of its best generals, and four of its most renowned admirals, were supplied to her by Christian Croatia, Albania, Bosnia, Greece, Hungary," &c.

This is a very important fact in relation to the existing condition of Turkey, inasmuch as it affords a refutation to the common theory that the present selection of Turkish statesmen and generals (such as Redschid and Omar Pashas) from foreign and Christian ranks, implies the degeneracy of the State. Undoubtedly there must be "something rotten" in the condition of any Government which is compelled to the adoption of a line of policy, which Great Britain would regard as a humiliating degradation. But it is, at least, a system which has prevailed in the most glorious age of the Turkish Empire, and cannot, therefore, be pleaded as an instance of modern degeneracy. It is singular that Venice—the great maritime rival of Turkey—had recourse to the same expedient, so far as her naval and military commanders were concerned, though from a very

different motive. The policy of Venice is obvious enough; but the policy of Turkey it is hard to ascertain, even on the supposition of national stupidity which it is plausibly enough the fashion to allege in these days. For it is certain that the House of Othman itself produced a large proportion of the ablest statesmen and of the most skilful commanders that have figured in the history of the East.

On the principles, then, implied in this fourfold basis; 1.—The supremacy of the Central Government. 2.—The territorial laws of property. 3.—The dependence of the Christian Provinces upon the *Porte*, reciprocally with the toleration of their religion by the *Porte*. 4.—The introduction of aliens into political and military commands:—the whole fabric of the Turkish Government may be said not only to have rested during the ages of Mahometan conquest, but to rest for the most part at the present day.

It is obvious, however, that with all this political power, and all this vast constitutional machinery, Turkey never attained a condition either of *social* or *political civilisation*. Government has remained throughout absolutely barbarous. This is clearly evinced by the conduct of successive Sultans in their pacific relations. Professor Creasy's narrative contains a long list of hideous atrocities perpetrated through continuous generations, which can scarcely have been surpassed at the Courts of Tartary and China. Fratricide has been a traditional axiom of the State. Where assassination is the key-stone of policy, there can be only a condition of the worst barbarism. Schemes for the deposition of ministers, and for the disherison of princes, have seldom, if ever, been attempted in Turkey, without reference to the bow-string or the block. In that empire Bills of Attainder, abdication, resignation, and exile, would have been regarded simply as so much formal trifling. Between such processes of equity, and these vindictive retributions of untutored nature, exists all the difference between the civilised systems of Europe and the barbarous governments of Central Asia. Mr. Creasy relates, that on one of the lieutenants of Selim I. respectfully approaching his

sovereign, and asking for a small increase of revenue, the Imperial Sultan replied by instantly drawing his sword, and dis severing the head from the body of the impolitic petitioner ! When the same sovereign was returning from his questionable triumph in Egypt, riding side-by-side with his Grand Vizier through the Syrian plains, and triumphing in the recollection of the glories he had won, the Vizier ventured to differ with his master on the policy of the campaign. Another instant, and the trunk of the Turkish Prime Minister alone remained upon his horse—his head was rolling in the sand ! Such was the character of a Government, whose barbarity was scarcely exceeded by any Court either of Africa or of Asia.

And if it be replied that all this barbarity is now a thing gone by, what shall be said for the civilisation of a people, who, deprived of every other means for a manifestation of public feeling, have resorted to a regular course of Political Incendiarism ? Since the hideous slaughter of the Janissaries abolished the most formidable check upon the absolutism of the Crown, the people of Constantinople and other cities can find no more just or rational method of evincing their animosity to an existing administration, than by setting on fire the dwellings, not of the obnoxious ministers, but of the poorer classes of the population, who probably had been more often the sympathisers with these raving incendiaries, in their abhorrence of the tyranny of the Civil Power. What oblique Justice—what eccentric Retribution is here ! This is perhaps the natural result of a conflict of hostile force, between one element striving by the worst crimes to retain its authority, and another endeavouring by the most hideous vices to regain its power.

It is surprising to observe how little the *ordinary laws of nations*, controlling their relations in peace and the asperities of war, appear to have found a place in the East of Europe, during those centuries which are supposed, in the most contracted signification of the term, to constitute modern history. Both in Turkey and in Hungary it appears to have been no very uncommon thing to put

an Ambassador to death. This, if surprising on the one hand, through the Christianisation of the Magyars, is also surprising on the other, through the reputed courtesy of the Turks. By the Sultans, the Laws of War appear to have been yet more grossly outraged. That which our international jurisprudence terms the "Rights of War against Enemies," appears never to have found a place in the Turkish Code. Let us only consider the treatment of the French prisoners taken in battle by Bajazet I. We will quote Mr. Creasy's description of the carnage some days after the battle :—

"Shildberger saw his comrades cut down in heaps by the scymetars of the Turkish executioners, or battered to death by the maces of the Janissaries who were called forward to join in the bloody work. He was himself saved by the intercession of Bajazet's son, who was moved to pity by the evident youth of the captive. The Sultan sat there from day-break till four in the afternoon, enjoying, with inexorable eye, the death pangs of his foes ; when at last the pity or the avarice of his grandees made them venture to come between him and his prey, and implore that the Christians who yet remained alive might be made slaves of, instead of being slain."—(ii., 65.)

From this brief review, our readers may be in a position to judge in some degree of the social and political constitution of the Turkish Empire, as it has existed since the period of the fifteenth century. Much of what we have here stated is applicable to existing times. The barbarity which formerly characterised the international policy of that State has now, of course, in a great degree vanished. In other points of view, Christianity is attaining its final triumph by answering the boast which had threatened to Mahometanise Europe, in gradually Europeanising Turkey. Up to this point, however, we are at least able to understand the character of the Turkish system, which (when the age of Mahomet the Second and the fifteenth century had passed away) was required to sustain the mighty projects of Solymán the Magnificent for the humiliation of Central Europe.

Let us now briefly review the grandest period of Turkish history—

the first half of the sixteenth century, which nearly comprised the reigns of Selim I. and Solyman the Magnificent. Selim had succeeded by the deposition of his father, in 1512, at the age of forty-seven. He reigned only during eight years. But this brief dominion served greatly to consolidate the Turkish empire. His character exhibited this strange paradox, that the man who could exceed all his predecessors in the blood-thirstiness of his nature, could yet surpass all contemporary sovereigns in his respect for men of literature. A poet or a historian could administer to him a plain rebuke, for which the heads of all his generals, statesmen, and admirals, might have been simultaneously forfeited. But the historical importance of his reign chiefly rests in the religious authority which he was the first to arrogate to his dynasty. Mahometanism was then divided into two hostile sects—the Shiites and the Sunnites. The Mameluke Sultans of Egypt had until that period been regarded as the heads of the Mahometan world, in right of the Great Prophet of whom they were accounted to be the legitimate representatives. These Sultans were now vanquished and extinguished by the Egyptian wars of Selim. A religious question now arose in reference to the rightful devolution of the powers of the Caliphate thus voided by the Mameluke Sultans.\* The Sunnites ultimately acquiesced in the assumption of this spiritual and temporal supremacy by the House of Othman. The Shiites, on the contrary, who appear to have been the Protestants of Mahometanism—this term being used in its original and etymological sense—without formally asserting where this supremacy ought to rest, opposed the arrogations of the Turkish Sultans. These Shiites were chiefly Persians. At the present day, indeed, this distinction is still observable—the Per-

sians and the bigoted or Tory Turks retaining their historically distinctive creeds. From this original difference we find a key to much of the hostility which has prevailed between Turkey and Persia during the last three centuries.

Solyman the Magnificent accordingly succeeded Selim in an enlarged dominion and an exalted spiritual authority. The nearly contemporaneous accessions of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe, in that age, may furnish comment to the lovers of coincidence. Charles V. was elected to the throne of the Germanic empire in 1519—Solyman to that of Turkey in 1520. Professor Creasy ascribes the election of Charles V. to the common apprehension of the Turkish power in Central Europe. It does not appear to us, we confess, that the record of intrigues by which the House of Austria retained their Germanic authority warrants the assumption, that the Seven Electors were actuated by such a far-seeing and enlightened policy. Be this, however, as it may, the fact at least remains, that the destinies of the centre and east of Europe hung upon the nearly-balanced power of this duumvirate of Imperial Monarchs.

The terror inspired by the Turks in this age of their glory may be best appreciated by the consideration that the numbers of their feudatory troops and irregular levies exceeded 200,000; their artillery, in an age before cannon had been brought largely into use, to 300 heavy guns; and their navy to 300 ships of war. This military force was accounted the best equipped and the most powerful of Europe. In artillery and engineering the Turks exceeded the science of the Christian States. The instances which Mr. Creasy quotes from Thornton of the military care of Solyman—such as his institution of a corps of water-carriers to supply water to the soldiers, not only in a march but on

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\* Even these later Sultans do not appear to have attained to a perfect moral irresponsibility. It will be remembered that on the outbreak of the now-concluded war between Russia and Turkey in the autumn of 1853—when a popular clamour demanded at Constantinople an immediate Declaration against Russia, and the Divan demurred to the immediate adoption of a hostile policy—it was held that the persistence of the Sultan in a course opposed to the interests of the country rendered him liable to deposition by the Mufti. This, indeed, was not without actual precedent; for the deposition and execution of Sultan Ibrahim, in the seventeenth century, was effected by the formal warrant of that personage on a similar plea.

the field of battle—attest the excellence of the system introduced by that sovereign into his army. The humble and cringing manner in which he was more than once addressed by the proud House of Austria—and the arrogant tone of superiority with which he affected to treat those Princes whom he termed “the Kings of Vienna”—indicate the primacy he had attained in the list of Sovereigns.

The first year of Solymán's reign was inaugurated by the fall of Belgrade—the second by that of Rhodes. In that island fortress the knights of St. John were yet established, on his accession, in dangerous proximity to the Turkish capital. It may be interesting to quote from Professor Creasy's narrative of the siege, as illustrative of the power and policy of the Turks:—

“On the 18th of June, 1522, the Ottoman fleet of 300 sail quitted Constantinople for Rhodes. Besides its regular crews and immense cargoes of military stores, it carried 8,000 chosen soldiers, and 2,000 pioneers. At the same time Solymán led an army of 200,000 men along the western coast of Asia Minor.

“The Grand Master of Rhodes at the time of Solymán's attack was Villiers De Lisle Adam, a French knight of proved worth and valour. The garrison consisted of 500 regular troops, 600 of whom were knights.

“Solymán landed in the island of Rhodes on the 28th of July, 1522, and the siege began on the 1st of August. It was prolonged for nearly five months by the valour of De Lisle Adam and his garrison, by the skill of his engineer, Martinengo. The war was waged almost incessantly underground by mines and countermines, as well as above ground by cannonade and bombardment, desperate sallies, and still more furious assaults. A breach was effected, and some of the bastions of the city were shattered early in September; and four murderous attempts at storming were made and repulsed during that month. . . . The Turkish commanders at length resolved to lavish no more lives in attempts to storm the city, but to trust to their mines and artillery for its gradual destruction. Advancing along trenches, according to the plan of gradual approach which has since been habitually employed, but which was previously unknown, or at least was never used so systematically, the Turks brought their batteries closer and closer to bear upon the city, and at length established themselves within the first defences,” &c., vol. i., p. 261.

It is interesting at once to compare

and to contrast this account with the detail of the siege of Sebastopol. It will be seen that, whatever may be the improvements introduced into engineering by three centuries and a quarter, alternately of peace and of war, the general principles of military operation which were recognized in the early part of the sixteenth, are applicable to the middle of the nineteenth age. The same mining and countermining—the same reciprocal sallies and assaults—the same bombardment upon either side—the same effecting of breaches—the same strategy of approaching gradually along trenches—that decided the fate of Sebastopol in 1855, had decided also the fate of Rhodes in 1522. The age of Solymán was the first age of modern warfare.

That period appears to have been also the first to mark an approaching civilization in the Turkish rulers. The ultimate fall of Rhodes before adequate succour could reach it being now inevitable, De Lisle Adam and his knights seized the moment which further delay might have lost for an honourable capitulation. They were thus enabled to retire to Malta, where they at once again displayed their valour and retrieved their glory some forty years afterwards, when again besieged by the great Solymán in the last years of his eventful reign. “How much heroism,” says the Professor with great truth, “would the world have lost if the knights of St. John had obstinately sought in Rhodes the fate of Leonidas!”

Let us hear the Professor's account of the capitulation, indicative as it is of the first approach of the Turks to an acquiescence in the Modern Laws of War:—

“By the terms of capitulation (25th December, 1522) which Solymán granted to the knights, he did honour to unsuccessful valour; and such honour is reflected with double lustre on the generous victor. The knights were to be at liberty to quit the island *with their arms and property* within twelve days in their own galleys; and they were to be supplied with transports by the Turks if they required them. The Rhodian citizens, on becoming the Sultan's subjects, *were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion*: their churches were not to be profaned: no children were to be taken from their parents; and no tribute was to be required from the island for five years. The

insubordinate violence of the Janissaries caused some infraction of these terms; but the main provisions of the treaty were fairly carried into effect. By Solymán's request, an interview took place between him and the Grand Master before the knights left the island. Solymán addressed through his interpreter words of respectful consolation to the Christian veteran; and turning to the attendant Vizier, the Sultan observed—"It is not without regret that I force this brave man from his home in his old age." Such, indeed, was the esteem with which the valour of the knights had inspired the Turks, that they refrained from defacing their armorial bearings and inscriptions on the buildings. For more than three hundred years the Ottomans have treated the memory of their brave foemen with the same respect; and the escutcheons of the knights of St. John, who fought against Sultan Solymán for Rhodes, still decorate the long-captured city." Vol. i., pp. 262-3.

Contrast such conduct as this with that of preceding sovereigns; and can we resist the conclusion that, with the age of Solymán the Magnificent, a new era had dawned upon the opinions and the ideas of the Turkish rulers?

This was but the beginning of Solymán's triumphs. Four years later, in 1526, he invaded Hungary with 100,000 men and 300 guns, and there fought the memorable battle of Mohacz, in which the chivalry of Hungary and the House of Jagellon perished together. On that field 24,000 Hungarians fell. Three years afterwards, in 1529, he again invaded Hungary with the view of dispossessing Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., of the crown of Hungary, and of asserting the rights of Zapolya, the rival candidate to the throne. He was now at the head of 250,000 men. His expedition succeeded. Master of Hungary, he now threatened Germany. That country, split into religious divisions, was tardy in action. Meanwhile Solymán was in Austria, and the capital of the House of Hapsburg was in a state of siege. Had not continual rains rendered it impossible for the Turkish army to bring up their heavy artillery, it is almost certain that Vienna must have fallen. As it was, the contest was long and nicely poised. Near midnight on the 14th of October, the last assault failed; the Ottoman tents were struck; and the Turks retreated into Hungary. Solymán for

once disgraced the moderation that had hitherto characterised his reign. A general massacre took place of thousands of Christians whom the three weeks of the siege had brought into the Turkish camp. He chose still to regard himself as a conqueror; although, as Mr. Creasy reminds us, he is said to have laid a curse on any descendant who should renew the siege of Vienna. After a glorious reign of forty-five years, he commenced his memorable siege of Malta in 1565, then in his seventy-second year. But the success of the Christian arms, in this instance, asserted the final justice of Providence; and the sun of his reign that rose upon the triumph of his armament at Rhodes, set upon the glory of the knights of St. John, then headed by Lavallette, in the sea-girt isle of Malta.

We must now pass to more modern times; we have not space to expatiate upon the character of the political institutions of this sovereign, by which he is (as we well know from our own experience of Turkey), as well remembered in the East of Europe, as by the triumph of his arms and by the splendour of his reign. The accession of his son Selim II. in 1566, marks the first degeneracy of the Ottoman State. He was the first Turkish sovereign of the race of Othman who shrank from the dangers of the field of battle. His reign lasted during only eight years: and had it been prolonged, in a military commonwealth like that of Turkey, it is hardly possible to doubt that the Ottoman Government would have fallen into irretrievable disorganization. From this period, though the powers of Turkey with certain alternations survived, the glory of its dominion passed away.

Without chronicling further the annals of these distant periods, there are some considerations which they suggest of serious application to present times, which it is hardly possible to pass without notice. Turkish history, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, certainly presents contrasts so rapid and so signal, that as they perplex the historical student in his apprehension, at this day, of the character and elements of Turkish Power, much more must they have baffled the penetration of contemporary politicians. In the life-

time of one generation of men, the Ottoman arm is wholly irresistible; it makes progress wholly unexampled by any other State, and threatens promptly to overwhelm the whole Christian Power of Europe. In the lifetime of the next generation, without having meanwhile sustained any considerable reverses in war, it is reduced so low, that we have no doubt that Western Europe was filled with political prophets predicting its almost immediate extinction. In one age there is nothing but glory and triumph: in another, nothing but licentiousness and civil war. How, then, are we to account for these rapid extensions and retrocessions of political power? How are we to reconcile the elasticity which admits of this rapid revival of international consideration, with the apparent absence of all elasticity which immediately, and without external causes, precipitates the Turkish State from glory to inaction—from overwhelming might to proximate dissolution?

The answer, we believe, to this question is to be found in the individual character of the reigning sovereign. This, we should add, is a cause to which Professor Creasy does full justice. You must either have a corrupt people and a good government, or a corrupt government and an energetic people—when you cannot have both—if your State is to be prosperous and great. It is undeniable that in the heart of the Turkish people there have never existed those high conditions of political greatness, which have enabled other nations to make head against the folly or inactivity of the Central Power. That people, in past ages, rather presented the mere elements of such greatness, which it required the energy of great rulers to develop. The condition of the Central Power determined therefore for the most part the condition of the Turkish State: and when we add to this dependency of the people on the government, the frequency of civil war which not seldom almost shattered the very basis of the Ottoman power, we shall be at no loss to account for the rapid oscillations of political importance to which the history of successive centuries has subjected the Turkish name.

We now pass to modern times.

We have lingered, perhaps, too long over the first volume of Mr. Creasy's history, and over the period to which it relates. The second and concluding one is thus far distinct from the other, that it exhibits nearly the same international relations and interests on the part of Turkey with those which now exist. But as we have passed alike from the period which witnessed the establishment of the Turkish power, and the age of its glory, we shall henceforth rather review the last two hundred years of the Ottoman annals, in reference to the influence which they have effected on the present relations of the Porte with the different states of Europe.

The three principal questions of the present day which are historically illustrated in the records of these two centuries, are—*first*, the rise and progress of the historical relations of the Turkish Government with Russia and the other states of Eastern Europe; *secondly*, the successive changes which have taken place in the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and in the rights and liberties of the Christian Principalities; and *thirdly*, the growth of Trade and of commercial relations, which have served to consolidate the interests of Turkey with those of Western Europe.

The earliest diplomatic relations between Russia and Turkey date from the year 1492. Ivan III. and Bajazet II were then respectively ruling the two empires. The initiative of the proposal for these relations appears to have been on the side of the Czar.

"Three years afterwards," writes Mr. Creasy, "Michael Pettscheieff, the first Russian Ambassador, appeared at Constantinople. He was strictly enjoined by his master not to bow the knee to the Sultan, and not to allow precedence to any other ambassador at the Ottoman Court."—[page 203.] The character of this embassy has seemed to symbolise the whole course of the Russo-Turkish relations up to the present time.

It was not until the seventeenth century, however, that the Russian name made itself formidable in Europe. The rapid extensions of power which the Princes of Moscow had obtained a hundred years previously, were succeeded by civil wars. The accession of the House of Romanoff—the proudest and nearly the



most modern of all the dynasties of Europe—in 1613, formed the era of the first consolidation of the Russian territories into a compact and powerful monarchy. The earliest hostilities between the Muscovite and the Turkish standards date about forty-five years previously (A.D. 1568-70). The commercial energy of the Ottoman State had then suggested the extension of its commercial relations on the Caspian and the inland waters of Southern Russia; and a force was accordingly despatched to lay siege to Astrakhan. This expedition was unsuccessful; and the first occasion of hostility between Russia and Turkey marked the prowess of the Russian arms. From that period the dominion of the Crimea became the principal subject of contest between the hostile governments. This peninsula—famous through the traditions and vicissitudes of two thousand years—was then ruled by its Khans. These Khans it was the policy of Turkey to sustain and of Russia to assail; as though either State even then foresaw the influence which the possession of the Crimea would ultimately work upon the fortunes of the East. So powerful were these rulers of the Crimean Tartar race even in the seventeenth century, that they then extended their victorious arms as far as Moscow, and imperilled the very existence of the Russian power. The Crimean Khans, though virtually independent, were then titularly the vassals of the Porte: and every motive of ambition, of policy, and of revenge thus stimulated the Czars of Muscovy, with the increase of their military power, to subjugate, in the first instance, this outwork of the Ottoman strength, as the basis of their future schemes against the Turkish dominion in Europe.

The definitive declension of the Ottoman power is clearly to be dated from the peace of Carlowitz, concluded, after a war of seventeen years' duration, in 1699. The impolicy of the Turkish Government in that period had caused nearly all the adjacent Powers to conspire for its destruction. Russia, governed by the genius and the ambition of Peter the Great; Poland, directed by the military heroism of Sobieski; Austria, still powerful in the elasticity of its political resources; and Venice, pur-

suing the career of conquest and subjugation which it had initiated on the ever-memorable waves of Lepanto; constituted the irresistible confederacy against an anti-Christian State which had still the hardihood to declare itself the enemy of the European Powers. This seventeen years' war was essentially, in relation to the Ottoman Porte, what our recent hostilities will probably prove in relation to the court of St. Petersburg:—*it placed an effectual check upon a policy of territorial aggression.* The Turks had been driven back, in signal discomfiture, by Sobieski from the walls of Vienna: they had been ejected from the Morea by the vigorous administration of the Venetian Republic: and they had yielded to the final establishment of military and commercial settlements on the shores of the Sea of Azoff, by the dogged perseverance of the Russians under the administration of Peter. But for the far-seeing policy of William III. who then controlled the government both of Great Britain and of Holland—it seems clear that the Ottoman State would have been brought to the verge of destruction. That sovereign, in 1698, succeeded in arresting the unequal contest in the East of Europe, by the interposition of the powerful mediation of the British and Dutch Governments. The correspondence of the Sultan with Lord Paget, the British Ambassador at the Turkish Court, strikingly evinces the respect which was then entertained for our own country by the most distant monarchy of Europe. Austria was won over by the representations of William to a policy of peace: and from this period we may date the rise of her jealousy of the Russian power on the coasts of the Euxine. Peter the Great, less skilled in diplomacy than in domestic administration, found himself reduced to the alternative of a peace, or of fighting single-handed against Turkey. By territorial cessions, on the part of the Porte, to each of the belligerent Powers, the Peace of Carlowitz, under the auspices of William III., reassured, in 1699, the existence of the Ottoman State, though it sealed the doom of its political ascendancy.

The dawn, then, of the eighteenth century brings Russia and Turkey to an approximate equality of power.

In point of naval prowess, however, Turkey was still all-powerful. She was still possessed of the whole coast of the Euxine, with the exception of the few settlements on the northern shore, for the retention of which the Czar Peter had stipulated in the Treaty of Carlowitz. It was under these encroachments from the North, that that position of international law, which had declared the Euxine an inland sea, began to undergo a change; and the ancient law—confirmed in the treaty of the Dardanelles in 1809, and again in the treaty of 13th July, 1841—which recognised in the Turkish Government the power of closing the Straits of the Bosphorus, arose not from the concession of the different Powers towards Turkey, but from the retention of the *original* rights of that Government.

From this period the hostility of Russia and Turkey appears to have become traditional, instinctive, and irreconcilable. Poland was now rapidly declining; Austria more and more involved in warfare with the West; and Venice receding from its proud maritime pretensions. The Russian and Turkish Governments henceforth began to absorb the chief share in the international politics of the East. The Muscovite had now succeeded to the career of conquest and aggression which the declining power of the Osmanli had tacitly repudiated. The former had now replaced his ancient standard by the double eagle of the Byzantine emperors: and so far, therefore, as the Czars could be regarded as the successors of the Eastern Cæsars, it was obvious that the relations of the Christian and the Turk in the East of Europe had now become directly inverted:—that the policy of the Turk had become a policy of repression and retention, and that of the Christian a policy of aggrandisement and spoliation.

The first twenty years of the eighteenth century shook the conviction of that age in the inevitable decline of the Turkish Power. The last war which the Great Peter undertook against the Ottomans was wholly disastrous to the Russians. Venice, too, was simultaneously driven out of the Crimea. But the Treaty of the Pruth (1711) concluded

between Russia and the Porte was, in the circumstances, singularly favourable to the defeated Power; and, as if to restore the balance of the Peace of Carlowitz, Austria secured in the Treaty of Passarowitz (1718), after a victorious campaign, extensive cessions of territory from the Turks.

It is singular to observe that the principles of foreign policy which have been illustrated in the war from which we have just emerged, are strikingly identical with those that passed current in Europe a century and a half before. England appears to have manifested the same jealous watchfulness of the rights of Turkey throughout this period. The ministers of George I., sustaining the wise policy of William III., brought about the peace of Passarowitz by a timely intervention between Turkey and Austria, much as William had brought about the peace of Carlowitz by just such an intervention principally between Turkey and Russia. It is worthy of remark that in these early contests, Great Britain has been far more solicitous for the interests of the East than the French Court. Here, in truth, we have a triumphant answer to the favourite assertion of the Germans, that our recent sacrifices in support of the Turkish Empire were dictated simply by a selfish consideration for the safety of our Indian empire; for those sacrifices in truth illustrated but a simple conformity to the maxims which the British government had laid down half a century before the foundation of our Indian settlements.

The next period of Turkish history—extending over fifty-six years, and ranging from the Treaty of Passarowitz to the Treaty of Kainardji, 1718–1774—marks the rapid decline of Turkey, the equally rapid advance of Russia, and the definitive character imparted to the politics of the East. If, indeed, we can once conceive the idea of the Government of a State as an individual, a moral, and responsible agent, we shall see the most striking instances of the principle of retribution working its course through the scheme of political affairs, and surely though slowly retaliating the crimes and iniquities of each Government on itself. No more conclusive evidence of this truth is to be ob-

served than in the conduct of Austria throughout that period. Had the equally impolitic and unjustifiable wars of this state against Turkey during the eighteenth century never been waged, Austria would have probably remained to this day in her pristine strength, overshadowed in no greater degree by a preponderance in Russia than in Turkey. The disastrous issue of the wars which Russia forced on Turkey was clearly the result of the junction of Austria with Russia. The same scheme for the appropriation of the Polish soil, by which the Court of Vienna thought to extend its power, is now working its gradual destruction. Turkey, in the moral alienation of her Christian dependencies, is now working the natural result of her ancient tyranny. And if Russia as yet appears to have only profited by the iniquities in which she has taken part with others, it is impossible to doubt that the perfidy of her external and the cruelty of her internal government supply strong probabilities of an extensive confederacy from without, and of universal disunion from within, which may one day annihilate the proud fabric of the Russian power.

The wars, then, intervening between the Treaties of Passarowitz and Kainardji were characterised by the double aim of absorbing the independence of Poland, and of appropriating the frontier lands of the Turkish empire, both by Austria and Russia. The Court of Vienna sought for an extended territory on the Danube—the Court of St. Petersburg on the Black Sea. Hitherto Turkey had possessed a powerful ally in the North of Europe. In place of a powerful ally she at length gained a powerful enemy. For the friendship of Sweden and of Charles XII., she had now to encounter the hostility of Prussia and the Great Frederic. The Russo-Prussian Treaty of 1764 determined the definitive alliance of the Houses of St. Petersburg and Hohen-zollern; and we even yet trace its effects on the destinies of Turkey. To this formidable confederacy the Ottoman empire finally succumbed; and the Treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, which proclaimed the result of the struggle between the Mahometan and the Christian Powers, was regarded

by nearly all the politicians of that age as heralding the inevitable dissolution of the Turkish empire.

But events did not long remain at this point. The stipulations of the treaty which had provided for the independence of the Crimea, were followed by the annexation of that peninsula to Russia. That empire, in conjunction with Austria, next schemed a partition of the Turkish soil, as they had already, with the sanction of Russia, parted out the soil of Poland. The intervention of England once more saved Turkey from her doom; and the Treaty of Jassy again gave a peace to the East, attesting the progress of the Muscovite dominion.

The Treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, consigned to Russia the whole northern coast of the Euxine, between the Sea of Asoph and the mouths of the Danube. That of Adrianople, 1829, somewhat extended this enormous acquisition by adding to the Russian dominion the possession of the Delta intervening between the several Danubian mouths. This treaty, however, was rather of a commercial than of a territorial character. It has, in fact, been a common error to ascribe to the Treaty of Adrianople those territorial cessions which had been made seventeen years previously in the Treaty of Bucharest. The earlier Treaty destroyed the Ottoman dominion in the Black Sea: the latter annihilated the Austro-Turkish commerce on the Danube.

The political declension of Turkey, however, was singularly marked by a proportionate commercial growth. The entrance of that Empire into the European system, in the character of a Commercial State, dates from the year 1535. This was effected in the first capitulation granted to Francis I. of France, which guaranteed the privileges of French merchants. Towards the end of the same century three English merchants proceeded to Constantinople, and obtained similar privileges. Nothing can more fully illustrate the idea of barbarity which was then attached in Western Europe to the Turkish Court, than the fact that one of these mercantile adventurers was appointed the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth to the Porte. Additional privileges were

now obtained by the mission of Sir Thomas Roe in the reign of James I. For the progress, however, of commercial intercourse between Turkey and the West of Europe, we must refer our readers to the Collection of Commercial Treaties, ably edited by Mr. Hertslet of the Foreign Office.

The historical character of the CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES forms a more engrossing subject at the present moment, when it has been the aim of our diplomacy to secure these privileges in conjunction with the supremacy of the Central Power. We are ourselves in no apprehension that the recent legislation of Turkey will be found to have embraced, as is commonly supposed, two incompatible ideas—namely, that of sovereignty in the titularly dominant, and of liberty in the titularly servile race. The whole history of Turkish conquest, as we have already indicated, strikingly enunciates the very imperfect sovereignty which the Sultans obtained, in their most glorious age, over the outlying principalities. Their mediæval treaties with the Chiefs of Moldavia and Wallachia were scarcely more binding or more rigorous in their terms, than those of which we have lived to witness the conclusion. When the Porte formed the only maritime power on the Euxine, we have seen that the Khans of the Crimea were nearly independent potentates. In fact, the colonial policy of the Turks has been traditionally more wise and moderate than any other attribute of their dominion. They seldom aimed at a fusion of races professing incompatible religions, or at the complete subordination of a population possessed of a military character and an independent spirit. Their conduct in this respect was like that of the Romans—like that of Charlemagne—and like that of Napoleon. To the Turks—as to the acute statesmen of antiquity, to the Carolingian chiefs, and to the ministers of Imperial France—it was obvious that where the bonds of conquest became intolerable, they were ever liable to be broken. Absolute rebellion, indeed, was invariably met by the Turks with absolute repression. But where their *suzerainé* was acquiesced in, they were more often willing to leave these provinces as the *propugnacula im-*

*perii* of Roman story—to unite the ascendancy of the one with the qualified freedom of the other—and to rely upon reciprocal interest and mutual succour to maintain the rights of either against foreign power.

This, then, is exactly the political system which the Allies have sought to enforce, and which Russia has continuously endeavoured to destroy. In the Crimea her first effort was directed to the abolition of the Turkish *suzerainé*. Her next was to annex the territory, thus disjoined from the hostile state. So in Moldavia and Wallachia, she has more recently introduced her own Protectorate conjunctively with that of Turkey. These were obviously more insidious means of gaining the same end. The religious freedom of those Christians who did not enjoy the advantage of a separate government has not, indeed, been hitherto secured. But as, in the distinct Principalities, religious rights were an inevitable incident of the political rights which had been traditionally maintained, it is obvious that these concessions of the Turkish government have introduced no fresh *principle* into her internal polity.

It is easy to appreciate, then, the magnitude of the results of the recent war in the East of Europe. Turkey had been threatened, *first*, by the fleet of Sebastopol; *secondly*, by the insidious encroachment of Russia on the side of her Principalities; *thirdly*, by Muscovite intrigues with the Courts of Asia. Two of these three menaces are now swept away. That great naval armament which so long threatened the heart of the Ottoman empire with sudden overthrow—and that jurisdiction in the Principalities which was insidiously usurping the trans-Danubian provinces of Turkey—are now extinguished. The allied armies now relinquish to Russia the possession, not of proud arsenals and fleets on the coast of that Crimea in the conquest of which she lavished the blood of a century and a-half—but of vessels rotting beneath the waters that were long their cradle and their protection, and of vast dockyards, storehouses, and quays, now blasted by explosions of gunpowder, and transformed into one chaotic mass of irreversible ruin. The flag of Turkey waves once more in uncontested do-

minance on the Euxine. The Russo-Turkish treaties extorted by the fraud and the violence of the Muscovite statesmen, so far as they relate to the Principalities, are torn up. And if no adequate securities are obtained on the side of Asia, it will be long before the Russian Power can make formidable demonstrations in that quarter without naval succour. In our own day all the relations which we have thus far chronicled have become inverted. Russia is barbarous and cruel ; Turkey the asylum

of liberty, and the protection of a rising civilisation. Let the policy which we have thus vigorously adopted be steadfastly pursued ; and there will be no fear of Russian preponderance in Turkey. Let Russia recur to her traditions of conquest ; and the union of Europe will once and for ever destroy that hideous fabric of traditionary ambition, which the crimes of generations and the policy of ages had devised for the subjugation of all that dwelt in freedom and civilisation upon earth.

# CLOAK AND FEATHER BALLADS,

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

## DICK O' THE DIAMOND.

THE lad with the bonny blue feather,  
That bore away jewel and ring ;  
That struck down Sir Walter De Tracey  
Before the proud eyes of the king.  
Tawney-yellow his doublet of satin,  
His hat was looped up with a stone,  
His scarf was a flutter of crimson,  
As he leaped like a prince on his roan.

The heralds their trumpets of silver  
Blew loud at the multitude's shout ;  
I saw the brave charger curvetting,  
As Richard wound prancing about ;  
But silent they grew when Sir Tracey—  
(A gold-mine could scarce glitter more)—  
Gallop'd into the lists, cold and sullen,  
Fool ! eyeing the jewels he wore.

There were diamonds on hat and on feather,  
Diamonds from crest unto heel,  
Collars of diamonds and sapphires  
Hiding the iron and steel.  
His housings were silver and purple,  
All blazon'd with legend and crest,  
But seamed by the sword of no battle,  
For Sir Walter De Tracey loved rest.

The lad with the bonny blue feather  
Was a page and a gentleman born ;  
But Sir Walter, a knight of the garter,  
Curl'd his thin lip in anger and scorn—  
Shall he who, the lion at Bullen,  
Help'd trample the tall Fleur-de-lys,  
Compete for the prize of the jewel  
With such a mere stripling as this ?

"No, no !" cried the crowd of his varlets,  
Waving with velvet and gold,  
All shaking their colours and ribbons,  
And tossing their banner's fringed fold.  
To heighten the insolent clamour,  
The drummers, beginning to beat,  
Bid the trumpets sound quick for the mounting—  
Never sound to my ear was so sweet.

For the varlets were flocking round Richard,  
To hurry him down from his seat ;  
I saw him look fierce at the rabble,  
Disdaining to back or retreat.  
That moment the drums and the trumpets  
Made all the proud ears of them ring,  
As slowly, his cheek flushed with anger,  
Rode into the tilt-yard the king.

Pale grew the lips of the vassals,  
Sir Tracey turned colour, and frown'd,  
But the people, with scorn of oppression,  
Hissed, and the hisses flew round ;  
Then the king waved his hand, as for silence,  
Stamp'd loud on the step of his throne,  
And bade the two rivals together  
Dismount, and their errors disown.

"Ah ! this page is a rival for any,  
And fit to break lance with his king ;  
Let the gallants first meet in the tourney,  
And afterwards ride for the ring."  
Dick stood at the feet of the monarch,  
And bowed till his plume swept the ground ;  
Then, clapping on helmet and feather,  
Rode into the lists with a bound.

Sir Walter was silently waiting,  
He shone like a statue of gold ;  
Blue threads of big pearls, like a netting,  
Fell over his housing's red fold.  
On his helmet a weather-cock glittered,  
A device of his errantry shewing,  
To prove he was ready to ride  
Any way that the wind might be blowing.

Dick lifted his eyes up and smil'd,  
Oh ! it brought the blood hot to my cheek ;  
I could see from his lips he was praying  
That God would look down on the weak.  
He seemed to be grown to his saddle,  
I felt my brain tremble and reel,  
He moved like a fire-ruling spirit,  
Blazing from helmet to heel.

The king gave the sign, and the trumpet  
Seemed to madden the horses, and drive  
Them fast as the leaves in a tempest,  
With a shock the tough iron would rive.  
Both lances flew up, and the shivers  
Leapt over the banners and flags,  
As the champions, reining their chargers,  
Sat holding the quivering jags.

Fresh lances ! " God's blessing on Dicky !"—  
 A blast, and and in flashes they go !  
 " Well broken again on his scutcheon !"  
 Again the wood snaps with the blow.  
 Alas, for Sir Walter De Tracey !  
 His spear has flown out of his hand,  
 Whilst over his bright-gilded crupper  
 He stretches his length on the sand.

One start ! he is up in a moment ;  
 His sword waves a torch in his grasp,  
 Dick leaps from his foam-covered charger,  
 And springs with a clash to his clasp.—  
 Sir Walter is shorn of his splendour,  
 His weather-cock beaten to dust,  
 His armour has lost all its glitter,  
 And is dented with hammer and thrust.

He reels, and Dick presses him sorely,  
 And smites him as smiths do a forge ;  
 He reels like an axe-stricken cedar—  
 He falls !—yes !—by God and St. George.  
 Then, oh, for the clamour and cheering  
 That rang round the circling ring,  
 As Dick, his blue feather gay blowing,  
 Knelt down at the foot of the king !

Then the king took the brightest of diamonds  
 That shone on his fingers that day,  
 He gave it to bonny Blue Feather,  
 And made him the Baron of Bray.  
 Then the varlets bore off their Sir Walter,  
 The jewels beat out of his chains,  
 His armour all batter'd and dusty,  
 With less of proud blood in his veins.

And they caught his mad froth-covered charger,  
 Who had torn off his housings of pearl,  
 They gathered up ribbons and feathers,  
 And, downcast, his banner they furl.  
 I was still looking down on the bearers,  
 When Dick of the Diamond sprang in,  
 And without a good morrow or greeting,  
 He kissed me from brow unto chin.

I stuck his blue feather of honour  
 In the knots of my clustering hair,  
 And knelt, ere I went to the banquet,  
 Thanking God for his sheltering care.

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#### THE TOWN GATE.

In the dusky summer evenings,  
 When the light was growing dim ;  
 The watch from the darkening chamber  
 Oft heard the distant hymn,  
 As groups, through the twilight breaking,  
 Moved over the dry scorched down,  
 Waving the palm-branch and the staff,  
 At the sight of the stately town.

Soon, slowly through the dusky gate,  
To the light that lay beyond,  
Trode all the dusty pilgrims,  
Happy as men from bond ;  
Pointing out tower and steeple  
To the boys with the palm-leaf crown,  
Chanting the songs of Zion,  
To welcome the stately town.

The old men, tired and travel-worn,  
Were telling tales of home ;  
Prating of many dangers past,  
Of desert or sea-foam.  
They sang one hymn together,  
Though a few looked sadly down,  
The rest with glad flushed faces  
Entered the stately town.

In the dark midnights of winter,  
Oft came, with bloody plume,  
With dinted helm and bleeding horse,  
The trooper and the groom ;  
Red-hot from rout and rally,  
"Once they were stricken down,"—  
Spurring, with wild and staring eyes,  
Into the stately town.

In the merry April mornings,  
The laughing players come ;  
One blows a pipe and capers,  
Another beats a drum :  
One bawls out strings of ballads,  
And a boy in a woman's gown  
Screams scraps of "dying Juliet,"  
As they enter the stately town.

With a blaze of cloak and feather,  
Of fluttering cloth of gold,  
Through the dull white fogs of autumn,  
With crimson wreath and fold,  
Rode knights unto the tourney,  
Trampling over the down,  
Grand as a cloud of summer,  
Into the stately town.

Driven before the pikemen,  
Half naked, pale, aghast,  
Flying like leaves of autumn  
Before the chasing blast,  
Now hurry bleeding burghers,  
Their gashed heads bending down,  
Urged on with shouts and curses,  
Fast from the stately town.

In the dreadful year of famine,  
When black Death moved about,  
Three livid, maddened creatures,  
With groans and a shrieking shout,  
Ran naked through the gateway,  
Their shorn heads bandaged down,  
From the red-crossed door left open,  
To scare the stately town.



When bells shook every steeple,  
 And flags deck'd every roof ;  
 "Beas" on a milk-white palfrey,  
 Trapped with a purple woof,  
 Smiled, as the pursy alderman,  
 With the massy keys knelt down ;  
 Then through a flame of cannon  
 Swept into the stately town.

In a balmy noon of summer,  
 With clash and shock of drums,  
 'Midst roar of guns and waving flags,  
 Hoarse shouts and rabble hums,  
 The iron Cromwell entered,  
 His stern eyes looking down,  
 Not heeding all the pomp and wealth  
 That filled the stately town.

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THE JESTER'S SERMON.

THE Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,  
 The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair ;  
 The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,  
 The scullion dropped the pitcher-brown, the cook railed at the lout ;  
 The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,  
 And why ? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall !

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,  
 The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main ;  
 The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,  
 But still the Jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head ;  
 And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,  
 And waving hand, he struck the desk, and frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,  
 A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.  
 In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love :  
 A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove ;  
 The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well ;  
 The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the bell.

Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the wood ;  
 He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.  
 He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight ;  
 And he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.  
 Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed ;  
 True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).  
 To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—  
 To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth and ostrich legs.  
 He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.  
 Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray ;  
 The short way round in spite of all is still the longest way.

When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk ;  
 When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up the storm grows dark."  
 Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan ;  
 The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can ;  
 And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—  
 And why ? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made !

## EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.\*

"OH!" exclaims the reader, "this is an antiquarian article; we need not cut the leaves; we have enough to do in this nineteenth century to read the leading article in the *Times*; or, if we want poetry, there are Tennyson and Longfellow, without digging up the mouldering crudities of the reign of Edward III. We have no sympathy with the plodding Dryasdust, the *laudator temporis acti*, who values a coin not for its intrinsic worth, but for the rust with which it is overlaid." By your leave, gentle reader, you mistake us altogether. We are not Dryasdust; we have as little sympathy as you with the mere antiquary; we never quarrel with a Victoria sovereign fresh from the mint; but if we happen to meet with a Rose Noble of the reign of Edward III., the quaintness of the image and superscription does not prevent us from recognizing the ring of the sterling metal upon which they are stamped. If you never get beyond the large type in the *Times*, or Tennyson's last, we cannot expect to enlist your sympathies in the poetry of a century ago; even Dryden must be a sealed book to you. But if you have at all profited by the instruction in the true principles of taste which we have been ever careful to provide for your improvement, you will introduce yourself to, and cultivate the closest intimacy with, genial, joyous, humorous, tender, old Geoffrey Chaucer.

It was in the days of our undergraduateship that we first became acquainted with him. We had made our escape for the vacation, from those long stories that Euclid tells about triangles and rhomboids, when, in the library of a country house, where we were on a visit, we happened to meet with Speght's black-lettered edition of 1604. The quaint wood-cut on the title-page, in which a knight is represented charging against the walls of a castle among lilies as high as the battlements, arrested our attention. We read a few lines of the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, saying to ourselves, "I wonder what strange stuff

is this!" But it ended in our reading the folio through, in spite of all the difficulties of black-letter, corrupt text, and incorrect punctuation. And ever since that time, when a winter evening hangs heavily on our hands; or when the still, sultry air of a summer's day invites to sit under the old medlar-tree on the grass-plot before our study window; when the air is loaded with the perfume of the bean-fields, and the joyous laugh of the troop of peasant-girls who are weeding in the wheat comes mellowed by the distance; or the harvest-horn is heard dismissing the reapers from their toil, we take down the old volume, and dream over the sweet pictures of English country-life and home-scenery—the stately dances of knights and ladies, or the gorgeous pageants and banquets of feudal magnificence, which the enchanter raises before our imagination with such life-like reality. Don't call us Dryasdust for loving old Geoffrey. It is because his pictures are so fresh—it is because the men and women who move before us on his page are the very men and women whom we have seen in the flesh in this year of our Lord, 1856—whom we travel with in the rail-road carriage—whom we sit under at the proprietary chapel, or sit beside at the market-ordinary of the country town to which we resort on a Saturday—who do our little law-business for us in Westminster-hall, or act the lady-bountiful in our parish, that they never fail to secure our attention and command our sympathy, whether their mood be humorous or pathetic.

There is a healthy and genial tone about Chaucer's poetry and philosophy which disposes us to be pleased with the world in which we live; and we are inclined to think that in this he caught the real aspect of nature. Discontent and misanthropy are the offspring of over-civilization. Chaucer always prefers the sunny side of nature. He delights in May mornings, gazes with rapture on the sloping lawns, the stately oaks, the daisy spreading its petals to the sun, the

birds rejoicing in the fair weather, and the squirrels holding tournaments on the grass. He never exaggerates—with him sorrow does not sink into despair, nor is the cup of earthly joy ever unmixed with a certain bitterness. He is never afraid of contemplating death, but represents it simply as what it really is—a great change, to be regretted indeed by the survivors, but not to be regarded with fear or loathing. His lovers are not invested with the power of working miracles, nor are they exempt from the ordinary cares and employments of mortals. Bad men are not suddenly seized with fits of heroic generosity in order to get the story out of an entanglement, nor are good men such faultless monsters as to be above our interest. Like a well-bred man of the world, he laughs at the vices and follies of his time, and never suffers his satire to put him out of charity, to spoil his good manners, or to degenerate into invective.

Milton believed that he was born "an age too late." In his time the heroic phase of the national mind had passed away, and an epic poem drawn from real life had become an impossibility. This difficulty he solved by placing his scene in the regions of pure fancy, and not only fashioning but creating materials. He could not find heroic men; he therefore worked upon angels and devils. Chaucer, on the contrary, was what we have lately experienced so much difficulty in finding, "the right man in the right place." The pure epic is the poetry of nations in their infancy; their poetical creed is then objective only. The valiant deeds and the generosity of chiefs, and the beauty of ladies, are the themes of their song. The poetry of a people in a high state of civilization is, on the other hand, to a great extent subjective; it is independent of outward things, or only uses them as a medium for conveying the abstractions wrought out of the very substance of the poet's mind. The *Romans de Geste*, and *The Excursion* represent the two extremes in English poetry. The popular ballads and legends which preceded Homer, but which are now lost, and the Greek Anthology, indicate the analogous phases of poetical development in Greece; and, between the two, Homer appeared to catch and

embody the heroic spirit before it gave place to newer modes of thought, and was lost for ever. Rome has no epic poetry of its own. The *Æneid* is but an imitation of the true epic, and depicts thoughts and manners of which Virgil had no personal experience. Chaucer, like Homer, appeared at the critical moment when his genius had the fairest field for its display—when the heroic and imaginative was passing into the real and material phase of society. The law even establishes the reign of Richard II. as the limit of authentic history, and pronounces all anterior to it as "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is a vast region of mystery, in which accurate analysis is at fault; but in which poetry finds a congenial home, and delights to expatiate. It produced the pure epic of an infant nation in abundance; our library shelves groan under loads of *Romans de Geste*; and just as these were beginning to lose their vitality, Chaucer caught the spirit which yet remained to them, and combined their objectiveness with that subjective art which is characteristic of a later age. The result was, that he was hailed by his contemporaries as a great master—that every great poet who has arisen since his time, without exception, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge—has acknowledged his transcendent merit, either in express terms, or by borrowing from him. We may, therefore, now consider his inauguration on a pedestal in our national literary pantheon as a *fait accompli*.

But, though his title to occupy a place in the first rank of the poets of England is thus generally acknowledged by *students*, though many of the most happy and striking thoughts of his successors may be traced to him, it must be acknowledged that the circle of his readers is contracted. For this neglect may be assigned two reasons—his indelicacy, and the supposed obsolescence of his language. With regard to the first, we may observe that, of the *Canterbury Tales*, consisting of a prologue and twenty-four distinct poems, seven may be pronounced too broad for modern taste, and that in the dramatic dialogues between the host and the company,

the boisterous comments of the former are sometimes as coarse as Falstaff's jokes. We have all read Horace, Juvenal, Martial, Homer, Herodotus, and Aristophanes, at school and college, and Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope soon after; and to suppose that the stories which Chaucer puts into the mouths of his lower personages could taint an imagination which had passed through such an ordeal, is about as reasonable as if a man, accustomed to drink raw spirits, should refuse a glass of claret for fear it should make him tipsy. The objectionable parts of Chaucer's poetry are by no means the best; and if any one is afraid of suffering his eyes to fall upon them, we can only repeat Chaucer's own advice:—

And therefore whoso list it not to hear,  
Turn over the leaf, and choose another tale;  
For he shall find enough, both great and smale,  
Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,  
And eke morality and holiness.

In the other poems of this voluminous writer there are not above three or four passages which could offend the most fastidious; while the general tendency of his writings is not only moral, but even religious. Now, the general tendency is the really important point; for that virtue must be frail, indeed, which is endangered by the occasional slips of a moral writer; while, on the contrary, a poet may, like Pope, be scrupulously within rule in his language, and yet the tendency of his writings may be to corrupt the mind which they do not shock, and all the readier because they do not shock it.

The objection arising from the obsolescence of Chaucer's language is not so easily met. There are some to whom the facilities for observing the formation of English, afforded by poems written by a master of our language, at a time when its component parts were not so thoroughly fixed into each other as at present, is a recommendation rather than the reverse. There are many persons who think, and adduce plausible reasons for the opinion, that the English of the fourteenth century, retaining as it does the inflections of nouns and verbs, and the philosophical disposition of the several parts of a sentence which mark the classical languages and the modern German, is

really a finer language than the modern English, which, like a *patois*, relies almost entirely on the use of prepositions, pronouns, and auxiliary verbs, to indicate the distinctions of case, person, mood, and tense. However this may be, it is certain that to call a language which in these respects resembles the Greek and Latin, barbarous, as Warton and others of the last century do, is simply ignorance only equalled by that of the English groom who was convinced that all Frenchmen were fools because they called a horse a *shovel* (*cheval*). To the general charge of obsolescence, we must, therefore, reply with the "angel of the schools," Distinguo. We must distinguish between what is essentially obsolete, and what is merely accidentally so. In the first place, Chaucer makes use of some few words which are now disused; so far he is obsolete, and the only remedy for this is to betake ourselves to the glossary. But this is an annoyance to which even the readers of Shakspeare are exposed. Secondly, the German inflections of verbs and nouns are retained; as for instance, *I help* is the past tense of the verb to help; and if the reader does not know enough of the analogy of his own language, to enable him to discover at once the origin of such a form, he must also go to the glossary for this, or, indeed, ought rather to go back to his accidence. But the third and greatest difficulty, in fact the only real one, is merely accidental, and easily remedied. It is this—that even the commonest words are not always spelt or pronounced as at present, but follow the spelling and pronunciation of the Saxon and French.

In the introduction to the *Annotated Edition*, Mr. Bell gives several good reasons for not interfering with the old orthography. His object appears to have been in the first place to supply a desideratum in English literature, by giving the public a standard edition of this great poet's works. It is true the *Canterbury Tales* had been published by Tyrwhitt, with excellent notes and glossary; and subsequently, Mr. Thomas Wright had edited for the Camden Society a much improved text of this poem. The other poems were to be found only in Speght and Urry, or in the Aldine edition, in which they

were reprinted from Speght, with all his absurd corruptions of the text and errors of punctuation; and as if to render this edition perfectly useless, there was no glossary. In order to secure a correct and authentic text for this edition, we learn from Mr. Bell's introduction, that the MSS. in the British Museum, in the Bodleian, in the public library of the University of Cambridge, and in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, have been searched, and wherever there was a choice, that those which appeared to be the oldest have been selected as the basis of the text. We have now, at length, therefore, the means of reading Chaucer in the language, as nearly as possible, in which he wrote. We are not, perhaps, the best judge in such a case, as we had already pretty well mastered the difficulty of Chaucer's language, before we saw Mr. Bell's edition; but we really cannot believe that any one who knows French, better still if he knows German, has read the directions given in the introduction to this edition, can, with the help of the explanatory notes and glossary, find any difficulty in understanding and appreciating the excellence of the father of English poetry. We, therefore, think Mr. Bell has done wisely in giving the public such a text as may satisfy philologists, and in trusting to the notes and glossary to make it intelligible to the general reader.

But though this edition appears to us to supply the want of a full and correct collection of the poet's works, it is not a book to lie on a drawing-room table; and we are still of opinion that a suggestion thrown out by Coleridge in his *Table-Talk* might be followed with advantage. "I cannot in the least allow," he observes, "any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, espe-

cially the *Canterbury Tales*, being considered obsolete. Let a plain rule be given for sounding the final *e* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocēan*, *nation*, &c., as dissyllables; or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse." If a person so qualified as Coleridge describes were to give the prologue, and such of the *Canterbury Tales* as are unobjectionable, together with selections from the rest of the poems, retaining the old spelling only where it is absolutely necessary to the metre, marking the accented syllables, and accompanying the whole with very short and simple explanations in foot-notes, a charming book might be made; and many persons, particularly ladies, would then be enabled to enjoy an intellectual pleasure from which they are now in a great measure debarred. The feasibility of this plan was proved to ourselves, by the fact that some ladies to whom we read aloud the exquisite tale of *Griselda*, found no difficulty in understanding it, and were charmed with its beauty and pathos. We will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, by placing a passage from the *Man of Law's* tale in the original, in juxtaposition with our modernized version; premising that in this we are taking no greater liberty with our author, than has been taken by all modern editors with Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. If these poets were edited with their old orthography, they would be fully as unintelligible to a modern Italian as Chaucer is to a reader of the *Times*.

'Parfay I' thought he, fantom is in myn heed;  
I ought to deme, of rightful judgement,  
That in the salte see my wif is deed.'  
And after-ward he made this argument:  
'What woot I, wher Crist hath hider sent  
My wyf by see, as wel as he hir sent  
To my contre, fro thennes that sche went?'

'Parfay I' thought he, 'phantom (!) is in mine  
head;  
I ought to deem, of rightful judgement,  
That in the salté sea my wife is deed.'  
And afterward he made this argument:  
'What wot I, (?) whether Christ hath hither  
sent  
My wife by sea, as well as he her sent  
To my country from thennes (?) that she  
went?'

And after noon, home with the senatour  
 Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chaunce.  
 This senatour doth Alla gret honour,  
 And hastily he sent after Custaunce.  
 But trusteth wel, hir luste nat to daunce;  
 When that sche wiste wherfor was that sonde,  
 Unnethes on hir feet sche mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saugh his wyf, fayre he hir grette,  
 And wepte, that it was rewthe to se;  
 For at the firste look he on hir sett,  
 He knew wel, verely, that it was sche.  
 And for sorwe, as dumb sche stant as tre;  
 So was hire herte schett in hir distresse,  
 Whan sche remembered his unkyndenesse.

Who lyved ever in such delyt a day,  
 That him ne moved eyther his conscience,  
 Or ire, or talent, or som maner affray,  
 Envy or pride, or passioun or offence?  
 I ne say but for this ende this sentence,  
 That litel whil in joye or in plesaunce  
 Lasteth the bliss of Alla with Custaunce.

Here the only thing in which the old differs from the modern English is in the orthography, in the accentuation of words of French origin, in the pronouncing of the final *e* as in German, and in some trifling variations in grammatical structure. Indeed the wonder is, that in a poem written four hundred and fifty-six years ago, the language should so closely resemble that of the best writers of the present day. And here we cannot but call the reader's attention to the pathos and beauty of the expression in which the poet describes the effect of Constance's meeting with her husband, whom she believed guilty of the greatest cruelty to herself and her child:—

“ So was her hearté shut in her distress.”

How well does it depict that intensely painful feeling of inability to speak or weep, produced by the consciousness that we are the objects of the undeserved unkindness of one whom we love! The heart is truly then shut up, as it were, in distress,

And afternoon, home with the senator  
 Goeth Alla, for to see this wondrous chance. <sup>(1)</sup>  
 This senator doth Alla great honour <sup>(2)</sup>  
 And hastily he sent after Constance.  
 But trusteth <sup>(3)</sup> well, her luste not <sup>(4)</sup> to  
 daunce;  
 When that she wisté wherefore was that  
 sond, <sup>(5)</sup>  
 Unnethes <sup>(6)</sup> on her feet she mighte stonde. <sup>(7)</sup>

When Alla saw his wife, fair he her gret, <sup>(8)</sup>  
 And wepté that it was ruthé to see;  
 For at the firsté look he on her set  
 He knew well, verily, that it was she.  
 And for sorrow as dumb she stant <sup>(9)</sup> as tree,  
 So was her hearté shut in her distress,  
 When she remembered his unkindness.

Who lived ever in such delight a day,  
 That him ne moved either his conscience, <sup>(10)</sup>  
 Or ire, or talent, <sup>(11)</sup> or some manner affray. <sup>(12)</sup>  
 Envy, or pride, or passion, or offence?  
 I ne say but for this end this sentence, <sup>(13)</sup>  
 That little while in joy or in plesaunce  
 Lasteth the bliss of Alla with Constance.

and all the outlets in which sorrow finds relief are closed. What thoughtfulness and knowledge of human nature does the next stanza we have quoted display! How true it is that when all external causes of sorrow or uneasiness are removed, there is still something in the heart which makes perfect happiness incompatible with our nature and condition upon earth!

Chaucer is generally called the father of English poetry; and the propriety of this designation cannot be disputed, if it be intended to mean that he gave new beauty and vigour to our language, and variety to our versification; and that he was the originator of the modern school of English poetry. But if it imply that Chaucer was the first poet who wrote in English, it is manifestly inappropriate. Without mentioning his contemporary, Gower, from whose English works might be culled some passages of great merit, we must remember that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had their poets; though, to judge from the scanty remains which

(1) Accident, or event. — (2) Honour, being a French word, is accented on the last syllable. — (3) Trusteth is the imperative mood, trust thou, or trust ye. — (4) That is, it was not pleasing to her. *Her* is here the dative case. — (5) *Sonde* means that which is sent, a message. — (6) scarcely. — (7) *O* and *a* are used indifferently in words of this kind. — (8) *Gret* is the past tense of to greet, greeted. — (9) *Standeth*. — (10) Conscience is pronounced as in French. — (11) Covetousness. — (12) *Effroi*, fear. — (13) I say not for this sentiment but for this object.

have come down to us, their poetry was not of the highest order. It was with the advent of the Normans that new blood and vitality were introduced into our national literature. The Saxon bishops and abbots, it must be allowed, had degenerated into little better than country gentlemen and farmers; and whatever we may think of the abstract justice of William's conduct towards them, we cannot be sorry to see such men as St. Anselm substituted in their place. A haughty nobility, despising the pursuits of commerce and agriculture, which they delegated to their Anglo-Saxon churls or bondmen, the Normans had leisure to cultivate the arts and elegancies of life. Poetry was with them a passion; Norman rule was inaugurated with poetry; the battle of Hastings was begun by the minstrel Taillefer throwing himself into the midst of the English, as he chanted the Song of Roland; and metrical romances, consisting, or purporting to consist, of real histories, were produced by the minstrels who followed the Duke of Normandy to England, in an abundance which rivalled the issues of Mr. Bentley and Mr. Colburn. Indeed it is curious to observe the striking analogy which subsists between these early epics and the popular literature of the present day. In such historical romances as the *Chronique de Geoffroi Gaimar*, *Pierre de Langtoft*, and *Benoit de St. Maure*, we have the antetypes of Mr. Macaulay's "History of England." In all these, an imaginary hero under a real name is made to move, with more or less adherence to historical truth, through well-known historical events. Sometimes, as in the romance *Del Ri-Guillaume d'Engleterre*, or the history of *Fulke de Fitz-Warrice*, the poem is as purely a fiction as the historical novel of the present day. The progenitors of our religious novels were the metrical "Lives of the Saints," or such poems as the "Romance of Robert Grosseteste;" while the satirical novel, such as Mrs. Trollope's *Vicar of Wreckhill*, is shadowed forth by many a hard hit at the vices of hypocritical churchmen.

About the reign of Henry II., the pure grammatical forms of the Anglo-Saxon began to disappear, and the English language was formed by a

corrupt mixture with the Anglo-Norman. From this time forward till Chaucer appeared above the horizon, the popular literature abounded with poems in English, but formed upon the model and clothed in the metre of the Norman romance. The dimeter iambic, sometimes varied by a catalectic line, or the Alexandrine, displaced the alliterative metre of the Anglo-Saxon poetry; and the copious ease and flowing grace of the *trouvère* succeeded to the frigid obscurity of the *scald*. If the king or the barons receive a reverse, or if the citizens of Bruges rise against and defeat their feudal superior, the fact is sung in every hall and hamlet in England, in satirical ballads and pasquinades. In fact, political intelligence, clothed in metre for its greater facility of retention, seems to have been as widely diffused among the people in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as it is at present: the only difference is, that then it reached their ears from the mouth of the minstrel or gestour, and now it meets their eyes in the columns of the "Thunderer."

In the South of France, in the meantime, a more refined school of poetry sprung up, and gave birth to one of the most curious institutions of the middle ages. At the Courts of the petty sovereigns of the southern provinces were established, under the name of "Courts of Love," or *Gieus sou l'ormel*, what we should call literary and poetical academies. Here the academicians, learned in the *gai science*, submitted their poetical and amatory compositions to the judgment of their fellow-professors; and the crown of laurel was awarded by the sentence of the court—or they proposed subtle questions in matters of love, clothed in the language of poetry, and called *jeu-parties*, or *tensons*; or parties aggrieved brought their pleadings in all due form before the Court, and prayed judgment. There is reason to believe that the sentences then pronounced had some such effect upon the social position of the party condemned, as the decision of the patronesses of Almack's, or of a private court of regimental officers. The only account in English of this most curious institution that we are aware of, is to be found in Mr. Bell's introduction to Chaucer's poem, entitled *The Court of Love*.

From these early literary academies of taste, Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio derived the metaphysical subtlety of their treatment of the universal passion; and the title of Chaucer's earliest known production, *The Court of Love*, sufficiently indicates the source from whence he derived his superior refinement. The school of poetry fostered by these courts supplied him with that subjective element which enabled him to rise at one step high above the popular minstrels of a nation in its infancy; and it is because he then imparted a new and more cultivated element to the pure epic of his predecessors, just at the critical moment when it was possible to combine them, that he is entitled to the name of the "Father of English poetry."

Chaucer's genius was of that kind which is improved by time. His industry was extraordinary, his curiosity unbounded, and he appears to have been possessed of a wonderful power of assimilating all that he saw or read, and reproducing it in new forms of beauty. Even if we were not aware of the facts of his life, we might trace in his poetry the several external influences to which his mind was subjected at different periods. All his early poems, beginning with *The Court of Love*, belong to the French school. When he was about forty-six years of age, he went to Italy, and probably conversed with Petrarch, if not with Boccaccio; and from that time his poetry is marked by a vigour of fancy, a freedom of treatment, and a firmness of touch, not to be found in his earlier works. We can trace in the *Troilus and Criseyde*, *The House of Fame*, *The Legend of Good Women*, and the *Canterbury Tales*, evidences not only of his intimate acquaintance with the three great lights of Italy, but of a more extended knowledge of the classics.

This is easily accounted for when we recollect that Petrarch and Boccaccio were the most successful imitators of classical Latinity before the sixteenth century, and that the latter is generally supposed to have been the first scholar of Western Europe, since its separation from the East, who had read Homer in the original. There can be little doubt that Chaucer, with his voracious ap-

petite for knowledge of every kind, took advantage of his two diplomatic visits to Italy to obtain a personal introduction to her literary men, and to be initiated into those studies, not then very common, to which they were devoted. In those days Greek and Latin were only beginning to be considered and studied as dead languages: Lexicons there were none; and personal intercourse with learned men was the only substitute for Scapule and Scheller. It is not therefore surprising that Chaucer returned from Italy, and from the conversation of men who knew how to infuse the spirit of classical antiquity into their young and vigorous vernacular, with vast accessions of knowledge, a firmer and a freer taste, and increased powers of language.

We will now endeavour briefly to trace the progress of the poet's mind from its earliest to its latest development, pointing out, as we go along, the various circumstances of his external life which may be supposed to have exercised an influence over his poetry.

There is good reason to believe that the earliest poem which we possess of Chaucer, is *the Court of Love*, to which we have already alluded. It is an allegorical description of an imaginary court, held by the god and goddess of love, to which worshippers of every age and condition resort to do their homage to the god, and to take upon themselves the obligation of observing his commandments. In these commandments, as well as in the whole tenor of the poem, is embodied the chivalrous idea of love. The lady is a sort of divinity, and has an absolute and indefeasible title to the lover's service and fidelity. She must be addressed in language in which passion never derogates from that respect which a liege-man owes to his feudal sovereign; and the desire of meriting her favour must engage him in the exercise of virtue and courtesy, and deter him from every mean and unworthy action. The whole closes with a curious poem, in which the several species of birds offer up their worship to nature, in a service analogous to the matutinal office for Trinity Sunday in the medieval church. This indicates the close connection of the poem with the courts of love, in which it was a common practice to



designate the several officers by the names of different kinds of birds. This practice is thus accounted for conjecturally in a note upon the passage. "The tenderness and constancy which birds bear to their mates would seem to have pointed them out as the fittest of all creatures to act as the priests of love, in offering up the adoration of universal nature to the great creative and sustaining principle." In this and many other particulars of the mediæval philosophy, may be discerned a subtle tendency to pantheism, which, fostered by the great Ghibeline party, broke out a century later in the open paganism of the epicurean *illuminati* of the *renaissance*.

Throughout this poem the poet speaks in the first person, and addresses himself to his lady; it appears to us, therefore, that when he represents the events which he is about to describe as having recently occurred, "when he was young, and eighteen years of age;" and when he designates himself as "Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk," he does not mean an imaginary person, but himself; and that this poem is, therefore, conclusive not only of the proximate period of its production, but of the place of Chaucer's education. To the same school must be referred the charming allegories entitled, *The Parliament of Birds*, or *The Assembly of Fowls*, (strangely mis-translated by a recent French biographer of the poet, *L'Assemblée des Sots*), *the Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, and *The Flower and the Leaf*, of which Dryden has given one of his most successful translations.

It was probably by his poetical acquirements that he recommended himself to the notice of the chivalrous Edward, with whom he served in the French campaign of 1359. It was on this occasion that he was taken prisoner. But his captivity was short; for in the poem entitled, *Chaucer's Dream*, we find him celebrating the marriage of Prince John, then only nineteen, with his cousin Blanche, who was afterwards Duchess of Lancaster in her own right, and from whom her husband took by courtesy the title of Duke of Lancaster. In

the *Dream* there is an allusion to Chaucer's own marriage with Philippa Roet, sister of Katherine Roet—then one of Blanche's maids of honour, afterwards John of Gaunt's mistress, and finally his third wife. To this connection with the head of the reform party may be traced many of the poet's opinions, some of his misfortunes, much of his prosperity in after life. In 1369, Blanche died, and the poet celebrates her death in the *Book of the Duchess*, from which, as characteristic of his narrative style at this period, we will extract a passage, subjecting it to the same process of modernizing as that of which we have already given an example:—

Methoughte thus that it was May,  
And in the dawning there I lay  
Me mette thus (1) in my bed all naked,  
And looked forth, for I was waked  
With smale fowles a great heap,  
That had affrayed me out of sleep,  
Through noise and sweetness of their song.  
And, as me mette, they sat among,  
Upon my chamber-roof without,  
Upon the tiles all about,  
And sung every (2) in his wise,  
The mosté solempné service,  
By note, that ever man I trow,  
Had heard. For some of them sung low,  
Some high, and all of one accord.  
\* \* \* \*

And, sooth to say, my chamber was  
Full well depainted, and with glass  
Were all the windows well y-glazed  
Full clear, and not a hole y-crased,  
That to behold it was great joy.  
For wholly, all the story of Troy  
Was in the glazing ywrought thus,  
Of Hector and of King Priamus,  
Of Achilles, and King Laomedon,  
And eke of Medea, and Jason,  
Of Paris, Helen and Lavine;  
Add all the walls with colours fine  
Were painted, both the leat and glose.(3)  
And all the Romance of the Rose.  
My windows were shut each one,  
And through the glass the sunné shone  
Upon my bed with brighté beams,  
With many gládé gilded streams;  
And eke the welkin (4) was so fair,  
Blue, brighté, clearé was the air,  
And temperate, forsooth, it was,  
For neither too cold nor hot it was,  
Ne in the welkin was a cloud.  
And as I lay thus, wondrous loud  
Me thought I heard a hunter blow,  
To assay his horn, and for to know  
Whether it were clear or hoarse of sound.

(1) Thus I dreamt. — (2) Each. — (3) Commentary. — (4) The sky.

He rises and follows the hunters to  
the wood, where he walks :—

Down by a flowery groene went, <sup>(1)</sup>  
Full thick of grass, full soft and swet,  
With flowers fele, <sup>(2)</sup> faire under feet,  
And little used, it seemed thus ;  
For both Flora and Zephyrus,  
They two that make flowers grow,  
Had made their dwelling there, I trow.  
For it was onto to behold <sup>(3)</sup>  
As though the earth envye wold,  
To be gayer than the heaven,  
To have more flowers swithe seven, <sup>(4)</sup>  
As in the welkin starres be.  
It had forgot the poverty  
That winter, through his cold morrows  
Hade made it suffer ; and his sorrows,  
All were forgot, and that was seen,  
For all the wood was waxen green ;  
Sweetness of dew had made it wax.

This is the metre of the Anglo-Norman romance, admirably suited for narrative. We would particularize the excellent effect of the practice, generally followed by Chaucer, of beginning a sentence with the second line of the couplet. It gives a natural ease and variety to the verse, which the frequent recurrence of the rhymes would otherwise render monotonous. This artifice has not escaped Milton, who, within the short space of the song of Comus, uses it several times :—

And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream ;  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Meanwhile, &c.

To this period of Chaucer's life may probably be referred his translation of the philosophy of Boethius, from whom he got his Platonic ideas, the poems called *The Black Knight*, and his translation of Granson's *Complaint of Mars and Venus*, in which, under an astronomical allegory, he is believed to have hinted at the attachment between the Earl of Huntingdon and the Duchess of York, his wife's aunt. But the most important of his obligations to the French is his translation of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, one of the most wonderful allegories

ever written, consisting of twenty-two thousand verses, and embracing every topic apparently that could occupy the mind of man ; now running into charming descriptions of forests, meadows and fountains ; now transporting us to scenes of magnificent festivity, where knights, in the gorgeous dresses, and with the punctilious gallantry of the feudal age, lead fair ladies through the mazes of the dance on the lawn ; and, again, assuming a tone of bitter satire and fierce invective, and assailing the crown, the mitre and the tonsure, with all the acrimony of hatred characteristic of the *sansculottes* of 89. The study of a poem so various in its subject and so vigorous in its language, was an admirable preparation for the higher flights upon which Chaucer was soon about to enter. In the meantime the tide of court-favour had been flowing in upon him. In 1372 he was made one of the valets of the king's chamber ; and in the same year the king granted him an additional pension of twenty marks for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for.

He was now forty-six, in the very zenith of his powers, and qualified by his previous knowledge to profit to the uttermost by intercourse with men of genius and learning, when the great event which, in our opinion, had the most marked influence upon his genius, took place. It was towards the end of the year 1372, that he was joined in a commission with certain citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of determining upon an English port where a Genoese factory might be established ; and from entries in the Issue Rolls, Sir Harris Nicolas has shown that he was absent a whole year, and visited not only Genoa but Florence. This latter circumstance seems to indicate that he took advantage of his mission to Italy to visit places which had no immediate connection with public objects ; and if he were able to push on to Florence, it is surely probable, *a priori*, that he sought out Petrarch in his retirement, only ten miles from Padua, in his *casa piccola, ma piacevole e decente, in mezzo a' poggi vestiti d'ulivi e di viti*. We fancy that of all the honour and pleasures of his em-

(<sup>1</sup>) Alley or path. — (<sup>2</sup>) Many. — (<sup>3</sup>) For it was to look upon. — (<sup>4</sup>) Seven times.  
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lassy, none would be more grateful to Chaucer than that of hearing the tale of Griselda from the mouth of him

whose rhetoric sweet  
Illumined all itail of poetry.

When, therefore, we find Chaucer making one his characters in the "Canterbury Tales" say that he learned this tale at Padua from the lips of Petrarch, it seems scarcely possible to doubt that the poet intended thus to record the meeting, and to acknowledge the obligation he was under to his Italian brother of the tuneful art. We can thus follow the progress of his mind from his early adaptations of the splendid allegories of the French school, till his acquaintance with the master-minds of Italy, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio introduced him to a new field of thought, and by driving his genius out of the old track, imparted to its subsequent efforts such freedom and originality.

The first fruits of his Italian experience was, we believe, "The Troylus and Cryseyde." This poem is indeed attributed by Lydgate to his youth, but youth is a comparative word, and is sometimes applied by men of seventy or eighty to any period before fifty. The Troylus and Cryseyde is taken, there can be no doubt, from Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, and yet no two poems on the same subject can be more different. Boccaccio's is a somewhat coarse picture of the courtship of a gay widow by a thoughtless young gentleman of fashion, assisted by an unscrupulous friend. Chaucer's is one of the sweetest love-stories that ever was conceived. There is nothing in the English language to come near it but "Romeo and Juliet." Troylus is the perfection of a lover, tender, constant, and unselfish, the very soul of honour and chivalrous devotion to the lady of his affections. Cryseyde, unlike Boccaccio's conception of the character, is so delicate and refined, and the circumstances of temptation in which she is placed lead her on so naturally and imperceptibly, that we never cease to pity and love her even in her fall. So perfect a specimen is

she of her sex, that we believe the lesson the poet desired to read mankind was, that however devoted a woman may be to a present lover, her constancy will not stand the test of absence and new associations. The character of Pandarus is admirably conceived. In the *Filostrato* he is too good for the hateful office he performs; in Shakspeare he is too unworthy to be admitted on terms of intimacy into the society of gentlemen; but Chaucer's Pandarus has some of the outward attributes of a gentleman, with a great deal of common sense, which however often degenerates into low cunning and buffoonery. Yet he has the grace to feel compunction for the part he is acting, and to gloss it over under the name of friendship. The three characters represent the different modes in which the universal passion acts upon different dispositions. Troylus it exalts and refines; and he is the ideal of manly love; it only adds weakness to the already weak but lovable Cryseyde; while in Pandarus it assumes its lowest and most degraded form. It is no small praise to say that in a long poem in five books, entirely on the subject of love, there is only one passage which in the slightest degree violates our modern ideas of decorum, while the tendency of the whole is the very reverse of licentious. The following extracts will give the reader some idea of the versification and spirit of the poem. Troylus returns from the battle, and passes under Cryseyde's window:—

This Troilus sat upon his bay steed,  
All arméd, save his head, full richely,  
And wounded was his horse, and 'gan to bleed,  
On which he rode a pace full softly.  
But such a knightly sight truly  
As was on him, was not, withouten fail,  
To look on Mars, that god is of battail.

His helm to-hewen <sup>(1)</sup> was in twenty places,  
That by a tissue hung his back behind,  
His shield to-dashed was with sword and maces,  
In which men mighten many an arrow find  
That thirled <sup>(2)</sup> had both horn, and nerve,  
and rind;  
And aye the people cried, 'Here cometh our joy,  
And, next his brother, holder up of Troy.'

(1) *To* is intensive when prefixed to a verb. To-hewn means hewn to pieces.—  
(2) Pierce's.

For which he waxed a little red for shame,  
When he so heard the people on him cryen,  
That to behold it was a noble game,  
How soberly he cast adown his eyen :  
Cryseyde anon 'gan all his cheer espyen,  
And let it in her heart so softly sink,  
That to herself she said, ' Who giveth me  
drink ? ' (1)

For of her owne thought she waxed all red,  
Remembering her right thus, ' Lo ! this is he,  
Who that my uncle sweareth must be dead,  
But (2) I on him have mercy or pity.'  
And for that thought, for pure ashamed, (3)  
she  
'Gan in her headé pull, and that so fast,  
While he and all the people forby pass.

And 'gan to cast and roll it up and down,  
Within her thought, his excellent prowess,  
And his estate, (4) and also his renown,  
His wit, his shape, and eke his gentleness ;  
But most her favour was, for (5) his distress  
Was all for her, and thought it werc ruth  
To slay such one, if that he meant but truth.

This exquisite picture, it must be observed, is entirely Chaucer's ; for Boccaccio represents his heroine as gazing with admiration upon her lover, whom she had never spoken to, without the least idea of blushing or drawing in her head. The lamentation of Troilus, when he finds that Cryseyde has betrayed him, has always struck us as very pathetic :—

Through which I see that clean out of your  
mind  
Ye have me cast, and I ne can or may  
For all this world within my hearté find  
To unloven you a quarter of a day :  
In cursed time I born was, well away !  
That you, that doth (6) me all this woe  
endure,  
Yet love I best of any créature.

The translation of the Romaunt of the Rose and the Troilus and Cryseyde drew down upon the poet the resentment of certain ladies of the court, whose favour he endeavoured to propitiate by the *Legend of Good Women*, in which the histories of ladies who have died for love are related in heroic verse, the first example of this metre, we believe, in the English language. The best part of the poem is the introduction, where he

follows the bent of his own inclination ; the stories themselves are close translations from Virgil and Ovid's *Heroides* and *Metamorphoses*. The following may be worth extracting, as showing his ardent love of nature, which gives such freshness to all his poetry—

And as for me, though that I ken but lite, (7)  
On bookés for to read I me delight,  
And to them give I faith and full credence,  
And in mine heart have them in reverence  
So heartily, that there is gamé none  
That from my bookés maketh me to gone, (8)  
But it be seldom on the holiday ;  
Save certainly, when that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I hear the fowls sing,  
And that the flowers 'ginnen for to spring,—  
Farewel my book and my devotion !

In 1374, Chaucer was appointed comptroller of the customs, and it is supposed, with every appearance of probability, that he alludes to his employment in this capacity in the following passage of the "House of Fame," which must therefore be referred to the period of his life subsequent to his first visit to Italy.

Wherefore, all so God me bless,  
Jové's halt (9) it great humbles (10)  
And virtue eke, that thou wilt make  
A night full oft thy head to ache,  
In thy study so thou writest,  
And evermore of love enditest.

Wherefore as I said, iwis, (11)  
Jupiter considereth well this :  
For when thy labour done all is,  
And hast made thy reckonings,  
Instead of rest and other things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anon,  
And, all as dumb as any stone,  
Thou sittest at another book,  
Till fully dazed is thy look.

This poem has been imitated by Pope, who has utterly missed the spirit of fantastic drollery and *naïvete* which runs through it, and gives it its peculiar character. We had intended to have given some further extracts, but we must hasten to a close.

In 1386, Chaucer served in the Parliament which sat at Westminster, and was dissolved after a stormy existence of one month,—as knight of the

(1) Who has given me a charmed portion that I should so suddenly love ?—  
(2) Except — (3) This is an idiom, meaning, for pure shame. — (4) His rank. — (5) Because. — (6) You who cause me to endure all this woe. — (7) To go. — (8) Little. — (9) Holdeth. — (10) Humility. — (11) Certainly.

shire for the important County of Kent. In this capacity he probably gave offence to the Court of Richard by his support of the turbulent party of John of Gaunt, his patron and connection; for we find, from the entries in the Rolls, that he was soon after dismissed from all his offices, which, exclusive of the many perquisites attached to them, yielded him an income, as Mr. Bell observes, equal to the salaries of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer and the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. It has been generally supposed that he was at this time imprisoned in the Tower, and that he informed against his associates to procure his own liberation. This supposition is founded on some particularities introduced into his philosophical work in prose, entitled *The Testament of Love*; but whatever may be the meaning of the allusions in that work, Sir Harris Nicolas has clearly shewn, by documents now in existence, that during the whole of the period when he is supposed to have been in prison, he was, with his own hands, receiving his pension half-yearly. In 1389, Thomas of Woodstock, the political rival of John of Gaunt, was dismissed; Chaucer is immediately appointed clerk of the works to the King, an office for which many allusions in his poetry, displaying a taste for architecture, shew that he was qualified. It is pleasing to find the name of the greatest poet of the day associated with one of the best specimens of contemporary art. A commission, dated 12th July, 1390, appoints him to superintend certain repairs in St. George's Chapel in the Castle of Windsor.

The poet, diplomatist, statesman, and architect now appears in the character of a natural philosopher. In his astronomical work, called *Conclusions of the Astrolabie*, the experiments are all calculated for the year 1391; and it seems to us so natural that a lecturer should use the current year for such a purpose, that we have no difficulty in assigning it to this period. This treatise, in which one is pleased to find Chaucer declaring his utter disbelief in judicial astrology as being contrary alike to reason and the Catholic faith, is addressed to his son Louis, in a preface so pleasing and characteristic, that we must extract it:—

“ Little Louis my son, I perceive well bi certain evidences thine ability to learn sciences touching numbers and proportions, and also well consider I thy busy prayer in especial to learn the Treatise of the Astrolabie. Then, for as much as a philosopher saith he wrappeth him in his friend that condescendeth to the rightful prayers of his friend, therefore I have given thee a sufficient astrolabie for our horizon, compounded after the latitude (longitude?) of Oxenford, upon the which, by mediation of this little treatise I purpose to teach thee a certain number of conclusions pertaining to this same instrument. In the treatise, divided into three parts, will I shew the wondrous light (easy) rules, and naked words in English, for Latin no canst thou not yet but small, my little son. Now will I pray meekly every person discreet that readeth or heareth this little treatise, to have my rule intenting (meaning) excused, and my superfluity of words, for two causes: The first cause is, for that curious enditing and hard sentences is full heavy at once for such a child to learn; and the second cause is this, me seemeth better to write unto a child twice a good sentence, than he forget it once. And Louis, if it so be that I shew thee in my lytle English as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true, but as many and subtle conclusions, as been yshewed in Latin in any common treatise of the astrolabie, conne me the more thanks, and pray God save the King that is lord of this language, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, every in his degree, the more and the less. But consider: well that I ne usurp not to have found this work of my labour or of my engine (ingenium); I nam but a lewd (unlearned) compilatour of the labour of other astrologians, and have it translated in mine English, only for thy doctrine. And with this sword shall I say Envy.”

To say that this language is either barbarous or obsolete is absurd.

We now come to his last and greatest work, the *Canterbury Tales*, a work which was probably begun many years before this, but which occupied the latter years of his life, and still remained unfinished at his death in the year 1400. Like the *Decameron*, it consists of a collection of stories related by different personages, and connected by a dialogue between them; but here the resemblance ends. Boccaccio's characters all belong to one class of society, and that the highest, which presents the least variety or interest. Chaucer's comprise every grade, from the knight and the dignified churchman and decorous prioress, to the cook, the miller, and the boia-

terous wife of Bath. Boccaccio's tales, though admirable in their way, are remarkable for a simplicity of style which often borders upon baldness; they seem often like the argument or heading of a story rather than the story itself. Chaucer's are worked up with the greatest care, and abound with minute descriptions, broad contrasts, and strokes of dramatic skill; in the former the interest is concentrated on the incidents—in the latter, on the characters. The Decameron represents the dreamy, voluptuous, epicurean tone of the Italian mind; the Canterbury Tales, the rough, practical, sometimes coarse, but always real and manly spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

In the Prologue with which the piece opens, the poet describes the occasion of his meeting with the several pilgrims, and introduces them to the reader. On a fine day in spring, he is tempted by the beauty of the weather, and the desire of change after the long confinement of winter, to join in one of the fashionable pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Thomas a-Becket at Canterbury; and with a view to an early start next morning, he sleeps at the Tabard Inn, in the borough of Southwark.

This Inn still exists. It is situated about three hundred yards beyond London Bridge. A narrow gateway leads to its court-yard, surrounded by galleries. Into these open the chambers which are approached by an external stair-case. We visited it last summer, and drank a glass of Southwark ale in honour of the immortal band of pilgrims, who, under the guidance of the jolly Host, issued from its portal four hundred years ago. But that choice spirit is no more. No more does he wheedle or overawe the bullying miller, or bandy jokes with the young priest, or win upon the reserve of the prioress by his scrupulous and respectful gallantry. His bold, broad face lies with Yorick's skull; and the "gentle hostelry," of which he was once the informing spirit, is presided over by a thin-lipped, vixenish landlady, who draws thin beer for the stupid Kentish carriers whose waggons block the court-yard.

The poet here meets a company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims of every rank, trade, and variety of charac-

ter, all bent upon the same errand of piety or amusement as himself; and the description which he gives of them is perhaps the most curious picture of contemporaneous manners that exists in any language. Every particular of each person's appearance, manner, and costume, is produced with the breadth and firmness of Albert Durer's pencil. We all know the merchant, with the broad-brimmed hat, "who speaks his reasons full solemnly;" who is perfectly up to all the tricks of the stock-exchange, and keeps up the show of a substantial trader even to the eve of his bankruptcy. "There wisté no man that he was in debt, So estately was he of governance." The sergeant of law may be seen walking down Chancery-lane with a blue bag, any day during term-time, in a vast hurry to be in time before his cause is called on—for

No where so busy as man as he there n'as,  
(ne was)  
And yet he seeméd busier than he was.

The host, who by no means contents himself with carrying in the first course, but knows that it is for his interest that his guests should enjoy their trip, proposes that the pilgrims should beguile the road by relating stories as they ride, and that the best story-teller should have a supper at the common cost on their return. This is unanimously agreed to, and "The Canterbury Tales" consist of the stories told in pursuance of this agreement, connected by a humorous discourse among the company. The Knight relates a charming tale of chivalry, rather founded upon, than translated from, Boccaccio's *Theseide*. The Squire's tale is the unfinished history of "Cambuskan bold, and Algarsife;" the two nuns who are of the party recite legends of the saints, which are by no means the least meritorious of the collection; the other characters tell tales characteristic of their tastes; and the Parson closes the whole with a sermon founded, we believe, on Robert Grosseteste's treatise *De Septem Vitiis et Remediis*.

We have no doubt that it was a common thing in the middle ages for the travellers who used to ride in troops to fairs, tournaments, or favourite shrines, to while away the

time by telling stories. It has often occurred to us that the travellers in railway carriages would be better employed in this way than in sitting "dumb as a stone," and casting suspicious glances at each other from under their fur-caps; but our manners are too exclusive and reserved for this. In America, the young swarm of Anglo-Saxons, which is there engaged in constructing its combs and developing its character, seems to have gone back to the earlier manners of its parent hive in this respect. In the following picture of American travelling, the analogy of "The Canterbury Tales" is followed even to the treating of the best story-teller at the expense of the company. In a steam-boat on Lake Champlain, "There were a hundred passengers, including a sprinkling of the fair sex. The amusements were *story-telling*, *whittling*, and *smoking*. [The two latter could not have formed part of the amusements of the Canterbury pilgrims, unless they had whittled their horses' manes, and smoked cabbage-leaves.] Fully half the stories told began with "There was a 'cute' coon down east;" and the burden of nearly all was some clever act of cheating—"sucking a green-horn," as the phrase is. [This is pretty much the character of the *fabliaux* told by Chaucer's lower characters.] There were occasional anecdotes of "busting up" on the southern rivers, "making tracks" from importunate creditors, of practical jokes, and glaring impositions. There was a great deal of "liquoring-up" going on the whole time. *The best story-teller was repeatedly called upon to 'liquor some.'*"—*Englishwoman in America*.

We fear that even the Canterbury Tales are not so familiar to our readers as that a few extracts, illustrative of Chaucer's different styles, will not prove acceptable. The discovery by Theseus of Palamon and Arcite engaged in single combat in the forest, is a good example of his heroic manner:—

The destiny, minister general,  
That executeth in the world o'er all

The providence that God hath seen beforen,  
So strong it is, that, though the world had sworn

The contrary of a thing, by yea and nay,  
Yet some time it shall fall upon a day,  
That falleth not est (!) in a thousand year.  
For certainly our appetites here,  
Be it of war, of peace, or hate, or love,  
All is it ruled by the sight above.  
This mean I now by mighty Theseus,  
That for to hunté is so desirous,  
And, namély, the greaté hart in May,  
That in his bed there daweth him no day  
That he n'is clad and ready for to ride,  
With hunt and horn, and houndés him beside.  
For in his hunting hath he such delight  
That 't is his lové and his appetite,  
To be himself the greaté harté's bane,  
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.  
Clear was the day, as I have told e'er this?  
And Theseus, with allé joy and bliss,  
With his Hippolita, the fairé queen,  
And Emilia, clothed all in green,  
On hunting be they ridden royally.  
And to the wood that stood there fasté by,  
In which there was an hart, as men him told,  
Duke Theseus the straighté way hath bold,  
And to the lawn he rideth him full right.  
Where was the hart y-wont to have his flight,  
And over a brook, and soforth in his way.  
This Duke will have of him a course or tway  
With houndés, which as him lust to command.  
And when this Duke was come into the laund,  
(lawn)

Under the sun he looketh; right anon  
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,  
That foughten breme (!) as it were boarés two.  
The brighté swordés wenté to and fro  
So hideously, that with the leasté stroke  
It seeméd as it woldé fell an oak.  
But what they weré nothing yet he wote.  
This Duke with spurrés his coursér he smote,  
And at a start he was betwixt them two,  
And pulled out a sword, and criéd "Ho!  
No more, on pain of losing of your head;  
By mighty Mars, anon he shall be dead  
That smiteth any stroke that I may see!"

Here we think we see Theseus riding into the forest glade, and when he hears the hacking of the swords of Palamon and Arcite, putting up his hand over his eyes to look "under the sun." Then seeing the two men fighting, he puts spurs to his horse, and "at a start" he is between them, and beats down their guards with his sword.

One more extract, and we have done. In the following light but effective touches, we have the mediæval "Stiggins" to the life. The Sompnour, an officer of the archdeacon's court,

(1) Afterwards. (2) Fiercely.

who bears a deadly enmity to the mendicant friar exempted by special license from his jurisdiction, thus describes the manner in which one of the obnoxious brotherhood insinuates himself into the family circle :—

So long he wenté house by house, till he  
Came to an house where he was wont to be  
Refreshéd more that in an hundred places.  
Sick lay the husbandman whose that the  
place is,

Bedridden on a couché low he lay.  
"Deus hic," quoth he; "Oh, Thomas  
friend, good day,"

Saidé this friar all courteously and soft;  
"Oh, Thomas, (God yield it you) full oft  
Have I upon this bench y-fared full well;  
Here have I eaten many a merry meal."  
And from the bench he drove away the cat,  
And laid adown his potent <sup>(1)</sup> and his hat,  
And eke his scrip, and sat him soft adown.

We need hardly point out the effect of the by-play here—the driving away the cat, and taking summary possession of the bench with which were connected so many pleasant recollections and anticipations of "merry meals." After this, we are not astonished at the modest bill of fare which he proposes for his refreshment :—

"Now, master," quoth the wife, "ere that I go,

What will ye dine? I will go there about,

"Now, Dame," quoth he, "*jeo vous dis sans doute,*

Have I nought of a capon but the liver,  
And of your softéd breadé but a shiver,  
And after that a roasted pigge's head  
(But that I wold for me no beast were dead),  
Then had I with you homely suffiance.

I am a man of little sustenance,  
My spirit hath its fostering <sup>(2)</sup> on the Bible,  
The body is aye so ready and so penible <sup>(3)</sup>  
To waké that my stomach is destroyed.

The sick man, tired out at length by the friar's importunity, plays rather a coarse joke upon him, and the latter posts off to the lord of the village who lives in the manor-house close by. Never was angry man so described :—

He looked as it were a wildé boar,  
And grinté with his teeth, so was he wroth.  
A sturdy pace down to the court he goth,  
Where as there wooned <sup>(4)</sup> a man of great  
honour,  
To whom that he was always confessor;

This worthy man was lord of that villége.  
This friar came, as he were in a rage,  
Where that this lord sat eating at his board;  
Unnethé might the friar speak a word,  
Till at the last he saidé, "God you see!"  
This lord 'gan look, and said "*Benedicite!*"  
What? Friar John! What manner world is  
this?

I see full well that something is amiss;  
Ye look as though the wood were full of  
thievés!

Sit down anon and tell me what your grief is,  
And it shall be amended, if that I may."

"I have," quoth he, "had a dispite to-day,  
God yieldé you, adown in your villége  
That in this world is no so poor a page  
That he n'old have abomination  
Of that I have received in your town;  
And yet ne grieveth me no thing so sore,  
As that this oldé churl, with lockés hoar,  
Blaspheméd hath our holy convent eke."

"Now, master," quoth this lord, "I you  
biseke" <sup>(5)</sup>—

"No master, sir," quoth he, "but servitor,  
Though I have had in schoolé such honour,  
God liketh not that Rabbi men us call  
Neither in market nor in your largé hall."

Surely this newly found humility in the friar, just at the very moment he is smarting under a sense of offended dignity, is a master-stroke worthy of Shakespeare.

We had intended to extract some passages from the Clerk of Oxenford's "Tale of Griselda," and the Man of Law's "Tale of Constance," illustrative of Chaucer's pathetic powers; but it is time that we should bring this article to a close.

We have endeavoured briefly to draw our reader's attention to the first formation of our national literature, a subject which has always appeared to us to be full of interest, and more particularly to that poet who did for it what Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio did for the literature of Italy. But the genius of Chaucer differed widely from that of any of the illustrious Italian triad. He has none of the *sæva indignatio*, the bitter scorn of Dante; nor what has been happily called "the hard and brilliant enamel" of Petrarch; and he certainly excels Boccaccio in reality and depth of feeling. His poetry is the outpouring of a genial spirit, with all the amiable weaknesses, but also with some of the highest virtues of humanity. Even when we cannot wholly approve, we yet love the man.

(1) Sta (2) Nourishment. (3) Obedient, subject. — (4) Dwelt. — (5) Beseech.



Like the mediæval architect who delighted to embellish the meanest stone of his edifice with a flower or a leaf, and to support the humblest lintel with the head of an angel—he surprises us by eliciting from the commonest object, from the running of a tap or the spreading of a daisy

to the sun, a train of thought which charms by its natural and unaffected dignity and pathos. He seldom perhaps rises to sublimity; but while tenderness, dry humour, gay and brilliant fancy, and nervous language have the power of pleasing, Chaucer will be read with delight.

#### THE FRENCH STORY OF THE WAR.

WHAT is a soldier without a bard to sing his glory? All the world knows that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre, and that virtue is viler than seaweed if the standard of its value be not proclaimed by the trumpet of the

tall long-sided dame,  
So wondrous light, y'cleped Fame.

It is true, this lady has two trumpets, "both of clean contrary tones," and the bards, her ministers, if not closely watched, are apt to sound the wrong one, or haply both at once. It was thus that some of our own Crimean heroes were used vilely by "special correspondents," who much marred the glory of a host of well-decorated warriors by their unhappy propensity to tell the truth. They order these matters, however, better in France, where his Imperial Majesty devised a plan whereby a mistake so injurious to the prestige of the great nation might be surely avoided; and yet a pretty strong blast might be blown upon the trumpet of fame in the key suitable to heroic ears. Correspondents, special or ordinary, were strictly excluded from the camp, and M. le Baron de Bazancourt was charged by his Excellency M. Fortoul, the minister of public instruction, with the functions of bard in connexion with the French heroes of the Crimea. In the execution of this mission M. de Bazancourt proceeded to the seat of war in the beginning of January, 1855, accredited by the minister of war, Marshal Vaillant, to the commander-in-chief of the army of the East. His commission directed him to collect all the information necessary to the composition of a history of the war, and, following out that object, he tells us that he questioned, listened, wrote. No day passed without its task and

labour, in the course of which he gathered precious knowledge from living sources; examined the localities of events with the advantage of hearing striking episodes recounted upon the spot by those who directed them. The fullest opportunity was afforded to him of learning the truth by an examination of the journals of his divisions of the army, and those of all the military operations of the campaign, and the fruit is now given to the world in the first part of "The Chronicles of the War in the East," dedicated to His Majesty the Emperor of the French, which, says the Baron, to dedicate the book to France and to the army.

Thus introduced and sanctioned, the work of M. de Bazancourt, which he modestly likens to *les épopées rivaues of Villehardouin, Joinville, Commines, and Froissart*, acquires an importance, and will possibly attract a degree of attention which its own merits would hardly have secured for it. The exposition of the causes of the war and the narrative of the expedition and siege (*œuvre gigantesque et inconnue jusqu'alors dans les annales de l'histoire*) are unquestionably such as the Emperor thinks it safe and prudent to give to France and to the world, and in that character they demand at least a short notice in our pages. The design of the book is very early disclosed to the attentive reader, and it is adhered to with remarkable consistency throughout. From first to last it is what the marshal minister of war directed it to be—*toute nationale*—and so far M. de Bazancourt has fully justified the choice of his patrons. Rather than that France should at any time play a secondary part, he prefers to ascribe the origin of the war to the pious zeal of the French government in defence of the rights of the Latin Church;

and he makes it plain to the meanest French capacity for glory, that the struggle would have been a very short one, had poor, heavy, fat-witted John Bull not hung like a millstone upon the active thoughts and nimble limbs of the great nation.

It was, as the Baron truly enough states, the attention given by the French government to the squabbles of the Greek and Latin monks about the holy places at Jerusalem, that gave the first impulse to the Russian quarrel. We are far from wishing to deprive them of any credit that may be their due upon that score; and, we confess we are not sorry that the ridiculous part played by the Aberdeen government in this, which M. de Bazancourt denominates the religious part of the Eastern question, should be recalled to the public memory. We quite agree in the Baron's opinion that the proceedings of the English cabinet at that period would present a very curious subject of examination. When France and Russia were both pressing Turkey to abdicate her sovereign authority over her own subjects, "it is at this moment England makes her appearance; she is not a mediatrix, she looks on, she examines." The result of the examination was a suggestion to the French cabinet, to treat upon a strictly Turkish question directly with Russia, and the result of that wise suggestion was the war. Had England at that crisis manfully declared her purpose of standing by Turkey against all foreign aggression, whether French or Russian, there is every ground for believing that a hostile shot would not have been fired. Under the guidance of the Aberdeen cabinet, she determined "to listen, to observe, but to maintain the most strict neutrality," and in that ludicrous posture she is truthfully enough depicted by the French chronicler, "blindly believing in the protestations of St. Petersburg." Meanwhile the Russians entered the Principalities; and instinct, we are told, taught Turkey her danger. The Grand Vizier appealed for help to the representatives of France and England: they said they would ask for orders from their respective governments. "Turkey will be lost before those orders can arrive," cried the Seraskier, in the most profound consternation. Still "England, leaning in blind gool faith upon the rei-

terated assurances of Russia, refused to believe in the reality of those apprehensions. France, more directly interested, was naturally more alarmed, more prudent, more attentive; she resolved not to remain inactive in the face of a position the gravity of which might increase daily. Such was then the position: Turkey was in consternation—France attentive—England still credulous." Poor, stupid John Bull! Good-hearted, dull people are, nevertheless, sometimes endowed with sensitive feelings. When the bubble burst in the hands of Prince Menschikoff, every one was struck of a heap; but "England, which had believed most blindly, was most profoundly wounded. Her government was forced to confess that it had been deceived. Lord Clarendon bemoaned himself bitterly to Sir Hamilton Seymour." Poor simple John Bull!

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern  
coat

Almost to bursting.

The Baron does not deny, however, that the irritation of the wound inflicted upon John's feelings had the effect of rousing up his spirit; and he admits that, after the rejection of the Vienna Note by Turkey, it was the French cabinet which yielded to the just arguments of Lord Clarendon, and marched with England by great strides towards war. There is no doubt that the main facts of M. de Bazancourt's sketch of the causes of the war are perfectly true. To the chronicle which follows, the name of *St. Arnaude* might be appropriately applied; for, in truth, *arma virumque*—the arms of France and the man St. Arnaud—form exclusively the theme of the song. Whenever the English army is mentioned, it is in order to adorn a tale of French generosity or valour, displayed in the rescue of the brave allies from a peril in which their slowness had involved them, or to supply an explanation of the loss of some fair occasion by their *immobility*. A few instances in illustration of this characteristic of the book, may perhaps amuse some readers; and, considered in connexion with its imperial patronage, they may induce in certain minds reflections of a graver nature upon the probable future of the *centente cordue*; but this is absolutely all that can be said

for this *épopée vivante*. Its style and diction are of the most florid Gothic: its matter is of the weariest, stalest, flattest, and most unprofitable description. No one who has read the real chronicles of the correspondents of the English journals will gain from its perusal the knowledge of a single additional fact, nor will such a reader run the smallest danger of being deceived by the glare of French colouring with which the well-known facts of the expedition are thinly disguised.

There is one of these facts long familiar to all English minds to which the Baron's pencil gives ludicrous prominence. We allude to the condition of horrible fear into which their exaggerated notions of Russian power plunged the allied commanders; which betrayed them into the mischievous absurdity of entrenching themselves at Gallipoli; and which assumes a truly French form in the details of Marshal St. Arnaud's first proceedings. Upon his arrival at Constantinople, the rumours in circulation of the rapid march of the Russians, and of their possible arrival at Adrianople, torment, disquiet him; his blood bounds in his veins with impatience and anxiety. "I do not fear reverses," he cried; "I dread nothing but delay: I have faith in God and in my star." At that moment it was upon the star of Butler and Nasmyth the course of events depended; and our readers will, perhaps, scarcely believe that the names of those gallant men, or the share which they took in the defence of Silistria, are not once mentioned in the chronicles of the Froissart of the Eastern war. The obstinate bravery of those young officers and of the Turkish garrison was, nevertheless, the cause of many profound emotions in the breast of the marshal. He would gladly, he informed the ministers, temporise and make an alliance with time; but inaction was not possible. Omer Pacha began to speak out plainly, and his words, pronounced with a soldierlike animation, produced a profound sensation upon the bystanders: "Silistria will infallibly be taken," he said at a conference held at Varna; "I hope it may hold out six weeks, but it may be taken in fifteen days; and we may any morning be surprised by that news, and the intelligence that the Russians are marching upon

Schumla. Further, as I have told you, I am almost certain of beating the Russians if they will come to attack me; but is it possible that the French and English, who are upon Turkish ground at Gallipoli, within twenty days march of Varna, (or within twenty-four hours by sea,) will leave me to be shut up here; will deprive themselves of the services of a good army, which, I promise you, will fight well; and will leave us to be crushed by the Russians, when, with them, we should be able to drive the enemy across the Danube, and save Turkey?" It is no matter of wonderment that this discourse, maintained in an elevated voice, and with visible signs of animation, should have struck Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, and proved to them that inaction was indeed no longer possible. Many 'sublime efforts' were, therefore, resolved upon, with the view of comforting the Turks and satisfying Europe by the appearance at least of action. Reviews were held at Gallipoli; the marshal precipitated himself hither and thither; innumerable councils of war were called, and yet obstinate Silistria would not surrender. Two large armies were concentrated about Varna; it became difficult to make Turkey understand why they remained there doing nothing; the opposition in Parliament began to make logic out of the calendar—it is so easy and often so agreeable to be discontented. Lord Raglan was urged by his general officers to do something, and the marshal was obliged to cast the shield of his protection over the English commander, by "giving him in writing, with new instructions, a statement of the prudent and rational motives" whereupon his plan of doing nothing was based. As for the marshal himself, "actually in grips with facts, his thoughts, ceaselessly tormented, became the echo of the guns of Silistria!" Fortunately for the garrison, they had in their own stout hearts and strong arms a better stay to rely upon than they were like to find in the troubled fancy of M. St. Arnaud.

They held out so long and so obstinately, that the Russians began to apprehend that the indignation of Europe would force the allied generals to change the goose step, which they had been practising upon Bulgarian soil, into an actual advance.

The siege was accordingly raised, and the marshal was *atterré* by this news which came to his ears at Varna, on the 25th of June. "The Russians flee from before me," he cried, in an accent of profound bitterness which he sought not to dissemble. "Is their movement a stratagem or a reality? What a host of conjectures were made upon that sudden, unexpected departure!" The marshal became very pugnacious; every league of ground the retreating Russians put between them and him, the fuller of fight was he. The more he thought, the more puzzled he grew. "I cannot," he cried, "rise under the blow that shameful retreat of the Russians has inflicted upon me. I had hold of them; I should have infallibly beaten them—bundled them into the Danube. Behold us again plunged into uncertainty; I know not where they are, what they are doing, what they will do." It was not long, however, until the marshal and his men began to recover their spirits, which they kept up by recounting to one another the heroic episodes of that memorable siege. "Courage is the bond of union between nations: it is the rallying point of all noble hearts." Tears fell from the eyes of the marshal; but, so far as we are informed in the chronicles of M. de Bazancourt, the heroes of Siliatria had no names. Butler died, and Nasmyth lived, if not unwept—some of M. St. Arnaud's tears perhaps fell on the early grave in the Arab Tabia—yet unhonoured and unsung by the bard of France.

All this time poor Lord Raglan, we are told, was in a very sorry position, which every day grew more difficult and more delicate. The English ambassador, public feeling, an exaggerated idea of what he ought to be able to do, urged him onwards to do something; but then there stood in the way those troublesome Russians, and the ever-present image of possible disaster; *nous sommes prudents*, Lord Raglan et moi:—"Day and night," wrote the marshal, "I seek for the defect in the cuirass. I will find it, and I will strike there. A battle lost would do the Russians little harm; but a defeat would be disastrous for us. The chances are not equal." Inter-calated among these observations and reflections, is the following compari-

son between the English and French armies, drawn by M. de Bazancourt:

The English troops have a magnificent aspect, their bearing is irreproachable; they manœuvre with a rare precision, but with that calm, reflective, slow coldness which is the characteristic of their nation, and which belongs to both soldiers and officers. The effect is remarkable in all points; the discipline severe, the manner of the officers in commanding, dry, haughty; but the chiefs are never seen in a passion. What a strange contrast with the bearing of our troops, with their proud and reckless look, their martial air, and the energy, the dash depicted on every countenance. We perceive that ardour and impatience course like a fever through the veins of our soldiers, and we understand how, in the hour of combat, an unforeseen result may at any moment be grasped in a difficult situation. In the English army, on the contrary, impassibility seems to be a duty; the commanding officer knows beforehand what each of his soldiers can do; no one will fall short, but no one will surpass by a sudden inspiration what was expected of him.

It would appear, nevertheless, that the English nation was, despite of its characteristic slowness, quite as anxious as the bold marshal to do something; and at last it was the English commander who forced on the expedition to the Crimea. Early in July, it appears, Lord Raglan received positive orders to begin the war in earnest; and somewhere about the 18th of the month his lordship communicated to the marshal "a despatch which he had received from his government, explicit, pressing, such, in a word, as he considered to be almost an order to attack Sebastopol." The crisis had arrived: the *sublimed efforts* in the up and down step could no longer delude Europe or the armies; an advance was the terrible and unavoidable alternative. Whatever could be done to create delay does, however, seem to have been done. There was wonderful considering; but at length a council of war was called, at which the English chiefs, "in obedience to the despatches they had received, and under the pressure of the opinion which goaded them through the London journals, came to a final determination, and voted unanimously for the expedition." We are bound to say that this resolution seems to have considerably moderated the warlike ardour of the marshal. He confided to his brother, in the strictest con-

fidence, his notion that the enterprise was a very audacious one, which would require enormous means to ensure success, and which would after all promise more advantage to England than to France. His lively fancy continually presented to his mind fearful images of the perils into which his impetuous soul might urge him. "Supposing us landed, (he writes), and one can almost always land, it will require perhaps more than a month of siege to take Sebastopol perfectly defended. During that time succour arrives; and I have two or three battles to fight. It is easy to say, go seize Perekop and close the passage; but we should bring troops to Perekop, where we could not land them for want of water for the large vessels. Further, Perekop is mortal!" It is truly curious to follow M. de Bazancourt's chronicle of the sayings and doings, the turnings and twistings, the reconnoitings and the consultations by which nearly two months were whiled away, from the day when action was decided upon, on the 18th of July, to the 8th of September when the expedition was actually commenced. The caricature of imbecility drawn by the Baron's unconscious pen would be ludicrous in the extreme were it not shaded by the calamities of the army, and the horrid episode of the march into the Dobrutcha; which we may say in passing is perhaps unequalled in the history of war for the faults of its design and execution. It served, however, to put the evil day of actual war a little further off, and that was probably all it was designed to accomplish.

As that dreadful day approached, M. De Bazancourt asserts, the courage of Admiral Dundas began to fail. He and Admiral Hamelin declared against the expedition, about the 19th of August, and the marshal convened another council of war, at which the possibility of the enterprise was canvassed anew. At this period it is plainly stated in the chronicle, that the English "who, at the outset, pressed by public opinion and by the instructions of their cabinet, had demanded rather than accepted the expedition to the Crimea, faltered before the adverse accidents which daily accumulated, and before the difficulties created by unforeseen events. If the chiefs did not openly

oppose the project, they did not conceal their apprehensions." The marshal now went off upon the other tack; as the English officers became prudent he became bold, at least so says the chronicler:—"The marshal dominated the discussion: 'we must no longer think of obstacles,' he said, 'but to overcome them; it is a great responsibility, be it so, we must learn to rise above it.' He spoke with the impulse, with the energy, with the force that distinguished his words;" the council was fascinated, and it was again unanimously resolved, as it had been a month before, to continue the preparation for the expedition with activity. Thenceforward, according to the chronicle, *not* allies played a remarkably small part: the marshal gave the word, forward, and Admiral Hamelin issued his orders, arranging in the most satisfactory manner everything "concerning the embarkation and debarkation of the troops." As might be expected, he was greatly hampered by the lubberly, slow-going English tars. In the marshal's private journal it is recorded that on the 5th of September the fleet was ready to sail at four o'clock in the morning, but "Admiral Dundas wrote that he was not ready." On the 6th the English fleet did not appear, and the marshal wrote to Lord Raglan to acquaint him with the inconvenience of that course of *not* proceeding. "The fleet tacked, waiting for the English." On the 7th, matters were in the same state, and Admiral Hamelin sent the *Primauguet* with a letter to Admiral Dundas. "It was only on that morning that Admiral Dundas resolved upon sailing; and that tardy determination was only taken after a very lively conference with Admiral Lyons." Then came more consultation and more reconnoiting, with a view to determining where they should steer after they had got under weigh. For six mortal days did commissions of generals and admirals wander about the coast, until, we may presume, the Russians were fairly overreached, and went to sleep in the belief that the invasion of the Crimea was but a joke. At last it was determined to disembark at Old Fort; "*Alea jactu est*; profound thought, which marks the limits of what appertains to man, and of what rests in the hand of God."

The slowness of the English now began to grow very troublesome : the landing commenced upon the 14th of September ; but on the 17th the English were not ready to march : " an immense quantity of baggage infinitely retarded their operations." The 18th arrives, and the English are still behindhand ; but " whatever may happen, the marshal is determined to march next day." He gave his orders, and wrote to Lord Raglan that he could wait upon him no longer. At last, upon the morning of the 19th, sluggish John Bull was roused up and got into motion ; and about five o'clock of the same day, " the marshal collected the French general officers before his tent, and explained to them verbally *his* plan of battle concerted with the general-in-chief of the English army." Later in the evening " the marshal sent Colonel Trochu to the English camp, to communicate the plan of battle to the general-in-chief, and to inform him of the hour at which the troops ought to march, in order to learn from him whether he thought any modifications necessary. Lord Raglan accepted entirely the detail of the plan which was presented to him, as well as the hour of departure, and it was agreed that Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert should put themselves into communication with the English generals, in order to insure harmony in the operations." The whole affair was, nevertheless, near being botched by the stupid blundering and laziness of the English. At half-past five o'clock in the morning of the 20th, the second division quitted its bivouac, and had already made a considerable advance towards the heights of the Alma, when it was observed at half-past six that there was no sign of motion in the English army. " General Canrobert, astonished at this immobility, so contrary to the instructions communicated in the evening, rushed towards Prince Napoleon, and they both proceeded in all haste towards the division of Sir De Lacy Evans. They found the English general in his tent. When Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert expressed to him their astonishment at a delay which might gravely compromise the success of the day : ' I have received no orders,' replied Sir D. Evans. There was evidently a misunderstanding. Before finding out the key

of the riddle, the most urgent task was to stop the advance of the division Bosquet, which, operating alone, might be crushed. General Canrobert went, without losing a moment, to the marshal, who was already on horseback, and had quitted his bivouac in the rear of the lines. As soon as he was informed of what was passing, he sent Commandant Renson, an officer of his staff, in all haste to order General Bosquet to halt and wait for the English troops who were behindhand. At the same time Colonel Trochu galloped at full speed to the English head quarters. It was then seven. But with all the haste the colonel could make, as he had nearly two leagues to cover over broken ground, occupied by the different bivouacs of the troops, he was half an hour on the way. The English lines traversed by the marshal's aid-de-camp were still in their encampments, and in no wise prepared for the concerted march. Yet Lord Raglan was on horseback when Colonel Trochu reached the head-quarters. ' My lord,' said he to him, ' the marshal thought, after what you did me the honor to say to me yesterday evening, that your troops, forming the left wing of the line of battle, ought to have been in advance before six o'clock.' ' I gave orders,' replied Lord Raglan ; ' we are getting ready and about to start ; part of my troops did not arrive at the bivouac until late in the night.' ' For God's sake, my lord, stir yourself,' added the colonel, ' every minute of delay takes from us a chance of success.' ' Go tell the marshal,' rejoined Lord Raglan, ' that this very moment the orders are on their way through the whole line.'

" It was half-past ten o'clock when Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to start. But all these unexpected delays and the necessarily consequent indecision in the movements prevented the execution of the original plan of the battle. The Russian army, in place of being surprised by a rapid manœuvre, as it might have been, had abundant time to make its dispositions." Thus the battle of Alma was all but lost through the laziness and negligence of the English general, and the tardiness and sloth of the *baggage-incumbered* English troops. Fortunately there were at hand, able and prompt to redeem the consequences ; the renowned

Bosquet, *mon vieux Bosquet d'Afrique*, afterwards surnamed the hero of Inkerman; the illustrious Prince Napoleon, and Canrobert, beloved of the marshal. "Each of you (said the hero-in-chief to those great men, while he showed to them the heights of the Alma),—each of you must attack right before you, and each in manœuvring will follow his own inspirations: you must reach the heights; I have no other instructions to give to men in whom I have every confidence." No one will feel surprise that whole regiments of Moscow should disappear before those paladins, "vanishing, so to speak, into the hollows of the ground." "The ardour, the impulse, the super-excitement of enthusiasm were such that it seemed as though the force of will levelled all obstacles, and bore up horses and warriors upon its invincible wings." Stationing himself upon a hillock, the marshal followed with his eye the movements of his valiant troops, dispersed over the different points, and ascending the cliffs of Alma under a murderous fire. "Oh! brave soldiers!" he cried from time to time. "Oh! worthy sons of Austerlitz and Friedland!" It was a scene that might well justify Commandant Barral in taking off his kepi, and pronouncing with his eyes fixed on the heavens, '*Decidemment Dieu est avec nous.*'

But what were the unready English doing all this time? They were pottering on in their old stupid way, getting unmercifully mauled, but bearing their fate *avec une énergie solidité*. Just as the marshal observed that the Russian army was in full retreat, "General Martimprey ran up from the left, bringing intelligence that the English, stopped in their advance by a formidable artillery, decimated by a murderous fire, and menaced by enormous masses, experienced serious difficulties in taking the positions which had been assigned to them. '*Allons aux Anglais!*' cried the marshal, dashing his horse in the direction indicated by General Martimprey," and in the same breath uttering a variety of other orders suitable to the occasion or very nearly so; for it unfortunately happened that when they came to be executed they were useless, the English having in the meantime helped themselves. The victory was gained, and it would have been complete had Lord Lucan's

cavalry not impounded itself in the marshes of the Alma. The marshal did *the last honour to the spot* by bivouacking on the field of battle, and from thence he thus wrote to Madame la Marechale:—

"Victory! Victory! my beloved Louise; yesterday, the 20th of September, I completely beat the Russians; I have taken formidable positions defended by more than 40,000 men, who are well beaten; but nothing could resist French impetuosity and English order and solidity. Adieu, my Louise, God protect you."

The intention of the marshal was to march upon the Katcha on the morning of the 22d, in the hope of again meeting the enemy, and beating him a second time in a hand-gallop. "But on the morrow our allies were not ready, and they forced us to remain on the field of battle." "The English are not yet ready (wrote the marshal to his brother, and in his private journal), and I am kept here as at Batschich, as at Old Fort. What slowness in our movements! This is not the way to make war. I have lost less than they, because I was quicker; my soldiers run, theirs march." Thus the 22d was a day lost, and one which it is hinted might have been so used as to have completely routed the Russians. Being thus foiled in his primary design, the marshal, with whom sudden decisions, audacious resolutions, were an instinct, resolved upon the celebrated flank march, in performing their share of which the English were again behind-hand. "They ought to have gone first (the marshal writes in his journal on the 25th), and they did not stir till nine o'clock." They had immense quantities of baggage, "arabas laden beyond measure, and drawn by oxen or buffaloes." Then they missed their way, and obliged the whole French army to halt until they found it again; so troubling the marshal to the last—for the days of that *grand homme*, as he pronounced himself to be, were rapidly drawing to a close. *Il est perdu!* were the terrible words that lacerated the heart of Doctor Cabrol in passing from his lips.

Here, we doubt not, we shall lay down our pen with the full approbation of our readers. (It would be but to harrow their feelings in vain, were

we to recite the particulars of the interview of the marshal with General Bosquet; to tell how General Canrobert made his last adieux; to recount how softly Lord Raglan and Admiral Lyons approached the sick couch, and how the tears rolled down the cheeks of those two old soldiers when they retired from it. The details of the closing scene of the marshal's life occupy some thirty pages of the volume, the remainder of which is given to a narrative of the events of the siege down to the bombardment of the 17th of October. The manner of this narrative does not differ from that of the other parts of the chronicle of which we have in some degree enabled our readers to form a notion; and as to the matter, is it not already before them in the admirable journals of the newspaper correspon-

dents? M. le Baron de Bazancourt promises to proceed with his exhibition of the most magnificent spectacle that can be imagined. He intends to open a new phase of heroic struggles with men and with the elements; to follow, step by step, combats, enterprizes, incessant watchings. He sees with his mind's eye glorious names arising, written upon the foreheads of the living and on the tombs of the dead—names ineffaceable in history as in the heart of the country! We grudge no man his proper enjoyments, and if this miserable buffoonery be pleasing to the Emperor, to France, and to the army, so be it. For ourselves, and, we doubt not we may say for the English people, we have had enough of the baron and his modest and veracious *Chroniques de la Guerre d'Orient*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Will you permit me, as the Editor of "The Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science," to call your attention to the following paragraph which appears in an interesting article entitled "Ancient Physic and Physicians," in the last number of your excellent Magazine. It occurs at page 412:—"Why is it that we never hear of the doctors of our day beautifying or repairing cities, or making any such handsome return to the public as Stertinus and Crinas. Is there any use in suggesting the improvement of Dublin, for instance, to our own medical grandees?" A very short statement as to what has been done by medical men for our city will, I think, convince you that the author penned these observations without due consideration, and that a wrong is thereby done to a profession which has in all ages been admittedly foremost in good works. We have at present, in active operation in Dublin, three hospitals which were founded by members of the medical profession who had practised in Dublin, and which are still chiefly supported by their endowments—namely, Steevens' Hospital, Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, and the Rotundo Lying-in Hospital. The first of these—one of the noblest institutions for the relief of the sick poor which our city possesses—bears over its portals the inscription, "Ricardus Steevens, M.D., dotavit: Grisell Steevens, soror ejus, ædificavit, A.D. 1729." The second is at present altogether supported out of the estates of Sir Patrick Dun, President of the College of Physicians, at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, which were bequeathed by him for that purpose, and for founding a School for Physic in Ireland. The third which was endowed and built by Dr. Bartholomew Moss in 1757, is not alone one of the first hospitals in the world for the purposes to which it is appropriated, but with the adjacent buildings constitutes not the least attractive among the architectural ornaments of Dublin. Although these remarks furnish sufficient evidence in answer to the paragraph to which I have called your attention, I cannot conclude without also recording a still more recent instance of benevolence in the case of one who has only recently been suddenly called from amongst us—the late Richard Carmichael. By his will he bequeathed £2,000 as a premium fund, and £8,000 more, under certain regulations, for the improvement of the School of Medicine, at the north side of the city, which now bears his name; £3,000 to the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, to be distributed in prizes



to the writers of essays on subjects connected with the improvement of the medical profession in Great Britain and Ireland; and £4,500 to the Medical Benevolent Fund Society of Ireland to which he had previously presented £500 during his life time.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. MOORE NELIGAN, M.D.

Merrion-square, Dublin, April, 1856.

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WE readily give insertion to the letter of Dr. Neligan, and thank him for the fair and kindly spirit in which it is written. While we assure him that he cannot be more prompt to claim than we are to concede any thing that is honorable to his profession, we would at the same time observe, that the passage quoted by him neither asserts nor implies that medical men in modern times do not build hospitals, or found and endow medical institutions; it simply states, (whatever be the value of that statement), that they do not beautify or repair cities *as* Crinas and Stertinius did—that is, in the same extensive and general manner as the one did in rebuilding the walls of Marseilles, and the other in embellishing the city of Naples.

That the distinguished and patriotic physicians to whom Dr. Neligan refers, did appropriate large portions of their wealth in the manner he mentions is a subject of too just pride and notoriety to be forgotten; and we are not sorry to have this opportunity to bear our testimony to the truth of his assertion, that "the medical profession has been always prominent in good works." The object of these gentlemen, however, was not the adornment of our city, though, no doubt, that to some extent followed incidentally. Their object was a higher and a nobler one, for which we accord them all honor and gratitude, as philanthropists and patriots; and sure we are that both branches of the medical profession will continue to be found amongst the foremost in the promotion of whatever can ameliorate the condition of humanity, or civilize and adorn life.

*Editor of Dublin University Magazine.*

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**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

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**The Editor of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he will not undertake to return, or to be accountable for, any manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.**

# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXII.

JUNE, 1856.

VOL. XLVII.

## PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY.\*

WAS it by design or accident that our eminent Scotchmen have introduced the element of common life in discussions in their several departments of science, philosophy, and religion?

Professor Johnson has taught us the chemistry of common life; Mr. Caird has preached before Majesty on the religion of common life; and Sir W. Hamilton, the great philosopher of common sense, has taught the metaphysics of common life.

The coincidence is so curious that we will not spoil it by speculations, German fashion, on the antecedent suitability of Scotch philosophy and Scotch common life to each other.

Had we leisure, or our readers the peculiar mental appetite for such controversies, we might without much trouble collect a long list of philosophers who have outraged common sense, and rejected the persuasion of ninety-nine men in a hundred that there is an external world as a vulgar prejudice—and, on the other hand, produce a long list of practical men who have misrepresented philosophers quite as unreasonably—the Dr. Johnson school of reality, who prove the existence of matter and demolish idealism by kicking a stone.

That the philosophy of common

life has settled these differences—that every plain man will be henceforth a metaphysician, and every metaphysician a man of plain sense, is more than is to be expected. Professor Johnson will not succeed in making every cook a chemist, much less in making every chemist a cook; still if there is a philosophy of common life, to Sir W. Hamilton belongs the merit of bringing it, like another Socrates, from heaven to earth.

That the task is an arduous one we will show in a few prefatory observations.

The estrangement between speculative philosophy and practical life has grown with the growth and widened with the width of the two. There have been faults on both sides. In England we have had the Gradgrind school proclaiming facts.

Plato had profoundly defined man as the 'hunter of truth,' and in this chase the pursuit is all in all, the success comparatively nothing. He ridiculed the Sophists as a "domestic, gold-getting, lame-animal-hunting, wages-hunting, coin-selling, and riches-ensnaring-young-men set of fellows;"—and the same unsportsmanlike pursuit of truth deserves to be ridiculed in our day. A battue of facts is not philosophy in sport, and

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\* Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart. London: Longman and Co.

Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy, by the Rev. William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. In two vols. Cambridge: Mac Millan.

Historical Development of Speculative Philosophy; from Kant to Hegel. From the German. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

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certainly will never become science in earnest.

On the other hand, speculation had drawn off as far on the other extreme. Misunderstood at first, it accepted the reproach, and wrote mystery on its forehead. The latest school in Germany expressly characterized its philosophy as an esoteric science. In the temple of Athene Isis at Saïs, on the fane there stood this sublime inscription :—

I am all that was, and is, and shall be :  
Nor my veil has it been withdrawn by mortal.

Into the shrine of modern transcendentalism no uninitiated durst enter. The multitude passed by, and forgot both the priest and his mystery. Curiosity died away in indifference, and philosophy and common life became as entirely separated as if they had not a common origin, and were not linked together from the beginning as the two sides of thought.

The inconveniences of this state of separation were felt on both sides. Men must be philosophers—and philosophers after all were but men. "Hast any philosophy in thee?" is Touchstone's question to his fellow-clown. Corin's reflections on it are as pure a piece of common philosophy as Condorcet or Helvetius ever uttered. Even Hegel and Schelling, having run the circle round, come down to something as low as this. The phenomenology of the former, which is reached at the highest stage of self-consciousness, candidly tells us after all, with Corin, "that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn—that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is a lack of the sun."

That philosophy and common life will come to terms in the end we believe and are sure. It is vain either for common life to repudiate philosophy, or philosophy to cast off common life. Common life must philosophize, rightly or wrongly. Phrenology, Clairvoyance, Spirit-rapping are the husks it fills itself with, when no man gives it to eat. Give the popular mind true mental philosophy, bread enough and to spare, the simple facts of experience commented on by history and confirmed by authority from heaven, and it will turn from these husks on which it has

been for so many centuries starving itself.

We believe in the future of philosophy, because we believe it has at last touched ground in the philosophy of common sense. A brief survey of its past history, and the controversies it has given rise to, will show whether we are warranted in indulging these hopes.

In every act of perception we are conscious at once of a subject who perceives, and of an object perceived. Which of these two is primary, and whether their rise in consciousness is identical in time, we will not now consider. Enough that the simplest effort of thought at once presents us with the contrast between the ego and the non-ego subject and object, or what we may assume for the present to represent mind and matter.

But simple as this division of consciousness may seem, it was not so easily reached. True, the existence of either matter or mind has not been generally denied, as many absurdly suppose; their relation to each other has been the point in question.

Can the mind directly perceive matter?—or is there anything intermediary interposed between the two? Consciousness undoubtedly supposes the former, philosophy almost without an exception has hitherto inclined to the latter. "We have here," says Reid, "a remarkable conflict between two contradictory opinions wherein all mankind are engaged. On the one side stand all the vulgar who are unpractised in philosophical researches, and guided by the uncorrupted primary instincts of nature; on the other side all the philosophers ancient and modern, every man without exception who reflects. *In this division, to my great humiliation, I find myself classed with the vulgar.*"

To account for the vulgar belief in the reality of an external world is to disparage the philosophy of common sense; if the vulgar are right, the philosophy which sides with them cannot be wrong. But it is worth determining on what grounds philosophers, almost to a man, have come to an opposite judgment.

In every act of perception I am conscious at once of a difference between the thinking ego and the object about which I think. Knowledge

would thus seem to be the act of the mind identifying this difference—conscious of a contrariety of subject and object. Instead of this, another hypothesis of knowledge was assumed to be true. It was assumed that like can only cognize like—that to know, the thinking agent must modify itself, or the subject make it an object; it was never suspected that such a definition of knowledge is self-destructive, that it involves us in a circle out of which there is no escape. We know our knowledge, we perceive our perceptions, but farther than this we cannot go. These perceptions may be only states of our own mind, as the idealist thought—a representation of an external world, as the hypothetical idealist held; but between mind and matter there was a gulf fixed which could not be passed; self could only cognize self, and so philosophy and common life—the vulgar who believed in an external world, and the philosopher who would not recognize what he could not prove—stood farther apart than ever.

On the connection between mind and matter three suppositions only are possible. 1st. That there is substantial reality in neither one nor the other—that object and subject are both phenomenal, and that all knowledge is only opinion. On this supposition all the world is indeed a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Virtue and vice are but the shadows of a shade, and absolute nihilism is the end of all. 2d. That there is reality in either object or subject—but not in both; or, if in both, we have no means of discovering it. If reality is asserted of the former, materialism is the result, if of the latter, idealism; if of both—but that we have no means of proving it—cosmotheoretical realism, the most absurd because the most inconsistent of all systems. 3d. That there is reality in both object and subject—that the universal voice of consciousness, the *vera lex, recta ratio, nature consensus, constans scriptura*, is not to be set aside because philosophers cannot decide how such opposites as mind and matter can act together. Let whatever hypothesis be adopted to account for like cognizing like, whether it be the pre-established harmony of Leibnitz, or the vision in the Deity of Malebranche, or the Carte-

sian scheme of ideas, or the irresistible belief of Dr. Brown—whatever intermediary we interpose between mind and matter, let the axiom (*αἴωμα*, a dignified opinion not to be questioned) of the philosopher be the simple declaration of consciousness, that mind exists, and matter exists, and that thought, whatever it be, is in some way the result of the identity of these opposites.

The philosophy of common sense has carried us thus far. We have escaped *Nihilism*, which denies both mind and matter; *Unitarianism*, which admits the existence of one, but denies that we have any knowledge of the existence of the other; and we have arrived at *Dualism*, which asserts as an ultimate fact of consciousness the real existence of both.

Now to explain their relation to each other. Granted their real existence. As opposites they can only be known together by means of some intermediary. So says philosophy. Common life, never suspecting that like can only cognize like, had rashly supposed that it knew by an immediate perception. Philosophy thought otherwise, and so the reign of hypothesis began. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ." The mediating point between mind and matter has shifted with every thinker. To catalogue these alone would be to write a biographical history of philosophy. The subject may be generalised thus—they have all hinged on one of two senses of the well-known word idea. Sir W. Hamilton, in one of those notes which throw a flood of light on the dark corners of philosophy, has accurately distinguished between the ancient and modern sense of the term idea. The confusion between the Platonic and Cartesian idea has led to the most ludicrous mistakes, even among well-informed thinkers. According to Plato, the soul contains representations of every possible substance and event—the idea being of eternal, the fact to which it is an idea only of contingent being; thus the idea is antecedent to the fact, though the fact is to us suggestive of the idea. With Descartes, on the contrary, the idea is only an object of perception—an *εἰδωλον*, a little image derived from objects without—in this latter and lower sense the idea is not only not an

tecedent to the object which suggests, it is even derived from it. Voltaire's definition of an idea in the modern Cartesian sense is coarse, but intelligible—"Qu'est ce qu'une idée ? C'est une *image* qui se *peint* dans mon *cerveau*. Toutes vos pensées sont donc des *images* ? Assurement."

All hypotheses on the intermediary between mind and matter have fallen in with ideas understood in the Platonic sense. Since like can only know like, and mind and matter are unlike, either one of two things must be. The precept, by some law of association or suggestion, calls up an idea in the Platonic sense, the ideal with which to conquer the real. Thus Plato was driven to confound knowledge with memory—the present representation of an external fact with the recollection of its idea in some pre-existent state. Whoever has taken the pains to watch his own thoughts must have often felt a painful pressing as of supposed associations with every new act of perception—a feeling haunting them that what they see or do now, as they are assured for the first time, has in some way been present to them before. The writer has often felt these intrudings of memory into things he has not seen, peculiarly irksome and unaccountable. Plato's theory of ideas and of knowledge, as memory, may perhaps be accounted for on the supposition of a mind over-susceptible to the law of association.

Or again, since like can only produce like, the object in some way throws off an *ειδωλον*, a picture which stands midway between the mind within, and the external fact without. An alternate object and subject ; a subject to matter without, but object only to the mind within.

Variations there are and modifications of these two hypotheses of the connection of mind with matter ; but they all substantially agree in this, that like can only cognize like, and that as mind and matter are unlike, some middle point—a punctum indifferens—between the two, must be determined before consciousness can be said to arise.

What says the philosophy of common sense to this ? As before it asserted Dualism, in opposition either to sceptical Nihilism or philosophi-

cal Unitarianism, on the faith of the *sensus communis* ; so on the same testimony of 'blessed common sense,' it asserts that mind and matter need *no intermediary* between them—that ideas, whether ideals or idols, Platonic or Cartesian, are unnecessary hypotheses. Like cognizes unlike. Knowledge is *presentative*, not representative only.

The full merit of this grand primordial truth of philosophy, that all perception is presentative, and mind is brought *face to face* with matter, is only understood after being tossed about between contending schemes of representative perception. From the intellectual intuition of Schelling to the *images points* of Voltaire, at every step of the long descent stands some philosopher, "clapping his hands, and crying, Eureka, it is clear," over some new theory of our perception of external things. If wearied of the strife, we set a little child in the midst—with its prominent enquiring eye and quick perception, we can have no doubt that the child is conscious of an immediate intuition, not of itself—it knows nothing of the ego, this is the growth of after reflection—but of external things ; knowledge to it is presentative.

Philosophy in Sir W. Hamilton's hands (we know no higher praise) has become as that little child. Having run the circle round, consciousness, like the tired hare 'pants for the place from whence at first she flew ;' and mind sits down face to face with matter in company with children, clowns, and all the vulgar, whom philosophers have been repudiating yet returning to from the first dawn of speculation until the present day.

Thus far the philosophy of common sense has adopted the first as an axiom, and proved as a problem, that mind and matter both exist. Dualism does not admit of proof—for to prove would be to admit that a truth of consciousness may be disputed, which cuts the ground from under philosophy. To doubt consciousness is to doubt that whereby we doubt. Reason alone can judge reason, as diamonds cut diamonds—but reason cannot destroy itself. No weapon of scepticism can strike down the philosophy of consciousness, for the dart recoils on the doubter who throws it. Origen finely says, "that

were he asked for a proof of these primary truths, he would not break the silence which Jesus kept at Pilate's judgment seat."

True ontology is thus, after all, the same as phenomenology, the simple common sense of Hudibras,

He knows *what's what*, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

Further than this the philosophy of common sense does not pretend to see. It knows *what's what*, the quality of being, not being itself. All knowledge is of the phenomenal only; of the *onta* underneath these phenomena it knows nothing. It does not suppose it necessary to know the substance in order to know its qualities—the qualities of matter we know by perception; its essence, if any, has not been disclosed to us. We may adopt a theological hypothesis of essence, and say that essences exist because God exists; or a metaphysical, that they exist because we exist, or a logical, because attribute implies subject; but in whatever way we view the essence, we can never make it an object of thought. The veil can never be pierced between the outer and inner court; the penetralia of nature, if any, can never be entered. By a law of our nature, the phenomena of matter are at once presented to our perception; we at once know all that can be known, and it is the part of wisdom to accept the bounds that we can never pass. Common sense before the dawn of speculation had marked the range of our knowledge; and philosophy, returning at last to common sense, has submitted to the same bounds. The verdict of a learned ignorance has at last been that phenomena only belong to the finite, essence to the infinite; we only see things as they seem. God, who made them, alone knows them as they are.

The *Christian theist* will thankfully acknowledge that Sir W. Hamilton, in his essay on "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned," has discovered a way of escape from the yawning chasm, pantheism, which modern idealism had opened at our feet. The limitation of our knowledge to the relative and conditioned, has at reason its bounds that it cannot pass. Rationalism, or the attempt

to argue the existence of the infinite from the finite, is at once pronounced invalid and presumptuous. When reason ends, faith begins. In this sense the precept is "*crede ut intelligas*," not, "*intellige ut credas*." If there be an eternal and absolute One, (and to doubt you must disprove, the burthen of proof lies with the Atheist,) He cannot be understood. To discern him I must adore, not argue. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble heart, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

Philosophy and common life have thus come together again to the school of Sir W. Hamilton. He has reconciled them on the two points on which they have been estranged from the very first—the immediacy of our perceptions and the finitude of our knowledge. The *nexus* between mind and matter is twofold; first, that phenomena are presentative not representative; second, that the mind never knew anything beyond these phenomena. These two conditions satisfy all the conditions of knowledge in a finite creature like man; and each without the other would be incomplete; as it is, scepticism is excluded. Thus, were our knowledge presentative, could the mind be brought face to face with matter without the limitation that we can only perceive phenomena, not essence, we should be as gods—by an immediate perception on the one hand of phenomena, and an intellectual intuition on the other of substance, we should have passed the flaming bounds of space and time, "*flammantia moenia mundi*," and scaled heaven itself. From this attempt of the giants we are mercifully held back by limitations which transcendentalism itself can never pass. Again, could we know only phenomena, and that not presentatively but only by representation, scepticism would be inevitable:—or could we know presentatively, and that of essence as well as phenomena, we should know even as we are known, the finite would comprehend the infinite—which is impossible. Thus what is given in one direction is withheld in another. The eye of



reason is pointed, and her sight purified, when it is right she should see plainly; but a mist and darkness fall upon her when she pries into things invisible. How beautifully this permissive and preventive scheme of knowledge adapts itself to our finite state, and in a world of sense, is at once apparent. The light is shut off from the supersensual only to be shut in more brightly on a world of sense. Thus, as the apostle testifies, the invisible things of God are clearly seen from creation, *αὐτοκτίστος κόσμος*, and so far knowledge is presentative; but they (these invisible things, his eternal power and Godhead) are only understood (not seen) by the things that are made, and so far knowledge is only phenomenal. The presentative intuition of phenomena to a mind in search of God will suggest the representative knowledge of those invisible things, his power and Godhead. Theism is possible, because pantheism is precluded from its boasted intellectual intuition of the absolute; and again, the proofs of theism are possible, because phenomenal knowledge is presentative; we may know the Deity representatively, because we know all that is desirable to know of his works presentatively.

The extension and application of the philosophy of common life to the religion of common life is a subject we would gladly enter on, did space permit. "Above all," says Sir W. Hamilton, (*Discussions*, p. 597,) "I am confirmed in my belief by the harmony between the doctrines of this philosophy and those of revealed truth, 'Credo equidem, nec vana fides.' The philosophy of the conditioned is indeed pre-eminently a discipline of humility, a learned ignorance," directly opposed to the false knowledge that puffeth up. "I may indeed say with St. Chrysostom, the foundation of our philosophy is humility. (*Homil. de Perf. Evang.*)" For it is professedly a scientific demonstration of the impossibility of that wisdom in high matters which the apostle prohibits us even to attempt; and it proposes, from the limitation of the human powers, from our impotence to comprehend whatsoever we must admit, to show emphatically why the secret things of God cannot but be to man past find-

ing out. Humility becomes thus the cardinal virtue not only of revelation but of reason. This scheme proves moreover that the difficulty emerges in theology which had not previously emerged in philosophy,—that in fact if the divine do not transcend what it has pleased the deity to reveal, and wilfully identify the doctrine of God's word with some arrogant extreme of human speculation, philosophy will be found the most useful auxiliary of theology. For a world of false and pestilent and presumptuous reasoning, by which philosophy and theology are now equally discredited, would be at once abolished in the recognition of this rule of prudent nescience; nor could it longer be correctly said of the code of conscience, as by reformed divines it has been acknowledged of the Bible,

This is the book where each his dogma seeks,  
And this the book where each his dogma finds.

The two germinant truths of the philosophy of common sense are, first, the limitation of our faculties; second, the relativity of our knowledge.

They may be usefully applied to moderate between controversial extremes in religion.

First—The limitation of our faculties bounds us in on the question of the relation of fate to free will. The rule of logic of excluded middle applies only to contradictories, not to contraries. Of contradictories we can argue the falsehood of the one from the truth of the other, or the opposite; and were a logic of transcendental truth possible, such as Hegel attempted, every proposition of theology might be put into the form of contradictory and excluded middle. But from two contraries we can logically affirm nothing; there can be no excluded middle, the practical middle term is included, and is not the alternative between two extremes, but their synthesis. All theological systems are blind to this grand distinction; and the greater the addiction to system, the greater the pertinacity to apply the rule of contradictories to contraries which transcend the finite reason, and which, so soon as rationalized,—brought, that is, within the logical rule of excluded middle,—cease to be the truths they were.

Systematic divines first eviscerate these truths, and then logically argue on them as if they were the same living realities when bound into their systems as before. Thus the finite will and the infinite decree are related to each other as contraries. To represent them as contradictories is to destroy one or the other. Granted the finite will, the infinite decree is logically impossible; and the opposite. But this logical impossibility proves either that one of the two is untrue, which the practical reason denies; or that they are related, not as contradictories but as contraries; of contraries, both may be true, and since the practical reason assents as well to the existence of free will in us as of decrees in God, all that we can conclude is, that both are true, but that the relation in which they stand to each other is beyond the reach of such finite faculties as ours.

Secondly—The relativity of our knowledge is a sedative to another religious controversy.

Sir W. Hamilton has shown that the philosophy of the unconditioned is impossible from this, that an "absolute cause" is a contradiction in terms. The absolute is defined as an absolute cause which cannot but pass into act. Now it is sufficiently manifest, that a thing existing absolutely, (or not under relation), and a thing existing absolutely as a cause are contradictory. The former is the absolute negation of all relation, the latter is the absolute affirmation of a particular relation. Thus, from the relativity of our knowledge (knowledge implying judgment, and judgment comparison or duality), we cannot know God the absolute but in relation to all other existences of which we are conscious. We may by an effort, or an act of the mind, abstract the Creator from his creation; but this act is one more akin to faith than knowledge; it is more an assent to a revelation without, than a judgment of our own within. But as soon as we descend to *think* or discourse on God, we think of him under relation. This law of thought is insuperable; transcend it, and you cease to think; you believe in the absolute; but you can only know God under these relations which consciousness brings before us. Thus the existence of God is related in us to the reality

of evil. Consciousness tells us of both, and one cannot exclude the other.

They are, moreover, *independent* existences. It is essential to our idea of evil, that we should think of it as underived in any way from God, as essentially opposed to him. The inconceivability of evil would thus amount to the inconceivability of God; and it is a remarkable proof of this, that every system which begins by denying the one, ends by denying the other. The antithesis (metaphysical only we mean of course) between the two is necessary, not accidental. Nay, more, where the existence of evil as a positive existence is denied, the existence of God soon disappears also. Among those pantheists, for instance, who call evil non-being, and thus deny its positive existence, being also is in danger of disappearing, and the zero point of all thought being touched in the formula, the all-nothing. The existence of evil, we should rather say its conceivability (for the one we believe shall cease, the other never can), thus conditions the existence of God. Is there no will to obey or disobey contingent on itself only, and therefore liable to evil as well as disposed to good. Obey there is, then. Such is the relativity of our knowledge; no will to command; God's will ceases with ours. Pantheism is but a ledge in the precipice of Nihilism; the fall is only arrested for an instant, and there rebound certain and inevitable. Many zealous divines of some systematic schools are not pantheists; very loth should we be to charge them with it. But if exact to their own opinions, they imply it. God to them is all in all. The significance of evil as antagonistic to the divine will is lost to them, for they cling to the divine sovereignty without those limitations which the existence of evil supposes. The relativity of our knowledge is thus a wholesome corrective to this and every other extreme opinion. Our philosophy confirms what our religion teaches, that we walk through a sea of mystery, with a wall of waters on our right hand and on our left, and that it is our duty to walk where revelation has made a path for us, without presuming to question the laws by which two such mysteries are suspended over us; thankful rather that

there is a way at all, than that it lies midway through mysteries that rise impenetrably on both sides of us.

Sir W. Hamilton has thus done more than any man living to dispel the delusion, that where philosophy begins, common sense ends. His system makes no pretensions to be philosophy for the million, though it certainly is the sense-philosophy of the million; it is the common to all with which he discovers truth, though truth when discovered may not seem common sense to all. There are two extremes of ignorance, at one of which stands common sense, at the other the philosophy of common sense; the middle stage between the two is the history of philosophy. Knowing the extremes, our readers are given a clue to guide them through the means. Speculative philosophy is a river tunnelling its way in darkness through a mountain; it is seen by common sense before it disappears, and after it emerges again; we are now about by torchlight to track its course through some of the underground caverns, where it threads its way through dark windings of esoteric truths, past the deep still pools of metaphysics, and see the shades of sophists and schoolmen still haunting those holy crypts where philosophy once had her shrine, and to which common life once looked with superstitious awe.

We must content ourselves with one guide, and that for a limited portion of the way. At present the name of Archer Butler is already, we are sure, well known to our readers—it needs no introduction from us. “Butler noster”—our University may affectionately and distinctively claim him as her own, although adopted since by Cambridge, and admitted *ad eundem* (alas, only by posthumous fame) among those distinguished graduates of other Universities whom Cambridge honors herself by honoring. “Quisquis es, noster eris,” was the formula, according to Livy, with which a deserter was admitted into the Roman army. Rome thus recruited her armies from without as well as from within; she wisely acted on King Saul’s plan of enlistment—“when Saul saw any strong man or valiant man, he took him unto him.” The same wise liberality in titles has long characterised Cambridge; less exclusive than Oxford, less isolated

than Dublin, she has attracted talent to her wherever it was to be found; and her late hearty recognition of Archer Butler’s talents, both as a preacher and a philosopher, is another example of that liberality, twice blessed, enriching her that honours and him that is honoured.

The course of Lectures on Ancient Philosophy were delivered by Archer Butler to the students of Trinity College, Dublin, from the chair of Moral Philosophy instituted in the year 1837. In explanation of the delay which has taken place in their publication, the editor informs us that the MSS. remained in the possession of Mr. Woodward, now Dean of Down, until some eighteen months ago, when the present publishers purchased the copyright from that gentleman. While all allowance must be made for a posthumous and unfinished work, they tend, in the judgment of so competent a critic as Professor Thompson, “to raise rather than diminish the reputation of an author, who, though personally unknown to me, the masterly ‘Letters on Development’ had led me to rank among the most gifted spirits of his generation.” That they will be read with interest by all who knew and admired Archer Butler’s genius, is no more than may reasonably be expected—that they will take rank as one of the fullest expositions of the Platonic philosophy in the English language, we may also fairly anticipate.

We agree with the editor in regretting that the introductory series has been left in its present state. Mr. Butler seems to be only feeling his way into the subject through the first seven lectures. They will be read, no doubt, and enjoyed by many for their eloquence, the ornaturness of the style and the copiousness of illustration. As prelections they are, no doubt, far above the average of College lectures, but they want that which could alone give them permanent value. They touch but do not grasp the subject. Above all other uses, introductory lectures on the history of philosophy are valuable, if they bound off the subject by shewing us either the length of our tether or the logical limits of the science itself. Mr. Butler is not precise in either of these two respects. Admitting the distinction between physiology and

ontology, he is not satisfied either to reject or discard the latter. He excepts against ontology, middle aged, and modern. But while he agrees "with the cold but just decision of Dugald Stewart, with which the great Scottish physiologist frowns from his presence that monster unacknowledged by consciousness, the intellectual intuition of Schelling, renewed by the master of the French eclectic school, under the title of a 'pure apperception,' yet," he says, "I cannot consent to relinquish the vast enquiry, and I still believe that a *middle course* may be found which shall establish the internal independence of reason; *in some sense* its essential objectivity and direct apprehension of absolute truth." What the middle course may be between physiology, or the philosophy of the conditioned, and ontology, or the philosophy of the unconditioned, Mr. Butler nowhere that we have observed tells us. The definition of ontology which he offers in a succeeding lecture, is neither more or less unintelligible than that given by those same German speculatists from whom he professes to dissent. "The science of ontology, therefore, as I would define and distinguish it, comprehends investigations of every real existence, either beyond the sphere of the present world, or *in any other way* [the italics are our own], incapable of being the direct object of consciousness, which can be deduced *immediately* from the possession of certain feelings or principles and faculties by the human soul."

This ontology, Mr. Butler goes on to prove, is identical with the science of sciences, the *Prima Philosophia*, called at first *Sophia* in general, and known after as the *Dialectic* of Plato, and now familiar to us as *Metaphysics*, from a name first applied to one of Aristotle's treatises by one of his ancient commentators.

Ontology, or the science of essence, we believe to be impossible, both from the nature of the mind itself, and from the connection of mind with matter. First, we can only know, in so far as we can compare, or differentiate; but when there is no comparison, as in the pretended intuition, there can be no knowledge. Render, we say, unto reason the things which are reason's, and to faith

the things which are faith's. We believe in an absolute, but we cannot know it. Secondly, we object to ontology, because it implies that the knowledge we have of phenomena is *only* phenomenal, and, therefore, *pro tanto*, untrue, whereas we say that as we can only know phenomena, so we know them *as they are*, not as they seem to be. In other words, knowledge is presentative, and the mind is brought face to face, so to speak, with matter.

The grounds on which we agree with the philosophy of common sense, and, therefore, disagree with ontologists, have been already stated, and therefore need not be repeated. We cannot but regret that Mr. Butler has halted between two opinions. His strong common sense inclined him to phenomenology; a vein of mysticism—always the disease of a poet-philosopher (for poetry and philosophy were interwoven in Mr. Butler's mind, as the warp and woof of different textures glancing alternately before us)—called him back to ontology. He oscillates between the two, according as Scotland or Germany attracts him to common sense or its opposite, reminding us of one "who doats yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves."

As it is impossible to canvass Plato's opinions fairly without agreeing first in some elenchus of truth, either the relativity of our knowledge and the immediacy of perception which the school of common sense professes, or the knowledge of substance and real being as the transcendental school professes, or the impossibility of any knowledge whatever, as the Hegelian school profess, it would be as well to decide once for all whether that elenchus of truth professed by Plato is the true one or not.

There is a sentence in Plato (*Theætetus*, p. 185, E.) to this effect, "The soul appears to investigate herself partly by herself, and partly by the powers of the body." It appears so indeed. In what direction would you assign substance? I think in that in which the soul attempts to transcend itself (*ψυχὴ καὶ αὐτὴν ἐνσώφεται*). That attempt to transcend itself, to rise above the soul to the consciousness of a great over-soul, is at once the glory and the weakness of the natural reason. Ontology is

that groping after God, if haply it may find him. It can never reach farther than the altar to the Unknown God; and before revelation, or supposing a revelation impossible, ontology would no doubt deserve to be the master-science. Paul at Athens, so far from rebuking this desire to grope after a God, highly commends it; while he chides the inconsistency of those same philosophers who sought after an over-soul, and yet worshipped him under material images. Thus ontology, or the attempt to transcend phenomena, is praiseworthy in those without the light, but is a perverse abuse of our faculties to those who are in the light. It is better to grope our way out of the cavern, as in that beautiful myth of Plato, than to sit down in chains looking on the shadows that flit before us. If to escape this 'Epicurus sty' be ontology, all the noble schools of ancient philosophers were ontologists, and so should we if the same alternative were before us. But it is not fair to represent us in the same case; though we deny the record which contains it, we cannot deny the *revelation* itself of a personal God. The true light now shineth, and in this sense lighteth every man who cometh into the world; we cannot thus escape a consciousness of God, for it has now become part of our own consciousness. We are often as *unconsciously* conscious of the one as the other. To deny the *source* of this God-consciousness, and to attempt to discover it within; to go groping after the unknown God, and to alight upon it as if by accident, forgetting all the while that it has been already revealed to us, is a piece of solemn trifling, for which modern ontologists are without excuse. They would better imitate Plato, not by attempting with him to make the soul transcend itself, but by adopting truth wherever found, remembering withal the words of one greater than Plato. "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." To show that philosophy *after* revelation can discover of itself ontologically the same attributes in God which the Bible reveals, is only to break Columbus' egg. The existence of a western world was *a priori* as probable as the being and attributes of God; but without a Columbus we should never have heard of the one, or, without

a revelation, of the other. Ontology was unsuccessful before, and therefore we say worthless after.

Had Mr. Butler considered this, we think he would have omitted an ontological proof of a divine intellect, a divine will, and a divine judge; on the principle that mind, as a phenomenon only, containing under it the three qualities of reason, volition, and duty, "must suppose some corresponding counterpart of positive reality. The argument at best is either weak or worthless; it is weak in Plato's hands, and worthless in the hands of his modern disciples.

Passing by the first series, which contains seven lectures on the pre-Socratic philosophy, Indian as well as Greek, we come to the second and third series, which contain the real pith of Mr. Butler's thoughts on ancient philosophy. The lectures on Plato are, perhaps, the best biography and introduction to his dialogues which can be found either in England or Germany. It is no mean praise to have laid down a clue to that labyrinth of thought, a dialogue of Plato. That Plato was a keen sportsman, his fondness for hunting metaphors would prove—

"A mighty hunter, and his game was man."

But he often loses himself, as well as his retinue of commentators, in the chase. His whole system is nothing but a grand hunt through the mazes of opinion and the thickest of the senses after hidden truth. Convinced as he was of the falsity of opinion, and the deceptiveness of the senses, his Dialectics were the stalking of truth—attended with a thousand difficulties, and ending often in disappointment, but well worth the chase. The animation with which the pursuit is kept up, the huntsman's hallo, the keen snuffing of the hounds, the game beat up, the cross scent, the escape, or the capture, are all heard and seen as vividly as if we walked with Socrates and heard him posing the Sophists more than two thousand years ago. The grove is a forest, and the academy the subscription-hunt of ancient philosophy.

It will easily be understood that to pursue the pursuer, and hunt down a

hunter, must be no easy task. "How canst thou contend with horses," is the feeling of every breathless commentator panting afoot through the thickets of the Dialectics. The intricacies of the dialogue are endless, "a mighty maze," though we cannot add, "not without a plan." His dialogues are not as those state hunts in which the ground is measured, the beaters in livery, the dogs as well trained as the domestics, and the deer dies by courtesy, when the monarch canters up, with the grand huntsman a horselength behind him, to give the *coup de grace*. Plato sets out on a *bonâ fide* hunt after truth; the race is to the swift; the Sophists are not courtiers that fall back to let Socrates come in to the death. Sometimes the game escapes from the one, to fall into the hands of the other—oftener still it escapes both alike. They run across each other; laugh at each other's falls; change sides and end the dialogue; often by affirming what each set out with denying. Their logic is about as consistent as that of *Hudibras* :—

Besides 't'was known he could dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

There is only one thing in the world like a dialogue of Plato—and that is a play of Shakespeare. A comparison of the two will give the English reader some insight into a lecturer's difficulties with Plato as his text book. With our English poet as all the world is a stage—so on the philosopher's stage is crowded all the world. Shakespeare knows no more of unities than nature—a drunken porter, and a Macbeth that murders sleep, shuffle each other off the same stage. The voice of man is as the sound of many waters—the wail of woe and the ring of laughter blend together in the hum of great Babylon. With an ear for every sound, Shakespeare wrote of them as he heard them. With a mind as music itself, he knew a higher harmony than the laws of the drama could have taught him, and modulated discords as a master musician only can do. To understand Plato is to understand Shakespeare. None but these two could so nobly play the buffoon, or negligently act the noble. Shakespeare is no more a playwright than Plato a philosopher in the pedant

sense of the word—to the one all the world is a stage, to the other all the world an academy. The motto of the Globe theatre, "*totus mundus agit histrionem*," suited such an imperial fancy as Shakespeare's, which laid the whole world under contribution. The range of Plato's is no less extensive. It is even more wonderful in the philosopher than the poet; for that discursiveness which enables us to alight on truth in poetry leads us off the scent in philosophy. We often wonder how Plato can ever recover himself, and pick up the loose links of thought which have been thrown away in the pursuit of some digressive fancy.

All this deserves to be stated in justice to any expositor of Plato. It is only a diligent student of the Platonic dialogues who can do any justice to the difficulty of such a task as Mr. Butler has not only attempted, but to a great extent succeeded in.

We cannot better introduce our readers to the study of Plato than in the following noble passage from Mr. Butler's lectures :—

"We have traced the chief lineaments of those minor philosophies which engaged the Grecian world during the latter life, and immediately after the death of Socrates. In reviewing them, marked as they are by strong characteristic differences, we have been, as it were, modulating through a diversity of keys in the human soul; but all these are only the prelude to the more solemn and profound harmony to follow. It is not without emotion that I arrive at that stage of our progress which brings me to the philosophy of Plato: a philosophy which, whether regarded in itself, or with reference to its influences upon the history of reflective man, rises before us in all the dignity of the mightiest and most permanent monument ever erected by unassisted human thought exercised upon the human destinies. It is true, that in the opinion of the multitude, this majestic structure can now be considered as little more than the ruin of ancient glory; the interest that still belongs to it is, in their mind, the interest that attends the decay of everything which bears the impress of former greatness, and that makes all for ever venerable which once was venerated. Even in this view the speculations of Plato would amply recompense the inquiry of every mind which has learned to find its Present in the Past; and which, seeing little in the world around it to engage or gratify, would gladly compose its favourite scenery of thought from the ideal excellences of a world that cannot return. But the claims of the Platonic phi-

losophy far overpass this inferior ground. Its powerful influences in every age sufficiently demonstrate this. They prove that, whatever opinion we may justly form regarding the details of its reasoning, and however we may be disposed to criticise their legitimacy, there is, in the body of the system itself, a something which finds its echo in the heart, and its reflexion in the reason, of universal man : and they suggest that even its errors, if they exist, are, from their peculiar complexion and character, likely to be better worth investigation than the truths of narrower theories. We may refuse assent to the express decisions of the Master, we may often lament his wavering indecision of style, and his conclusions in which nothing seems concluded,—we may regret also that Imagination should flush with her rich and changeful hues those very regions which it is the declared purpose of the philosopher to present in the ethereal transparency of pure Reason; and, lost in the bewildering labyrinth of beauty, we may sometimes sigh for the cold exactness of Plato's great pupil and rival;—but in defiance of all our exceptions, objections, and perplexities, there is a spell in the page, and no man, worthy to read Plato, can read him, and not own himself in the presence of a mighty Interpreter of the human Soul."

A critic of Plato must be forgiven if some of the desultoriness of his author creeps over him. The difficulty of reducing speculations so wide and all-embracing within the limits of any system, has always met the student of Plato at the very threshold. "Shall we return to our subject," asks Socrates, in the *Thaetetus*? "Not at all, Socrates," is the reply. You have justly said that we are not the slaves of our discussion, but our discussion of us." The course of argument flows on with Plato, but it is after the sentiment of Wordsworth:—

The river glided at its own *sweet will*;—

and, once embarked on it, we must take it with all its windings if we follow its course at all.

The whole of Plato's dialogues have generally been classed under these three great divisions, *Dialectics*, *Morals*, *Physics*.

*Dialectics* is the investigation of the eternally and absolutely good, morals the imitation of it, physics the sensible result of it. According to Plato, science is of being; neoscience or ignorance of non-being,—midway

between the two is opinion. *Dialectics*, or the master-science, conducts us out of the world of phenomena and opinions, into one of substance and truth.

Absolute goodness, which contained the harmony of the Pythagorean within the limits of the Elean school, together with an ethical and cosmological element which Plato had the merit of adding to the colder ontological abstraction of earlier philosophies, stood in the place of the relative personal God of revelation to us. As theology is the master-science with us, so ontology was to Plato; and as our ethics or physics are sound or not, according as they stand related to a true, that is, a Christian theism, so with Plato these same were dependant branches of ontology. Taking Descartes's illustration of a tree, ontology was the root, ethics the trunk, and physics the branches. *Dialectics*, or the root-science, became thus first in importance, ethics the next, and physics the last and least.

It is curious, and worth remarking, that the order of treatment of the three groups of sciences, ontological, or its modern equivalent, theological, ethical, and physical, is exactly reversed in modern times.

In Socrates' time, theology was corrupted with physics; as in Bacon's time, physics was corrupted by theology. Socrates first classed the sciences in the order of importance—ontology, or the science of essence, first; next, ethics; last, physics. Considered by itself, this is the natural and true order of knowledge. God known first as the absolute, and man next, in twofold revelation of himself—

'The starry heaven, and the soul of man.'

But though ontology, or pure theology, in importance is first, in practical life it is the last of the three. With reference to the study of physics, it is a "virgin barren, and dedicated to God." The science of final causes had thus intruded into the department of physics in the time of Bacon, as physics in the time of Socrates had threatened to thrust out ontology. The deductive method was thus set on foot by Socrates as a check against Atheism; and the inductive by Bacon as a check against superstition

Each in his day and generation was a reformer. In ontology Socrates erected an altar to the unknown God, and thus kept alive the religious principle till the day when a wiser than Socrates stood on Mars' Hill to declare, "whom ye ignorantly worship, him I declare unto you,"—while Bacon, assuming the truth of theology in the revelation of a personal God, set the mind free from logical questions about final causes—the old ontology, whose use was past—to study nature as it is, and from the wisdom of eternal laws, and the yet greater wisdom of their particular collocations, to build up a cumulative argument for design, to which even revealed theology is not ashamed to acknowledge its obligations.

The beautiful harmony between Socrates' work in the world, and Bacon's, the founders of the deductive and inductive methods respectively, is becoming better understood every day. There are a few perverse doctrinaires in both extremes—the positive school on the side of Bacon, the intuitionists on the side of Plato, who would repudiate the other; but good in the end has come out of the long controversy, and "our thoughts are widening with the circle of the sun," until good men have come to admit that deductive truth now belongs to revelation, and inductive to science; and that in the order of absolute importance, the method of Plato must be followed, from theology to ethics, and from ethics to physics; but that in the order of practical life and daily use, the order of Bacon, from physics to ethics, and from ethics to theology, the last and sacred retreat of thought must be preserved.

Dialectics, according to Plato, being the master-science, and ethics and physics its two derived branches, it is easily seen that whatever faults there are in Plato's ethical or physical representations take their rise in an error in his dialectics. That error we believe to be the identification of knowledge and being. The definition of being by science is a definition of a whole by its part, or a substance by one of its attributes—and, this error once admitted, flows down through all the branches of his philosophy. We cannot too strongly protest against this vain presumptuous attempt to

transcend the sources of our knowledge, and define being by one of its modes.

The institutes of metaphysics by Professor Ferrier is one of the latest and boldest attempts of ontology. That Mr. Ferrier's theory of knowing and being has failed, we do not pause here to state—it is enough to remark that he 'errs with Plato,' and is content to err in such good company. To us who think that ontology had its place in ancient speculation, answering to theology in modern, such an excuse seems invalid; for Plato, we verily believe, would have abandoned ontology and the philosophy of the absolute, had a way been opened up to him to *believe* in what he could not *know*. Rationalism had some excuse in days of polytheism; now it has none. The true gnostic now is he who adores One who, as the absolute, he can never know, and believes in a Divine Person who, as unconditioned, he cannot understand.

It would have been interesting had the nature of Mr. Butler's argument allowed him to trace every error of the Platonic physics and ethics to this *πρωτον ψευδος* of ontology. It led him, for instance, to contradict himself so far as to admit that, since science and being are one, virtue as a part of being is also a science, and therefore may be taught—an admission which the Sophists he opposed had turned to very good account. Professor Ferrier's theory of knowing and being may thus be of use to the student of Plato, as exhibiting in full-blow the one error to which may be traced as in the bud every other aberration of Platonism.

It has been well said that we can never survey a science from its own level—we must ascend above it to take it in, in all its details. The field of Platonism is thus far too wide to be surveyed by simple mensuration. Measuring-chain in hand, Professor Butler has patiently and exactly taken the area of several distinct fields of thought. Thus his survey of the physics of Plato, as contained in the *Timæus*, is perhaps the fullest and exactest account of the dialogue we possess; but our space would not permit us to follow him through one of these measured fields of philoso-



phy; and therefore we have chosen a height from whence to look down on the whole. Dialectics, ethics, physics, all spring out of the attempt to deduce truth logically from the theory of the identity of knowing and being. In so far as knowledge is co-extensive with being, Plato is always right; when being transcends knowledge, Plato, with all ontologists, is always wrong. The strength of Plato is when, Antus-like, he touches earth; his weakness is, when he attempts to soar above the conditioned; when

ye cannot see

The stirring of his wings, and yet he soars.

We have only one complaint to make of Mr. Butler, that he has not taken his wings, and criticised Plato from the height as well as from the plain. We miss that decision of view which *comprehends* Plato as well as *apprehends* him, from the eminence of that higher logic of which Sir W. Hamilton is the great modern master. Mr. Butler's criticism of Plato is more genial than severe and discriminating. He follows him on his own level as a truth-seeker, rather than looks down as one that has found it in an established school of philosophy. As the disciple is not above his master, Butler as a Platonist

does not take the bearings of his master's philosophy from above, but from his side. Wanting this higher criticism, he has left us nothing to desire as an English interpreter of Plato. To the student his book indeed may be safely offered as a manual to Plato. The series on Aristotle was left unfinished. Aristotle was too great an encyclopædist himself to admit of such fragmentary treatment. In a future edition, should the publishers find a demand for it, we would suggest the issue of the series of lectures on Plato, separate from the rest; we could part without regret with the introductory series. Some of the first lectures on early Greek and Indian philosophy are not much better than those found in the ordinary histories of philosophy; and we expect something better than comparative excellence from the author of 'the Letters on Development.' Not so with the series beginning with Socrates, and carrying us through the Platonic philosophy; it deserves a high place in the literature of the subject; and will no doubt keep it, whether linked with an introductory series which may be allowed to drop off, or, as we desire, separated from it as an original and distinct survey of the life and opinions of Plato.

## THE FORTUNES OF GLENCORE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN UPTONIAN DESPATCH.

"British Legation, Naples.

"My dear Harcourt,

"It would seem that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried, a not unfrequent occurrence when entrusted to our Foreign Office for transmission. Should it ever reach you, you will perceive how unjustly you have charged me with neglecting your wishes. I have ordered the Sicilian wine for your friend. I have obtained the Royal leave for you to shoot in Calabria; and, I assure you, it is rather a rare incident in my life to have forgotten nothing required of me! Perhaps you, who know me well, will do me this justice, and be the more grateful for my present promptitude.

"It was quite a mistake sending me here; for anything there is to be done, Spencer or Lonsdale would perfectly suffice. I ought to have gone to Vienna; and so they know at home—but it's the old game played over again. Important questions! why, my dear friend, there is not a matter between this country and our own that rises above the capacity of a colonel of dragoons. Meanwhile, really great events are preparing in the East of Europe—not that I am going to inflict them upon you, nor ask you to listen to speculations which even they in authority turn a deaf ear to.

"It is very kind of you to think of my health. I am still a sufferer, the old pains rather aggravated than relieved by this climate. You are aware that, though warm, the weather here has some exciting property, some excess or other of a peculiar gas in the atmosphere, prejudicial to certain temperaments. I feel it greatly, and though the season is midsummer, I am obliged to dress entirely in a light costume of buckskin, and take Marsalla baths, which refresh me, at least, for the while. I have also taken to smoke the leaves of the nuxvomica steeped in arrack, and think it agrees with me. The king has most kindly placed a little villa at Ischia at my disposal; but I do not

mean to avail myself of the politeness. The Duke of San Giustino has also offered me his palace at Baia, but I don't fancy leaving this just now, where there is a doctor, a certain Tommasso Buffeloni, who really seems to have hit off my case. He calls it arterial athriticis, a kind of inflammatory action of one coat of the arterial system; his notion is highly ingenious, and wonderfully borne out by the symptoms. I wish you would ask Brodie, or any of our best men, whether they have met with this affection? what class it affects, and what course it usually takes? My Italian doctor implies, that it is the passing malady of men highly excitable, and largely endowed with mental gifts. I think I can recognise the accuracy of this hypothesis. It is only nature makes the blunder of giving the sharpest swords the weakest scabbards—what a pity the weapon cannot be worn naked!

"You ask me if I like this place. I do, perhaps, as well as I should like anywhere. There is a wonderful sameness over the world just now, preluding, I have very little doubt, some great outburst of nationality for all the countries of Europe. Just as periods of Puritanism succeed intervals of gross licentiousness.

"Society here is, therefore, as you see it in London or Paris; well-bred people, like gold, are current every where. There is really little peculiar to observe. I don't perceive that there is more levity than elsewhere. The difference is, perhaps, that there is less shame about it since it is under the protection of the Church.

"I go out very little: my notion is that the Diplomatist, like the ancient Augur, must not suffer himself to be vulgarized by contact. He can only lose, not gain, by that mixed intercourse with the world. I have a few who come when I want them, and go in like manner. They tell me what is going on far better and more truthfully than paid employes, and they cannot trace my intentions through my enquiries, and hasten off

to retail them at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Of my colleagues I see as little as possible, tho' when we do meet, I feel an unbounded affection for them. So much for my life, dear Harcourt; on the whole, a very tolerable kind of existence, which if few would envy, still fewer would care to part with.

"I now come to the chief portion of your letter.—This boy of Glencore's. I rather like the account you give of him, better than you do yourself. Imaginative and *dreamy* he may be, but remember what he was, and where we have placed him. A moonstruck, romantic youth at a German University. Is it not painting the lily?

"I merely intended he should go to Göttingen to learn the language, always a difficulty if not abstracted from other and more dulcet sounds. I never meant to have him domesticated with some rusty Hochgelehrter, eating sauer kraut in company with a green-eyed Fraulein, and imbibing love and metaphysics together. Let him moon away, as you call it, my dear Harcourt. It is wonderfully little consequence what any one does with his intellect, till he be three or four-and-twenty. Indeed, I half suspect that the soil might be left quietly to rear weeds 'till that time, and as to dreaminess it signifies nothing if there be a strong physique. With a weak frame, imagination will play the tyrant, and never cease 'till it dominate over all the other faculties; but where there is strength and activity, there is no fear of this.

"You amuse me with your account of the doctor; and so the Germans have actually taken him for a savant, and given him a degree '*honoris causa*.' May they never make a worse blunder. The man is eminently remarkable,—with his opportunities, miraculous. I am certain, Harcourt, you never felt half the pleasure on arriving at a region well stocked with game, that he did on finding himself in a land of Libraries, Museums, and Collections. Fancy the poor fellow's ecstasy at being allowed to range at will through all ancient literature, of which hitherto a stray volume alone had reached him. Imagine his delight as each day opened new stores of knowledge to him, surrounded as he was by all

that could encourage zeal and reward research. The boy's treatment of him pleases me much, it smacks of the gentle blood in his veins. Poor lad, there is something very sad in his case.

"You need not have taken such trouble about accounts and expenditure: of course, whatever you have done I perfectly approve of. You say that the boy has no idea of money or its value. There is both good and evil in this; and now as to his future. I should have no objection whatever to having him attached to my Legation here, and, perhaps, no great difficulty in effecting his appointment; but there is a serious obstacle in his position. The young men who figure at embassies and missions are all 'cognate numbers.' They each of them know who and what the other is, whence he came, and so on. Now our poor boy could not stand this ordeal, nor would it be fair he should be exposed to it. Besides this, it was never Glencore's wish, but the very opposite to it, that he should be brought prominently forward in life. He even suggested one of the Colonies as the means of withdrawing him at once, and for ever, from public gaze.

"You have interested me much by what you say of the boy's progress. His tastes, I infer, lie in the direction which, in a worldly sense, are least profitable; but after all, Harcourt, every one has brains enough, and to spare, for any career. Let us only decide upon that one most fitted for him, and depend upon it, his faculties will day by day conform to his duties, and his tastes be merely dissipations, just as play or wine is to coarser natures.

"If you really press the question of his coming to me, I will not refuse, seeing that I can take my own time to consider what steps subsequently should be adopted. How is it that you know nothing of Glencore—can he not be traced?

"Lord Selby, whom you may remember in the Blues formerly, dined here yesterday, and mentioned a communication he had received from his lawyer, with regard to some property in tail; which, if Glencore should leave no heir male, devolved upon him. I tried to find out the whereabouts and the amount of this heritage; but with the admirable indifference that

characterizes him, he did not know or care.

"As to my Lady, I can give you no information whatever; her house at Florence is uninhabited; the furniture is sold off; but no one seems to guess even whither she has betaken herself. The fast and loose of that pleasant city are, as I hear, actually houseless since her departure. No asylum open there with fire and cigars. A number of the destitute have come down here in half despair, amongst the rest, Scratchly—Major Scratchly, an insupportable nuisance of flat stories and stale gossip; one of those fellows who cannot make even malevolence amusing, and who speak ill of their neighbours without a single spark of wit. He has left three cards upon me, each duly returned; but I am resolved that our interchange of courtesies shall proceed no further.

"I trust I have omitted nothing in reply to your last despatch, except it be to say, that I look for you here about September, or earlier, if as convenient to you; you will, of course, write to me, however, meanwhile.

"Do not mention having heard from me at the clubs or in society. I am, as I have the right to be, on the

sick list, and it is as well my rest should remain undisturbed.

"I wish you had any means of making it known, that the article in the Quarterly, on our Foreign relations, is not mine. The newspapers have coolly assumed me to be the author, and of course I am not going to give them the éclat of a personal denial. The fellow who wrote it must be an ass; since had he known what he pretends, he had never revealed it. He who wants to bag his bird, Colonel, never bangs away at nothing. I have now completed a longer dispatch to you than I intend to address to the Noble Secretary at F. O., and am yours, very faithfully,

"HORACE UPTON.

"Whose Magnesia is it that contains essence of Bark? Tripley's or Chipley's, I think; find it out for me and send me a packet through the office; put up Fauchard's pamphlet with it, on Spain, and a small box of those new blisters, Mouches they are called; they are to be had at Atkinson's. I have got so accustomed to their stimulating power that I never write without one or two on my forehead. They tell me the cautery, if dexterously applied, is better; but I have not tried it."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

WE are not about to follow up the correspondence of Sir Horace, by detailing the reply which Harcourt sent, and all that thereupon ensued between them.

We pass over then some months of time, and arrive at the late autumn.

It is a calm, still morning; the sea, streaked with tinted shadows, is without a ripple; the ships of many nations that float on it are motionless; their white sails hung out to bleach; their ensigns drooping beside the masts. Over the summit of Vesuvius, for we are at Naples, a light blue cloud hangs, the solitary one in all the sky. A mild, plaintive song, the chant of some fishermen on the rocks, is the only sound, save the continuous hum of that vast city, which swells and falls at intervals.

Close beside the sea, seated on a rock, are two figures. One is that of

a youth of some eighteen or nineteen years; his features, eminently handsome, wear an expression of gloomy pride, as in deep pre-occupation he gazes out over the bay; to all seeming, indifferent to the fair scene before him, and wrapped in his own sad thoughts. The other is a short, square-built, almost uncouth figure, overshadowed by a wide straw hat, which seems even to diminish his stature; a suit of black, wide and ample enough for one twice his size, gives something grotesque to an appearance to which his features contribute their share.

It is, indeed, a strange physiognomy, to which Celt and Calmuc seemed equally to contribute. The low overhanging forehead; the intensely keen eye, sparkling with an almost jimp-like drollery, are contrasted by a firmly compressed mouth, and a far-project-

ing under jaw, that imply sternness even to cruelty; a mass of waving black hair, that covers neck and shoulders, adds a species of savagery to a head, which assuredly has no need of such aid. Bent down over a large quarto volume, he never lifts his eyes; but, intently occupied, his lips are rapidly repeating the words as he reads them.

"Do you mean to pass the morning here?" asks the youth at length, "or where shall I find you later on?"

"I'll do whatever you like best," said the other in a rich brogue, "I'm agreeable to go or stay, 'ad utram paratus,'" and Billy Traynor, for it was he, shut up his venerable volume.

"I don't wish to disturb you," said the boy mildly, "you can read." "I cannot; I have a fretful, impatient feeling over me, that, perhaps, will go off with exercise. I'll set out then for a walk, and come back here towards evening, then go and dine at the Rocca, and afterwards whatever you please."

"If you say that, then," said Billy, in a voice of evident delight, "we'll finish the day at the Professor Tadeucci's, and get him to go over that analysis again."

"I have no taste for chemistry. It always seems to me to end where it began," said the boy impatiently. "Where do all researches tend to? how are you elevated in intellect? how are your thoughts higher, wider, nobler, by all these mixings and manipulations?"

"Is it nothing to know how thunder and lightning is made? to understand electricity, to dive into the secrets of that old crater there, and see the ingredients in the crucible that was bilin' three thousand years ago?"

"These things appeal more grandly to my imagination, when the mystery of their forces is unrevealed. I like to think of them as dread manifestations of a mighty will, rather than gaseous combinations, or metallic affinities."

"And what prevents you?" said Billy, eagerly, "is the grandeur of the phenomenon impaired, because it is in part intelligible? A'int you elevated as a reasoning being, when you get, what I may call, a peep into God's workshop, rather than by implicitly accepting results just as any old woman accepts a superstition?"

"There is something ignoble in mechanism," said the boy angrily.

"Don't say that, while your heart is beatin' and your arteries is contractin'—never say it as long as your lungs dilate or collapse. It's mechanism makes water burst out of the ground, and, swelling into streams, flow as mighty rivers through the earth. It's mechanism raises the sap to the topmost bough of the cedar tree that waves over Lebanon. 'Tis the same power moves planets above, just to show us that as there is nothing without a cause—there is one great and final 'Cause' behind all."

"And will you tell me," said the boy, sneeringly, "that a sunbeam pours more gladness into your heart, because the machinery of a prism has explained to you the composition of light?"

"God's blessings never seemed the less to me, because he taught me the beautiful laws that guide them," said Billy, reverently: "every little step that I take out of darkness is on the road, at least, to Him."

In part abashed by the words, in part admonished by the tone of the speaker, the boy was silent for some minutes. "You know, Billy," said he, at length, "that I spoke in no irreverence—that I would no more insult your convictions than I would outrage my own. It is simply that it suits my dreamy indolence to like the wonderful better than the intelligible; and you must acknowledge that there never was so palatable a theory for ignorance."

"Aye, but I don't want you to be ignorant," said Billy, earnestly; "and there's no greater mistake than supposing that knowledge is an impediment to the play of fancy. Take my word for it, Master Charles, imagination, no more than any one else, does not work best in the dark."

"I certainly am no adept under such circumstances," said the boy. "I haven't told you what happened me in the studio last night. I went in without a candle, and, trying to grope my way to the table, I overturned the large olive jar, full of clay, against my Niobe, and smashed her to atoms."

"Smashed Niobe!" cried Billy, in horror.

"In pieces. I stood over her sadder than ever she felt herself, and I

have not had the courage to enter the studio since."

"Come, come let us see if she couldn't be restored," said Billy, rising. "Let us go down there together."

"You may, if you have any fancy—there's the key," said the boy. "I'll return there no more till the rubbish be cleared away," and so saying he moved off, and was soon out of sight.

Deeply grieving over this disaster, Billy Traynor hastened for the spot, but he had only reached the garden of the Chiaja when he heard a faint, weak voice calling him by his name; he turned, and saw Sir Horace Upton, who, seated in a sort of portable arm-chair, was enjoying the fresh air from the sea.

"Quite a piece of good fortune to meet you, Doctor," said he smiling; "neither you nor your pupil have been near me for ten days or more."

"'Tis our own loss then, your Excellency," said Billy, bowing; "even a chance few minutes in your company, is like whetting the intellectual razor—I feel myself sharper for the whole day after."

"Then, why not come oftener, man?—are you afraid of wearing the steel all away?"

"'Tis more afraid I am of gapping the fine edge of your Excellency, by contact with my own ruggedness," said Billy, obsequiously.

"You were intended for a courtier, Doctor," said Sir Horace smiling.

"If there was such a thing as a court fool now-a-days, I'd look for the place."

"The age is too dull for such a functionary. They'll not find ten men in any country of Europe equal to the office," said Sir Horace. "One has only to see how lamentably dull are the journals dedicated to wit and drollery to admit this fact; though written by many hands—how rare it is to chance upon what provokes a laugh. You'll have fifty metaphysicians anywhere before you'll hit on one Moliere. Will you kindly open that umbrella for me. This autumnal sun, they say, gives sun-stroke. And now what do you think of this boy—he'll not make a diplomatist, that's clear?"

"He'll not make anything—just for one simple reason, because he could be whatever he pleased."

"An intellectual spendthrift," sighed Sir Horace. "What a hopeless bankruptcy it leads to."

"My notion is 'twould be spoiling him entirely to teach him a trade or a profession. Let his great faculties shoot up without being trimmed or trained—don't want to twist or twine or turn them at all, but just see whether he won't, out of his uncurbed nature, do better than all our discipline could effect. There's no better colt than the one that was never backed till he was a five-year old."

"He ought to have a career," said Sir Horace thoughtfully. "Every man ought to have a calling, if only that he may be able to abandon it."

"Just as a sailor has a point of departure," said Billy.

"Precisely," said Sir Horace, pleased at being so well appreciated.

"You are aware, Doctor," resumed he, after a pause, "that the lad will have little or no private fortune. There are family circumstances that I cannot enter into, nor would your own delicacy require it, that will leave him almost entirely dependent on his own efforts. Now, as time is rolling over, we should bethink us what direction it were wisest to give his talents—for he has talents."

"He has genius and talents both," said Billy; "he has the raw material and the workshop to manufacture it."

"I am rejoiced to hear such an account from one so well able to pronounce," said Sir Horace, blandly; and Billy bowed, and blushed with a sense of happiness that none but humble men, so praised, could ever feel.

"I should like much to hear what you would advise for him," said Upton.

"He's so full of promise," said Billy, "that whatever he takes to I'll be sure to fancy he'd be better at something else. See now—it isn't a bull I'm sayin', but I'll make a blunder of it if I try to explain."

"Go on, I think I apprehend you."

"By coorse you do. Well, it's that same feelin' makes me cautious of sayin' what he ought to do. For, after all, a variety of capacity implies discursiveness, and discursiveness is the mother of failure."

"You speak like an oracle, Doctor."

"If I do it's because the priest is beside me," said Billy, bowing. "My notion is this, I'd let him cultivate his fine gifts for a year or two, in any way he liked—in work or idleness—for they'll grow in the fallow as well as in the tilled land. I'd let him be whatever he liked—striving always, as he's sure to be striving, after something higher, and greater, and better than he'll ever reach; and then when he has felt both his strength and his weakness, I'd try and attach him to some great man in public life; set a grand ambition before him, and say, 'Go on.'"

"He's scarcely the stuff for public life," muttered Sir Horace.

"He is," said Billy, boldly.

"He'd be easily abashed—easily deterred by failure."

"Sorra bit. Success might cloy, but failure would never damp him."

"I can't fancy him a speaker."

"Rouse him by a strong theme and a flat contradiction, and you'll see what he can do."

"And then his lounging, idle habits —"

"He'll do more in two hours than any one else in two days."

"You are a warm admirer, my dear Doctor," said Sir Horace, smiling blandly. "I should almost rather have such a friend than the qualities that win the friendship. Have you a message for me, Antoine?" said he to a servant who stood at a little distance, waiting the order to approach. The man came forward, and whispered a few words.

Sir Horace's cheek gave a faint—the very faintest possible sign of flush—as he listened, and uttering a brief, "Very well," dismissed the messenger.

"Will you give me your arm, Doctor?" said he languidly; and the elegant Sir Horace Upton passed down the crowded promenade leaning on his uncouth companion, without the slightest consciousness of the surprise and sarcasm around him. No man more thoroughly could appreciate conventionalities; he would weigh the effect of appearances to the very nicety; but in practice he seemed either to forget his knowledge or despise it. So that as leaning on the little dwarf's arm he moved along, his very air of fashionable languor seemed to heighten the absurdity of the contrast. Nay, he actually seemed to bestow an almost deferential attention to what the other said—bowing blandly his acquiescence, and smiling with an urbanity all his own.

Of the crowd that passed, nearly all knew the English minister. Uncovered heads were bent obsequiously; graceful salutations met him as he went—while a hundred conjectures ran as to who and what might be his companion.

He was a mesmeric professor, a writer in cypher, a Rabbi, an Egyptian explorer, an alchemist, an African traveller, and at last, Mons. Thiers!—and so the fine world of Naples discussed the humble individual, whom you and I, dear reader, are acquainted with as Billy Traynor.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### HOW A "RECEPTION" COMES TO ITS CLOSE.

ON the evening of that day, the handsome salons of the great Hotel Universo were filled with a brilliant assemblage, to compliment the Princess Sabloukoff on her arrival. We have already introduced this lady to the reader, and have no need to explain the homage and attention of which she was the object. There is nothing which so perfectly illustrates the maxim of "*ignotum pro magnifico*" as the career of politics; certain individuals obtaining, as they do, a pre-eminence and authority from a species of mysterious prestige about them, and a

reputation of having access at any moment to the highest personage in the world of state affairs. Doubtless great ministers are occasionally not sorry to see the public full cry on a false scent, and encourage to a certain extent this mystification; but still it would be an error to deny to such persons as we speak of a knowledge, if not actually an influence, in great affairs.

When the Swedish Chancellor uttered his celebrated sarcasm on the governing capacities of Europe, the political Salon, as a state engine,

was not yet in existence. What additional energy might it have given to his remark, had he known that the tea table was the chapel of ease to the council-room, and gossip a new power in the state. Despotie governments are always curious about public opinion: they dread while affecting to despise it. They, however, make a far greater mistake than this, for they imagine its true exponent to be the society of the highest in rank and station.

It is not necessary to insist upon an error so palpable, and yet it is one of which nearly every Capital of Europe affords example; and the same council chamber that would treat a popular movement with disdain, would tremble at the epigram launched by some "elegant" of society. The theory is, that the masses act, but never think: the higher ranks think, and set the rest in motion. Whether well or ill-founded, one consequence of the system is to inundate the world with a number of persons, who, no matter what their station or pretensions, are no other than spies. If it be observed that, generally speaking, there is nothing worth recording—that society, too much engaged with its own vicissitudes, troubles itself little with those of the state; let it be remembered that the governments which employ these agencies are in a position to judge of the value of what they receive; and as they persevere in maintaining them, they are, doubtless, in some degree remunerated.

To hold this high detective employ, a variety of conditions are essential. The individual must have birth and breeding to gain access to the highest circles; conciliating manners and ample means. If a lady, she is usually young, and a beauty, or has the fame of having once been such. The strangest part of all is, that her position is thoroughly appreciated. She is recognized everywhere for what she is; and yet her presence never seems to impose a restraint or suggest a caution. She becomes in reality less a discoverer than a depository of secrets. Many have something to communicate, and are only at a loss as to the channel. They have found out a political puzzle, hit a state blot, or unravelled a cabinet mystery. Others are in possession of

some personal knowledge of royalty. They have marked the displeasure of the Queen Dowager, or seen the anger of the Crown Prince. Profitable as such facts are, they are nothing without a market. Thus it is that these characters exercise a wider sphere of influence than might be naturally ascribed to them, and possess besides a terrorizing power over society, the chief members of which are at their mercy.

It is, doubtless, not a little humiliating that such should be the instruments of a government, and that royalty should avail itself of such agencies; but the fact is so, and perhaps an inquiry into the secret working of democratic institutions, might not make one a whit more proud of Popular Sovereignty.

Amongst the proficients in the great science we speak of, the Princess held the first place. Mysterious stories ran of her acquaintance with affairs the most momentous: there were narratives of her complicity in even darker events. Her name was quoted by Savary in his secret report of the Emperor Paul's death—an allusion to her was made by one of the assassins of Murat—and a gloomy record of a celebrated incident in Louis Philippe's life ascribed to her a share in a terrible tragedy. Whether believed or not, they added to the prestige that attended her, and she was virtually a puissance in European politics.

To all the intriguists in state affairs her arrival was actually a boon. She could and would give them out of her vast capital, enough to establish them successfully in trade. To the minister of police she brought accurate descriptions of suspected characters—the "signalements" of Carbonari that were threatening half the thrones of Europe. To the foreign secretary she brought tidings of the favour in which a great Emperor held him, and a shadowy vision of the grand cross he was one day to have. She had forbidden books for the cardinal confessor, and a case of smuggled cigars for the minister of finance. The picturesque language of a *Journal de Modes* could alone convey the rare and curious details of dress which she imported for the benefit of the court ladies. In a word, she had something to secure



her a welcome in every quarter—and all done with a tact and a delicacy that the most susceptible could not have resisted.

If the tone and manner of good society present little suitable to description, they are yet subjects of great interest to him who would study men in their moods of highest subtlety and astuteness. To mere passing careless observation, the reception of the Princess was a crowded gathering of a number of well-dressed people, in which the men were in far larger proportion than the other sex. There was abundance of courtesy; not a little of that half flattering compliment which is the small change of intercourse: some—not much—scandal, and a fair share of animated small talk. It was late when Sir Horace Upton entered, and, advancing to where the Princess stood, kissed her gloved hand with all the submissive deference of a courtier. The most lynx-eyed observer could not have detected either in his manner or in hers that any intimacy existed between them, much less friendship; least of all, anything still closer. His bearing was a most studied and respectful homage—hers a haughty, but condescending acceptance of it; and yet, with all this, there was that in those around that seemed to say—This man is more master here than any of us. He did not speak long with the Princess, but respectfully yielding his place to a later arrival, fell back into the crowd, and soon after took a seat beside one of the very few ladies who graced the reception. In all they were very few, we are bound to acknowledge; for although La Sablonkoff was received at court and all the embassies, they who felt, or affected to feel any strictness on the score of morals, avoided rather than sought her intimacy.

She covered over what might have seemed this disparagement of her conduct, by always seeking the society of men, as though their hardy and vigorous intellects were more in unison with her own than the graceful attributes of the softer sex; and in this tone did the few lady-friends she possessed appear also to concur. It was their pride to discuss matters of state and politics; and whenever they condescended to more trifling themes,

they treated them with a degree of candour, and in a spirit that allowed men to speak as unreservedly as though no ladies were present.

Let us be forgiven for prolixity, since we are speaking less of individuals than of a school—a school, too, on the increase, and one whose results will be more widely felt than many are disposed to believe.

As the evening wore on, the guests bartered the news and the *bons mots*—scraps of letters from royal hands were read—epigrams from illustrious characters repeated—racy bits of courtly scandal were related, and smart explanations hazarded as to how this was to turn out, and that was to end. It was a very strange language they talked—so much seemed left for inference—so much seemed left to surmise. There was a shadowy indistinctness as it were over all, and yet their manner showed a perfect and thorough appreciation of whatever went forward. Through all this treatment of great questions, one striking feature pre-eminently displayed itself—a keen appreciation of how much the individual characters, the passions, the prejudices, the very caprices of men in power modified the acts of their governments; and thus you constantly heard such remarks as “If the Duke of Wellington disliked the Emperor less—or, so long as Metternich has such an attachment to the Queen Dowager—when we get over Camery’s dread of the Archduchess—or if we could only reconcile the Prince to a visit from Nesselrode”—showing that private personal feelings were swaying the minds of those whose contemplation might have seemed raised to a far loftier level. And then what a mass of very small gossip abounded—incidents so slight and insignificant that they only were lifted into importance by the actors in them being kings and kaisers! By what accidents great events were determined—on what mere trifles vast interests depended, it were, doubtless, no novelty to record: still it would startle many to be told that a casual pique, a passing word launched at hazard, some petty observance omitted or forgotten, have changed the destinies of whole nations.

It is in such circles as these that incidents of this kind are recounted.

Each has some anecdote, trivial and unimportant it may be, but still illustrating the life of those who live under the shadow of Royalty. The Princess herself was inexhaustible in these stores of secret biography; there was not a dynastic ambition to be consolidated by a marriage—not a Coburg alliance to patch up a family compact, that she was not well versed in. She detected in the vaguest movements plans and intentions, and could read the signs of a policy in indications that others would have passed without remark.

One by one the company retired, and at length Sir Horace found himself the last guest of the evening. Scarcely had the door closed on the last departure, when, drawing his arm-chair to the side of the fire opposite to that where the Princess sat, he took out his cigar case, and selecting a "weed," deliberately lighted and commenced to smoke it.

"I thought they'd never go," said she, with a sigh, "but I know why they remained; they all thought the Prince of Istria was coming. They saw his carriage stop here this evening, and heard he had sent up to know if I received. I wrote on a card, 'to-morrow at dinner, at eight;' so be sure you are here to meet him."

Sir Horace bowed and smiled his acceptance.

"And your journey, dear Princess," said he between the puffs of his smoke, "was it pleasant?"

"It might have been well enough, but I was obliged to make a great detour. The Duchess detained me at Parma for some letters, and then sent me across the mountains of Pontremoli, a frightful road, on a secret mission to Massa."

"To Massa! of all earthly places."

"Even so. They had sent down there, some eight or nine months ago, the young Count Wahnsdorf, the Arch-duchess Sophia's son, who having got into all manner of dissipation at Vienna, and lost largely at play, it was judged expedient to exile him for a season; and as the Duke of Modena offered his aid to their plans, he was named to a troop in a dragoon regiment, and appointed aid-de-camp to his Royal Highness. Are you attending? or has your Excellency lost the clue of my story?"

"I am all ears; only waiting anxiously to hear—who is she?"

"Oh, then, you suspect a woman in the case."

"I'm sure of it, dear Princess. The very accents of your voice prepared me for a bit of romance."

"Yes, you are right; he has fallen in love; so desperately in love that he is incessant in his appeals to the Duchess to intercede with his family, and grant him leave to marry."

"To marry whom?" asked Sir Horace.

"That's the very question which he cannot answer himself; and when pressed for information, can only reply that she is an angel. Now angels are not always of good family; they have sometimes very humble parents and very small fortunes."

"Helas!" sighed the diplomatist, pitifully.

"This angel, it would seem, is untraceable; she arrived with her mother, or what is supposed to be her mother, from Corsica; they landed at Spezzia, with an English passport calling them Madame and Mademoiselle Harley. On arriving at Massa, they took a villa close to the town, and established themselves with all the circumstance of people well off as to means. They however neither received visits nor made acquaintance with any one. They even so far withdrew themselves from public view, that they rarely left their own grounds, and usually took their carriage-riding at night. You are not attending, I see."

"On the contrary, I am an eager listener; only it is a story one has heard so often. I never heard of any one preserving the incognito except where disclosure would have revealed a shame."

"Your Excellency mistakes," replied she, "the incognito is sometimes like a feigned despatch in diplomacy, a means of awakening curiosity."

"Ces ruses ne se font plus, Princess, they were the fashion in Tallyrand's time; now we are satisfied to mystify by no meaning."

"If the weapons of the old school are not employed, there is another reason, perhaps," said she, with a dubious smile.

"That modern arms are too feeble to wield them, you mean," said he,

bowing courteously. "Ah! it is but too true, Princess," and he sighed what might mean regret over the fact, or devotion to herself—perhaps both. At all events his submission served as a treaty of peace, and she resumed.

"And now, '*revenons a nos moutons*,'" said she, "or at least to our lambs. This Wahnsdorf is quite capable of contracting a marriage without any permission, if they appear inclined to thwart him; and the question is, what can be done? The Duke would send these people away out of his territory, only that if they be English, as their passports imply, he knows that there will be no end of trouble with your amiable government, who is never paternal till some one corrects one of her children. If Wahnsdorf be sent away, where are they to send him? besides, in all these cases, the creature carries his malady with him, and is sure to marry the first who sympathizes with him. In a word, there were difficulties on all sides, and the Duchess sent me over, in observation, as they say, rather than with any direct plan of extrication."

"And you went."

"Yes; I passed twenty-four hours. I couldn't stay longer, for I promised the Cardinal Caraffa to be in Rome on the 18th, about those Polish nunneries. As to Massa, I gathered little more than I had heard beforehand. I saw their villa; I even penetrated as far as the orangery in my capacity of traveller—the whole a perfect Paradise. I'm not sure I did not get a peep at Eve herself; at a distance, however. I made great efforts to obtain an interview, but all unsuccessfully. The police authorities managed to summon two of the servants to the Podesta, on pretence of some irregularity in their papers, but we obtained nothing out of them; and what is more, I saw clearly that nothing could be effected by a coup de main. The place requires a long siege, and I have not time for that."

"Did you see Wahnsdorf?"

"Yes; I had him to dinner with me alone at the Hotel, for, to avoid all observation, I only went to the Palace after nightfall. He confessed all his sins to me, and, like every other scape-grace, thought marriage was a grand absolution for past

wickedness. He told me too, how he made the acquaintance of these strangers. They were crossing the Mazza with their carriage on a raft, when the cable snapped and they were all carried down the torrent. He happened to be a passenger at the time, and did something very heroic, I've no doubt, but I cannot exactly remember what; but it amounted to either being, or being supposed to be, their deliverer. He thus obtained leave to pay his respects at the villa; but even this gratitude was very measured: they only admitted him at rare intervals, and for a very brief visit. In fact, it was plain he had to deal with consummate tacticians, who turned the mystery of their seclusion and the honour vouchsafed him to an ample profit."

"He told them his name and his rank?"

"Yes; and he owned that they did not seem at all impressed by the revelation. He describes them as very haughty, very condescending in manner, '*tres grandes dames*,' in fact, but unquestionably born to the class they represent. They never dropped a hint of whence they had come, or any circumstance of their past lives; but seemed entirely engrossed by the present, which they spend principally in cultivating the arts; they both drew admirably, and the young lady had become a most skilful modellist in clay, her whole day being passed in a studio which they had just built. I urged him strongly to try and obtain permission for me to see it, but he assured me it was hopeless—the request might even endanger his own position with them."

"I could perceive that though very much in love, Wahnsdorf was equally taken by the romance of this adventure. He had never been a hero to himself before, and he was perfectly enchanted by the novelty of the sensation. He never affected to say that he had made the least impression on the young lady's heart; but he gave me to understand that the nephew of an Emperor need not trouble his head much on that score. He is a very good-looking, well-mannered, weak boy, who, if he only reach the age of thirty without some great blunder, will pass for a very dignified Prince for the rest of his life."

"Did you give him any hopes?"

"Of course, if he only promised to follow my counsels; and as these same counsels are yet in the oven, he must needs wait for them. In a word, he is to write to me everything, and I to him, and so we parted."

"I should like to see these people," said Upton, languidly.

"I'm sure of it," rejoined she, "but it is perhaps unnecessary," and there was that in the tone which made the words very significant.

"Chelmsford, he's now Secretary at Turin, might perhaps trace them," said he, "he always knows everything of those people who are secrets to the rest of the world."

"For the present I am disposed to think it were better not to direct attention towards them," replied she, "What we do here must be done adroitly, and in such a way as that

it can be disavowed if necessary, or abandoned if unsuccessful."

"Said with all your own tact, Princess," said Sir Horace, smiling; "I can perceive, however, that you have a plan in your head already. Is it not so?"

"No," said she with a faint sigh, "I took wonderfully little interest in the affair. It was one of these games where the combinations are so few you don't condescend to learn it. Are you aware of the hour?"

"Actually three o'clock," said he, standing up. "Really, Princess, I am quite shocked."

"And so am I," said she smiling, "On se compromet si facilement dans cet bas monde." Good night," and she courtseyed, and withdrew before he had time to take his hat and retire,

#### PÆDIOLOGY; OR,

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT THE TOYS  
OF GROWN-UP MEN AND LITTLE BOYS.

WHOEVER has stood on a bridge over a shallow river, and watched a shoal of minnows or other small fish, may have observed them lying near the bottom until something light and showy has fallen on the surface of the water, or floated down the stream over them; immediately there is a commotion, they rise from the bottom, and first look at the floating object; then the bolder will approach and touch it, suddenly their silver sides flash in the sun, and with a stroke of fin and tail they dart away again; others succeed and the same course is repeated, till, all having tried it, they leave it there, and sinking to the bottom again wait there for something fresh. If, however, it should chance to be edible, they do not so abandon it; some at least will return and try it more than once; nor do they finally leave it until it be consumed. Very similar is the case with Human minnows: subject after subject, light and showy, floats down the stream, each in its turn excites their attention, and while one is speedily abandoned, another continues to retain its attraction. Electrobiology, Table-turning, Spirit-rapping have

had their turn; Photography is now in high favor, and we have little doubt will maintain its place—for there is something *edible* in it; but we mention it here not so much on this account, as because it has been the occasion of drawing our attention to a subject which, but for it, we should probably not have considered, and to which we now proceed.

Everybody has heard of the philosopher who while gazing on the stars fell into the ditch, and it is a trite remark that while examining distant objects we often overlook what lies immediately at our feet. This tendency is in many ways advantageous; it no doubt carries us over difficulties to which but for it we should probably have succumbed: but it has disadvantages also; it often causes us to overlook what might assist us in the attainment of our ends, and still oftener prevents our removing obstacles which may hereafter retard our course, but might easily have been levelled, had heed been taken in due time.

There are many habits and tendencies of our nature which are so familiar to us that they are generally

overlooked in this manner, and it requires something in the nature of a new symptom of the tendency to call our attention to it, and induce us to analyse it. Of this kind is the love which children, and men and women too, bear to their respective toys. The photographic mania which has seized some of our friends was the new symptom wanting; it is in many respects analogous to the love that children bear to their toys, and our big friends play with their cameras much in the same way as our little ones do with their drums and whistles. Being therefore put upon investigation, we arrived at some results which we believe to be of practical utility in the science of education; if so, they cannot be unimportant, and will not, we hope, be uninteresting to such as will accompany us through the course of our analysis.

But first it would, perhaps, be well to state as nearly as possible what we mean by toys and toying, since without a definition of some sort it will be difficult to arrive at any clear deduction. If, then, we closely examine our ideas on the subject, it will probably be found that what most of us mean by *toying* is the exercise of some pursuit, or the use of some external and inanimate object, for the mere pleasure derivable from the particular pursuit or use, without reference to any ulterior end. The word *toy*, too, though usually applied to the external and inanimate *object* itself, is also sometimes, or at least might be not inaptly, applied to a pursuit so followed, and might thus be rendered completely correlative to the word *toying*.

If these definitions be accepted, the ordinary opinion that toys belong peculiarly to children will at once appear to be erroneous. There is, in fact, very little difference in kind between the toys of children and those of men, except that the former are more generally the objects of natural and original tastes, while most of the latter are the results of tastes acquired by habits.

This similarity is urged not from any wish to depreciate the pursuits of men; we are not setting up those platitudes, false as they are trite, "that gold is dross" and "honor a bubble." Gold will exchange for much more than dross, and if not a

means to happiness is, at least, a means of destroying much misery. Honor—had it no higher advantages than the good treatment consequent on the good opinion of others—is considerably more valuable than the gaudiest of soap bubbles on the sunniest of days; and because "all is not gold that glitters," it by no means follows that nothing that glitters is gold. But we urge the similarity rather with a view of showing that the tendency to toying, being common to child and man, must be worthy of consideration; it is universal, it must therefore be *natural*—and, if natural, must have been designed for some purpose. Some persons may be satisfied with the explanation that this tendency was implanted with the mere object of giving us pleasure, but others, no doubt, will desire to go deeper than this; the analogy of our other pleasures,—which are for the most part linked by indissoluble bonds with some machinery for the improvement or supply of our nature—will lead many to suppose that in this case also a like connection, though not immediately apparent, may still exist. We shall endeavour to trace it out, and for this purpose we begin with the toys of children, as their motives are commonly less complex and more openly displayed than those of adults.

Children's toys may then in general for the purposes of analysis be divided as follows. First come the representatives of living things, as dolls, wooden horses, &c., and this class may most strictly be termed toys, for in this case the child is found to love the individual toy, while in others he loves playing with the toys only, and does not prefer one to another exactly similar. Next in order we may place objects peculiarly suggestive of a particular character or occupation; this class may be represented by the drum, tin sword, &c. Thirdly may be ranked mechanical toys: and, lastly, those which are merely vehicles of physical pleasure, or little more, as hoops, tops, &c. Of course no such division can be complete, nor can the parts be entirely distinct. There are many toys which partake of the nature of two or more of the above classes; the rocking-horse for instance, though in some respects allied to the first class in our division, comes

more properly under the last, and a child generally feels a greater love for a ride on his rocking-horse than for the horse itself. Again, the drum, though a good example of the second class, partakes in some degree of the character of a mechanical toy, and is, as we shall hereafter have occasion to remark, often treated accordingly.

These classes we have arranged in the order in which, according to our observation, they stand ranked for the most part in the affections of their youthful patrons: in some cases, indeed, the order may be changed, but as a general rule the first class is liked best and most widely; the second next, and so on to the fourth, which usually comes last. Upon these facts and numerous others, some of which may hereafter be mentioned, we are bold enough to ground a theory of our own; it is as follows. The love felt for toys is greater or less in proportion to the degree in which they educate and stimulate the powers, to the number of the powers so stimulated, and their sensitiveness.

The first or representative class stimulates not only the affections but also the creative or poetic part of our nature. There never was a child who did not speak to its doll or its horse; it imagines a character for the toy, and is forced to do so for the simple reason that it never knew a man, woman, or child, or a horse, without one; and then, having endowed the object with a character, it is compelled to like or dislike it accordingly. The imagination is thus exercised in a twofold manner—first, in the creation so to speak of an external being; next, in the modification of internal character. The relations which on the creation of such an external being would necessarily arise between it and the child, are immediately supplied by the child's imagination, and the feelings or emotive parts of his nature are by the same process also exercised and developed. The imagination and the emotions are precisely those portions of human nature which are freshest and most vigorous in childhood; they are those which are the earliest developed; and this may be the reason why the first class of toys gives, as a general rule, the most pleasure to children.

The double functions of the imagination above mentioned may, per-

haps, be rendered more obvious by a comparison of the first with the second or characteristic class of toys, which last exercises one of these functions only to any great extent. The power of modifying internal character, which may be called the power of subjective creation, is strongly developed by the characteristic class, but that of external or objective creation far less so. A boy does indeed draw his sword, and march as he imagines to glory, but there the creation ends; he does indeed imagine himself in other circumstances, and conceives the emotions and ideas which those circumstances would naturally suggest; but he creates no being external to himself, his own character and its modifications are the objects of his fancies, he projects no individuality other than his own.

The combination of these things—viz., the existence of the new external creation, and the consequent modification of the child's own feelings which occurs in the first class of toys—often reacts on the objective faculty, and time, place, and other accidents purely fictitious are supplied by the young romancer. In such a case you may often hear a long conversation between a child and its doll—if that can be called a conversation where you can almost understand what the silent party was supposed to have said by the retort of the speaker. We remember a curious illustration of these remarks. We once knew a doll rudely constructed of a painted block, without limbs, and with a battered nose, but a high favourite notwithstanding, owing, we suppose, to high moral and intellectual qualities. On one occasion, in a drawingroom, in broad daylight, we heard the following remonstrance addressed to this favourite:—"Oh Bob! such a ting, Bob! To put a gridiron in my bed and the candle out!" We do not remember the defence offered, but it was, we believe, quite satisfactory, for the friendship continued for a long time as strong to all appearance as ever.

On the whole it seems that the emotions, or, at least, the relative emotions, are far less exercised by the characteristic than by the representative toys, and a much smaller and less important part even of the imagination is stimulated or developed

by the former than by the latter: the training given by the first would tend to produce a Shakspeare or a Homer; that imparted by the second class could get no higher than a Byron.

Coming now to the third class, one can hardly fail to be struck with the very marked difference between the use which children make of mechanical toys, and the treatment experienced at their hands by toys of the other classes. The latter when broken are so generally by accident; the former are always broken, and are broken from design. It is true that a drum is often destroyed on purpose, but this is to see whence the sound proceeds; it is in so far as it partakes of the nature of a mechanical toy that it comes under a similar treatment, and the child having broken one or two designedly, does not go on breaking more of them, but he nevertheless continues to like and play with them in the character of toys of the second class.

It is an axiom in political economy that consumption is the end and object of production, and there is a proverb about promises and piecrusts, but both these sayings, however true with regard to other things, are doubly so if applied to mechanical toys. If a child do not break up these, he is worth little, and will, moreover, care little for them (except so far as they may partake of the nature of another class); it is, therefore, a most mistaken as well as a useless part which some parents take to give injunctions to their children not to break such toys. These injunctions—useless if disregarded, as they always are—would be positively prejudicial if they were obeyed; for the secret of the toy's attraction seems to be the stimulus thereby given to the scientific invention, that is, the invention of means to arrive at a given end, the discovery of causes producing a given effect.

Considering, then, what sort of exercise would be most likely to stimulate this faculty, it will probably occur to one that the best means for so doing will be to practise as much as possible the habit or process of thought made use of in scientific invention, and this we shall find to be the very habit or process to which nature itself points—viz., the way of analysis, proceeding from the effect to the

cause, [from the end to the means. This we shall see also is the very habit of thought induced by mechanical toys. The child sees a movement produced by turning a handle, which yet to his eyes has no connection with the particular motion produced: he conjectures how this is brought about, and he either arrives at some conclusion or he does not. In the first case, he breaks open the toy to test whether he is right or not. In the second, he breaks it open to satisfy his curiosity; in either case it is destroyed, and it is in its destruction that it gives pleasure—it is by its destruction that it does good. The first inducement to inquiry in the child's mind, in such a case, is the wonder caused by seeing two movements apparently unconnected and yet always concurrent. The inquiry, when commenced, is prosecuted, as far as may be, in mere thought; but when a conclusion is arrived at—if it be ever arrived at—so surely open goes the toy to test the correctness of such conclusion; and, if none be arrived at, then the duration of the toy depends on the patience of the child. Some persons will remain longer than others without *giving up* a conundrum, and some children will puzzle longer than others without breaking open a toy.

The pleasure and the advantage arising from the fourth class of toys are both, as it would seem, purely physical, except so far as a certain amount of mental or moral cultivation—a certain degree of endurance and perseverance—is required for the attainment of skill. With this remark, we may leave this class, which is so simple as to need no further comment—for it is sufficiently obvious that physical exercise gives physical pleasure, and that physical exercise improves physical powers.

Having thus examined children's toys, it may be interesting to see if the theory suggested by the examination will bear the test which its application to the toys of adults will afford. Sporting, then, which is perhaps the best instance of adult toying, may be first submitted to the test. Here our analysis leads us to believe that the sources of pleasure are—First, the exercise of manual skill in the use of the weapon or instrument; of mental skill in the knowledge of the habits

of the game and of the beasts used as the sportsman's allies. Next, the uncertainty of the result and the intellectual exercise in the rapid calculation of probabilities; the data varying much in different sports, and one of them being frequently your own amount of skill—and this source we may call *anticipation*. Thirdly, emulation with others. Again, in some sports the sympathy felt for or with the exertion and skill of others, whether men or beasts. And lastly, the physical exercise, and the scenes which are in general incidental to sporting. We are aware that destructiveness is supposed by some to be a source of pleasure, and perhaps so far as destruction is a striking and obvious evidence of power, it may have a slight share in the pleasure of sporting; but that such share, if any, must be very small, is manifest if we consider the source of it apart from the other sources above mentioned. It may give pleasure to break a bottle with a rifle bullet, or even with a stone hurled at it, but the amount of enjoyment afforded by taking the same bottle and throwing it on the ground, is almost infinitesimal. However, we have no objection to such a source of pleasure standing for what it is worth, especially as it in nowise invalidates our pet theory. Whoever likes may, therefore, rank it a sixth element in the pleasures of sporting.

But of the other elements, the first—viz., the exercise of skill, is so plain in most cases, that no more need be said upon it. It forms a large part of the pleasure in shooting, hunting, fishing, and many other sports; and that it does so will appear at once by considering that, in general, other things being the same, the less skill is required for any sport the less is the pleasure derived from it. For instance, there is less sport in shooting rooks than shooting snipe, and less in shooting even rooks with small shot than with bullet. In all these cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to eliminate the second item of pleasure above noticed—we mean *anticipation*—for in every case in which less skill is required, the chance of your having a sufficient amount is in-

creased, and the odds on the result less evenly balanced; but they are, nevertheless, different items, for a sportsman can often arrive at an almost certain estimate of his own skill, and yet the more difficult sport will afford him the greater pleasure. We find also that in some pursuits which are called sports, the first item is altogether absent, and the second then shows in bold relief. Of such a kind are horse-racing, coursing, and that almost exploded brutality—cock-fighting—not to speak of gambling generally at games of chance. Indeed, perhaps, by no examples are the existence and the distinctions of these two sources of pleasure more clearly shown, than by considering the pleasure that men take in chess and in dice.\*

The educational effect of both these sources of pleasure may be easily apprehended: the former obviously induces a discipline of perseverance, and excites to the habit of overcoming difficulties. The latter tends, though not so obviously, to make one judge rapidly as to a course of action on an emergency, and to act decidedly on such judgment; this would, on a mere examination, appear to be its tendency, but testing such conclusion experimentally it is found borne out in fact; the best sportsmen are, as a general rule, those who when tried in critical circumstances, turn out the most self-possessed, the most rapid in decision, and the most decided in action. It was not without reason that by almost every military people hunting was considered as the school of war.

Emulation is so eminently an educational stimulus, that it is ordinarily the feeling of our nature which is most made use of for the purposes of education: its further consideration may, therefore, be neglected here, and we may pass at once to the remaining sources of pleasure. Of the fifth, too, viz.—the physical pleasure of exercise, &c.—we need say nothing more; but the fourth requires a few words of comment. Sympathy for the skill and exertion of others, either men or beasts, is by no means common to all sports; in some, however, it is

\* From this anticipation also it happens that shooting with bullet at a bird which can fly away, is more exciting than at a mark, however small, which cannot.



the largest source of the pleasure derived from them, and, perhaps combined with *ancipation* forms the whole of that properly arising from racing or coursing. It enters largely into hunting and fishing, and somewhat into shooting also. In hunting, the sympathy felt for the pack, and for individual dogs in it, is almost the characteristic difference between the sportsman and the mere horseman; a considerable sympathy is also felt even for the fox if he runs well—something akin to “the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel.” In shooting, the sympathies are less brought out; and if one shoots alone, there is nothing to sympathise with except one’s dog; for in shooting there is no struggle, the trigger is drawn, and all is over; the game is either hit or missed, there is no time for sympathy; but with our dogs we do sympathise—with their skill, with their excitement, with their caution, as they throw themselves back, their tails stiffened, and slowly and noiselessly advance with neck outstretched, nostril distended, and eye fixed, and we watch them “road” up the scent to where the game lies, with an interest the most intense, for which, we confess, it puzzles us to account in any other way than by supposing it is a mixture of sympathy and *ancipation*. In shooting with a companion however, which is a much pleasanter occupation than solitary sport, the sympathies are of course more developed, and then we may say with Locksley, “I always add my hollo, when I see a good shot or a gallant blow.” Fishing remains; and in that sport, as the struggle is more direct between the sportsman and the game during the “play,” and is moreover a struggle of *skill* against strength, of mind against matter, the sympathy, viz., the “stern joy,” and the *ancipation*, raise the excitement higher than that of any other sport in our opinion, hardly excepting hunting itself. Now, it is hardly worth while to stop in order to show the value of the stimulus given to the sympathies. Anything which draws us out of ourselves in this toiling, selfish world, is an advantage; and we believe, therefore, that there is no such renovator of

the constitution, moral, mental, and material, as, after labour in reek and fog during the year, to abandon it with a spring, and to enjoy clear sky, fresh air, heather, and sport.

Even the artificial tastes, whose gratifications become toys, have something in them of an educational character. Let us, for instance, take the one most commonly abhorred, most commonly the butt of satire—avarice. A vice it is no doubt, as the exclusive pursuit of almost anything becomes a vice; it is a vice, too, whose ill-effects are wide spread, and whose influence is destructive to most of the loveable and estimable qualities of the mind; but, still, a vice which has at its root tendencies that, well-directed, go a long way to make one good and great. Perhaps we are going too fast—we are assuming that the gratification of avarice is toying. Well, we hope we can prove it. Money is a toy to the miser. Does he love it for anything but itself? Where is his enjoyment in it? We answer—Itself is his enjoyment. Thinking of it, brooding over it, making it, these are his enjoyments in it; and what then should prevent our calling it a toy? It is a serious sort of toying, but toying it is. It has been said that avarice is a phase of the love of power. This we cannot concede. The desire of wealth may be caused by the desire of power; but the ambitious man is rarely avaricious. Money with him is a means, he acquires power by spending it, and gratifies his passion; but the miser never acquires power, nor does he seek it. Money with him is the end: he acquires it by saving it, and so gratifies his passion. Nay, he will barter power for wealth, in the same way as the ambitious barter money for power; and how then can avarice and ambition be called the same passion?

But qualities lie at the bottom of both, many of which are similar, and most of which are good, if well applied. There is much that is educational even in avarice; for instance, self-restraint is exercised and strengthened to a greater degree by avarice and ambition, than by almost any other discipline. The gratification of avarice is a constant series of sacrifices of present pleasures for remote

good. It is the feeling of self-gratulation, arising from having overcome the present temptations, which more than anything else keeps up the self-deceit necessary to make a man a miser: it is the knowledge that he himself is constantly overcoming such temptations, that makes him despise the spendthrift as a weak creature, who cannot deny himself anything. He will err grievously who supposes that the mere love of wealth, without more, will make the passion of avarice. Some of the most grasping are also the freest in spending; nor could the mere love of money enable almost any one to withstand the odium and other inconveniences, which the miser must incur; but that, like the ascetic, he feels that the greater the difficulty, the greater the glory; therefore he says, "populus me sibilat at mihi plaudo ipse domi."

But we are growing didactic, not to say dogmatic; and we know that to be didactic is to be prosy. Pardon us therefore, reader, for this; and as to being dogmatic, we had at least hitherto no right to be so, since, for all we have said, we could give a reason: we admit, therefore, our error, and promise to amend. But we now approach a matter on which, as few understand it themselves and fewer still can make others do so, it is quite fashionable to dogmatize. It is the subject of art.

We anticipate a storm for mentioning it here, but we beg to be heard out; let not your prejudices get the better of your judgments. Art does seem in one aspect of it to be toying, and we do not say this in a depreciating tone. The pleasure derived from the contemplation of a work of art, is, in many cases, the sole end of that contemplation; for though we may be improved by such contemplation, the improvement expected is very rarely what induces us to it. The pleasure arising from the production of a work of art, is also, in many cases with the true artist, the sole end of that production. In this sense, and to this degree, art is a toy, and in this sense the pleasure derivable from the production of a work of art may, we think, be analysed in the following manner:—It flows, in the first place, from the exercise of the creative faculty, and the moral development consequent there-

on; next, from the exercise of skill, and the moral training in overcoming difficulties; lastly, from the development and education of the sympathies with the feelings and emotions of others.

The first element we have already discussed in treating of the representative class of children's toys, and its presence in the case of art will not, we presume, be doubted; for which reasons we will not here enlarge upon it. Of the second source of pleasure we have also spoken, when discussing the last class of children's toys, and more largely when analysing the pleasure of sporting: we have here only to notice its effect on the artist. It is, in its proper place, a very legitimate source of pleasure to the lover of art; but it is also apt to lead any but a genuine artist very far astray; and this may be the reason of the constant painful exhibition by those who should know better, of mere *tours de force*, to the neglect of art's true object. The fact of this frequent abuse, however, is a strong evidence of the existence of the element, even in cases where it is not so prominent as to mislead. But the third source is that which most deserves examination—it is that without which it is utterly impossible for a true artist to exist; for, whatever his art may be—music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or even the mimetic art—wherein does his excellence consist? Is it not in this, that by means of *ideas* which belong to the head, he excites *emotions* which belong to the heart? His power is shown by his capacity of exciting in those who contemplate his work, whatever feelings (as distinct from ideas) he may please; and this he cannot do without possessing a keen sympathy, or tact, by which, beforehand, he knows almost instinctively what ideas, or combinations of ideas, are likely to suggest in other minds the emotions he wishes to produce.

This theory of art we merely suggest, as we have a strong abhorrence of dogmatism; but if it be not at once accepted, we beg leave to look at it a little in detail, and to test it by application to the arts individually. Writing then conveys ideas. If those ideas are combined in such a manner as to affect the readers, or, in other words, to excite emotions, we

say the writer is a poetical writer ; and this whether he touches us by an appeal to reflection or to external nature. An auctioneer will probably give a more detailed, and, so far, a more accurate, description of a house than Sir Walter Scott would have done ; but the tradesman fails in suggesting the emotions which would arise on beholding the place, while the great novelist succeeds. Again, wherein does an explanatory diagram differ from a picture ? The former suggests *ideas* only—the latter excites emotions also. A prosaic mind is susceptible of ideas, and often acutely so ; but unsusceptible of the emotions which naturally follow those ideas in the artist's soul, or at least not easily awakened to them :

“ A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him ;  
And it is nothing more ; ”

but the artist, even when dealing strictly with ideas, overflows with emotion, and excites it almost without intending to do so. Witness Milton's speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.

The case of music is that which seems most to militate against our theory, and this is probably owing to the difficulty of suggesting by music any *ideas* beyond those of the mere sounds. *Emotions* may, however, be excited ; when they are, the music becomes a work of art, and it is the artist who alone is capable beforehand of “ untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.” Although, too, it may be difficult to suggest *ideas* by music, it is easy to fail in exciting emotions ; and where they are not excited, few will be inclined to believe that the production is a work of art. Neither is it impossible to suggest even *ideas* by music ; but when they are excited, unaccompanied by *emotions*—as in some pieces of what is called descriptive music—the stigma still remains, and the pieces bear the same relation to good music, that signboards or diagrams do to fine pictures.

Take, for instance, one of those *dramatico-musical* performances, representing battles, sieges and so forth, with which M. Julien delights the mass of the people—the report of guns, the explosion of pyrotechny,

the bray of the trumpet, the boom of the drum, and even the shouts of war which occur in the performance—all these tricks are contemptible as emotional music, exactly in the degree that they are effective as mere descriptive sounds ; and the more they are present in the composition, the more is the whole degraded in an artistic and æsthetical point of view.

Lastly, what distinguishes the actor from the mimic ? Again we say, the same difference : the one suggests *ideas* principally ; the other *emotions*. We say principally, because most mimics are to some extent artists, exciting chiefly, however, the lower emotion, as the satirist is a satirical poet, and the Dutch school are still painters.

Our theory, for which we hope we have made a case, has, however, another aspect, and this it is which inclines us still further to its adoption. It explains not only how in one view art is toying, but how in another, and a more extended aspect, it is very far removed from any such thing. The artist begins by a desire to express his own emotions ; so far he is toying ; but when having acquired the mastery over his art, he sets himself to raise particular emotions in the minds of others, when he ceases to be merely amusing himself, and begins to educate others, or rather to make the education of others an object, he ceases then indeed to toy, and undertakes a serious responsibility. His mode of using the great power given to him may do much good, and it may do much harm. Fra Angelico was not toying when he painted his pictures. Rouget de Lille was not toying when he composed the Marseillaise ; and the man spoke wisely who said, he cared not who made the laws, if he might make the ballads.

The toying process, however, must generally have been first gone through. A man must have made a toy of his art before he is able, frequently before he conceives a wish, to affect his fellows. To begin by desiring to educate others, is beginning at the wrong end, like trying to write before one has learnt to read. A man learns fencing as an amusement, or an exercise, though it may be useful to him to be a good swordsman ; but he would scarce be likely to acquire

a proficiency, who should commence practice by an engagement with sharp points.

If, then, our theory be true, the educational quality in this third source of pleasure, is the stimulus given to the sympathies, on which, of course, it is needless to enlarge. So having thus, by going through some

of the most striking instances of the toys both of children and adults, shown, or endeavoured to show, that this educational quality is present in most of them, we may be pardoned if we conclude this already overgrown essay, with the striking sentiment of *La Fleur's* drummer, *Vive la bagatelle*.

©earns.

#### AN OCTAVE OF POETS.

A REVIEWER who balances the merits of books should have a twofold face—one looking towards the past, the other watching the present; but his brain should be single. He should be the Janus in the porch of the temple of literature. The critic of poetry should above all possess this double glance. He who has accurately thought on the poetry of the present and the past, will easily understand that the poetic idea of the present day is a natural consequent of the Protean developments of the idea in preceding times. The age of feeling everything and doing nothing has past away. The age of doing everything and feeling nothing is, we hope, also perishing. Mere action, whether for pleasure or for what are falsely called the splendid vices, when uninspired by any noble motive or pure aspiration arising from the soul, must perish, like Milo, of its own strength. Mere feeling, no matter how high and pure, if it does not eventuate in action, will, like Achilles, eat its own heart away, sitting idly in its tent by the far resounding shores of life. In poetry, the artificial school of which Pope was the head, and which closed in the dulness of Hayley, may represent the former. The passionate sentimentalism of Byron may illustrate the latter.

High-motived feeling which results in action—the type of which God has given us in marriage, or the union of strength and tenderness—will proceed through the world like Valentine the chivalrous, and Orson the strong, conquering and to conquer. This is what in the progress of the poetic idea we hope we have attained to in the highest poetry of the day. The dry, unimpassioned ethical thinking of Pope was as use-

less to influence the soul, as a smooth straight road is to call forth the emotions with which we survey the winding negligence of nature's landscape.

The sentimentalism which Byron seized on to make it grand and terrible with a passionate fatalism, inflamed the heart indeed, but only to consume it. But from this phase of human feeling he has freed us for ever. It rose to an unprecedented height, and the mind of the mass will never endure it again. We have advanced from the mere love of nature which Byron gave us, and from the ideal and unsanctified love of humanity which Shelley disclosed to us, to a higher and a purer realm. In Wordsworth we have seen the spousal of nature and humanity. In the present poetry we have more fully developed Wordsworth's idea, by showing, as Tennyson has done in "*In Memoriam*," the inward life of the soul, and teaching us the practical bearing which it has on nature and humanity, on social life, and public action. The danger of the present school is, that it may destroy action by making too much of the inner life. The life of the soul is nobler than the life of the intellect, but they are equally useless to mankind unless linked to action. When we understand that a spiritual meaning underlies all actions, and so gives them a symbolic universality, and that all spiritual feeling is useless unless it has its complement in action, then we shall strike the true balance, and our life will become equalized and real.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to hint at, briefly, the particular causes which gave rise to this school of mysticism. It is almost unnecessary to observe that great poets coincide

with great popular excitement. It is a question whether such excitement does not create poets to express the struggling feeling of the people, as a disturbance of the equilibrium of the distribution of telluric magnetism results in the Aurora. The political excitement in England during the time of Byron, and Shelley, and Coleridge was almost unprecedented. When the embers of this fire had died, a long period of quietude followed. At last an era of theological excitement arose, chiefly owing to the introduction of German modes of thought, the throes of which are still convulsing England. With the agony of this generation sprang up poetry anew. Further, the constellation which brightened the age of Pitt sank like the sun in the tropics. It left us no twilight. Men were exhausted by so much imagination. They fell back into the soft and leathern arm-chair of calm, comfortable material life. They would no more of poetry. They devoted their energy to cotton and railways. They were never deeply stirred except by a bankruptcy. The subjugation of nature to practical use alone; the indifference to mere natural beauty; the utilitarian principles which prevailed science and art; all these spread till wealth increased and men decayed; and truth, and love, and courage were all submerged in the great golden sea which broke heavily upon the heart of England. Men spoke like Shylock. "There was nothing good but good security." The reaction from this material life was the poetry of mysticism. It is the exponent of the soul. The very foundation stone of this mystical poetry is that the soul of man has cognitions, by which it intuitively recognizes truth, and receives it; and to these cognitions this poetry appeals in words which cannot be so much understood as *felt*. Shakespeare, beyond all others, was master of this power of appealing to the intuitions; and it is this which gives the felt reality to all he says. There is one instance which we have always thought most wonderful. It is Caliban's perception of the beautiful in sleep. When awake, the brutal and sensual body is completely predominant; but in sleep, the half-soul of the monster awakes in the deadness of the body, and feels the beau-

tiful. It is exquisitely true, moreover, that the feeling continues for a short time after he awakes, and he "cries to sleep again." We have often wished that a contrast were drawn, by some capable critic, between Caliban, who is brutal by nature, and Stephano and Trinculo, who have brutalised themselves. The balance is certainly on the side of Caliban. As we have said above, it was the reaction from the age of work which produced the poetry of mysticism. Men began to feel that there was something deeper than mere outward life. The cold abstractions of science, the whirl of machinery, and the clash of hammers did not satisfy a want which preyed upon them in spite of all their efforts to deaden it. They had recourse to their own souls, to find an answer to these shapeless yearnings which ever protest for the infinite. They searched their heart to discover what it was which seemed to underlie everything with something beautifully strange; and the feeling of which startled them amidst nature, and terrified them in the centre of their workshops. It is thus that the poetry of this age has become mystical. It deals with the individual soul, as connected with the universal. It deals with all things, not by themselves, but in connection with the pervasive spiritual meaning which links a part to the whole, and the whole to a part. This is one of the causes why the poetry of the age is so difficult of explanation, and yet to those who can grasp its universality, so simple. It would seem a paradox to assert that this mysticism is at once simple, and yet inexplicable in words. Yet so it is. All pure intuitions are at once most simple, and yet impossible of explanation.

If we only consider how easily we feel the idea of a cause, and yet how impossible all men have found it to state it in words, we shall see how poetry, which chiefly deals with these intuitions, is felt to be true, and yet is not to be explained. Even those who possess the gift divine of expression, can never express these ideas fully; no, not even if they tried for ever. It is sufficient, if they give us enough to make us feel what they mean. But a certain receptivity is needed in the mind of the reader, and men understand and love according to this receptivity. What is

truth to one is nothing to another, and sometimes seems positive falsehood. There are few men who comprehend and like the same parts of Shakespeare as others; and yet there are certain points on which almost all men think and love alike. In the world of thought there is ever a great unity, lying under endless diversity; and one of the great objects of the poetry of mysticism is to link every diverse thought to the underlying unity.

We do not expect that this phase of the Poetic Idea will continue long. Already it is degenerating into much metaphysical uselessness. It must naturally descend before it rises to something higher. We confidently hope that before long the Poetic Idea will be influenced by a truer religious feeling—one more reverent, more humble, than at present; and yet more, that Science will take her true position in Poetry, and drive out the Unnatural with her spear of light. The great mistake of the time is giving too much honour to what is called "the man." It has arisen from the American and German transcendentalism. The time will come when the soul of man will be represented not as identical with nature and God, but in its true place, a reflex of God in itself, and a percipient of God in everything. This is its true position in Poetry, though perhaps not in Theology; for Poetry represents the soul not as it is, but as it ought to be, while it represents the heart as it is.

Thus far had we proceeded, when, lifting our eyes, eight reproachful covers met our view—brown, green, and blue they shimmered on the desk, and we remembered that we had intended to say something of their respective merits. Disregarding two or three conceited glances which some of them cast upon us, we took up one which looked the smallest, with ornaments, "urns and flourishes," on its back and breast. Mr. Michell's *Poetry of Creation*\* is an unpretending little volume, full of unpretending little poetry. We regret that we cannot in justice say more for it than that it is simple and pretty

in parts, never rising to the poetically great, but occasionally attaining to a degree of descriptive excellence. There are some natural touches, one of which we subjoin, which would give Mr. Michell a fair chance in front of the critical bayonets, if he would but consent to write a few hundred instead of a few thousand lines, and would not crush out the vitality of his mind, and the patience of his readers, by seven parts, and five thousand lines or more. Mr. Michell has built his own mausoleum, and his fame lies entombed beneath. Should he ever emerge from this superincumbent mass of five thousand lines, we hope he will write shortly, and he will write well; for Mr. Michell has an eye to see, and a heart to understand, as this description will witness for us:—

Approach, at this high mountain's base,  
A curtained, solitary place,  
Behold a radiant infant born!  
There shines no lovelier, purer thing,  
Than this upbubbling, gurgling spring,  
And nature doth all beauties bring,  
The tiny stranger to adorn.

How smoothly hath she shaped the rim,  
That when the basin doth o'erbrim,  
The waters may most gently flow;  
Or flowing, only whisper low.  
How secret hath she made this seat  
Within the hollow of her mountain,  
That none may come with trampling feet  
To mar the beauty of her fountain.

The place is beauteous, while so lone,  
An air of mystic sweetness thrown  
On this young fount, the mountain's  
daughter—  
And ever gushing—the bright water  
Seems full of life, and joy, and glee;  
And as it dances shining out,  
It chafes with every stone and tree,  
And laughs its sparkling spray about.

This is pretty; but sometimes we regret to find Mr. Michell sinking into the positively bad. The following would seem to be culled from a school-boy's copy-book:—

There is a sainted, worshipped tree,  
That lives so long—no mortals know  
It e'er can die, so vast ye see  
A mammoth among shrubs below.

\* The *Poetry of Creation*, in seven parts, by Nicholas Michell, author of "Ruins of Many Lands," etc. London: Chapman and Hall.

And this :--

Evil—how oft the finite mind  
In all it sees will Evil find :  
Th' exulting demon waging still  
Fierce war against the Almighty's will.

We may leave Mr. Michell with these quotations, and pass on to a book with an equally gigantic title. With amazement bordering on the utter, we have read Mr. Collins' appropriately entitled book, "The Fall of Man,"† and we felt inclined to cry out with Ophelia—

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !

There are two books which we should earnestly recommend Mr. Collins to study in the exquisite retirement of Wicklow, among whose mountains and lakes he has studied nature, and investigated the very depths of the Bathos. They are Blair's Lectures, and Lindley Murray's Grammar. In the latter we would specially recommend the chapters on the Articles and the Pronouns—for, strange to say, Mr. Collins seems blindly ignorant of their existence. We have read the Preface, and have looked in vain for the old familiar faces of the articles. We have spent as much time as we could spare in searching for any connexion between the consequent and the antecedent, usually given in our language by the lost pronoun, and we could not help unconsciously comparing Mr. Collins's writing to the Pleiades, ever looking for their vanished sister. We will quote one sentence from this preface of prefaces for the edification of our readers in the English language :—

"Through all advance, a scattered audience He (the Poet) will find *besides* : for thought is wanting in the mass—and narrow mind will never venture through creative *strive*, to seek discovery in danger's path, or fearless wait the bursting of a shell. The metaphor holds in Philosophic Truth ; the plain of knowledge is strewed with such, the tread of genius will wake a thousand in its path."

There it lies, and what the metaphor is—what it is the plain of know-

ledge is strewed with, whether it is with metaphors, or discoveries, or ocean shells, or thirteen-inch shells, we cannot discover. If the tread of genius is to wake a thousand bursting shells in its path, we feel indeed that it is better "to live unseen, and die unheard." But, men of genius ! still hope on : this may not have been Mr. Collins' meaning—

Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

We promise our readers much wildered amusement if they will buy this book. It purports to be a Poem in five Cantos. The two last are published. The first three seem *carere vate sacro*. Mr. Collins is indeed a preposterous man. He reminds us of the false prophets in the Inferno, whose faces were reversed, and who consequently were always obliged to walk backwards. Two-thirds of the book are notes on various subjects, chiefly *rechauffés* of Butler, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and some correspondence with a Right Honorable friend.

The fourth Canto is entitled "Probation, and a Future State," and is based on Butler's two matchless chapters in the Analogy. Mr. Collins has built much hay, and straw, and stubble on this strong foundation ; and from the sides of the edifice of this fourth Canto there project long-raftered lines like these, which the eye loses in the distance :—

And if all nature's mysteries revealed do  
show to us the disconnexion wide,  
Between the essential forms of living things,  
and those wherein they're clothed to  
outward consciousness.

The beginning of the fifth Canto, considered apart from the metre, which Mr. Collins' dictatorial preface cannot make us believe harmonious, is really good, and quite startles the unwary reader ; but towards the middle we unhappily light upon a "son of genius," whom he describes as wandering o'er the troubled face of heaven ;" as "rioting in fierce delight ;" as "taking his dreadful way through black clouds flashing ;" as "speeding his flight in maddening

† The Fall of Man, by John Collins. London : Brown, Green and Longmans. 1856.

ecstasy ;" as "leaping on the roaring surge's back ;" as "dashing onward with the roar of elements." We finish with Mr. Collins—

And as around the ocean the angry billows  
bear him,  
His wildly-heaving breast breathes vivid forth  
the gloomy spirit of the tempest,  
Which mounts them foaming to the skies.

It is frightful to consider what Mr. Collins, who, we presume, is a "son of genius," must have suffered in his early youth ; and he will permit us to hope that he has at last attained a more peaceful experience. From our heart we pity the man who has thus been the complacent football of the elements. How browned, how thunder-scarred, how tempest-seamed must be his spirit, if not his corporeal form, which we are actually given to understand from the lines underwent all these appalling incidents. Let not young men imagine that it is necessary to go through all this to make them poets. Let them get back to honest natural life, where the sun-lights are warm and the mind healthy, where they may watch the farmer at his work, and the milk-maid crossing the ford ; and ride through a quiet lane at evening, breathing soft air, and with the soul of scent upon the low breeze which comes up from the crofts and orchards of our own lovely land. This is better than any elemental riding. This will make them truer-hearted, and fill them with the human sympathy and the unconscious joy which make the genius. We are sick to death of the grotesque and unimaginable plants which have sprung up around the Byronic tree. Conversations with the lightning, and riding on the sea are not so pleasant now as they were ; and moreover Byron did not perform these feats in the same manner as Mr. Collins' son of genius has done. He simply swam over the Hellespont, and watched from his boat on the dark waters of Geneva, the storm battle through the Alps, and then described the ocean and the tempest, enriching the description with feeling and imagination.

We turn with pleasure, heightened by the contrast, from the "fall of man" to "Versicles, by T. Irwin."\*

We have seldom met, since we read the poems of Wordsworth, with such delicate etching of quiet scenery. Nature seems to be reflected in his mind, as the encircling hills and woods are in the still bosom of our Killarney lakes. There is no stormy violence in his poetry ; and even when he treats of the most keen and sarcastic heart which ever beat with a contempt for humanity—a contempt which was always merging into hate—he finds in the retribution which discarded human feeling ever exacts, a theme for sorrow and for love :—

And when we pace along the shrine  
Which coldly closed on his despair ;  
View, from his angered life apart,  
The passioned-tremble of the heart,  
Which ripples in the little line,  
"Only a woman's hair."

Of some of these poems we can speak with high and deserved praise, and especially one, "The First Pyramid." The May-day Revel is a delightful, lifelike piece of fancy, something like Landseer in poetry. The death of Hercules is a daring and well-sustained imitation of the style and rhythm of the *Morte D'Arthur*, and the *Ænone* of Tennyson ; but we wish that Mr. Irwin would be content with his own poetic abilities, and his own natural style. It would be better for his fame.

There is an accuracy of truth in his delineation of animal life and scenery, especially striking us in single lines, which tells of many a thoughtful walk by the greening hill-sides and through the autumn woods, at those still seasons when the brain receives the impressions of outward things half unconsciously, yet still all the more deeply for the undertide of thought which has subdued the mind to a receptive calmness. We think and receive together, or rather the senses and the soul are there in perfect tune, and link their harmonies together like a German fugue.

We quote one or two lines :—

Or I hear the gay grasshopper  
Panting in the sultry grass,  
On his shuttle pulse," &c.

\* \* \* \*



From the far cloud line puffed with snow.

\* \* \* \*

Here is a quaint conceit :—

Even her finger tips shall glow,  
In tiny gloves that fit as tight  
As pink sheaths of the perfumed bean.

Some of the songs are beautiful. We wish we had room to quote them ; but it is better for our readers to spend money well in buying this graceful little book.

We would earnestly recommend Mr. Irwin to condense his poetic thinking. There are times when love of the beauty of nature lures him into mere description. In these times, to attract lastingly the mind of the public, there should be something more. Nature should be wedded to the soul of humanity. We should be startled into an appreciation of the occult relation between the objects we see and the subjective life of our mind. This is the great and teaching charm of Wordsworth. This it is which gives to Göthe's songs their wonderful reality. To represent the spousal of nature to humanity in words, is one of the most difficult as well as one of the loftiest peaks a poet can attain to.

In many of Mr. Irwin's poems there is a real human raciness and picturesqueness as in "the Blacksmith," and "a group in Queen Anne's time," which puts us in mind of Prior ; while others, from their versatility of thought, suggested irresistibly to us Madame de Sable's letters, where we find in one page often philosophy and cookery, scent and science, the maxims of La Rochefoucauld and the *Pensees* of Blaise Pascal.

But we should be doing him deep injustice if we said his poems were only this. There is a vein of tender melancholy and sorrow for lost friends, which makes the mind and memory sweet and thoughtful as they read. We might quote many, but one will be sufficient, in which he has attained to that excellence we said above he required, in order to give his poetry a lasting value :—

#### IL ANGELO.

I sit at eve within the curtain's fold,  
Where shone thy gentle face in the full  
moon,

So many an eve, and sing some antique tune  
We sang together oftentimes of old :

In that dear nook the lonely moonbeams  
fall,  
And touch thy empty chair with mournful  
light ;

Thy picture gazes on me from the wall :  
*I hear thy footsteps in old rooms at night.*

On lonely roads beneath the darksome dawn,  
When broods upon the broad dead land the  
wind,

I wander sadly, looking oft behind,  
Maychance that I may see thy spectre wan ;  
For still I deem thou followest me—and still  
Believe that love departs not with the day :

*Thy face looks on me from the morning  
hill,  
Thy smile comes sadly from the close of day.*

Oft, oft, by sandy ridges o'er the sea,  
Or over distant famished fields at night,  
Where sheds some low pale star its slenderest  
light,

I seek in earth's dim solitudes for thee :  
Proud of the everlasting love I bear,  
Still mix with nature, drawing thence relief ;  
While from the void of sunset's empty air  
The stars look on the glory of my grief.

No one is without a folly of his own ; and Mr. Irwin, from whom we had expected better things, has indulged his muse in one of the prevailing madnesses of the time. Many of the present poets seem to imagine that pouring out libations of Helicon to the Vine, and writing songs in praise of wine is pleasing to the public taste. There never was a greater mistake. It is enough that Horace has said :

*Quid non ebrietas designat, etc.*

It is enough that Alexander Smith should make one of his heroes "roar in a mountain shieling." It is enough that Festus should drink through five pages of poetry with his friends. Let us have no more of it. Why the infant Bacchus (no infant in our days) as in the old Dionysian processions, should always be peering out among the ivy-type in our times of loneliness and thought—is a marvel and a grief to us. It is time these celebrations of eating and drinking were at an end. When Wilson satirized the puling sentimentality and the cockneyism of his time, by the tremendous trencher powers of North and his two friends, he little thought that a tribe of men who

imagined Hogg's eating to be real, would follow in his train, and that the early novels of Disraeli and Bulwer would be actually larded with discourses on gastronomy, and panegyrics on wine. Ever since the time of Thomas Moore, poets have thought it necessary for their fame to be vinous. We can assure them, in all sobriety, that there is not the slightest necessity for such songs, and that, on the whole, they are displeasing to the public.

We took up Mr. Browning's poems not without the recollection of the tone of the criticisms which have issued from the press upon his latest work, "Men and Women."\* When we had read it through, we laid it down with a very different appreciation from that which it has received elsewhere; we could not but feel that this man was himself, and no one else. In style, in mode of expression, in an abrupt careless strength of thought, in often times an acute analysis of supposed states of existence, and the action of the mind therein, he stands alone. To be a distinct spoke in the wheel of literature is, at least, something to be praised for. But at times his originality locks its legs around his throat, like the Old Man of the Sea, and chokes his distinct utterance. There is always a pearl in the oyster-poem, but it is so encrusted with barnacle words, and long trails of entangled sea weed sentences, that the reading public would abandon the task of opening the meaning from want of the knife of patience. A little trouble on Mr. Browning's part would, with his strong and acute mind, satisfy both himself and the public better. We are far from imagining that poetry of this class must be understood at once, but there is a needless obscurity and uncouthness in Mr. Browning's modes of expression which might be avoided. The same strength of thought which produced this rough wild etching could, if brought more within the ordinary rules of art, produce more delicate pencilling, without losing a bold reality. To be useful to many is better than to be useful to a few. But this careless strength is Mr. Browning's idiosyncrasy. Well, we

only wish Mr. Browning not to be content with himself; let him pass on from *Æschylus* to *Sophocles*; we have had the great rough block of pure marble, let us have it carved into the finished statue.

We cannot approve of such poems as *The Heretic's Tragedy*—the gross irreverence which some excuse, because it is necessary to the character, might be avoided by not treating of such a subject at all. There is much affectation and stone breaking verbiage in a poem called "Old Pictures at Florence," mixed with much acute thinking. It is a great misfortune that Mr. Browning should persist in writing in a style which resembles that of Don Juan, rough cast, with here and there an enormous block of wit, too heavy for any one to carry away without a groan.

"In a balcony" is, though not incomprehensible, at least most unnatural, yet full of scattered beauty. Here are a few lines:—

This eve's the time—  
This eve intense with yon first trembling  
star,  
We seem to pant and reach; scarce aught  
between  
The earth that rises and the heaven that  
bends.  
All nature self-abandoned, every tree  
Flung as it will, pursuing its own thoughts,  
And fixed so, every flower, and every weed.  
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat:  
All under God—each measured by itself.

This is good, but we heartily hope Mr. Browning will cease writing lines which much offend every ear and taste, and which are not manly, because they are careless and nonsensical—nonsensical, because the meaning can be expressed just as forcibly in other words. Let the reader form his opinion of this verse:—

Why, you would not bid men sunk in such a  
slough,  
Strike no arm out further, stink and stick as  
now;  
Leaving right and wrong to settle the em-  
broilment,  
Heaven with snaky hell in torture and en-  
toilment.

There is one poem in Mr. Browning's first volume which exhibits

\* *Men and Women*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

more delicacy of thought and more finish (excellences we, perhaps, owe to the subject) than any other almost in the book. It is entitled "By the Fireside," and is addressed to his gifted wife, whose poetry all have read with pleasure. The fine analysis of the connexion of ideas which gradually lead him from the hazel trees, among which his children steal out to play, to the ruined chapel on the Alpine gorge, is a rarity in literature. The description of the approach and of the landscape we quote. The very words, in parts, are almost vocal with the scenery :—

*A turn, and we stand in the heart of things,  
The woods are round us heaped and dim,  
From slab to slab how it slips and springs,  
The thread of water single and slim,  
Through the ravage some torrent brings.*

Does it feed the little lake below ?  
That speck of white just on its marge  
Is Pella ; see, in the evening glow  
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge,  
When Alps meet heaven in snow.

And yonder at foot of the fronting ridge,  
That takes the turn to the range beyond,  
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge,  
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant  
pond,  
Danced over by the midge.

The chapel and bridge are of stone alike—  
Blackish grey, and mostly wet ;  
Cut hemp stalk steep in the narrow dike,  
See here again how the lichens fret,  
And the roots of the ivy strike.

\* \* \*

And all day long a bird sings there,  
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at  
times,  
*The place is silent and aware*  
It has had its scenes, its joys, its crimes.  
But that is its own affair.

And then by his fireside comes the  
remembrance of his evening walk  
with her who sits opposite, and how  
they crossed the crumbling bridge,  
and were about to return—"but  
wait"—

Oh, moment one and infinite !  
The water slips o'er stock and stone,  
The west is tender, hardly bright ;  
How grey at once is the evening grown,  
One star—the chrysolite.

We two stood there with never a third,  
But each by each, as each knew well,

The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard,  
The lights and the shades made up a spell,  
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

This is quite perfect, and gives us  
what we want, and what we accused  
Mr. Irwin of not possessing, the  
power of disclosing to us the bearing  
which nature has on humanity, and  
the assistance it gives us by chiming  
in with our feelings, and calling  
them forth by a silent sympathy.

A moment after, and hands unseen  
Were hanging the night around us fast ;  
But we knew that a bar was broken between  
Life and life ; we were mixed at last,  
In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it ; there they stood,  
We caught for a second the powers at play ;  
They had mingled us so, for once and for good.  
Their work was done—we might go or  
stay,  
They relaxed to their ancient mood.

How the world is made for each of us.

We wish that Mr. Browning had  
written more poems like this. There  
is one strange poem in his collection,  
which will give many curious thoughts  
to any one fond of psychological en-  
quiries. It is a letter from a Syrian  
physician who has met Lazarus. It  
would be too long for us to give an  
analysis of this strange poem, but it  
is interesting and novel, and treated  
in a manner which discloses great  
subtlety of thought and metaphysical  
imagination.

Mr. Browning is a lover of art.  
His criticisms are distinguished by  
the same "dash," which we half sus-  
pect to be affectation. Still, the  
words of a man who thinks are al-  
ways worth reading. "Andrea del  
Sarto" will well repay a careful per-  
usal. The following lines seem to us  
so true an analysis between the spir-  
itual and material in painting, and  
how each should never stand alone,  
but be always the complement of the  
other, that we cannot forbear quoting  
them, and it shall be our last quota-  
tion ; moreover the quotation will give  
the reader an idea of Mr. Browning's  
dashing style :—

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body  
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go  
farther,  
And can't fare worse.

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,  
 Make his flesh liker, and his soul more like,  
 Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,  
 The Prior's niece ——— is it so pretty  
 You can't discover if it means hope, fear,  
 Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?  
 Suppose I've made her eyes allright and blue,  
 Can't I take breath, and try to add life's flash,  
 And then add soul, and heighten them three-  
 fold—

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—  
 (I never saw it—put the case the same)  
 If you get simple beauty and nought else,  
 You get about the best thing God invents;  
 That's somewhat—and you'll find the soul  
 you have missed  
 Within yourself when you return him thanks.

We are always pleased to see a book of Mr. Mackay's, and we were not disappointed when we had read "The Lump of Gold,"\* his latest work.

The story is simple. Aubrey loves Parson Vale's daughter, but desirous of money to redeem his ancestral property, goes to Australia, making a close friendship on the voyage. At the diggings he finds an enormous lump of gold which he cautiously conceals, for it is too heavy to remove. In one of his stealthy visits, his friend suddenly appears, and claims half, and in his wrath he smites him seemingly dead with his hammer. He flies home, leaving the gold, and goes to his native village, crushed with remorse. He falls sick unto death, and is attended by Parson Vale, to whom he relates his story, and who relieves his mind by telling him that Heseltine his friend is still alive. Of course a bridal follows, and Heseltine with most marvelous Christianity goes to Australia, and bringing back the lump of gold which he had cunningly concealed, gives half to Aubrey, and keeps the rest, paying all expenses, for himself. The treatment of this tale is distinguished by the healthfulness and manly vigour of thought which have made Mr. Mackay's poems such favorites among the middle classes of England. The description of the village and of Parson Vale's family is in his best style.

Embowered amid the sunny hills,  
 The quiet village lay;

Two rows of ancient cottages,  
 Beside the public way,  
 A modest church with ivied tower,  
 And spire with mosses grey,

Beneath the elms' o'erarching boughs  
 The little children ran;  
 The selfsame shadows flecked the sward  
 In days of good Queen Anne—  
 And then, as now, the children sang  
 Beneath its branches tall;  
 They grew, they loved, they sinned, they  
 died,  
 The tree outlived them all.

The picture of Lilian, too, is wrought in a few touches that paint to the life—

The quiet ripple of her smile  
 Revealed the peaceful mind;  
 The mellow moonlight of her eyes  
 Her sympathies refin'd,  
 And when she spoke, the audible charm  
 Was beauty for the blind.

We would we had room to quote the description of the sudden silence during the parson's sermon, and how the sounds of nature from outside floated in through the door of the ivied country church; but if we gave all of these vivid, manly descriptions, we should be obliged to quote too much. The gardener's song has been praised by every one. The voyage and the description of the icebergs are too like portions of the Ancient Mariner, but the echo of the bells among the floating spires of the icebergs

Rose tinted—amber—opal blue,  
 Alight with living gold,

is strangely beautiful. We analysed and felt the truth of Mr. Mackay's delineation of the covetousness which pervaded all the gold-seekers, and the sympathetic effect it produced on Aubrey's mind, with great pleasure, arising not so much from the subject, as from its truth to natural feeling. Our readers can understand how Mr. Mackay has treated his subject if they read the book, and we promise they will not regret the time which they will spend in its perusal.

The rest of the poems are not so good; most of them are but mediocre

\* The Lump of Gold, by Charles Mackay. London: G. Routledge & Co., Farringdon-st. 1856.

in poetic spirit, and weak in their handling, and seem to have been written while travelling, and of course, in a hurry. One called "Fallow" is remarkably good; and the poem "To one who was afraid to speak his mind on a great question," is both well sustained with imagination, and full of a manly, true, honest, English spirit. We like in these poems the brave feeling of brotherhood, which stands free of mere civil distinctions, and displays man as he stands before God, who has "made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth." This is what we want in these days. If we all felt and acted on the belief of this great bond, the difficulty we find in approaching the poor would, at least, diminish. Fawning and servility would be no more. Heart would stand close by heart, and hand would grasp hand freely, beneath God's unity of sky.

We thank God the higher classes are beginning to feel this, and though there may be much vanity mixed up with all this lecturing and instructing of the poorer classes by noblemen and others, yet still it is the right thing to do. The poor would not ever be striving to assert that they are men, if they knew that they were looked on as men. The distinctions which God has made would be recognised by all, and there would be no struggle to assert a principle which was universally acknowledged. This may be all very Utopian, but it is the true and right thing to do, and it should be done. We rejoice when we read fine, free, manly poetry like this:—

#### MAN TO MAN.

Stand up, man, stand !

God's over all,

Why do you cringe to me,

Why do you bend the knee,

And creep and fawn and crawl ?

Stand up, man, stand !

If I thought our English land

Had no true-hearted poor,

To suffer—and endure—

*And hold themselves erect,*

*In the light of their own respect—*

I'd blush that I was English-born,

And run away to the wilderness, to free myself from scorn.

With this quotation—a quotation which gives us the same thrill as Wordsworth's telling sonnet "To the Men of Kent"—we take our leave of Mr. Mackay, and pass on to a book wonderfully different in style and thinking, "The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird."\* Mr. Aird has given us many a pleasant hour. Those who have perused the warm eulogium of Wilson, and known how the sympathies of Chalmers were enlisted on his behalf, must have felt, as they read Mr. Aird's poems, that the criticisms of these great men were more than justified. Every idea which strikes him he fully embodies, and does not leave it till it has been made smooth and round as a billiard ball. The grotesqueness which we sometimes observe in Mr. Aird's painting of the terrible becomes a racy humour, which occasionally verges on what is low and undignified when his subject is pastoral. The closest observation of nature is combined with a rare power of expression which descends to the most minute details. "The Summer Day" and "The Winter Day," though so long, are not wearisome, owing to the vigor Mr. Aird imparts to his descriptions by mingling scenes of pastoral and travelling life with them, and so giving a human interest to the landscape. They remind us of the Georgics of Virgil, and The Seasons. A short quotation from the Summer Day will give our readers an idea of Mr. Aird's peculiar power:—

We love the umbrageous elm—its well-crimped leaf,

Serrated, fresh, and rough as a cow's tongue,  
So healthy, natural, and cooling, far  
Beyond the famous bay, glazed, glittering,  
hard,

As liquored o'er with some metallic wash.  
Thus plensed, laid back, up through the elm we look.

What life the little Creeper of the Tree  
To leafdom lend ! See how the antic bird,  
Her bosom to the bark, goes round away  
Behind the trunk, but quaintly reappears  
Through a rough cleft above, with busy bill  
Picking her lunch ; and now among the leaves  
Our birdie goes, bright glimmering in the green  
And yellow light that fills the tender tree."

And this from "Frank Sylvan," to show Mr. Aird's peculiar humour.

\* The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. William Blackwood and Sons, London and Edinburgh. 1856.

But to the old mill—down to it hies our imp,  
Following the dam. The outer wheel still  
black

Though sleeked with gleety green, and can-  
died o'er

With ice, is doing duty. In he goes  
By the wide two-leaved door; all round he  
looks

Throughout the dusty atmosphere, but sees  
No miller there. The mealy cobwebs shake  
Along the wall, a squeaking rat comes out,  
And sits and looks at him with steadfast eye.  
He hears the grinding's smothered sound, a  
sound

Lonelier than silence: memory summons up  
The 'Thirlstane Pedlar' murdered in a mill  
And buried there. The 'Meal-cap miller,' too,  
In 'God's revenge on Murder,' bloody famed,  
Comes o'er his spirit. Add to this the fear  
Of human seizure, for he meditates  
A boyish multure: stepping stealthily  
On tiptoe, looking round he ventures on;  
Thrusts both his hands into the oatmeal  
heap,

Warm from the millstones; and in double  
dread

Of living millers and of murdered pedlars,  
Flies with his booty, licking all the way.

This would delight the heart of a  
benevolent miller, from the truth of  
description, and the happy theft of  
the flying "imp," while his sense of  
retribution would be satisfied by the  
terrors which conscience heaped on  
the small robber.

Mr. Aird seems to delight in the  
horrible, and we have observed that  
he suddenly contrasts with it some  
softer image, making the idea like  
the snaky horrors of Medusa's hair,  
more terrible for the loveliness of the  
face. It is this which gives to a poem  
called "The Prophecy," its strange  
clinging power. "The Devil's Dream  
on Mount Aksbeck," "Othuriel,"  
"Nebuchadnezzar," and others have  
been so well and fully treated of by  
Mr. Gilfillan, that it would be super-  
fluous for us to speak of them here  
further than according to them our  
praise.

The tragic poem of Wold possesses  
all Mr. Aird's peculiarities. His  
power of chrySTALLIZING thought is  
somewhat like Shakespeare.

Years, long years

To dwell with sifted winds in whistling caves,  
To live upon the naked haggard edge

*Of nature's last necessities*, even this  
Has been my joy of life.

Again—

Everything's hollow—false—a lie. The  
over-blown bubble must burst—hence revo-  
lution, which is just the crack of an explo-  
ded lie.

We must lacker our fronts with daring,  
and hold out.

Mr. Aird has evidently adopted  
Shakespeare as his model, and copies  
almost too openly from him. When  
Lord Wold says to his betrothed—

Excellent creature,  
How I do love thee.

it is impossible not to recognize  
Othello's

Excellent wretch,  
Perdition seize my soul—but I do love thee.

The Fate, impersonated in Afra,  
which deepens over each act like a  
thundercloud, binds the scattered  
action into something like dramatic  
unity, and is some excuse for the  
number and the rapidity of the mis-  
fortunes which culminate in the death  
of Wold. The main design is too  
complicated, and deaths of almost  
every kind occur during the pro-  
gress of the action, till, at the end  
of the play, the chief idea remain-  
ing with the reader is that the whole  
district is depopulated.

Mr. Aird's poems would require  
much more space and attention than  
we can give them. It is a matter of  
regret to us that we cannot, owing to  
the limits of our space, enter more  
fully into their great merits, and their  
small demerits; but these, as we said  
above, have been recognized not only  
by journals, but by established peri-  
odicals.

We cannot conclude our too short  
notice of Mr. Aird's Poems better than  
by quoting two of his most beautiful  
lines at the end of the Summer Day.

Day melts into the west, another flake  
Of sweet blue time, into the eternal past.

"Poems by Rose and De Rupe"\*

are prefaced by some few lines from Rose, which beg the clarity of the critics. We are sorry to say that the prayer is not an unnecessary one. The chief fault of these poems by Rose is an utter want of rhythm; a fault which common attention could have remedied, and which shews either contempt for the public judgment, positive carelessness, or ignorance of the established laws of metre. We open the book at random for a few instances, for in almost every poem there is some glaring violation of harmony:—

In his halls the dark stranger stands,  
And proudly rules thy rightful lands.  
Thy country, shame! once brave and free,  
To the Saxon bends the slavish knee;  
Her altars defiled, faith a scorn,  
Better for thee thou ne'er wert born.

The first line is unrhythmical enough, but the fifth, what shall we say of it? Is it prose or poetry, or Rhythm or Reason? We fear it is nothing but words. The fourth line, which is too long, is even more inexcusable. To quote more of these mistakes would but irritate the reader. Rhythm is as necessary to poetry as oil is to an axle. The thoughts may support an unrhythmical poem, as an ungreased axle does a waggon; but the noise they both make is execrable. The idea to be expressed is full, rounded, and harmonious in the poet's own mind; and, however imperfectly understood, is the same in the reader's also, if it is to be understood at all. We are irritated, therefore, by the inequality which objects itself to us, between the imperfect expression in words and sounds which appeal to the senses, and the perfect roundness of the idea in our own minds. It is as if the nerves of our mind were jarred, as a delicate ear is by a discord in music. We are sorry that Rose, who possesses poetical talent, which would give her productions some value in the critical world, should thus out-balance her merit by a fault so easily avoided. We regret to say that Rose has indulged in those pseudo-patriotic poems in which the English, under the generic name of the Saxon, are denounced. It is time now, when international relations have become so universally friendly, that this poetic *olla podrida* should cease to be served up for the intellectual consumption of

an excitable people. Chains and blood, Saxon slavery and pikes, revenge and flame, have ceased to prove digestible. The poems which the *Nation* press poured into the ear of Ireland were partially to be excused by the time. Many of them are truly beautiful; many of them are true to fact; many of them are grossly exaggerated. The long fever of mistaken patriotism has, we hope, past its crisis. The delicate delirium which produced Moore's song to Emmet passed into the wild and unproductive frenzy which inspired many of the *Nation* lyrics. In these the heart of Ireland found expression. They will be useful for the first time, if they free us from them for ever, as, *magna componere parvis*, the fires of a volcano deliver us from the threatened earthquake. We have, we hope, entered on the first stage of convalescence. We are a patriot ourselves. The heart of Ireland is responsive to our own. Over her ancient glories and her undoubted wrongs, we have smiled with pride, and frowned with indignation. Gross has been the misunderstanding, ignorant has been the rule of England; but she has seen and owned her error, and are we to remember for ever? It is a wise and Christian maxim to forget what has been done, and to pursue what is yet to do. We would know the use of all this noise.

δυῶς ἐρωτῶ, θρέμματ' οὐκ ἀνασχέτῃ,  
ἢ ταύτ' ἔριστα καὶ πόλεϊ σωτήρια,  
ἀεὶν, λακάσειν, σωφρόνῳ μισήματα;  
τὰ τῶν θύραθεν δ' ἔς ἔριστ' ἀφίλλετα,  
αὐτὸν δ' ὕφ' αὐτῶν ἐνδοθερ πορθήματα.

Our patience and admiration have at last been exhausted by these continual recollections of past glory, always in connection with vanished wrongs; and by the lofty moral lesson which is drawn from them, as exhibited in the following lines from Rose, which will give the reader an idea of her poetry and her patriotism:—

Sons of Erin, in days of yore,  
When the Danish spoilers came,  
You drove him from your lovely shore  
With sword, and pike, and flame.

The serpent stranger, deep in wile,  
Now taketh and graspeth all;  
Yet taunts from her venomous lips  
On your ears unheeded fall.

Go! meet your wrongs as brave men should,  
Not with tear and prayer and sigh,  
But resolute will and stern resolve  
To avenge them or to die.

Rouse thee; the God of heaven will bless  
The sword of the patriot brave.  
A deadly curse must ever rest,  
On the low and grovelling slave.

Is this true or not? Are we such slaves, and so oppressed? If so, let us establish a guerilla warfare; it is but just we should be free; if it is not true, let us cease for ever crying war, war, when there is no war.

Our present Irish poets have well stood apart from this style, so ensnaring from its popularity, and so enticing to the warm and undigested feelings of young men. These "confusions of a wasted youth" are not to be found in the writings of such men as Starkey, Waller, and Irwin. We are slowly attaining to an international relation with England based on mutual forbearance and mutual honor. We regret, too, that a woman should have treated such subjects in such a manner. We cannot believe she thought of consequences; yet, truly, if all Irish rebellion is to eventuate in a bloodless cabbage-garden, she must have felt that she was urging her countrymen into a hopeless absurdity.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et mollius magnas plerumque secat res.

Monsieur De Rupe, whose poems fill up the rest of this book, is a poet whose chief excellence lies in a fault. His poems are mostly devoted to the expression of past sorrow, and some of them are sung with much sweetness. They are rhythmically worded, and do not want in streaks of imagination, but they remind us of a weeping willow whose branches are graceful but ever tend earthwards. He has missed the meaning of true sorrow, which teaches us to rise through endurance to a calmer and a stronger reality. Sorrow ought to end in the experience of the following lines:—

No longer caring to embalm  
In dying songs a dead regret;  
But, like a statue, solid set,  
And moulded in colossal calm.

This Byronic style, which trumpets forth to the world the inner life of

our grief, wants the voiceless beauty of Niobe, whose sorrow is felt not heard. There is no object gained by sitting idly, like a lazy hound, and "baying the moon." We are like Alciphron on the mystic ladder. The past drops in a fathomless abyss. We cannot change it, but the future still remains, and we can use the sad experience of the past as we use a pair of spurs—wear it at our heels, to make our life more active. We are glad we can praise Mr. De Rupe for the poetry with which he has chosen to illustrate his grief. There are many graceful and beautiful poems which would not discredit the pen or the tenderness of Mrs. Hemans; indeed they possess her very faults—a want of unity and condensation. It is impossible to read some of these poems without becoming sphered with the writer, and subdued into the mournful tenderness which breathes through them, as the low airs of evening through a sunken copse. His ballad of "Simple Mary" is pretty, and expressed with truth and tenderness:—

Simple Mary of the vale  
Has taken her snow white pail,  
To bring water, sweet and cool, from the  
[woodside spring,  
Where the silver bubbles rise,  
And the wild wind comes and flies,  
Lifting up the shadows as the green boughs  
[swing.

As she crossed the tufted heath,  
It scarcely bent beneath  
The pressure of her springing feet, all wet  
[and bare;

A summer shower passed on,  
And its drops like diamonds shone  
Upon the falling curls of her golden hair.

It proceeds to tell how Simple Mary met her lover, who deceived her, and departed; yet the whole pathos and beauty of the ballad are slightly injured by inaccuracy in metrical arrangement. In a poem entitled "Night," we have the excellence of Mr. De Rupe's description, and the crude and wandering wildness into which he precipitates his muse, whenever there is any *thinking* to be eliminated. This is a beautiful image:—

And floating slowly through the shadowy air,  
The night-hours come, the trembling stars  
to meet,



With faces darkly veiled, and dew-dropped  
hair,  
And diamond sandals on their gliding feet.

We take our leave of Mr. De Rupe with some regret. If he will permit us to advise him, he should strengthen the powers of his mind by reading and reflection, and he will neither lose his ability in natural description, nor fail when he attempts to express the inward workings of his own mind. Still further, we hope that he will pay more attention to the rules of his art, and not disappoint his well pleased readers by inaccuracies which we cannot but feel he might have easily remedied.

"Poems of Ten Years,"\* by Mrs. D. Ogilvy, are chiefly continental. They are full of much earnest and original thinking, and have sprung from a well read and reflective mind. A foreign air which pervades most of these poems, and which is not often enough vocalised by human interest, prevents us from fully sympathising with her as we read. It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Ogilvy has not lived more at home, or at least made her poetry more national. We should like to have seen the bosom of Loch Lomond reflected in her pages. We should like to have scaled the side of Ben Cruachan with her, and felt the norland breeze blow cold and clear, as westwood knee-deep in Highland heath, and watched the deer sweeping through the glens, and the sheep upon the shoulders of a hundred hills.

Mrs. Ogilvy's poems are not mere description; she does not only poeticise the impressions she has received from nature, but gives us the varied thoughts which those impressions have imbedded in her mind. She possesses that peculiar faculty above all characteristic of the poet, which loses sight of the objects which suggested the thoughts, and is absorbed in the train of reflection which has been suggested. In this class of poetry, the great beauty lies in the reader being able to conceive through the thoughts the objects which gave rise to the subjective ideas of the poet. This is particularly the case in a poem called "Strasbourg."

Though she is perhaps too much influenced by party spirit, yet in treating subjects connected with the religion of the Roman Catholic church, she does not strike at doctrinal errors so much as at those points in which that church has erred against the liberty of humanity, and the truth of the domestic life. This is well conceived and poetically expressed:—

My fancy follows to the cell,  
Where oft along the stony floor  
The wind sends murmurs of the swell  
Which beats far downward on the shore.  
That freest voice of earth and air,  
Doth it not mock the captive nun?  
Will she not sometimes wish she were  
A billow dancing in the sun?  
Vainly she would her memory steel,  
And force her languid thoughts on high—  
She is of flesh, and she must feel  
We are not angels till we die.

I see a woman on the road,  
With naked feet and ragged skirt,  
Her shoulders bear a faggot load,  
Her horny hands are stained with dirt;  
She ploddeh to her fisher home,  
Her shingle hut beside the pier;  
Her husband's boat is on the foam,  
Himself and all her children dear;  
Yet better, worthier to my mind,  
To work and love and hope as she,  
Than live apart from all my kind,  
A lonely friendless devotee.

There is great truth and thought in her descriptions, and these descriptions are generally linked to some fact in the history of life and mind which gives them a twofold interest, and at times they place us at once in the higher realms of speculative imaginations. We quote a few scattered passages:—

*The wild dream regions lift their countenance  
On the relaxed and sleep-quiet limb.*

Speaking of Rome,

How different from that blue-eyed shrew,  
Keen-blasted Florence, in whose frame  
Leaps strength elastically new,  
Feeding her children of the same.

And if she weep, it is a storm,  
A fury in its vehement gush;  
And if she smile, her perfect form  
Thrills to the rapture of her blush.

\* Poems of Ten Years, by Mrs. D. Ogilvy. London: Bosworth, 215, Regent-street.  
Edinburgh: John Menzies. 1856.

Looking from Strasburg spire,  
The mountain summits slid adown the sky.

And of the true simple women who  
"held in gage" the wills and hearts  
of the wild lords and captains of  
Sforza's and Piccinino's time,

As boulders in St. Gothard's pass,  
Along the rapid Reuss,  
Rise mossily from out the snows,  
Round, isolate, and loose,  
And yet are clasped into their place  
By a lichen's crimson noose.

Our last quotation must illustrate  
Mrs. Ogilvy's associative faculty. In  
the dusty suburbs of London she  
meets a flock of sheep :—

Me a sudden turn surpriseth  
With a flock of ewes and rams,  
Whence a plaintive bleating riseth  
From their over-driven lambs.

Then I shut mine eyes and follow,  
Follow in that bleating wake,  
And at once the breezy hollow  
And the mountains on me break.

With the hidden streamlet springing  
Down among the alders low,  
With the very same lark singing,  
Which we heard there long ago ;

And the rocky sheepwalks sweeping  
Round the curving waterfall,  
And the heart within me leaping,  
Leaping faster than it all !

And the heather moor extending  
Miles around us as we paused,  
And thine eyes upon me bending,  
And the blush that gazing caused.

All these memories—sweet, unbidden—  
Through my tingling senses run,  
Till I nearly am o'er-ridden  
By the butcher's blue-frocked son.

If these lines had ended here, they  
would have been more rounded ; but  
the addition of three stanzas and a  
simile spoils, if we may be allowed to  
say so, the unity and beauty of the  
poem. The stanzas entitled "Dream-  
ers"—"Charon"—"Phantoms"—are

of the same class, and will well repay  
the reader. "Sultan Ibrahim," which  
closes Mrs. Ogilvy's book, is full of  
poetic and reflective thought, and is  
true to nature and humanity. It is  
interesting to observe the develop-  
ment of Mrs. Ogilvy's poetic mind  
through these ten years. The un-  
tutored thought and the want of  
condensation which mark some of her  
earlier efforts, are replaced by an  
easy flow and power of reflection in  
the later poems, without, we regret  
to say, so much imagination. So it is  
in life ; we never can gain the expe-  
rience of manhood without losing the  
innocence of the child ; we never can  
attain to an intellectual excellence  
without partially at least forfeiting  
the freshness of early thought. The  
dew of youth's morning is evaporated  
by the noon of manhood, and too  
often descends in the pitiless rain of  
an evening of grief.

We ceased from our pleasant em-  
ploy. The evening had fallen grey  
and cold, but as we glanced out of  
our window, the moon was sailing in  
the purple sky. A white halo ringed  
her, like the glory round the head of  
a saint, as chaste and cold she moved  
slowly through the attendant stars.  
The square panes held her light with  
joy, and shed it lovingly on the floor,  
tessellating it with beauty. The fire  
burnt cheerily ; and extinguishing our  
candle, we lay back in our chair to  
meditate. On the walls, the old book  
cases, and the white press, the blaze  
moved now mirthfully, now sadly,  
bringing back old thoughts of friends  
whose figures still held the vacant  
chairs, and who would sit there ever  
in the mournful light of memory.  
The moonlight and firelight mixed  
friendly among the books that lay  
upon the table, and dwelt with a  
peculiar sweetness on Tennyson and  
Wordsworth. A fit of flame leaped  
up, and lit up the guileless face of  
Jenny Lind, the Queen of Song, and,  
glancing on, seemed to leap down the  
open jaws of the tiger's head that  
hung above the door.

## THE DARRAGH.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE DARRAGH AND ITS WARNERS.

Wake! oh wake!  
 From thy slumber long and still  
 In the shadows of the hill;  
 Wake! oh wake!  
 Rend the fetter from thy soul,  
 Strong in earnest self-control:  
 Seize the staff, but sheathe the brand,  
 Peace not strife, becomes thy hand,  
 Act thy part, and take thy stand;  
 For thy morning soon will break.

*Glennacanass—a Poem.*

AUTUMN was now rapidly coming on, and the green and engrailed oakleaves which had merrily glistened and waved amidst the wood-walks of the Darragh were in the process of transmutation, and were fast becoming gold under the Midas touch of nature's alchemy. The hay was in the haggard, stacked and saved: the great turf-rick had been skilfully and successfully piled: the corn-stooks were in the farm-yard or the barn, and the stubble in the field; and most of the country work was at an end.

Unconsciously the days shortened, and the long nights deepened in, and then it was that some of the old agrarian agitation began to revive: the people once more seemed restless and unhappy, and disturbed from their placidity and wonted lightheartedness, and shewed on the surface of their behaviour something like the ground-swell of the sea which so often precedes and heralds in a storm: and though the season had been most prosperous, the crops plenteous, and comparatively little distress in the neighbourhood, yet the police were now incessantly employed in tracing out and apprehending offenders; and the cases at the petty sessions, where Mr. Montfort and my uncle were the sitting magistrates, were numerous; and some of them also of a very flagrant description. These misdeeds did not always appear to take their rise either from personal or religious causes; there was some deeper agency at work, whose influence seemed irresistibly to goad the people on, even though it were against their will and better feeling.

A singular story was told us one day at dinner by M'Clintock, who himself had been an eye-witness to what he now narrated. He was far amidst the hills that morning, laying out grass farms, and was standing at the door of rather a substantial dwelling-house, which was built over a sloping bank on a wild and solitary mountain road, when rushing down a hill on the opposite side of the gorge, he discovered two figures with streaming garments: a river ran through the valley, which they crossed up to their knees, and continuing their race, which appeared straight as a bird could fly, they toiled pantingly up the grassy bank on which M'Clintock was standing, and rushing past him all breathless, they delivered into the hands of the master of the house, Andrew M'Kenna, and his son a lad of twenty, a paper, and a number of straws—these latter were hollow, and each having a joint or knot, while on the former was written in a bold round schoolmaster's hand, "*Run, Run, Run.—Deliver at next house.—Bear the straws to the North.*" The men who carried this mystic document were mountain peasants; and on M'Clintock's enquiring from them *what* they were about, and *who* had sent them, they affected not to understand his English: at all events before they were two minutes in the house M'Kenna and his son had taken the scroll and the symbols with the deepest reverence, and had started up the mountain which rose behind their house, intending, as they said, to leave the straws for further conveyance at a herd of my uncle's, who

inhabited a lone shealing on a sheep-walk just over the shoulder of the hill. "And now," said Mrs. M'Kenna, "if every one runs as fast as my two Andies, the sign will be at Blacksod Bay before the sun goes out of the heavens." These words seeming to argue some complicity on her part with the business, M'Clintock questioned her straitly, but she assured him she "knew nothing of the sign more than it was a sign—nor what the straws meant—nor the writing—nor who had sent them;"\* and M'Clintock knew her to be a woman whose word could be relied on. We all professed ourselves totally unable to fathom this mystery, more than surmising that it must have been a dusky development of the agency of some secret society. This was the opinion of Mr. M'Clintock, who understood the place and the people well; he adjudged it to be an experiment to test the willingness and the energy of the peasantry, and by all accounts it proved eminently successful as far as it went.

These things tried my uncle much; he was so anxious to ameliorate his people—to see them rise in the moral scale, and become like himself, honest, straightforward, and independent—so that all this secret and underhand-work, which his nature detested, accompanied by such frequent breaches of law and order coming continually under his notice as a magistrate, and enforcing on him the necessity of punishment to the transgressors—dispirited him, and saddened the noble and generous nature which it could not embitter. And as if he had not enough of solicitude to weigh upon his mind, another disagreement arose in the development of a new feature in his nephew Gilbert's character.

And this feature was pride.

Of this the cool sagacity of Montfort had warned me before, but I do not think he felt himself at liberty to speak of it to my uncle. Kildoon himself, however, did not leave him long in ignorance on the subject, for about this time he made—after much preliminary fencing, and what Morton called "attitudinizing"—a formal petition to the General, that he would

permit and sanction his change of name from Kildoon to Nugent, as well as assist him with the means to enable him to meet the official costs which might attend this act of cognominal neo-baptism.

His father's name brought with it a bad odour, as the appellation of a man whose evil deeds were still angrily remembered by many whom he had injured, oppressed and robbed. And so, during some of the long previous absences of General Nugent from the Darragh, and when the judges arrived on their circuit at the county town and the grand jury panel was being struck, there was no one found to represent the Darragh property, and its clear unincumbered £5,000 a-year, because, though the owner's nephew was a respectable man, and was living on the property, still he was Mr. Kildoon, and the sheriff, who was an aristocrat, and one of the many who had been plundered by Gilbert's father, would not be induced to place his son among the acknowledged gentry on the grand jury panel of the county of M——.

Gilbert also greatly coveted the commission of the peace; but in like manner the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who was a jolly and outspoken old nobleman, said that he "should be slow to recommend for a seat on the bench a man whose father should have been in the dock a hundred times, if chicanery and dishonesty had their due reward."

Thus balked at all sides in his schemes of ambition, and hoping everything from my uncle's kindness of character and generosity, he determined on making this effort to get rid of a name which brought with it so many associations of dishonour, and to assume another, which, from the General's frank and deserved popularity in the county, was in the inverse ratio of excellency—*en bon odeur* with all the men in our neighbourhood.

But if Kildoon supposed that his uncle's kindness would at once accede to his wishes, he forgot the old man's great dignity and sense of right, which would not suffer him to countenance

\* Some of our readers may remember a circumstance precisely as here stated, which took place about the year 1830 over the whole extent of a remote county in Ireland, and during the space of a single day.

such a proceeding: the General seemed surprised and hurt at his request, and at once extinguished it by a decided refusal.

"I have done much for you, nephew Gilbert," he said. "I am sorry you have compelled me to say so to you or any other man, but *this* I cannot, will not do; your name is a good one in itself, and, I have heard, an old one in this country: it has been dishonoured by him who is now gone to his account, let it be your aim to purify it from the association of past evil, and by a continued course of integrity, honour and truthfulness in all your relations of life, redeem its respectability; so that men will be compelled to couple it with all that is excellent and praiseworthy; and you, who bear it, will be a much happier man, and will fill a much higher position in the respect of your neighbours, and the approval of your own conscience, than if you were at the head of our grand-jury roll, and magistrate for every county in Ireland."

The old General spoke this with much firmness, but gentleness, and shaking Gilbert by the hand, he said, "Nephew, dismiss from your head these dreams, which, if realized, would bring you no accession of happiness; and now order my poney, as you go down stairs, and we will take a ride together, and see how the labourers are getting on with the great oak-bark rick they are building in the wood."

My sister witnessed this scene, and when it was over, the General seemed to wish to forget it, and all its etcætera for ever afterwards. Gilbert passed from the apartment with pale cheeks and purpled ears and eyes that sought the ground. In the hall he encountered Montfort and myself, both of us cognizant of what he had been about, inasmuch as he had made no secret of his intentions; and both of us pretty certain of the result from his downcast and unhappy air. I confess I pitied him, and even Montfort looked out of the window, and whistled as was his wont, withholding, until my cousin was long out of hearing, the scornful laugh which he was too apt to indulge in at Gilbert's expense; and in a day or two the whole business appeared to be as if it never had been.

Autumn passed pleasantly enough, and we had relays of visitors one after

the other, for my uncle was much "given to hospitality;" and his preserves and salmon stream, as well as the charms of himself and his very agreeable house brought many visitors. Many of these were county squires, men who had not much education, but could ride well to the hounds in the morning, and drink more wine than they ought in the evening, but this my uncle never permitted at "The Darragh." Men with a long Irish ancestry, and a broad Irish accent; some of them spending three thousand a year out of a rent-roll of one-third the amount; a few more careful; most of them, like Jacques' soldier,

"Jealous of honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,"

and all of them good humoured and kindly spoken fellows, and disposed to suit their habits to those of our free and cheerful, but regular and somewhat *drilled* house, during their stay with us.

One or two of this class were superior men, and most companionable—such as Denis Molony—of an ancient stock, pure Celtic, and of an easy fortune, a thorough gentleman and a scholar; one who spoke the Irish language perfectly, and knew its records; an antiquarian, a good musician, a resident and useful landlord, and a religious man; to him my uncle was much attached, and occasionally visited him at his own house, and I may say, thank God for Ireland such men are not rare in the Wild West now. We had a good deal of company also from England—the Trellystons from Devonshire—he a tall, full, heavy-headed man, always decorous, and always dull; the wife, an aristocrat by birth, and a sufferer from constitution, for alas the Pool of Plantagenet is often like the Pool of Bethesda, and length of pedigree does not include length of days. The young Trellystons were heavy dragoons, and both quartered in Ireland, or rather on the soil, being large bodied youths; they fraternized much with Montfort, having a fellow feeling about cheroots, and a tender sympathy on tobacco pipes, but to me they were still just "heavy"—exceedingly—"dragoons," and nothing more. Their sisters were tall, fair, well dressed young ladies, with

a good deal of attractiveness as to their body, and a wonderful deal of vacuity as to their mind. Oh how gladly I would turn to the rich and piquant raciness of Madeline's converse and manner, from the trim and prim formality of her English friends. We had also occasionally staying at the Darragh, members of the Irish Bar; some of these were very brilliant persons, others deeply and extensively read in the volumes of literature, as well as in the book of human life; and all of them gentlemanly and highly educated men; and a few clergymen visited us during the summer, good and active men in their vocation, and estimable and accomplished in private life. We had many a wild mountain ramble with our visitors; boating to see the caves, and the mural cliffs, and puffing holes, and daily a *cheval* excursions, in which my uncle's house was always very efficient, so that people said of him, that "The General kept a good horse, knew a good horse, and rode a good horse, and all equally well." Then if it rained, we had books without measure in the library, which we called the "Generality," in opposition to a little old black room up stairs full of ancient and odd volumes of older and odder literature, purchased and compiled by the Admiral, and from him named "The Admiralty." These books were all stitched in canvas which had been prepared in some acid or alkaline solution, making it white and smooth, and as if it had been washed in soap-suds; they were lettered in ink on the back, the work of some country schoolmaster. The books were a mass of heterogeneous knowledge and promiscuous nonsense; old almanacks, voyages, log-books, musty antique plays, song books, the great and little Warbler, novels without end, magazines without beginning, unspeakable trash, and all of "a most ancient and fish-like smell;" yet strange to say, here were many good books by able writers, and stranger still, whole rows of sermons and divinity! The method of their arrangement by the old seaman himself, was in total contempt of size or subject, but in strictest alphabetical order. The following may serve for a specimen:—Doddridge's Expositor, Drunken Barnaby, Divine Breathings, Dryden's Plays, Death of Legal Hope, Devil

on Two Sticks, Delights of Piety, 100 Drinking Songs, Directions to Baltic Pilots, Dirty Bob, a Tale in 4 vols. Davenant on the Colossians, Durfey's (Tom) Pills to purge Melancholy, Dorimanta, or the Delicate Intriguer, a Sentimental Novel in 8 vols., Dare-devil Voyage of the Frigate, Delirium Tremens, Treatise on, &c. &c. These incongruous companions all stood side by side on the book shelves of the "Admiralty," a dark old room about twenty feet square—this had been the Admiral's *sanctum*, though I fear the term is misapplied in regard of any association with my old relative's life or habits. The moths now had their own way here with the books and furniture, the General not choosing to make the smallest innovation on the oddity or antiquity of the apartment.

At this time I frequently met the handsome Crookback, or "Le Beau Bossu," as Montfort called him. M'Clintock told me that his name was Jose Marellos, that he was a Portuguese or Spaniard by nation, a Jew by religion, and a working jeweller or lapidary by trade; and that he had visited our country on a report of pebbles being found beyond our warren on the beach, resembling agates, jasper and chalcedony for beauty! There was some truth, but exaggerated, in our sea strand's fame, for the pebbles found there *did* take a beautiful polish, and the colours in most of them were brighter and more varied than many of the best specimens of German agate.

As the autumn died off into winter, we were all to have gone up to Dublin, until the General countermanded the order, and said he would remain, at the same time pressing Montfort and Madeline to follow up our original plan, and occupy his house in Merriensquare for the months preceding the coming Christmas. Privately, and for the present out of the hearing of Madeline, my uncle told us he had received a threatening letter with the usual symbolic addenda of skull, coffin, and thigh bones.

"Now," said the noble old man, "I will not leave my house and servants to be assaulted by these cowardly assassins; they say they 'will visit my castle some of these dark nights, and pay me off the old score

which Montfort, the English villain, escaped, when he ducked on his saddle in the Darragh pond.'

"Such is the strange language of this epistolary missile, not very complimentary to you, John," said my uncle. Montfort sternly smiled, looking most awfully grim.

"Now I," continued my uncle, "being an old soldier, will stand by my garrison—how could I ever desert my poor servants? and even my horses require a protecting hand over them; and since I have been forewarned, I shall let these brigands see that I will be forearmed also." He then told us, that during the past week he had punished three brothers of the name of McDivit, who had been convicted on the broadest evidence of houghing some cows, and hamstringing a fine colt belonging to a remarkably decent family of the name of Joyce, whose conduct had won the esteem of all in our house. This Joyce was a small farmer, his two sons, fine young fellows, worked in our garden, his daughter was in the laundry; the whole family were an excellent specimen of good Irish peasantry, and were eminently honest, industrious, well principled and faithful, and possessed a good share of that independence of spirit, which perhaps is the offspring of honest industry, but which when yoked with it, is an unfailing warrant of success. Truth to say, Joyce, the father, was a sturdy fellow enough, and would give in to nothing which he could not recognise as upright, and thus while he was most popular with the better minded neighbours, whose testimony of him and his was, that "Mr. Joyce was a daycent genteel man, and had a fine family, God bless them," he was envied and disliked by the evil disposed members of the community, who were disturbing the people from their propriety, and had avenged themselves on Joyce for some fancied injury, by maiming his cattle at night. This outrage, coupled with the cruelty which was exercised against the poor animals, excited the General's just and warmest indignation, and he had punished the offenders by sentencing them to as severe a penalty as the law permitted him to do.

"Depend on it," he said, "this arrow comes from the quiver of some of

these McDivits. I cannot and will not think so evil of *all* the poor people as to suppose them to be actively implicated against the life and property of their landlord; many of them no doubt, who have not the stout heart of our good Joyces, may be obliged to succumb passively, and keep the bad secrets of others; but I am persuaded that if there be a conspiracy among the peasantry, it is confined to the few, and unparticipated in by the many; and this is M'Clintock's opinion, who has lived here for a long time, and assures me that these agrarian outrages are a novelty in the country. I shall, however, not neglect my anonymous correspondent's hint, and will set my house in order, though God grant," added the good old man, "that it may prove an useless precaution; and I shall also make one more strong effort to avert such an unpleasant contingency to myself, and so woful a catastrophe to the poor people, by making a little speech to them to-morrow while they are at dinner in the gravel-pit of the Darragh wood."

In saying this, he alluded to a feast of beef, potatoes, and beer, he had promised to a whole army of labourers, including their wives and children, who had been employed in building up a bark stack of huge dimensions in the great wood behind our house. The pile was to be completed by noon the next day, and then the banquet was to come off, the weather being fine and dry; *sub dio*, in a large hollow gravel pit, which afforded seats, sunshine, shelter, and amplest room for all. Hither were collected nearly eighty souls, and bodies too, if one might judge by the rapid demolition of the victuals. The people were in the highest spirits, evincing much joy and thankfulness, and that peculiar tact and courtesy which the Irish peasant has as if by nature's patent above all other villageoisés.

Madeline moved among them smilingly and gracefully, chatting with the women, pressing the men to eat, and admiring and caressing the children. I acted as her squire on the occasion. Many of our servants were there. Becky, I grieve to narrate, stood like the shade of injured Dido, sulky and apart, and looking decidedly grand, or, to use her own vernacular,

"verra steff and doure." She was, doubtless, thinking of her great connexions in the north, and sorry to see her mistress demean herself so "among them puir egnorant boddies, that was a yeating and drinking in the gravel pet." Yet, beneath that skye-terrier skin beat an honest heart, "tender and true." Her *pendant*, the corporal, had been dispatched that morning on a commission of my uncle's to Dublin. So we missed his awful presence; but Mr. Kildoon stood by the General, smiling blandly and patronizingly on the people: while John Montfort, Esq., sat on a green knoll, with his legs stretched out on the grass, an oak stem supporting his broad back, smoking a cigar and reading the *Morning Chronicle*. Finally, as "the desire of eating and drinking" became allayed by the gradual process of repletion, and as the last "satur conviva" ceased his mastications, and began to look about him, my uncle ascended a bank, and commenced a little oration, during which he was frequently, loudly and enthusiastically cheered. In my mind's eye I think I see him now; his blue frock coat buttoned tightly over his lithe frame; his dark trowsers, and white military gloves on his small hands, one of which held a long ashen handle headed by a light steel axe, which he generally carried in his wood-walks; his hair still somewhat of the raven's dye, though "grizzled here and there," and curling silkenly and thinly around his white and classic temples; as he raised his hat gracefully at the plaudits elicited by his simple oratory; his kind benignant smile and flashing eye, and the tones of his rich and musical voice, which still live in my memory, and ever will be dear to my heart as "strains of music parted."

He thanked them all, as if they had conferred on him a favor, for the good work they had done on his bark rick; then said how happy he was to see them as his guests, and hoped he often should have the same pleasure. He then gave them excellent advice; and finally, in a simple and manly way, he told them of the letter he had received, and the threat contained in it against his life and property.

"Now," said he, "I do not believe

any man here to have been connected with sending me this letter; but some of you may be acquainted with those who have, or may chance to meet them at fair, market, or work; and thus they may learn through you what my mind is on the matter. I solemnly appeal to heaven, if my most ardent wish has not been to live in peace among all my neighbours, and to spend amidst them the proceeds of my property, and to do them all the good in my power; and this you, men, know right well has been my habit and practice, and will be my mode of proceeding still, if the people behave themselves. But if they are mad enough to fulfil the threats of this letter, and attack my house, I as solemnly declare that I will repel them by a force far beyond any they could bring against me; and though God knows how I should grieve to take their lives, yet, in this case, their blood must be upon their own heads."

On the termination of this address a few men looked down; but the mass of the party loudly cheered my uncle; the male portion expressing their disapprobation at the letter, while the ladies unanimously and vehemently declaimed against "the villians who would attempt to vex the master, or touch a hair of his head." I thought them very sincere, and strange to say, so did Montfort; and long afterwards I had reason to be certain that but four individuals amidst that assemblage of eighty people were implicated or even cognizant of the impending attack upon our house. So much had my uncle's kindness won upon his own tenantry and labourers. He appeared very happy at their demonstration of good will, and talked as hopefully and as freshly going home that day as if he were only a boy of sixteen, instead of a man of sixty; but I thought Madeline looked pale and very delicate.

In a day or two "the corporal" stalked in upon us; an iron import, a perfect "Talus," just arrived from Dublin; and more grim than ever: and shortly afterwards the General (having succeeded in the commission he had entrusted to the corporal) communicated to Montfort and me his plan of defence, in case his house



should be attacked, which really appeared to us as admirable as could be contrived, and as likely to terminate in a speedy repulse of our invaders. The old house and household were wonderfully calm under the approaching danger. My uncle was a little depressed at times, but tranquil, confident, and inspiring confidence to all around. Mr. Montfort was as usual cool, phlegmatic, and imperturbable, and never altering his out-of-door habits, seldom home till it was dark, and going every evening, regardless of my uncle's advice and Madeline's intreaties; before his appearance at the tea-table, round to the stable to visit his cavalry and smoke his cigar. My sister had too much of my uncle's nature in her to feel fear; but I could not but perceive how much her natural delicacy had increased; and I was excited at the prospect of the coming struggle, and greatly flattered at the confidence which both the general and Montfort seemed to place in my courage and physical nerve. Corporal Mon. was a degree less fierce, but as faithful to his monosyllabics as ever: he spent now whole hours in polishing up old bayonets and obsolete swords, and all kinds of armour, offensive or defensive, he could find, and oiling and cleaning every gun, pistol, fowling-piece, or blunderbuss which the house contained; a process which seemed to impart such vivacious pleasure, that he was distinctly heard to explode over his labour in several loud and rusty cachinnations of mirth, as if Vulcan and all his cyclops train were tickling him in his workshop.

Becky Elliott was a shade or two more condescending to those about her, and edified the servant's hail less frequently with her family greatness, and the oft repeated account of "her grandfeyther, and what a beautiful man he was, and the muckle farm and beg house which Squire Montgomery of Convoy gave him," &c.,

&c., &c., "because he was the honestest tenant on the whole estate," &c., &c. Recitals, which by their frequent repetition, were familiar to our ears as household words, and fresh as yesterday, although the facts they recounted were rather of an ancient date, having occurred in the middle of the last century. The hysterical damsel, who Daphne-like had fled before the pursuit, and "amorous clutch" of the wooden-legged ghost, had decamped on the first intimation of an expected attack from assailants of flesh and blood, and had now "bettered herself" by becoming "head-waiter" to the "Kin-negad hotel," where she saw no spirits save those she called up herself behind the bar, to cheer the throats and hearts of drouthy customers; while her admirer, the old Admiral, by no means inconsolable at her departure, continued to occupy the black chair, and to keep up his orgies: whistling and screaming through each live-long stormy night that shook the ancient casements, or plying his wooden-limb in ghostly recreation along the floor of the great parlour, as many a loose door kept flapping all night before the draughts of air which wandered up and down the curious old corridors of the house. My cousin Gilbert had been summoned to attend a trial in Dublin, but was expected home daily. M'Clintock we constantly saw; he urged my uncle much to procure a guard of soldiers for his house, which the General would not hear of. And thus things were, when the "battle of the Darragh" took place, which in all its main events as about to be chronicled here, is "an o'ertrue tale," and "freshly remembered," and oft and fully narrated by the legend-loving peasantry of the country for many a long year after this drama of death, and night, and fear, with all its mournful accompaniments and results had ceased and passed away.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DARRAGH AND ITS BATTLE.

The boat sails smooth on the summer tide ;  
 The ship rides strong on the tranquil river,  
 But the storm has come, with its breath of pride,  
 And both are wrecked for ever :  
 Alas ! that one brief day should bring  
 So stern a doom, so dark a fate,  
 And Time should waft us on his wing  
 Changes so desolate.

*Erin's Fault and Sorrow.*

It was about three o'clock p.m., on the fifteenth day of December, that, as we were all sitting and reading in the little Dowager drawing-room, at the Darragh, we descried a countryman wrapped in a large frieze coat, crossing the lawn with a quick step. On arriving at the hall door, he asked for the General, who ordered him into his study, whither he immediately followed, taking with him Montfort and myself. We found the man standing just inside the room, and when the door was shut and locked, the countryman threw aside his muffing, and shewed beneath the green rifle dress of a policeman, or "peeler," as their sobriquet was among the peasantry, from the statesman who had introduced the force into Ireland. This man was Darcy, the sergeant of the constabulary at Ballynatrasna, and so remarkable a person that I could not pass him by without devoting a few parenthetical words to him.

He was about thirty years of age, and five feet six high ; he had fair features, and though a good deal freckled, was remarkably handsome—his lip, nostril, eye being all chiselled by the hand of nature into a most aristocratic fineness, so that had he been born in Grosvenor Square, and written *Most Noble* before his name, his face would have been painted by Lawrence, or carved from showy marble by Canova, as the beau ideal, and very expression of that thing called *blood*. As it was, his patent of nobility was only from Nature, who acts in these cases absolutely and irrespective of all cases of fashionable conventionalism ; and thus Darcy came from her hands, as a poor man once said of him, "a rael ready-made gentleman ;" and his mind and con-

duct suited his appearance well—he was faithful, intelligent and daring—Claverhouse, without his cruelty : and Nelson, without his personal plainness ; he resembled both. His voice was low and soft as a woman's ; his manner grave, orderly, calm and most respectful ; his movements quiet, but there was in the lip a rapid daring curl, and in the eye a suppressed flash of light when *business* was to be done and action lay before him ; he was a spare man, but powerfully strong, all sinew and muscles, whipcord and wire ; he had once, when a mere stripling, fought a prize fight ; and when living in Lancashire had taken a regular course of lessons in wrestling and cudgel-playing from a professor at Chowbent ; he was greatly feared by the peasantry, yet admired at the same time, and in fact rather a popular man from his appearance and his never exercising any cruelty ; and his name was so *up* for courage and success, that at one time in the county of Kilkenny, he went by himself, armed with a brace of pistols and a short bludgeon, into the midst of a secret lodge of White Shirts, where were four or five men, and looking at them with that eye that never quailed, and accosting them with that accustomed salutation of "well boys," which they said used to *drive the blood to their hearts*, he succeeded in collaring and capturing the two leaders and securing their papers and signs.

On another occasion, when Branigan the murderer had escaped from Clonmel jail, Darcy was the aleuth-hound selected to bring him back. He accordingly tracked him to Dublin, to England, got on his trail in London, where he took him asleep and drunk in an obscure cellar in the Seven

Dials, put the handcuffs on him, and, accompanied only by another policeman, brought him down on the top of the "high-flier" coach to Liverpool—*Branigan sitting between the two men all the way, and sleeping with one of them at Birmingham*, while the other sat by and kept guard; and Darcy never once unclasping his "bracelets" from the brawny wrists of the murderer until he had him once more the King's prisoner in the strong hold of "Clonmalla." Such was the man who had now come up to us in disguise, fraught with some eventful tidings, and his news excited us not a little: he had unquestionable proof that an attack was to be made on our house and offices that very night by a large body of White Shirts. Darcy had heard it only ten minutes before leaving his barrack, from one of our labourers, with whom they had been tampering, but unavailingly.

My uncle received the information with a "countenance more in sorrow than in anger." "Well, Darcy," he said, "I am quite prepared for these gentlemen; I have been warned more than once, and have had several threatening notices, though I spoke but of the first even to my family. I have lived too long in the country now not to expect something of this kind would occur. I am also too old a soldier not to have my defences all good, and have seen too much of regular warfare to dread for myself any result from a rude attack of this kind; my only concern in the matter is that blood must flow, and that in self defence I shall be constrained to punish some of these unfortunate madmen in a more summary way than if I were delivering out justice from the bench upon their persons, as God is my judge, Gentlemen," said my uncle, becoming a little excited, "from my heart I am sorry to raise my hand against a fellow creature's life in this matter, and I would do anything consistent with what is right to avoid it." He was silent for a moment or two, and we all kept regarding him with feelings of deference and respect. "Well, Sergeant," he continued, "we must now proceed to business; how many men can you spare me?"

"Two of my force, sir; three more must remain to take care of the

barrack, though I have no apprehension of the people attacking them."

"It is enough," said the General, "it will be but a short business, and perhaps eventually may purge the country of the evil atmosphere which seems to hover round it now; as thunder storms, though violent and devastating, are succeeded by clear and wholesome weather."

My uncle then proceeded to make his arrangements. Darcy and his two men, with their muskets, were to come to us when it was dark—there was no moon; Montfort and his English servant, and two young active fellows, were to garrison the great parlour, with liberty to sally out into any other room which might need their presence. Darcy and his men were to occupy the left wing of the house, encamping amidst the chintery and china of the little old drawing-room; while I and the three Joyces, well armed, were to act as the patrol of the garrison, to scour the lawn and orchard and offices, to guard well the approach of the enemy, and on the first intimation of their coming, to fall back upon the house, into which we should be received on a whistle given, either by Montfort or the sergeant. And this post singularly suited my constitution as well as habits, having ever disliked sitting still when action was in the wind; and knowing, in common with my three stout companions, every green inch of the locale of the Darragh; so that to traverse it by night was as easily performed by us as at highest noon. My uncle and the Corporal were to command the beleaguered garrison, and to occupy the leads, whither our servants had been carrying the muniments of war during the last half hour. The windows were all strongly barred and shuttered, and in an ancient garden root house, which commanded from its two back windows the whole range of stabling, was the General's head gamekeeper, and three or four rangers, with orders to shoot any man who would attempt to fire or force the stable doors; and as these fellows were all marksmen, we considered this as a very effective part of our defence. The men servants all seemed anxious to do their parts: to each of them Corporal Mon had entrusted a well furnished

gun or pistol, with a bayonet or sword, as he best could spare it. He was much excited by the business on hand, and went about, looking certainly most hideous, yet horribly happy, with something like the attempt of a grisly smile on his leathern lips, which, however, was still-born, and died in convulsions, passing off in a spasmodic grin; his address to the servants, as he delivered to each man his arms and ammunition, though perfectly unintelligible at the time, was long remembered, and ran as follows, as he stuttered it out in his word-throttling, monosyllabising fashion:

"Put; bus; gun to should; cock slow; aim low; close blink; fire stedd; mind don't shoot selves;" terminated by a subterranean chuckle which seemed to come up from his epigastria, or rather the region where his midriff ought to have been, if he had any, which I always considered a doubtful matter. Now, this speech of the Corporal being interpreted, is thus: "Put your blunderbuss, or your gun to your shoulder; cock slow; aim low; close one eye, and fire steadily; and take care you do not shoot yourselves."

We held a council of war early in the evening as to the way we should dispose of the ladies of the establishment during the attack. My uncle proposed ordering a fire and lights into "the Admiralty," and locking all of the fair sex in, with a large tea pot and its cheering appurtenances to soothe them in their captivity, but Madeline gently but firmly declined the proposed incarceration, saying, in a very decided tone: "Uncle, I shall remain in my chamber, or with Walter; I have no fear when I have so many strong hearts and hands about me, and my heavenly Father above me." She looked tenderly at the General, and tearfully at Montfort; yet, though the long silken black lash was moistened for a moment, there was a proud glance which shot from underneath it, and the short upper lip was still with the calmness of determination.

"Be it so, my dear," answered the General, "I can trust *you*; but Lemuel tells me that some of the female servants are making a great noise below stairs, and one or two of them even demanding to be permit-

ted to depart home, or to fly to the village. This would never answer: they might meet the enemy and suffer maltreatment. We must in no way suffer one to quit the house, or infringe upon the integrity of our little garrison."

Here a housemaid entered all perturbed, to say that our cook, "Mrs. Doxey, was in the starrocks," which Montfort, from his stabular associations, explained as the staggers; but which we understood better as signifying hystericks. Likewise, that "Miss Johnson, the lady's maid, was crying and roaring in the still-room." My uncle at once decided the matter; ordering Margaret Joyce, our laundress, a girl of great sense, spirit, and conduct, to get everything into "The Admiralty," to make it all "tant and seaworthy," as the original owner would have said had his ghost come in among us—and most comfortable, and then to summon all the women. It was near six o'clock, and the night calm, but as dark as a wolf's mouth. We had made one circuit of the place and offices, and found everything quiet, and my uncle had ordered a very plentiful dinner to be prepared in the servants' hall, knowing that beef and beer are great stirrers of the blood, and encouragers of valour. When seven and eight o'clock had come, the female servants came up to the hall, and my uncle said—"The little book-room, called 'The Admiralty,' is in a very safe position, in case this threatened attack takes place; and as it is Miss Nugent's wish and mine also to take all the care we can of you, you will please suffer Margaret Joyce, who appears the stoutest of you all, to take you there, where you will have tea and every comfort, and remain till this affair is over."

Margaret led the way, curtsying to us, and smiling on her terrified band, who, however, acquiesced in the arrangement, even to Mrs. Doxey, who "looked exceedingly well," Montfort said, "for a woman who had just come out of the staggers!"

As the party filed off up the oak staircase, one remained, and well I knew *she* would not go of mere persuasion, or of command either. This was Beckie, who planted as firmly as the old chair to the carpet, and looking just as blackly on us all,

said—"I'm surely na ganging to thon 'mirealty the night. I'm surely na fet person to be locked up as if it was in Darry jail, with them low scullions and ketchen maids, or even that foolish dressy creature, Miss Johnson, with her astericks and her airs. I'll stay with Miss Maddie—egh—egh—but you waunt be hendering me, my own sweet child. Egh—oh! you waunt turn off your puir auld Beckie. Oh! dearie me! dearie me! dearie me! why did I ever lave the daycent North to be shot by these Connaught salvages? What came over me to come awa' from my grandfeyther's beg house, and he the most beautiful old man! Oh dear! oh dear! what would Squire Montgomery, of Con-voy house say if he saw me locked up in Connaught and the salvages a shootering me?" The rest of her speech went over the cataract of her tears, and was drowned in the pool of her sobs. Madeline went to her, and putting her arms round her, kissed her cheek kindly, and said—"Dear Beckie, do as my uncle wishes, for my sake—he *must* be obeyed."

Beckie returned her caress again and again, till my uncle, getting impatient, cried—"Come now, I see your mistress has coaxed you to do what is right. Go up after the servants and get your tea, my good Beckie, I *must* have the key of the book-room in three minutes hence on that table." But these words seem to have revived all the obstinacy of my nurse's temper; for, loosing her arm from Madeline's neck, she faced my uncle like a cat o' the mountain at bay, and planting her large feet on the carpet, she cried, or rather screamed out—"I tell you, Sir, I wunna—w-u-n-n-a gang yane leg. I daur you to mak me!"

The General frowned, and then, smiling, passed out of the door, taking Madeline on his arm, and motioning to me and Montfort to follow; but first, he said two words to the corporal, who was watching his eye as eagerly as a dog does that of his master. I confess I lingered, anxious to see the end of this strange scene. The corporal now approached Beckie, and I evidently saw that when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. I grieve to say that poor Beckie's blood and back were both

fearfully up. Mr. Mon came up to her in a zig-zag fashion, and having completed his parallels, he began thus:—"The Gen'r'l told me, maum, to take you up stairs," clutching her by the arm; upon which she dealt him a box on the ear which made the whip-cord muscles to vibrate in his horny face, yet his temper stood unmoved.

"Gang awa' wi you, you ould, dried-up, longbacked lobster; must I obey *you*, you ugly, flat-faced may-nial? Tak your hand off my arm or I'll tell you."

To my amaze the corporal obeyed her, and, making a grim bow, said—"All right, maum; good by," and passing by his antagonist, he seemed as if he were about to leave the hall, when suddenly backing on her, in *dos-a-dos* fashion, he threw his long sinewy arms quick behind him, and round her, confining her hands; and, lifting her on his back as easily as a school-boy would truss his satchel, or Mr. Punch his show-box, he stalked swiftly up the stairs with his living burden, who, all subdued by this sudden indignity offered to her person, was perfectly quiescent, and only exploded in a faint sob now and then, mingled with such broken sentence as these—"salvages"—"locked up"—"egh, dearie me!"—"longbacked lobster"—"egh, egh, my grandfeyther!"

I was glad Madeline had not witnessed this scene; but the General, gentle as he was, loved discipline, and permitted no insubordination in his household, and the effect of this passing roughness on Becky was lasting and salutary. In two minutes the corporal descended the stairs as solemn as Saturn, and bringing the key of "The Admiralty" to me with a grave bow, requested that I might hand it to the General, and tell him that "all was right."

My uncle's plan of defence was now known to the whole household; he had a number of hand grenades piled on the leads, together with a small brazier of lighted coals to ignite their fuses; over these the corporal was to preside, and I and my party of Joyces, when we returned home, were to act under Mr. Mon's commands in throwing the grenades. We took our last round at half-past eleven; the place was all quiet as if sunk in deep repose; the air dark

and cold ; a few dim stars shining in the dull, invisible sky ; there was nothing stirring in or about the grounds, where a thin mist began to rise. As we stood together by the ha-ha, we could hear the rush of the river in the wood, in its slumberless turbulency, unaffected by the repose of the night, and unsympathizing with the surrounding still air—the few sleepy and winking stars, and the deep quietude of universal nature, which replied not to the torrent's chafing, save when borne on "the invisible and creeping wind"—the distant booming of the Atlantic breaking on its cliffs, gave back, like subterranean thunder, its hoarse and sullen defiance. Suddenly a light shot up on the side of Slieve-na-Quilla, as if a bonfire was kindled there, and this was at once answered by a similar signal high upon the Church Mountain.

"There goes their sign," said the elder Joyce ; "they will be down upon us now immediately. That fire is lighted on the flat rocks near old Ned M'Divit's mountain farm. He will have a hand in this business, and it's well for him that his two sons are this night locked up snug and safe in the jail of C—, or else they would be sure to be *in it*, with the other rogue, their father. They say for certain that the Aherns were in the last fair of Ballynatrasna, and if Dermid Ruadh be with them, its just *his* very big red head which has consayed this mischief against the master ; but come, Mr. Walter, let us get into the house and warn the General, that all may be ready."

While he was speaking, his son, who had been putting his ear to the ground, said he distinctly heard the footsteps of a large body of men coming down the avenue. We at once entered the house ; locking and barring the thick and ponderous oak door, and I immediately joined my uncle on the leads with my companion. It was an anxious moment, but my spirit rose buoyant on the billows of youthful excitement. My uncle was calm but grave ; and the Corporal seemed quite in spirits for one so saturnine as he. Presently the men came on, poured over the ha-ha with a shout, and, halting within about fifty feet of the house, they fired a volley, breaking all the glass

of the parlour and bed-room windows, but doing no further damage. My uncle then, standing behind a low battlement, ordered a blue light to be burned from the roof, which disclosed to our view the lawn and shrubberies in a clear green ghastliness, and the whole of the enemy's force, about sixty men, with guns, white shirts, and blackened faces. At the same time the General cried with a loud voice, distinct as the notes of a bugle, "Men, I am prepared to defend my house. Retire from before my door this minute, or I shall be obliged to attack you—and your destruction is certain."

"Ha ! that is the old villian," exclaimed a savage voice—it was that of old M'Divit—"shoot him, boys." Twenty bullets whistled over our heads, but the aim was too high to do us any mischief.

"Fire your fuses, now," said the steady voice of my uncle, "and throw the grenades right and left among them."

This was done at once, by the Corporal and his party, and as the shells fell over the house, a scornful laugh welcomed them from below, and a stentorian voice roared out,

"Is it foot-balls and squibs you're going to fight us with, General?"—alluding to the fuses which were slowly burning on the ground ; "forward, white shirts, and break open the door."

On they rushed madly, but at that moment the grenades, of whose nature they appeared utterly unconscious, exploded, wounding and killing many, and throwing them all into the most hopeless fright and confusion.

"Oh ! millia murder," exclaimed more than one rough voice, "we're sold—we're sold," and was answered by cries, howls, and groans : among which my uncle's tones rose loud and clear as the ring of a bell, as he shouted,

"Draw off—draw off now and retire this minute, or I shall fling more grenades among you, and give you a volley of bullets also."

Then, turning round, he addressed his own party,

"Let no man fire, or leave the house till he has my permission."

But this order came too late, for Montfort and Darcy had already quit-

ted the leads, and rushing down the stairs, and followed by all the garrison in the lower room, had flung open the hall-door and issued on the lawn, where the white shirts were flying in all directions, dragging the dead and the hurt after them, and totally broken and routed.

I remained with my uncle standing on the leads: *his* wish was now to spare life, but Montfort and his followers, not knowing his plans, fired their pieces among the flying wretches, and did great execution: but this needless act grieved my uncle much; he was fated to be tried still more during that night. Montfort, having descried a figure still hovering near the house, as if irresolute to fight or fly, and indicating it to Darcy; that worthy, who united the velvety paw of the leopard with the activity and spring of the animal, made a round-about dash after the figure, and succeeded in getting behind him just as Montfort had come up in his front. The fellow, seeing his retreat thus cut off, fired his carbine at Montfort, but missed him owing to Darcy, who struck up his gun with his left arm, at the same time crying out,

"Mr. Montfort, leave him to me, sir; I will secure him."

"Stand aside, sir," thundered Montfort to the policeman, as, raising his fowling-piece, he poured its whole charge into the stomach of his antagonist: the wretch fell groaning and vomiting blood: the noise had now brought us all to the spot; so we lifted the unfortunate man by his legs and arms, and carried him into the hall, and laid him on one of the oak settles. In the bearing him along a black wig had fallen from his head, and a wild shock of red hair appearing under it, Darcy recognized him at once to be Dermid Ahern. He had evidently got his death wound, and knew it well, and it was a fearful sight to witness the union of ferocity, rage, and terror, which by turns worked upon the livid features of his malignant face. We stood watching round him, when suddenly he cried,

"Is Mr. Montfort here?—Oh, sir, I shot at you once and you escaped: and again to-night, sure you had the luck of the world;—oh this pain—this pain;—I am dying, sir—and its you who have done for me. But I

want—I want, sir, just to speak one word to you, sir. You will not refuse a dying man."

Montfort advanced.

"Stoop down your face, sir, for I am getting wake—oh, so wake."

He seemed to be fainting, and his eyes closed. Montfort bent down his face, when the ruffian seizing him by his waistcoat with his left hand, and drawing a horse-pistol from his breast, struck him heavily on the head with all the convulsive energy of a dying man, and felled him to the ground: and, tumbling back the next minute, he rolled on the floor and expired; his eyes protruding and glaring, and his large teeth like those of a furious wolf all exposed in the grin of satisfied vengeance which accompanied the flight of his miserable soul. We lifted our poor friend into the drawing-room, and as we passed where Darcy was standing, I heard him say, but in tones of great respect,

"*Had I dared*, I should have hindered Mr. Montfort from going near Ahern, for I know well how dangerous all vermin are when they are dying; but he was displeased at my wanting to secure that villain quietly on the lawn a while ago, and see now what is come of the poor gentleman's rashness?"

This was alas too true. The pride and fierté of our friend had wrought him this heavy sorrow; his skull was fractured above the right ear, and he lay senseless and breathing heavily, with his eyes all upturned in their sockets, till the surgeon from C—— arrived, and lifted the depressed bone, when he recovered sight and voice, and knew us, and the following day brought C. from Dublin, who cleverly trepanned him, and gave us hopes of his ultimate though gradual recovery. Then it was the first faint smile like a sickly ray of winter sunshine, flitted over my poor Madeline's sorrow-clouded face, and for many a long day during the winter and coming spring, she tenderly and bravely nursed poor Montfort; and alas he needed all her care, for his nervous system was so shattered that he could scarcely walk without support. *He*, the proud-hearted, manly, independent Montfort was now glad to receive help from a woman or a boy, as he would come into the breakfast-room smiling sweetly, and with great patience, yet

walking feebly, and leaning on the arm of my sister or myself.

This was "The battle of the Darragh;" a brief yet disastrous fight. My uncle was lauded to the skies for his coolness and determination by the Government and the Newspapers; and what was the most extraordinary result of all, was the great increase of popularity he acquired among the peasantry, many of whose friends were missing about this time.

"Sure he threw the fire-balls among them—God help them, and be merciful to them the misfortunate martyrs! But didn't they go to massacre him, and broke all his windows before he'd suffer a hair of their heads, the craythurs, to be touched: ay and he would not allow 'Gentleman Ned' (this was Darcy's name among them) or his green polis-men to fire at all, but shot them himself, and warned them off again and again, showing that the mercy was with him, and that he had the raal old blood in him."

I do not say that such language as this represented the general feeling of the country, but unquestionably it was used by many, and from that time forth the General was never annoyed by any thing on the part of the peasantry more than the occasional trouble attendant on his being over popular.

The morning after the siege, McClintock rode over to the Darragh. His joy and congratulations were sincere and cordial.

"You have broken up the whole system in this neighbourhood, General," he said, "they will never rally again; Ahern was the great promoter of our disturbance, his influence was immense: and I am glad he has met his deserts, though in doing so he has escaped the hangman. I must now beat up the country for glaziers and carpenters; for your windows, I see, retain the marks of the White Shirts' handywork, and we must have them repaired at once."

It was afterwards ascertained that our assailants had carried off their wounded companions and their dead. This had been effected by means of some dozen of low-back cars which had conveyed many of them to the Darragh, and which they had hoped to have loaded with the spoil of our house, had they succeeded. Most of

them were over the county bounds before the morning broke; some few of the hurt were secreted in the mountains near us, and this Darcy knew, and was anxious to secure them, but the General said, "no, they have been sufficiently punished; I shall neither pursue them to the finding, nor will I prosecute them if found;" and so the thing died away. One very young man was discovered on his face lying in the ha-ha. A ball had passed clean through the small of his back; and his white shirt was all stiff and crimsoned with his blood; and the young pale countenance seemed even in death to be convulsed with terror. He was a stranger, and his body, with that of Ahern, was interred by the police on a neighbouring common, from whence they were secretly exhumed and removed a few nights afterwards by the peasantry.

Whatever might have been the more latent cause of the attack on our house, the prevailing and popular notion was that it was owing to a very exaggerated idea the people had formed concerning our Armoury, and that the desire to possess what they foolishly estimated at a hundred stand of arms, had prompted the bold but bootless endeavour.

We had soon a long letter from my cousin Gilbert, full of joy and sorrow, congratulations and condolences, and all the usual condiments which are meant as seasonings to such an epistolary dish. He announced that he would speedily make a descent upon us in proper person.

The Corporal stalked about as usual looking erect and wiry, but more glum and grim and exsiccated than ever; for alas! his task was over, and his work done: and rust and disuse were resuming "their ancient, melancholy reign" amidst his realms of sharp-steel and cold-iron. His armoury was now closed, his forge shut up: his fire had gone out; and his hearth was cold. The leathern lungs of his bellows had breathed their last, and like his sable fellow-warrior Othello—the Corporal's "occupation was gone."

The captives in the admiralty had behaved most respectably, and peace and even good-humour had been breathed among them by the influence of Margaret Joyce's good-sense and management. Now she tranquillized



them with glowing pictures of the master's skill, courage, and certain success: now she soothed them with tea-kettle melodies from the hob, singing hopefully of pleasures just at hand: now she excited them with the aromatic vapours of the gracious Chinese herb itself: and now she drowned their fears in cup after cup of the same delightful beverage, poured from an immense old-fashioned silver tea-pot, which she kept perpetually replenishing and exhausting, like the process which goes on in the cylinders of a steam-engine. True, when the crack of the guns and the crash of the windows were heard, Miss Johnson sat down determined

to faint, and Becky stiffly proceeded to rebel, and to talk of her grandfather, prefacing it with "eh, my oh! but we are a' murdered." And even Mrs. Doxey, though saturated like a sponge, and almost drunk with tea, gave symptoms of approaching "star-locks," but Margaret with her strong mind and her soft manner, soothed them into quietness, and the assurance that it would soon be over: and before ten minutes more had elapsed, came my uncle and released them himself, and told them of our safety, and our enemies having passed away.

And thus things were at "The Darragh" as the short, but sweet and solemn days of Christmas drew near.

# KADISHA; OR, THE FIRST JEALOUSY.

## AN EASTERN LEGEND.

### PART II.

The tears were still in woman's eyes,  
When morn awoke on Paradise;  
And still her sense of shame forbade  
To tell her sorrow or upbraid;  
Nor knew she which was dearer cost,  
To seek him, or to shun him most.  
Then Adam, willing to believe  
A heart by casual fancy moved  
Would soon come back at voice she loved,  
Addressed his song to Eve.

#### I.

"Come fairest, while the morn is fair  
And dews are soft as yonder eyes;  
Calm down this tide of rippled hair,  
Forget with me all other sighs  
Than summer air.

"Like me the woodland shadows roam  
At light (their fairer comrade's) side;  
And peace and joy salute our home;  
And lo, the sun in all his pride!  
My sunrise, come.

"The fawns and birds, that know our call,  
Are waiting for our presence—see,  
They wait my presence, love, and thee,  
The most desired of all.

#### II.

"The trees, which thought it grievous thing  
To weep their own sweet leaves away,  
Untaught as yet how soon the spring  
Upon their nestled heads should lay  
Her callow wing.

"The trees, whereat we smiled again,  
To see them, in their growing wonder,  
Suppose their buds were verdant rain,  
Until the gay winds rustled under  
Their feathered train,

"Lo, now they stand in braver mien,  
And, claiming larger shadow-right,  
Make patterns of the wandering light,  
And pave the winds with green.

## III.

"Of all the flowers that bow the head,  
Or gaze erect on sun and sky,  
Not one there is, declines to shed,  
Or standeth up to qualify,  
His incense-meed :

"Of all that blossom one by one,  
Or join their lips in loving cluster,  
Not one hath now resolved alone,  
Or taken counsel, that his lustre  
Shall be unshown.

"So let thy soul a flower be,  
To breathe the fragrance of its praise  
And blossom in the early days  
To Him who fosters thee.

## IV.

"Of all the founts, bedropped with light,  
Or silver-combed with shade of trees,  
Not one there is but sprinkles bright  
It's curl of freshness on the breeze,  
And jewelled flight :

"Of all that hush among the moss,  
Or prattling shift the lily-vases,  
Not one there is but purls across  
A gush of the delight that causes  
It's limpid gloss.

"So let thy heart a fountain be,  
To rise in sparkling joy, and fall  
In dimpled melody—and all  
For love of home, and me."

## V.

The only fount her heart became  
Rose quick with sighs, and fell in tears ;  
While pink upon her white cheek came,  
Like apple-blossom among pear's,  
The tinge of shame.

Her husband pierced with new alarm  
Bent nigh to ask of her distresses,  
Enclasping her with sheltering arm,  
And searching out through soft caresses  
The clue of harm.

Then she with sobs of slow relief  
 (For silence is the gaol of care)  
 Confessed, for him to heal or share,  
 The first of human grief.

## VI.

"I cannot look on thee and think  
 "That thou hast ceased to hold me dear :  
 "I cannot break the loosened link :  
 "When thou, my only one, art near,  
 "How can I shrink ?  
 "So it were better, love—I mean,  
 "My lord, it is more wise and right—  
 "That I, as one whose day hath been,  
 "Should keep my pain from pleasure's sight,  
 "And live unseen.  
 "And—though it breaks my heart to say—  
 "However sad my loneliness,  
 "I fear thou wouldst rejoice in this,  
 "To have me far away.

## VII.

"I know not how it is with man,  
 "Perhaps his nature is to change,  
 "On finding consort fairer than—  
 Ah me, I cannot so arrange  
 "My nature's plan.  
 "And haply thou hast never thought  
 "To vex or make me feel forsaken,  
 "But, since to thee the thing was nought,  
 "Supposed 'twould be as gaily taken,  
 "As lightly brought.  
 "Yet, is it strange that I repine,  
 "And feel abased in lonely woe,  
 "To lose thy love—or e'en to know  
 "That half thy heart is mine ?

## VIII.

"For whom have I on earth but thee,  
 "What heart to love, or home to bless ?  
 "Albeit I was wrong, I see,  
 "To think my husband made no less  
 "Account of me.  
 "But even now, if thou wilt stay,  
 "Or try at least no more to wander,  
 "And let me love thee day by day,  
 "Till time or habit make thee fonder  
 "(If so it may)—  
 "Thou shalt have one more truly bent,  
 "In homely wise, on serving thee,  
 "Than any stranger e'er can be ;  
 "And Eve shall seem content."

## IX.

Not loud she wept—but hope could hear ;  
Sweet hope, who in his world-wide race  
On this consent had start of fear,  
That each alternate step should trace  
A smile and tear.

But Adam, lost in wide amaze,  
Regarded her with troubled glances,  
Doubting, beneath her steady gaze,  
Himself to be in strange romances  
And dreamy haze :

Then questioning in hurried voice,  
And scarcely waiting her replies,  
He spoke and showed so true surprise,  
It made her soul rejoice.

## X.

She told him what the tempter said,  
And what her frightened self had seen,  
(That form in loveliness arrayed  
With modest face and graceful mien)  
And how displayed.

Then well-content to show his bride  
The worldly knowledge he possessed  
(That world whereof was none beside)  
He laid his hand upon his breast,  
And thus replied :—

“ Oh mirror'd here too deep to see,  
“ A little way down yonder path,  
“ And I will show the form which hath  
“ Enchanted thee, and me.”

## XI.

Kadisha is a streamlet fair,  
Which hurries down the pebbled way,  
As one who hath small time to spare,  
So far to go, so much to say  
To summer air ;

Sometime the wavelets wimple in  
O'erlapping tiers of crystal shelves,  
And little circles dimple in,  
As if the waters quaffed themselves,  
The while they spin :

Thence in a clear pool overbent  
With lotus-tree and tamarind flower,  
Empearled, and lulled in golden bower,  
Kadisha sleeps content.

## XII.

Their steps awoke the quiet dell ;  
The first of men was smiling gay ;  
Still trembled Eve beneath the spell,  
The power of that passion sway  
She could not quell.

As they approached the silver strand,  
He plucked a moss-rose budding sweetly,  
And, wreathing bright her tresses' band,  
Therein he set the blossom featly,  
And took her hand :

He led her past the maiden-hair,  
Forget-me-not, and meadow-sweet,  
Until the margin held her feet  
Like water-lilies fair.

## XIII.

"Behold," he cried, "on yonder wave  
"The only one with whom I stray,  
"The only image still I have,  
"Too often, even while I pray  
"To Him who gave."

The form she saw was long unknown,  
Except as that beheld yestre'en,  
Till viewing there that dearer one,  
Her husband's—known as soon as seen—  
She guessed her own,

And, bending o'er in sweet surprise,  
Perused, with simple child's delight,  
The flowing hair, and forehead white,  
And soft inquiring eyes.

## XIV.

Then, blushing to a fairer tint  
Than waves might ever hope to catch,  
"I see," she cried, "a lovely print,  
"But surely I can never match  
"This lily glint !

"So pure, so innocent, and bright,  
"So charming free, without endeavour,  
"So fancy-touched with pensive light !  
"I think that I could gaze for ever  
"With new delight.

"And now, that rose-bud in my hair,  
"Perhaps it should be placed above—  
"And yet, I will not move it, love,  
"Since thou hast set it there.

## XV.

"Vain Eve, why gaze you thus at Eve,  
 "What matter for thy form or face?  
 "Thy beauty is, if love believe  
 "Thee worthy of that treasured place  
 "Thou ne'er shalt leave.

"Oh husband, mine and mine alone,  
 "Take back my faith that dared to wander;  
 "Forgive my joy to have thee shown  
 "Not transient as thine image yonder,  
 "But all my own.

"And, love, if this be vanity  
 "This pleasure and the pride I take,  
 "'Tis only for thy dearer sake  
 "To be so fair to thee."

## XVI.

No more she said, but smiling fell,  
 And lost her sorrow on his breast,  
 Her love-bright eyes upon him dwell,  
 Like troubled waters laid at rest  
 In comfort's well:

'Tis nothing more, an if she weep,  
 Than joy she cannot else reveal;  
 As onyx-gems of Pison keep  
 A tear-vein, where the sun may steal  
 Throughout their deep.

And so, may all, who fear one,  
 Be happy with their rival known  
 The image of themselves alone,  
 Beside and in the dear one!

MELANTER.

## STEWART'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.\*

ALTHOUGH economic science is no longer invested with the absorbing interest it attracted during the many years when the leading political and social questions of the day, such as the corn-laws, and the great machinery and manufacture movement, were contested and discussed with relation principally to the effects which regulations or occurrences of either description were calculated to impart to the production and distribution of

wealth; yet still it enjoys no inconsiderable amount of public attention, and must continue to hold a similar position so long as the complications of modern civilization perpetually furnish such a number of difficult subjects for investigation, which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with without the aid of the teachings of Political Economy. It may be hoped that as the world advances in years and wisdom, each social malady may be

\* Lectures on Political Economy, (now first published) by Dugald Stewart, Esq. Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Thomas Constable and Co., Edinburgh: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London. 1856.

gradually corrected according as it assumes a formidable appearance; but few are Utopian enough to imagine we shall ever see the day when the root of the evil shall be thoroughly destroyed. Hence it would be dangerous to neglect any of the arts and sciences which have hitherto been found useful in times of emergency, since we know not the time when their services may again be urgently needed; and it becomes, therefore, matter for congratulation to observe that so far, at least, there are no symptoms of economic science being abandoned in the republic of letters; although, for the reason just stated, it does not occupy the same commanding position it did some years ago. The works of our standard scientific writers, Adam Smith, Senior, J. S. Mill, and others, come forth from time to time in new editions; and a whole host of authors, most of whom have yet to earn a literary reputation, furnish their readers with no end of essays and treatises on the principles of the science, and their application to the questions of the day, those especially of a financial or monetary character. Encouraged by this aspect of affairs, the friends and admirers of Dugald Stewart now step forward, and endeavour to secure for the author of the *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* a niche in the temple of Economic Science, by the publication of lectures which he delivered on Political Economy towards the commencement of the present century. The circumstances under which these come before us are very peculiar, and quite different from those which attended the publication of the rest of his works.

"The other writings," says Sir William Hamilton, "were again and again elaborated by the author, and by himself carefully conducted through the press; whereas the following lectures were not destined for publication, at least in the form in which they now appear. That Mr. Stewart, however, intended ultimately to publish his course of Political Economy seems certain; and, with this view, during the latter years of his life, he had revised, corrected, amplified, and rearranged its constituent parts. But whether he had finally completed this preparation is doubtful; for the lectures thus re-modelled by him in his retirement have, for the most part, unhappily perished. As now printed from those original manuscripts which have

escaped the fate of the others revised for publication, the course consists principally of what was written so far back as the beginning of the century, with such additions and corrections as were occasionally interpolated up to the session of 1809-10, the last year of Mr. Stewart's academical labours."

Respecting the destruction of the manuscripts, we find they were burned by the author's son, Colonel Stewart, under the impression that while he was unable to dispose of them as literary property, others contrived to appropriate portions of them, with the intention doubtless of giving them publicity without acknowledging the source whence they were derived. Writing to a publisher with whom he had some communication concerning his father's works, he states:—

"You need not, however, further trouble yourself on this head; because, finding myself getting on in life, and despairing of finding a sale for them at their real value, I have destroyed the whole of them. To this step I was much induced by finding my locks repeatedly picked during my absence from home, some of my papers carried off, and some of the others evidently read, if not copied from, by persons of whom I could procure no trace, and in the pursuit or conviction of whom I never could obtain any efficient assistance from the judicial authorities."

Accordingly Colonel Stewart committed to the flames a great quantity of his father's manuscripts, including his "*Lectures on Political Economy*," delivered in the University of Edinburgh, reduced by him into books and chapters, containing a very complete body of that science, with many important rectifications of Adam Smith's speculations." Yet all this while it is supposed there were no grounds whatsoever for entertaining the impressions under which the Colonel acted, and it is mentioned as an explanation of his extraordinary proceedings, that when on professional service in India he had suffered from an attack of *coup-de-soleil*; a malady which often exhibits its influence in a most capricious manner, long after an apparent cessation of the affection.

The revised manuscripts of the lectures having perished, it became a question with Dugald Stewart's trustees whether, in the discharge of the duty they owed to the reputation of

the deceased, they should or should not publish what remained of the course of Political Economy, consisting of some older copies of his manuscripts, which had escaped conflagration by the son, but had not been subjected to revision by the father. In this difficulty, they sought advice from the most competent of the author's older friends and pupils; and in particular from the Marquis of Lansdowne and Viscount Palmerston. But these noblemen were unwilling to offer any opinion, warned, perhaps, by Lord John Russell's failure as the editor of his friend Moore's correspondence, that the cares of statesmanship are unfavourable to literary pursuits, whether those of an author, editor, or critic. Finally the decision devolved on Sir William Hamilton himself, and he decided on publication. The manuscripts he had were imperfect, but attempts were made to fill up the blanks and supply the deficiencies from notes of the course of lectures which had been kept by several pupils. This is an unfortunate manner for an author to come before the public:—

Poets lose half the praise they would have got  
We're it but known what they discreetly blot.

The same may be said for prose writers, especially as regards what they compose to be delivered as lectures; which from their very nature require much judicious pruning before they can be in a fit state for publication. As the listener cannot refer back to refresh his memory or understanding when the lecturer comes to a new branch of his subject, intimately depending, however, on what has gone before, frequent repetitions and *résumés* are often necessary, in order that the entire discourse may be rendered intelligible. But this, which in a lecture is a merit and a requisite, in a book becomes needless prolixity, calculated rather to weary the reader than serve any useful purpose. This is a fact of which a person so well-acquainted as Dugald Stewart to address the public in the two-fold capacity of author and lecturer must have been fully aware; it is, therefore, likely that in the process of revision, he would have cut off much that the

reverence and admiration of pupils and friends abstained from disturbing. And, besides, he might have introduced many additions and qualifications, which he had in his own mind when lecturing, but thought it useless to express. For not only must there be much repetition in a lecture of whatever is intended to be conveyed, which in a book would be uncalled for; but, on the other hand, there must be many incidental matters altogether passed over, through fear of confusing the listener and preventing him from grasping the leading principles designed to be impressed, while, in a book, they might be brought forward with advantage; and, if left out, the omission might justly be deemed an important deficiency. What occasioned this delay in publication, which, as events have turned out, has thus exposed the work in the end to a two-fold source of imperfection, is not very apparent. Although the lectures were intended for the press, yet the author survived the time of their delivery nearly thirty years, and still they never saw the light. Perhaps he was imitating the conduct of Adam Smith in the preparation of the *Wealth of Nations*, giving even more time to the task than his illustrious master. Adam Smith was appointed to a Professorship in the University of Glasgow in 1751, and a few years afterwards delivered the lectures which were subsequently expanded and elaborated into his celebrated treatise, not published until 1776. To improve upon such a model, Dugald Stewart may have imagined more years of preparation and improvement were necessary. At all events it appears that up to his death in 1828, he did not give that positive proof of the completion of the work to his satisfaction, which authors usually afford by committing their productions to the press.

It must now be perceived that the circumstances under which it is sought to establish a posthumous reputation for Dugald Stewart in political economy are extremely unfavourable, even if there had been no progress made in that science since the time he wrote, and he had no other rivals to contend against than those whose advantages in that respect were but equal to his own. But such is not the case. Great advances



have been made since his lectures were delivered ; and thus it has been possible for writers of later years, considerably his inferiors in natural ability, to attain, notwithstanding, a much higher scale of excellence, by availing themselves of the labours of those who have published the admirable treatises and essays which have been added to the literature of economic science since the commencement of the present century. In 1817, Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation" were brought out, and accomplished for problems concerning the natural laws according to which wealth is distributed throughout the community what Adam Smith had left incomplete or unattempted ; thus rendering the second of the two great branches into which Economic Science is divided, as perfect as Adam Smith had made the first by his analysis of production. It is not uncommon for superficial economists to affect to undervalue the services of Ricardo, and estimate him far lower than many others who, in reality, have no claim to be placed even on an equal footing with him ; condemning his writings as mere theoretical speculations, devoid of practical utility and difficult of comprehension. As regards his style, no doubt, he is exposed to much unfavourable criticism ; and there are several in whose writings the principles of political economy may be learned with much greater facility than in his ; but to these is only due the merit of clear and simple diction and accuracy of comprehension, while all the honour of discovering new scientific truths belong to him. Those who condemn Ricardo as a mere theorist, would do well to remember that he afforded the most decisive proof of being an eminently practical man, by amassing a considerable fortune as a merchant ; and that it was after he retired from business, with all the experience acquired during a long career of active industry, he devoted himself to the collection and arrangement of the natural laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, whose practical operation he had been in the habit of contemplating while engaged in his mercantile pursuits. It is unfortunate, doubtless, he did not adopt a more popular and less

abstract style ; and it has been complained, with some reason, that the brevity with which he has stated some of his most important principles, the fewness of his illustrations, and the mathematical cast he has given to his arguments, render it not a little difficult for readers unaccustomed to such investigations, to follow him readily. As for those who endeavour to understand him without proceeding step by step in his line of reasoning, they engage in a hopeless task ; since the mutual dependence on each other of his various propositions renders it quite impossible for any one to comprehend them who merely dips into his work here and there as if it were a novel or a newspaper. But the smart *littérateur* seldom pauses to weigh all these matters, and the chances are that when he meets with a difficulty, or an apparent inconsistency, he throws down the book as a mass of senseless paradoxes, quite willing to believe that the author knew nothing whatsoever of what he was writing about ; and never dreaming for a moment that possibly it was the critic who was at fault, unable to take in the scope of a chain of reasoning, or overlooking the assumptions upon which it was based. Those, on the contrary, who give to his works the attention they deserve, and come to their task armed with the requisite acquirements and qualifications, form a very different estimate of Ricardo's merits.

It was the opinion of Quintilian that the students of eloquence who were delighted with Cicero, demonstrated by their appreciation of such a model that they had made no inconsiderable progress in their art,—a saying which has been applied with equal justice to those students in political economy who find pleasure in the works of Ricardo: *Sciat se non parum profecisse cui RICARDO valde placebit.*

But it is not Ricardo alone who places Dugald Stewart at a disadvantage just now. Not only is there much known at the present day which in the beginning of the century had remained undiscovered, but, besides, what was well known then has since been much better expressed, and so rendered more accessible to the student. Succeeding writers, of whom Mr. Senior, in our opinion, is entitled

to the highest place, have cleared up, removed, or corrected the ambiguities and inconsistencies of their predecessors,—pointed out with precision and accuracy the limits of the science and the necessity for observing them,—defined the leading terms, and with order and method arranged and presented the elementary principles, thereby bringing within the reach of any ordinary capacity what before would have made very considerable demands both on the student's time and understanding. And, after all this has been achieved, Dugald Stewart comes before the public for the first time in a new character, and claims the suffrages of a generation accustomed to instructors in economic science, who had been trained to their task by the study of works containing information far wider and much better expressed than what fell to the lot of writers of his day.

These are the circumstances under which the lectures appear, and they certainly show that the author is entitled to every indulgence at our hands; whether we consider the state in which his writings are submitted to the public, or the standard of excellence by which we are apt to measure them. Making due allowance for all these matters, it may freely be conceded the lectures are not destitute of merit; but the last praise we should ever have thought of awarding is that given by the learned editor, who states (p. ix.) that, as they stand, they will be found, as an introduction to political economy, among the best extant. If the rule of beginning at the beginning applies to this as to other studies, such an encomium is wholly misplaced, for the mode of procedure adopted is not of that nature; and, besides, even in so far as the elements of the science are at all discussed, the author's claims as a good introductory writer must be equally disallowed, the portions of the work devoted to that subject being decidedly the very worst it contains. This we shall show a little further on, and for the present confine our attention to the former part of the objection.

The first step in any department of study should be to learn its leading scientific principles, and it is only after that process has been gone through, the student can be in a fit

state to come to their application; but if, instead of following this obvious and natural order, we reverse the operation and commence at the second stage, we shall never be enabled to eliminate the first principles of the science from amidst the endless variety of extraneous matters with which these must be involved in their application to any practical question; and so will remain in ignorance of the very things which alone could enable us to conduct with success original investigations. But Dugald Stewart, instead of teaching political economy as a science, defines it as an art; and even treating it as an art, does not confine it within any well defined limits, but, on the contrary, expresses himself in most vague and general terms when he purports to indicate its appropriate province. In opposition to Adam Smith and others, who deemed national wealth a subject of sufficient comprehensiveness, difficulty and importance to demand a science for itself, he lays down (p. 10) that the title of political economy "may be extended with much advantage to all those speculations which have for their object the great and ultimate ends from which political regulations derive all their value; and to which wealth and population themselves are only to be regarded as subordinate and instrumental. Such are the speculations which aim at ascertaining those fundamental principles of policy which Lord Bacon has so happily and significantly described as *leges legum, ex quibus informatio peti possit, quid in singulis legibus bene aut properam positum aut constitutum sit.*" Now, no one can deny that the investigations indicated in this passage deserve our most anxious attention; but it is equally evident their vastness and generality forbid all attempts to grasp them within the compass of a single department of study. To borrow the words of Mr. Senior, in the introduction to his treatise on political economy (originally published as an article in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), "it is impossible to overstate the importance of these inquiries, and not easy to state their extent. They involve as their general premises the consideration of the whole theory of morals, of government, of civil and criminal legislation;

and, for their particular premises, a knowledge of all the facts which affect the social condition of every community whose conduct the economist proposes to influence. We believe that such inquiries far exceed the bounds of any single treatise, and indeed the powers of any single mind. We believe that by confining our own and the reader's attention to the nature, production and distribution of wealth, we shall produce a more clear, complete and instructive work than if we allowed ourselves to wander into the more interesting and more important but far less definite fields by which the comparatively narrow path of political economy is surrounded." That the end to which the teachings of economic science should be applied is the promotion of human welfare generally, and not the mere attainment of wealth, is undoubtedly true; but Dugald Stewart and his followers overlook the important fact that the student cannot be put in possession of the principles of political economy, and so enabled to apply them in aid of securing the proposed end, unless he has in the first instance investigated separately the science which comprises them, as can easily be established by analogy to the case of other departments of knowledge more generally taught and more successfully cultivated, a long course of experience having recommended and enforced the adoption of the best method of procedure. Taking, for example, the subject of mathematics, what would be thought of a teacher, who, instead of instructing his pupils in the elements of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry in the first instance, were to bring them at once to practical questions of surveying and the like (the ends, be it remembered, for which the science is cultivated,) and yet expect they could ever learn the subject under such a system? For in the questions which arise in practice, the principles to be applied do not present themselves in that order wherein they might most readily be learned; and besides they are encumbered with considerations that come within the province of other sciences and arts, such as questions relating to the effect of atmospheric refraction, the chemical changes imparted to the different instruments of admeasurement by vicissitudes of

temperature and diversity of situation. And is it to be supposed the inexperienced beginner will be able to separate and classify all these various elements he encounters, and select from among them those which belong to the science he is meant to be learning? All this while, moreover, he is under the necessity of burthening his memory with a vast number of *data* as to time, place, and number,—*data* which, in fifty instances out of one, will be of no use to him whatsoever, except while he is engaged at the very question they belong to; and this identical question, or anything at all like it, may never occur in his subsequent practice, so that thus a large portion of his labour goes for nothing. And the end will be, that after all this toil and trouble he will master few or none of those general truths which would place him in a position to deal with any new question which might arise, of a nature analogous to those which had been the object of his investigations. But if, instead of adopting this perplexing and irregular course, he had been instructed in the usual manner, within a brief space the leading principles of the science might have been brought before him; and when, with a little care and diligence, he had mastered them, if his abilities lay in that line, then after investigating a few practical examples by way of testing his acquirements, he would be in a position to apply the science to any question proposed, so far as its solution depended on the principles he had been learning, and not those belonging to anything else. And if he were acquainted with these latter also, he might deduce and recommend practical conclusions; but if he were not, he should state his results with appropriate qualifications, explaining that they are applicable so far and no farther than as they are exempt from the action of those disturbing influences which he had been unable to take into account; just as the theoretical mechanician will announce that what he has demonstrated on the supposition of motion in a vacuum must be corrected by reference to the effects of atmospheric pressure, before it can be applied to the movements which occur around us. By similar reasoning we arrive at the method to be adopted by the student in Political

Economy, and learn the caution to be observed in the application of its principles to practice. And it can also be shown in the course of the investigation, that the claims of the study to our earnest attention are of the most incontestable force.

The science has for its object the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, in so far as these operations are governed by the desire of man to attain the maximum of wealth at the minimum of sacrifice; and this at once marks out a class of natural laws, and a science which comprises them. The principle of action on which it is founded is sufficiently powerful in its operation to turn in its own direction a large portion of human conduct; and the object of that action, wealth, is decidedly worthy of attentive consideration, comprising, as it does, the means of satisfying so large a class of our wants and desires. Hence, a science, defined as above, has every claim on our notice so far as the importance of its subject matter is concerned. But even this is not sufficient to entitle it to be pursued as a separate branch of study, for sciences without end might be created were we to dignify with such an appellation every body of natural laws possessed of characteristics distinguishing them in a strongly marked manner from all others, and relating to objects of admitted importance. In addition to these requisites the conception and discussion of the laws in question must be attended with such difficulty, that any person of ordinary abilities coming to deal with them without having studied them specially, would be unable to understand their *modus operandi*, and thus incapable of directing or controlling them. This last claim to rank as a science Political Economy likewise possesses, as all must admit who call to mind how long, and to what extent, not alone the general body of the people, but even the most gifted philosophers and statesmen remained in ignorance of the natural laws which governed the production and distribution of wealth, and how extremely baneful were the effects which thence ensued. Thus briefly may be exhibited the grounds upon which it is contended that Political Economy should be classified as a separate science; and, having got so

far, it follows in the next place, as a matter of course, that to master its truths it must be studied like a science, as it is, and not sought for in the chaotic mass which should be analysed were it attempted to collect its principles from the endless variety of practical questions in which they occur in connexion with other matters, as must be the case were we to commence to study the subject as an art, or, rather, as one of the arts which has for its object the attainment of the welfare of the community.

Preliminary investigations should, indeed, be exemplified and illustrated as we proceed, by appropriate practical examples, in this as in other sciences; but this is not to be confounded with the method of those who place science in the background, and completely bury its elementary principles under a mass of details, consisting in a great measure of extraneous matters, which serve, in fact, not to illustrate, but, rather, to conceal the general truths which ought to be impressed on the mind.

When the student has devoted himself for a while to the science, and mastered its leading principles, then he will be prepared to take part in their application. But here he must remember that other principles than those of economic science are to be attended to, and if he proceed to advocate practical measures without observing this precaution, the chances are his predictions may turn out untrue, or the object he marks out for attainment inexpedient. The predictions must turn out untrue if human conduct, in the case supposed, be not governed and directed by the desire for wealth; and the objects inexpedient if considerations be involved in the question under contemplation, higher than those which are merely economic, and at variance with them. If the investigator be prepared to deal with all the circumstances which thus arise whenever it is proposed to deduce practical rules from theoretical teachings, he may safely be permitted to urge the adoption or rejection of legislative measures; but it is not as an economist alone he is entitled to speak with authority. And if from accident, or from incapacity for certain branches of knowledge, he be not prepared to deal with his case in all its bearings, his scientific acquirements

are not useless notwithstanding; for though they cannot qualify him to enact the legislator, yet they will enable him to afford very important assistance by pointing out the economic results which are calculated to ensue, and which may be then taken into account for whatever they are worth, as one of the elements to be attended to in conjunction with whatever others may exist.

It is not as a scientific exposition, whether elementary or otherwise, of the principles of Political Economy, that these lectures are to be looked upon; but rather as a collection of detached essays, some, indeed, of a purely scientific character, and others mixed and applied. The most instructive portion of the work, perhaps, is that which treats of population, especially in connection with landed property and agriculture; indeed, this might be read with great advantage at the present day, not that it contains much, if anything, that is new, but on account of its drawing the attention constantly to what is very generally overlooked, though constituting the very essence of the subject. The author brings together a great deal of interesting information as to the tenure of land and the condition of the occupiers in different parts of Europe, and gives a fair review of the controversy, then mooted as much as it now is, touching the comparative advantages and disadvantages of large and small farms. Then, as at the present day, most people discussed the question without explaining what came up to their idea of a large farm and what of a small one, or taking into account that what might be the best size under particular circumstances would no longer be so where the agricultural products to be raised, the nature of the soil, or the habits and condition of the rural population were essentially different. Alluding to some very interesting agricultural reports in which the question of large and small farms had been actively discussed, the author observes (p. 128):—"Some of the reasonings in the papers, as well as in other publications of a similar nature, might, perhaps, have been spared, if the writers had explained with a little more precision the ideas they annexed to the words *large* and *small* as employed in the controversy;

words which are not only indefinite in their signification, in consequence of the want of a given standard of comparison; but which must necessarily vary in their import in different parts of the country according to local circumstances. The advocates for small farms, for example, sometimes include under that denomination farms from 150 to 200 acres (which are far above the highest average of small farms in Great Britain, and of large ones in Ireland,) contrasting these with farms of 1500 or 2000 acres, which are so very far above the highest average of large farms that they should be considered as exceptions.

"Many of these writers, too, seem to have proceeded on the supposition, that the principles on which the size of farms ought to be settled, are of much more universal application than they will be found to admit of in reality. A few of them, however, have been completely aware of this consideration, remarking, that the size of farms must necessarily be regulated by a variety of local peculiarities, such as soil, situation, modes of husbandry, and the extent of capital possessed by the class of farmers; and that admitting the general maxim—*The best size of farm is that which affords the greatest proportional produce, for the least proportional expense*—the application of this maxim will be found to lead to widely different conclusions, in different districts." And if this be so, as it doubtless is, even when we confine our attention to Great Britain, what will it not be necessary to take into account when instituting comparison between the sizes of farms most desirable in the various localities throughout Europe, from the wine-producing countries where farming rather resembles what would here be called gardening, to the great corn and pasture lands where large holdings are those which appear to be managed with most success.

The following, likewise, deserves to be borne in mind. "*With respect to the supposed tendency of small farms to promote population, I shall only remark before leaving this article, that it must not be judged of merely from the numbers which are subsisted on the spot.*" The idea that "the mode of culture which employs most

hands, is most favourable to the population of the State," is justly reprobated by the author of *L'Ami des Hommes* (the elder Mirabeau) as a vulgar prejudice. "The overplus of produce carried to market," he observes, "is no less beneficial in this respect by feeding towns, than if eaten on the fields that produced it. The more, therefore, that the industry and riches of the farmer enable him to economise the labour of men, the greater is the surplus which remains for the subsistence of others. To suppose, as some authors have done, that small farms add to the numbers of a people, while, at the same time, it is granted that they neither yield an adequate produce nor rent, amounts very nearly to a contradiction in terms." It is not uncommon to hear those who profess to be patriots and philanthropists lamenting the consolidation of wretchedly small holdings into farms, we will not say large, but just of moderate extent, and asserting in declamatory language they would rather see the land supporting people, the strength of the State, than feeding pigs and bullocks. To persons of this tone of mind, who seem to think land is devoted to the best of all purposes when it is turned into a pauper-warren, and forget that when it ceases to be tenanted by wretched cottiers, then, and then only, it becomes capable of supporting labourers in comfort, we point out the judicious observations of Dugald Stewart and the elder Mirabeau, and beg of them to remember that we are not to judge of the capacity of any kind of farms to promote population by reference to the numbers subsisted on the spot, but rather by taking into account the quantity of food produced, whether that be employed in supporting those who occupy the immediate locality or those who inhabit other parts of the country.

The author is not so felicitous in discussing the connexion between the size of *properties* and the amount of population, as that between population and the extent of farms. He adduces a good deal of information on the subject, though generally not of the most satisfactory kind. He dwells a great deal on the fluctuations in the population and the sizes of estates which are said to have occurred

in the States of ancient Rome, without duly considering that what has been handed down to us respecting them can hardly be of that very accurate character which alone would justify us in basing conclusions on them, and taking no notice of the fact that the great change from small to large properties which occurred about the time of the decline of Rome was accompanied by the substitution of slaves for freemen as the cultivators of the soil—a fact which alone is amply sufficient to account for the deterioration of agriculture and the diminution of population, and draws at once a line of distinction between the event in question and those occurring within our own times, to which they are usually compared. His own ideas on the subject do not appear to have been at all settled, and, indeed, he himself confesses as much; for after bringing forward a good deal of miscellaneous and often contradictory information and speculations, he states (page 151)—"I have quoted these passages because I am always far more anxious to suggest a variety of ideas for your examination, than to establish any particular system." An observation at once demonstrating the undecided condition of the author's mind, and establishing, in connexion with many others of a similar strain, how very unfit, as we before contended, these lectures are to serve as an introductory treatise. For the work best suited to the beginner is that which tells him plainly and concisely what is known on the subject he is about learning; not that in which the author says to him, "Here is all that is said on both sides of the question; and as to which is the right one, I, who have long studied the matter, decline to offer any decided opinion. I leave it to you, who are confessedly ignorant on this subject, to deduce the best conclusion you are able from the heterogeneous mass of conflicting evidence I lay before you." But returning to what we commenced with, so far as the author indicates any opinion of his own, he rather inclines to that of those who consider small properties favourable to the increase of population. No doubt it is true that the larger the number of persons the rent of the land of a country is divided among, the more there are who have an opportunity of support-

ing themselves thereby ; but rent constitutes but a small portion of the produce of the soil, and, therefore, to ascertain the connexion between the amount of population and the size of properties, we should look to the effect of the latter on the quantity of agricultural produce, the food of all classes, and not to its effect on the number of one particular class alone, the proprietors. Some writers, Mr. J. S. Mill\* among the number, lay down that it does not follow because landed property is minutely divided, that farms will be so ; for as large properties are perfectly compatible with small farms, so also are small ones with farms of an adequate size. But though this may be maintained by closet philosophers, who have never had occasion to trouble their heads with the management of landed property, it may easily be shown to be fallacious ; and as for the few examples which have been brought forward of small proprietors throwing their lands into one holding for purposes of cultivation, these are not to be looked upon as events of ordinary occurrence, but rather as such which by their very singularity have recommended themselves to travellers to enter in their note books. No landlord likes much to depend for all his income on the solvency of a single farmer, or even two or three, or any other very small number. He prefers a greater number of tenants, so that should a few of them fail, the proportion of his income thus cut off for a year will not be so considerable as to put him to heavy inconvenience. Hence though properties be not so small as to be individually incompatible with farms of adequate extent, yet they throw a strong obstacle in the way of the adoption of such, as it is highly improbable on the grounds already stated that each property will be let in one or two holdings, and not in a number so much greater as to lead to the formation of holdings not large enough for the purposes of advantageous cultivation. And when we come to properties too small individually for good farms, it is in the last degree improbable they will be consolidated for occupation so as to get over the

difficulty. Landlords dislike, not unreasonably, to have their properties occupied jointly, the chances being that the boundaries of each in the lapse of time will become greatly confused either from neglect or fraud ; and thus should the joint occupation terminate, as in the nature of things it must from time to time, it may prove hard and expensive, not to say occasionally impossible, for each proprietor to mark out and resume possession of his own. Any one who has had a little experience of landed property is aware of the objection entertained by landlords to let a farm to a tenant occupying an adjoining property belonging to some one else, their reason being the very one which has just been stated. This shows how far there is any connexion between the size of properties and that of farms ; the true state of the case being that though large properties and small farms are quite compatible, the converse of the proposition does not hold good. Thus, instead of apparently yielding to the assertion that small properties are favourable to population, Dugald Stewart should have applied the sensible remark he had made elsewhere, and drawn attention to the fact that though small properties promote the collection of a large agricultural population, it should not be concluded the land was maintaining more people than it would if less sub-divided, since, in the latter case, it might be supporting a greater number, the fact being concealed because they resided elsewhere, in the towns and cities, and not in the rural districts.

When our author comes to deal with the purely scientific questions of Political Economy, whether of classification or otherwise, his deficiencies are most apparent ; and we cannot better exemplify this than by reference to his discussions concerning productive and unproductive labour, and the theory of money. The latter has been termed by Leibnitz a semi-mathematical investigation—a designation which appears to be highly applicable ; and in this point of view Dugald Stewart approached the subject with considerable advantage. His father had occupied the chair of

\* See his Principles of Political Economy, Vol. 1, Book 11, Chap. vii., sec. 5

mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and he himself must have been deemed a proficient in that most abstract science, as he was called upon now and then to assist in lecturing upon it: "the philosophic sire and son," as Burns described Dugald Stewart and his parent, having shared occasionally between them the labours of the latter's situation. But in Economic Science we find more traces in our author of the doubtful and speculative cast of mind of the mental philosopher, than of the certainty and precision of the mathematician. He questions everything, and never arrives at a definite conclusion; and no where is this more apparent than when he treats of money, the very department of the science in which the most rigorous deductions can be drawn, on account of the data of the questions which there arise being but little encumbered with the presence of matters extraneous to Political Economy. As an example of the mode in which the subject is dealt with, we give the first lines of a disquisition (p. 371) on the effects of plenty or scarcity of the precious metals upon prices:—"I now proceed to offer some remarks on the principles by which the relative value of money and commodities are adjusted in commercial transactions. It is a subject of extreme difficulty, and I am much afraid that what I have to state will tend more to invalidate the reasonings of others, than to establish any satisfactory conclusions of my own." The sequel demonstrates that the latter portion of his apprehension was remarkably well founded; and on turning to some notes of his, which appeared about ten years afterwards, we find he continued in the same state of doubt and indecision. The Bank of England and other banks having been released for a time, by the Suspension of Cash Payments' Act of 1797, from the obligation of paying for their notes on demand the specie they purported to represent, naturally increased their issues to an unprecedented amount, being stimulated by the desire of gaining interest on a large amount of discounts, and undeterred by the fear of these excessive issues being thrown back upon their hands. In consequence of this great increase of the currency, prices

rose, and the exchanges became and continued unfavourable; and public attention having been called to the matter, a Parliamentary Committee, best known as the "Bullion Committee of 1810," was appointed to inquire into the matter and make their report. They did so, and, in opposition to all the sophistry of interested traders, came to the plain and business-like conclusion, that prices were high because the currency was excessive. This conclusion Dugald Stewart is not altogether satisfied with. When there is more money than is required for transacting, at the comparative natural worth of the coin of the realm and the commodities purchased with it, all the exchanges in which money is used, prices rise above their accustomed level; but this requisite quantity is not to be ascertained merely by reference to the amount of the wealth of the country, since, according to circumstances, it may vary in a different proportion. Thus, in a country like Russia, where a great deal of exchanges are effected by barter, without the intervention of coin, so much money in proportion to the amount of goods exchanged will not be required as in one like France, where such transactions are adjusted in general with coin. And going to the other extreme, in a country like England, where so many exchanges are effected with credit, or instruments of credit, less money will be needed in proportion to goods than in those places where sales and purchases, as the rule, are adjusted with metallic currency. Again, in order to ascertain this requisite amount of money, it is to be borne in mind that the same quantity will suffice to transact a greater or smaller extent of purchases according as it circulates more or less rapidly. Thus more will be required in a country where money is hoarded during the interval between accumulation and expenditure, than in one where banks of deposit are general; much of the money being sent out into circulation by the bankers, which otherwise would have remained locked up in the coffers of the owners. This teaches us not to consider that prices must always vary in the exact proportion of the quantity of goods to the supply of money, and may be brought forward



with justice against writers such as Locke and Hume, who, extending their observations over very long periods of years, during which, in most nations, changes in the requirements for money of the kind already adverted to must have occurred, concluded, without taking any such matters into account, that the proportion of coin to goods must either remain constant, or else be indicated by corresponding fluctuations in price. But if the observations extend over a few years only, and there is thus *à priori* no ground for concluding that changes of the kind above noticed have come to pass to any appreciable extent, it is a mere waste of ingenuity to suggest the possibility of their occurrence as an argument against the connexion of cause and effect between two events which have happened—the first of which would naturally have produced the second. The Bullion Committee followed this plain and obvious rule, the immediate dictate of common sense. But not so our author; he rejected any such inference, and refused to come to any definite conclusion until he had satisfied his mind of the state of the case, by tracing all the additional currency through its various stages of circulation, until it reached the pockets of those who were to employ it in consumption; which, in fact, amounted to the postponement of his judgment *sine die*, as the lawyers phrase it.

Perhaps in no part of the lectures is the author's inability to deal with what is purely scientific, and his fear of grappling with anything that demands a practical decision, more apparent than where he treats of productive and unproductive labour, and the several questions thence arising. Some centuries back the prosperity of a few small trading communities, such as Venice, Genoa, Holland, and the free cities of the North of Germany, attracted the attention of the ruling classes of the great nations of Europe, and they fell into the error of supposing that these states were prosperous because they were addicted to commercial rather than to other industrial pursuits; the true state of the case being that these states were more prosperous than their neighbours, because they enjoyed greater security of person and property; and they devoted themselves principally

to foreign trade, merely because peculiar circumstances rendered it more profitable to them than other pursuits. But this was overlooked, and the Mercantile System sprung up, the object of which was to turn the industry of the people to trade and manufactures rather than to agriculture, and fill the country with money by encouraging the exportation of goods, and checking their importation. This system led to one of an opposite nature, and a sect which assumed to themselves the title of "Economists," *par excellence*, sprung up in France, and laid down that the policy hitherto adopted of fostering, or, rather, attempting to foster, trade and commerce, and neglecting agriculture was altogether erroneous; the latter species of industry, and not the former, being the true source of wealth. The principal men of this sect were *Quernal*, a physician at the court of Louis XV., and the celebrated minister *Turgot*; and their system went by the name of the *Agricultural or Physiocratic*. The "Economists" did not propose, however, to encourage agriculture at the expense of trade and commerce; they only suggested that both should be disencumbered from restrictions, and perfect freedom in every species of industry allowed without any interference by the state; whence their system acquired the name of *laissez-faire*, or *laissez-passer*. But though in practice they recommended this species of equality, they held some very peculiar views as to the relative advantageousness of labour employed in agriculture and manufactures, and restricted the term "productive" to the former alone, stigmatising the latter as "unproductive." Adam Smith's strong common sense revolted against this misapplication of language, and he rejected their distinction, but did not succeed in exposing the fallacy on which they proceeded. The "Economists" observed, as the result of agricultural labour aided by the vegetative powers of nature, that a small quantity of matter of some kind or other was converted into a greater; but when manufacturers worked, all they did was to transform into a new shape or character, what before had existed under a different aspect, without in any way occasioning an increase in the quantity of the subject of their toil. Influenced by this and some other considerations, they termed agriculture

ral labour alone "productive," and manufacturing "unproductive,"—distinctions quite correct if the term had relation to quantity only. But they went much beyond this, and stepping from the inference that the one labour only was productive of increased matter, and the other unproductive thereof, laid down in addition that the first alone was productive of increased wealth, of which the latter they contended was necessarily unproductive. Now as of articles containing the same quantity of matter, some may be much more valuable than others, it follows that we cannot conclude because a particular kind of labour does not increase matter, it cannot increase wealth. The man who alters raw materials worth a few shillings into clothing, habitation, and implements worth many pounds, appears to us entitled to rank as a productive labourer in the ordinary sense of the word; and there are not many who will disagree with Adam Smith when he accuses the "Economists" of love of paradox for asserting the contrary. But the "Economists" support their position by contending that the result of such labour is not a creation but a transference of wealth, the value of the manufactured article, over and above that of the raw material, representing the wages consumed and destroyed by the labourers during the process of the production. Thus when Adam Smith, in defence of his classification of manufacturing labour as productive, observes that a man grows rich by employing such, it is replied to him that though such is the case, so far as the *individual* is concerned, yet notwithstanding, the labour cannot be deemed productive to the *nation*, since what the manufacturers gain is so much transferred from others. The worth of the manufactured article, it was contended, should be expended on its production, and thus society at large would be no richer at the end of the process than the beginning, or as Dugald Stewart himself puts it (p. 266):—

"Any saving a manufacturer makes from his wages is so much taken out of the hands of another person, and can no more be said to increase the funds of the community than the gains made at a gambling table." But as for agricultural produce, it was said, the case was different, for there

over and above what should be expended on the producers, there remained under the name of "rent," a clear surplus. This alone, in their estimation, represented the "net revenue" of the country, that is the excess of the gross revenue over and above what should be consumed and destroyed in order to produce it; and the labour from which this resulted they deemed accordingly the only kind which deserved the appellation of "productive." To enter with anything like fullness into a discussion of this whimsical theory, would involve a long and unprofitable discussion; but it is enough to point out the fallacy which lies in the assumption that all which is expended in production is thereby *destroyed*. Over and above what is necessary to supply implements and materials, and support the existence of the producers, there is nothing in the world which involves the destruction of what is expended in carrying on industry. Much of it may be, and usually is accumulated, without the producers reducing themselves to anything like want in the ordinary sense of the word; and hence when any kind of production is completed, the result is, in general, an increase to the net revenue of society, the increase being measured by the excess of the value of what is produced over that which has been destroyed during the process of production. But by overlooking this obvious inference, the curious doctrine known as the Agricultural System was founded and it is quite astonishing how wide was its influence and extensive its circulation among scientific men.

Such was the theory of the "economists" as to productive and unproductive labours, and such the fallacy on which it was founded. But if it were correct, and the national wealth, accordingly, to be found in its agricultural produce alone, (that which existed in a different form having involved the destruction of as much of the others, so that it should be looked upon only as so much wealth which had once been agricultural produce,) the financial system recommended by the "economists" in France, and by Locke before them in England, followed as a matter of course; and this was that all miscellaneous taxes should be abolished, and replaced by a single impost, a land-tax. For if the entire

wealth of the country was or had been agricultural produce, by taxing nothing but the latter all the wealth of the country would be taxed; and were taxation imposed on anything else, it would be, it was alleged, soon thrown back on the land. "It is in vain," says Locke, "in a country whose great fund is land, to hope to lay the public charge of the government on anything else. There at last it will terminate. The merchant, do what you can, will not bear it, the labourers cannot, and therefore the landholders must." This doctrine follows plainly from the agricultural system; but Dugald Stewart, though seeming to adopt the theory in opposition to Adam Smith, was afraid of its legitimate conclusion; his natural indecision having been, doubtless, enhanced by the difference between the circumstances which prevailed in his days and in those of the "economists." When they wrote, agriculture, though discouraged, was the principal occupation of the people, and but little wealth arose from any other source. If was not, therefore, very extraordinary that the latter should have been passed over altogether. But it was different when trade and manufactures had assumed the important position they occupied at the beginning of the century; and any proposal to exempt from taxation those engaged in such pursuits, upon the plea put forth by the "economists," would be apt to be deemed a senseless

paradox. Hence Dugald Stewart does not adopt the suggested financial system, but runs away from it. When discussing the subject of productive and unproductive labours, he observes (vol. i., p. 297), "In what I have now said I would not be understood to intimate any opinion with respect to the territorial tax. The discussion properly belongs to the article of taxation." But when he comes to taxation, he dismisses the matter again to some future occasion, saying, (vol. ii., p. 238), "I shall not at present attempt any statement of the reasonings which have been offered for or against it."

From these specimens it will be perceived the reader is not likely to increase his knowledge of the science of political economy by studying the lectures of Dugald Stewart. They come before the public under circumstances entitling the author to every consideration; but even making due allowance for all this, there appear to be ample grounds for concluding that he never deserved any great reputation as an economist; and his friends would have been more prudent, if instead of publishing the entire course of lectures which came to their hands, they had remained satisfied with bringing forward a few judicious selections only, and consigned the rest to that oblivion to which it is to be hoped, for the sake of the well-earned reputation of Dugald Stewart in other departments, they may speedily return.

#### THE PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL.\*

THERE is no period of the checkered History of England more tortuous and intricate in its scenes, or more finely illustrative of the philosophy of politics, than the Drama of the Restoration. During the twenty-one months intervening between the death of the GREAT PROTECTOR, and the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors, the system of government in England became the subject of revolutions, numerous enough to have overturned all the dynasties of Europe. In that short period almost every form of polity was successively

tried and found wanting—almost every element of civil administration was exhausted. During the nine years which elapsed between the execution of Charles I. and the opening of the drama which M. Guizot here describes (1649-1658), the nation had been subjected, first, to a system of anarchical liberty in the shape of Parliamentary Supremacy, and next to a military despotism in the Protectoral Government of Oliver Cromwell. These systems were successively exhausted,—the one by the inherent weakness of the component body, and

\* A History of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration: by M. Guizot, translated by Andrew Scofield. 2 vols. Richard Bently, New Burlington-street. 1856.

the other by its essential dependence on the individual life on whose existence it had been staked. When, therefore, the death of Oliver had once more dispossessed the country of its established Government, three distinct and antagonistic forms of polity had passed away within a period of ten years. The alternative, consequently, which presented itself to the people of England, on the recurrence of that momentous event, lay between the restoration of the Monarchy under the House of Stuart, with such qualifications as should seem to establish, what we now term, a Constitutional Government, and the attempted consolidation of those shreds and remnants of discordant systems, which represented the ruin of preceding schemes of polity. But the genius of the people, in favour of the restoration, was not sufficiently determined to countervail the adverse influence of individuals in power; and the latter alternative formed the only practicable means of filling the political vacuum, which the death of the Protector had produced.

Four distinct elements of Government, more or less feeble and inadequate, now remained on the anti-monarchical side of political affairs. These were, first, the traditions of the Protectorate, as faintly represented at once by the family of Cromwell, and by the rival generals of the Commonwealth; secondly, the bias of the army as generally disposed in favour of some scheme of republican polity; thirdly, the questionable claims of the half-extinguished Long Parliament; and, fourthly, the undeniable pretensions of a nominally republican Commonwealth, to the investiture of the powers of Government in a free, a full, and a sovereign National Assembly.

Each of these four principles, or elements of Government, was existing on the death of Oliver Cromwell, either in law or in fact—that is to say, they were either already developed into a definite shape, or they were morally existing in virtue of popular convictions of their respective claims. Each, again, of these elements was, singly, too weak to assume the ascendancy—each conflicted with the other—and was not seldom divided against itself. For, in truth, no one of them was possessed of any consistent and homogeneous character.

The claims of the sons of Cromwell to individual supremacy were morally, if not actually, contested by such generals as Monk, and Desborough, and Fairfax, and Lambert. The Long Parliament was no sooner convened than it transformed itself from a body of popular representatives into a rapacious oligarchy, and exhibited the spectacle of a minority of its members ejecting a majority from a participation in its deliberative counsels. The army itself represented or professed opposite political opinions as numerous as the cantonments into which it was distributed. And a free National Assembly, such as we have indicated, would probably, if it had been elected in the autumn of 1658, have presented a scarcely less signal discord on the question of the Constitution of the Empire.

The restoration of the Monarchy in 1658, being, therefore, at that moment, essentially, a utopian scheme, the immediate future of England, at the juncture of the death of Cromwell, obviously lay between the extreme alternatives of a vigorous administration and a series of revolutions. With all these conflicting forces of moral government in the field, it ought clearly to have been the policy of those in power, to have aimed at the fusion and combination of these conflicting elements, as far as possible, into one homogeneous body. Such a course, no doubt, was fraught with the utmost difficulty, and required the presence of a master-mind such as had just departed from the scene of public affairs. And, indeed, it may be questioned whether there is not indirect evidence to show, that even Oliver himself despaired of its complete realisation; for it may be fairly supposed, that he would have preferred to live in greater security at the expense of some qualification of his authority, if he had seen his way to the institution of a less despotic frame of polity, of which he should be the permanent head. But that these conflicting elements of power, at the juncture of the death of Oliver, were not wholly irreconcilable or invincible, is strikingly shown in the manner in which accidental circumstances had nearly established a triple form of Government—and would probably have done so, but for the pusillanimity of Richard—when the first Cabal of

Wallingford House destroyed that conservative scheme of polity. So wholly incompetent, however, with the exception of Thurloe, were the public men who then occupied positions in the State, to the accomplishment of the task which lay before them, that the progress of England, which had so lately been courted and feared by all the nations of Europe, presented simply a gradual decline from revolution to revolution, until the restoration of the Monarchy became, at length, the sole condition of her political existence.

M. Guizot has, we think, rightly estimated the importance of this most eventful of all the epochs of corresponding duration in the History of England, which in the space of less than two years, transformed the Civil Government of the nation from a military dictatorship, unequalled in its vigour and strength, to a limited or constitutional monarchy, conformable to the genius of its ancient polity. This epoch is, singularly, one which has been neglected by almost every historical writer who has dealt with that period of the English annals. Hume has devoted to it no more than about forty pages. Mr. Macaulay describes it in a manner at once contemptuous and laconic. Mr. Carlyle does not condescend to deal with it at all; and he chooses that the curtain shall fall over the name of Cromwell, while yet in the zenith of its glory. It is, perhaps, a peculiar merit in M. Guizot's work, that the vivid representations which it forms of this exciting, yet degrading, drama, is deduced fully from the mass of records, the greater portion of which have been before the public, for at least a century and a half, and which no earlier writer has had the energy to collate; and partly from diplomatic correspondence, which, with few exceptions, had not before been given to the world.

M. Guizot, Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. Hume nearly agree in their respective characterisations of Richard Cromwell, so far as intellectual administrative powers are concerned. But while Hume represents him as at once virtuous in private and incompetent in public life, M. Guizot brings him before us in the character of "an idle, jovial, and somewhat licentious country squire." It is a strange accusation

to prefer against David Hume, that he has dealt too leniently with a supplanter of the House of Stuart. But there is clearly no question whatever, that Richard Cromwell, in his earlier life, had contracted the manners, while he lived in the society, of the cavaliers whom the great Protector had permitted to live in security around him. This, in fact, must have been an almost inevitable result; and it affords, perhaps, the most striking instance on record of the impolitic supineness of the watchful Oliver, who had been designing the hereditary descent of the power he had attained, that instead of bringing up his chosen son either to the profession of the army, or to the duties of government, and without so much as caring to instil into his mind the Cromwellian politics on the recognition of which his existence depended—he allowed him to run riot among the discontented cavaliers, until he appears to have contracted their opinions in an equal degree with those of his father. The result, at any rate, was, that immediately on the occurrence of an administrative difficulty under the Protectorate of Richard, the first expedient suggested by that ruler was the recall of the House of Stuart.

Both at home and abroad Richard's unopposed accession to the Protectorate created very general surprise. The intelligence of the death of Oliver, intimately as the Anglo-French alliance of that day hung on his individual life, threw the Court of Versailles into consternation. The letters, and other authoritative documents, quoted by M. Guizot, strikingly evince the difficulty in which Cardinal Mazarin, then the nearly absolute dictator of France, found himself placed. That Minister, afraid to avow himself positively upon either side, proceeded to a congratulation of all parties interested in the result, with the wonted duplicity of his profession. This, in fact, appears to have been the invariable expedient of the French Court whenever they found themselves beset by rival claimants for their support, of whose ultimate success it might at the moment be impossible to predicate. In this manner the letters of M. de Bordeaux, the French Ambassador at the court of the English Commonwealth, addressed to the Car-

dinal, frequently conclude in such terms as these:—"meanwhile, as I do not know on which side success may declare, I shall continue to speak fair words to all!"

In illustration of this policy, we quote nearly the only letter addressed by Mazarin to Richard Cromwell:—

CARDINAL MAZARIN TO THE PROTECTOR  
(RICHARD CROMWELL.)

Paris, Sept. 25th, 1658.

"SIR,—I have so many reasons for being sensibly affected by the death of his late most serene highness, the Protector, that I shall not employ many words to express to your most serene highness the grief which it has caused me, which I well feel to be one of those which are contained (?) in sad silence, because they are beyond expression. And truly, even, if I did not regard the interest of the king and of the state in the loss of a prince so illustrious and so well intentioned towards this crown, he gave me, even in the last moments of his life, such obliging and such glorious marks of esteem, confidence, and friendship, that I cannot sufficiently regret his loss. But what mitigates in some degree my displeasure (!) at this unfortunate occurrence, is to find that your most serene highness has been proclaimed his successor with such universal applause; and that I am fully persuaded that not only will you conform to his views, for the establishment of an indissoluble union with France, but that you will be pleased to honor me with the same good-will which his highness entertained towards me, as I have a very strong desire to deserve it by my services."

And was this the only letter of sympathy and congratulation written by Cardinal Mazarin? No. He simultaneously sent his felicitations on this event to — Queen Henrietta Maria, the exiled widow of Charles I! This duplicity did not end here. The Lord Cardinal, indeed, did not put the respective letters, like a more modern diplomatist of this country, into the wrong envelopes; but he found himself compelled to offend one party, or the other on the delicate question of placing the Court in mourning for the Protector. The Cromwells would be peculiarly susceptible of a slight: and the Stuarts would be similarly incensed by such an apotheosis of the deceased usurper. But at length the wily Cardinal came to the conclusion—to paraphrase the proverb—that a Protector in the hand was worth two Queens in the bush: and Louis XIV. accordingly went into mourn-

ing for the deceased executioner of Charles I.!

This liberal determination of Cardinal Mazarin, in fact, to ally the French court rather with nations than with governments—which is the exact antecedent of our policy in regard to France at this day—affords a signal contrast to the subsequent maladministration of Louis XIV., when that sovereign had undertaken the individual responsibility of government. In a word, it was the policy of the Great Minister to regard the nation as identified with the *de facto* government: it was the policy of the Grand Monarque to regard the dynasty as constituting the State.

Richard Cromwell now suddenly found himself elevated from the debauchery and obscurity of his provincial life, to the highest pinnacle of political authority. For the moment, his rivals readily acceded to his assumption of the Protectoral power. His brother, Henry, consented to rule Ireland as his deputy, and assured him of the tranquillity of that important nation. Monk, who was then all-powerful in Scotland, similarly acquiesced in the authority of Richard; and Fleetwood, who had been long the presumptive successor of the great Protector, adopted the same course. "And was this" it was demanded by the astonished courts of Europe, "the tranquil manner in which England received an event which had threatened to involve her in a tempest of unquenchable revolution?"

But behind all this temporary and temporising subserviency, the storm was gradually and secretly arising. The first indication of danger came from the suspicious withdrawal of the leading officers from the court of the young Protector. Wallingford House, where Fleetwood lived, became the scene of suspicious military councils. Desborough followed Fleetwood's example. While one assembly was convened at Wallingford House, another sat at Desborough's. Meanwhile the executive government was carried on at Whitehall, ostensibly by a council of state constituted on a liberal basis, and composed both of Cromwellians and Republicans; but virtually by a small committee of that council, known as the Palace Cabal. Of this, Thurloe was the chief.

Thurloe was Prime Minister of Richard: and became, through the weakness of his master, the real director of the state. He was the leading civilian, much as Fleetwood was the leading general, then in London. Between these two rivals, an inevitable animosity sprang up. Scarcely had the accession of Richard taken place, when this formidable antagonism developed itself in a demand from the council of Wallingford House, that the office of commander-in-chief "should be restored in the person of a military man who had served in the wars of Oliver; and that no officers should be dismissed except by the sentence of a court-martial."

Here was not only a direct blow aimed at the supremacy of Richard, but a covert attempt to renew the military dictatorship of Oliver in the person of Fleetwood, who was unmistakably designed in a demand thus emanating from a council assembled at his own residence. The illusion of conservative order, as the characteristic of the reign of Richard, vanished at once. Here was a council of state assembled at Whitehall under the Protector, forming the only government of the country;—and here, again, not a stone's throw from the seat of the legal administration, was a self-existent military council, unrecognised by any other body than itself, and determined on the destruction of the rival court! Nothing can more fully illustrate the moral alienation of the public from the idea of order, and of the dignity of government, than the fact that these demonstrations were received by the public, with every symptom of complacency and indifference. In truth, if we were to endeavour to draw a parallel to the government of England, during the last period of the commonwealth, in the history of our own times, we could find it only at Madrid.

The council at Whitehall promptly took up the gauntlet thrown down by the council of Wallingford House; and Richard returned to the demand a flat refusal. This refusal was drawn up by Thurloe, and is to be found in the State Papers, bearing his name. There is reason, indeed, to think that this promptitude on the part of the legal executive was produced by a further knowledge of the ambitious projects of Fleetwood, than

any that has hitherto come to light; for Desborough, at this juncture, charged Lord Faulconbridge, who was Cromwell's brother-in-law, with a design for the imprisonment of Fleetwood in Windsor Castle. This is also attested in Thurloe's state papers; and it suggests a probability that Richard may have been scheming violent measures for the suppression of the Wallingford House Cabal, with that occasional vigour which characterised his early administration, but which afterwards altogether failed him in the hour of his direst necessity.

Richard and his advisers now saw that the only course before them lay in the convocation of parliament. It was absolutely necessary that some further sanction should be given to the existence of the government of Whitehall, in order to withstand the cabals of the army. The sanction which parliament might confer would be both of a moral and of a legal character. It would be difficult, on the one hand, for the officers to debauch into rebellion against parliamentary government an army which had already fought the domestic wars of political liberty. The increase of authority, on the other, which a *de facto* administration, would possess by its formal inauguration with all the solemnity that an appeal to the nation could confer, would be incalculably great. The only difficulty, in truth, consisted in the return of a parliament which should support the Protectoral polity. The council of state durst not encounter a free parliament chosen after the recent electoral law. With a suppleness, however, for which Thurloe has seldom gained credit, but which he really possessed, these difficulties were overcome. The representation was fraudulently contracted; and the executive gained the general support of the cavaliers, on the supposition, which it by no means attempted to dispel, of its favourable disposition to the royal cause.

This parliament was summoned for January, 1659, Oliver having died so recently as the previous September. But there was another urgent motive for its assembly. The treasury was empty, and the government well nigh bankrupt. Richard, with a paltry ostentation in the circumstances of the nation, had expended sixty thou-

sand pounds on his father's funeral—a sum infinitely larger, if we consider either the relative value of money or the actual revenues of the state, than what was recently voted to defray that of the Duke of Wellington. Meanwhile the army was starving. This extravagance embarrassed and beggared the pious son of the great Oliver, to the last day of his Protectoral life.

Parliament assembled; and a motley convention it presented. The 'state of parties,' the great political theme of that hour, forms an instructive lesson at this day. The House of Commons was split into three principal divisions; much as it is split, at the present hour, into the three principal parties of the Tories, the Whigs, and the Radicals. These were, of course, the Royalists, the Cromwellians, and the Republicans. The positions assumed by the former and the latter were clear and logical. The one asserted the essential sovereignty of the exiled dynasty—the other that of the people. But the Cromwellian theory of government was altogether unintelligible. It asserted the superior, or antecedent, right of the Protectorate over parliament; and it illustrated its position by applying to this parliament to institute and ratify that Protectoral power! The position of the Cromwellian, or Ministerial, party in the House, was similar to that of the Whigs on the treasury bench at this day. Beset alternately by either extreme of political opposition, they appealed first to the Republicans with the cry—'Save us from the Royalists who will bring in the king'—and next to the same Royalists in turn—'Defend us from the Republicans who will render all government impossible.'

The Parliamentary tactics of a Government encompassed by these difficulties, were characterised by a skill of which we find no example until we reach the constitutional age of George I. They are well worthy of investigation, too, as affording the first instance that occurs in the Parliamentary History of England of a system of balancing the hostility of conflicting parties, analogous to that which has been more prominently introduced by successive leaders of the House of Commons, since the period

of the Reform Act. We may refer, indeed, to the same general and obvious cause, the dominance of the Whig party from that epoch until now, and the dominance of the Cromwellians in the Parliament of January, 1659. Either event introduced a third party into the House: and between the two extreme parties of each period, the Whigs in the one, and the Cromwellians in the other, occupied the mean. It is strange, indeed, that living historians should have so generally passed over the records of a period, which seems to form the archetype of our present Parliamentary tactics.

The conflict was a short one; and it afforded a decisive victory to the Protectoral party. The constitutional scheme of Thurloe was of a masterly character; and it brought Richard Cromwell far nearer the attainment of regal and hereditary power than his father, with all his splendid talents, had ever approached to. It was the aim of Thurloe to establish two separate Houses, *in subordination* to a Protectorate. The House of Peers was to be re-formed: it was to consist of all those nobles who would swear fealty to the Commonwealth; and who therefore, for the restoration of their rights, would, it was thought, readily abandon their lawful sovereign, and acknowledge the supremacy of Richard. Extended grants of land, alienated from the disaffected to these nobles, would be alone wanting to render the Cromwellian aristocracy influential in the country. One additional step alone would then be requisite—to change the name of Protector into that of King.

On the 1st of February, 1659, Thurloe introduced his bill, and carried, subject to an amendment imposing some restriction on the Executive powers, a vote recognising Richard Cromwell as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. The Minister then triumphantly introduced his second measure, establishing the two Houses. It was vehemently contested by the Republicans. In spite, however, of their opposition this measure was carried also. But the Republicans succeeded in establishing this state of things as a Constitution emanating from the Assembly, and not as a merely formal recognition of an existing system. Thurloe had endeavoured



to represent the Parliamentary vote in the character of an acknowledgment of a *fait accompli*. This M. Guizot refers to the logical mind of Thurloe, who could not understand how a Parliament could bind the authority of a Protector through whose antecedent existence its proceedings had been instituted. But it is certain that Thurloe was no less supple than he was logical; and we suspect that Thurloe's reasoning was directed simply to the end of paving the way to the assumption of a kingly and irresponsible authority in the person of Richard Cromwell.

But the schemes of the Republicans were not yet exhausted. Government being in a parliamentary majority, it was their next endeavour to eject the Scotch and Irish members—sixty in number—from the House. These members were Cromwellians; and had been elected, there was no doubt, by corrupt Government influence. For this attempt, M. Guizot censures the Republicans with equal severity and injustice. He acknowledges the corruption alleged; and his vindication of Government is, that these members had sat during six weeks unchallenged! We never before heard that six weeks constituted prescriptive right. At our own day, petitions for bribery are seldom acted on until the lapse of a far longer period. M. Guizot's theory, indeed, assails the whole course of our traditionary practice, in proceedings in Parliament against the return of members. With due respect to the illustrious rank commanded by M. Guizot in literature, we cannot help ascribing this untenable defence to such a general sympathy for political corruption as may fairly be inferred of the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe under the later years of the Orleans dynasty!

Never was the Revolution so near its triumph—never was it so near its fall. It had united prescription with reformation—it had incorporated the virtues, while it had rejected the vices of the Monarchy. A Constitution consisting of a Republican king, of Republican barons, and of a Conservative House of Commons, went little short of realising the dream of a Constitutional Monarchy. By a majority of 198 to 125, the House decided on the admission of all

"Peers faithful to Parliament;" and although, in that age of shameless tergiversation, the fidelity of any single Peer might fairly have been questioned, the aristocratic element was for the moment actually restored. By the 23rd of March, the day on which this vote was taken, the Constitution was fixed: and had the Executive been still characterised by its former vigour, the Stuarts would have been banished for ever; and the House of Cromwell would, in all probability, have been still possessed of the throne of the three kingdoms.

But the Protector and the Parliament being now united in their interests, the Republicans accordingly shifted their attack; and a few more weeks sufficed to work the total overthrow of the Constitution. Wallingford House rose once more. Thither repaired the disaffected officers, beaten by the parliamentary tactics of Thurloe. Lambert, a member at once of Parliament and of this irregular Assembly, was specially charged by the Republican party with the intrigue of debauching the army. The council of officers were drawing up a petition against the Protectoral Government. In this juncture Richard, with rare vigour, went down to Wallingford House, and confronted the conspirators with a boldness which effectually disarmed them of their projects.

But the Protector was no match for the Hydra with which he had to contend. The Republicans now placed him in an insuperable dilemma. Creating a direct antagonism between the army and the Parliament, they compelled him to make his selection between these hostile elements of power. If he determined to support the army against the Parliament, he opposed the only authority on which his moral, if not also his legal, existence depended. If he should support the Parliament against the army, he arrayed himself singly against the whole military force of the country.

The desperate straits to which Richard was thus soon reduced is indicated in the following letter from Henry Cromwell to Thurloe, which is preserved in Thurloe's State papers:—

"My opinion is," writes Henry from Ireland, "that any extreme is more tolerable than returning to Charles Stuart. Other

disasters are temporary and may be mended. These are not. I know you are of the same opinion."

Richard's demeanour henceforward exhibited a compound of feeble duplicity and fatal vacillation. He fairly sank under the crisis. He fostered the illusions of the Royalists in order to gain their support; and "to the Republicans," says M. Guizot, "he was neither more sincere nor more straightforward." So imminent was the danger, that Thurloe was driven to the criminal expedient of inciting Royalist insurrections. In the last days of March, Desborough and Fleetwood extorted from Richard his sanction to the convocation of a general council of officers to consider the discontent of the army. The die was now almost irrevocably cast. The council of officers, to the number of five hundred, met at Wallingford House. Their first resolutions were directed against the very authority by which they had been created, and assailed the Protector's Government. Richard went down, under the urgent entreaty of Lord Broghill, and summarily dissolved them. They continued, however, to assemble in defiance of his authority. Anarchy was now openly proclaimed. The crisis was terrible to the name of Cromwell. Richard vacillated. Lord Howard, the only Cromwellian equal to the crisis, offered to rid the Protector of his four great enemies, Fleetwood, Lambert, Vane, and Desborough, either by public arrest and trial, or (more probably) by assassination. This was the only hope of the Protectorate—the sole condition of public order. The hour was pregnant with the destiny of ages. Richard refused to shed a drop of blood in defence of the cause for which the lives of thousands had fallen under the sway of his father. Howard repeated that his life was in peril. "I am thankful for your friendship," answered Richard meekly, "but violent courses suit not with me." Howard threw up his mission in disgust, and retired with Broghill to prepare for the restoration of the Stuarts.\*

Richard, now abandoned to the tender mercies of the army, endea-

voured to gain by bribery the support of Monk. He offered him, in a word, £20,000. Monk equally mercenary with, but more shrewd than Richard, questioned the legal security; and declined the proposal. Wallingford House now unmasked itself, and demanded of Richard the dissolution of Parliament. Simultaneously the commanding officers in London openly set him at defiance. The *Coup d'Etat* was reversed. Desborough—a sort of mongrel between a clown and a general, and not very dissimilar to a Bandit Chief—abruptly entered Whitehall, and offered the Protector the alternative of a Dissolution by the army which should turn him adrift, or of a compliance which should ensure him the support of the army. Richard deserted and dissolved his Parliament, much as Charles had deserted Strafford. On the 22nd April, the dissolution took place. No sooner had the Protector abandoned the Parliament, than the army, in turn, abandoned the Protector. The veil dropped, when too late, from the vision of Richard: Wallingford House became the only depository of power: and the illustrious name of Cromwell passed for ever from the History of England.

The catastrophe of the Protectorate was accomplished; and the drama of the Restoration opened. License, violence, and pillage, ruled in the name of anarchy; and the Pandemonium of Wallingford House was now incontestably supreme. Misery suggested the last expedient of the State—the Long Parliament was recalled. Jurists doubted if that venerable institution were not politically defunct; and a less thoughtful analysis suggested the probability that its component members might be naturally defunct also. The Generals, however, enquired little either into the *theory* of their collective, or the *fact* of their individual, dissolution. Forty-two gentlemen entered Westminster Hall, and announced that they had survived the changes and chances of this mortal life. The Long Parliament was accordingly constituted. But those who had retired, in 1653, as British Republicans,

\* This we have on the authority of Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*. Vol. 1, p. 330.

reappeared in 1659, as Venetian Oligarchs. Two hundred and thirteen others asserted the right of sitting conjunctively with the forty-two; of these many may have been pretenders, but the claims of all were denied as spurious by the two and forty first-comers, on the ground that they had not sat since 1643. The minority legislated within—the majority grumbled without.

Richard Cromwell, the derision of Europe, yet lingered at Whitehall:

“Tripped by the slide of his own slippery feet,

The crown cajoled from Fortune by a trick,

Fortune in turn outcheated from the cheat;  
Clapped her sly cap the glittering bauble on,  
Cried ‘Presto!’—raised it—and the gaud  
was gone!”

His duplicity was qualified only by his imbecility; and his imbecility in turn by a certain, low, natural cunning. Sunk into the last depth of degradation, he trafficked for money with the fortunes of his country. In consideration of an annuity of £20,000, he schemed the restoration of the Stuarts. Mazarin, meanwhile, offered him the military assistance of the French government, as a means of maintaining the English alliance. After having refused to arrest four manifest conspirators fairly amenable to punishment, he now endeavoured to bring over foreign troops, and plunge his country in a desolating war. Accepting Mazarin's offer, he first agreed to sacrifice the Stuarts, and then to sacrifice his country. Reproaching himself once more—in a conflict like that of Louis XIV.'s later years between conscience and inclination—he threw up the project, and renewed his relations with the Stuarts. Henry Cromwell, alone worthy of the name, seeing his brother irrevocably lost, steadfastly supported the cause of the exiles. Richard, meanwhile, ordered by parliament to quit Whitehall, clung to it with the tenacity of a child. He lingered, not for the traditions of his glory, but through a fear of arrest for debt! Parliament now assured him of £10,000 a year; he immediately retired with his bargain; and sold, for this mess of pottage, the birthright of the heir of Oliver Cromwell.

The country was now torn between a military oligarchy at Wallingford

House, and a civil oligarchy at Westminster Hall. This Revolution serves to place the country in the relation of the miller in John Barleycorn,—

“But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he ground him between two stones.”

The council of officers passed a “Humble Petition”—which was, in fact, a rigorous demand—that Fleetwood should be commander-in-chief. This the Long Parliament, with equal boldness, violently repudiated. The two powers directly clashed; one or other must inevitably give way.

It may be curious to learn how a parliamentary body discharged at once its legislative and executive functions. “Government,” in its more usual sense, was maintained under the Long Parliament by committees, which sat like committees of enquiry at this day, and administered each the business of a single department. Throughout the country, commissioners were appointed to discharge the local executive. A committee of safety, afterwards replaced by a council of state consisting of thirty-one members, held the supreme administrative power. The committees discharged the part of ministers individually. The commissioners corresponded to our Lords Lieutenant, with this difference, that they had positive duties to perform. Finally, the committee of safety formed the cabinet of the day, in subordination to the sovereign parliament. Such, then, was the government of the United Kingdom under a transient oligarchy, headed neither by a King, a Protector, or by so much as a Doge.

The long-deferred expectations of the Royalists were now at their height. By every means the exiled court were daily scheming for the Restoration. Hyde, afterwards the hated Clarendon, was the Prime Minister as much of the exiled heir of the Stuarts as of the restored sovereign. His activity in this respect may be fairly illustrated in the following letter addressed by him to Mordaunt, from Breda, and contained in the *Clarendon State Papers*:—

“Methinks the most popular way of provoking Cromwell should be by a sharp prosecution of those criminal persons whom he must protect. . . . There is one other thing that our friends will not fail to watch,

which is to do all that may be, to make a war with Holland, in which the honour and trade of the nation is so much concerned—iii. 433.

These, then, were the sordid and unscrupulous devices to which an exiled court, professing an ardent patriotism, and practising every species of moral and political profligacy, could resort. Not only were they willing, with a meanness and dishonesty almost without parallel in the history of other times, to sanction every insidious method for the undermining of the existing government; but they were ready even to throw their country into the worst calamities of war—to choose even such a war as should visit the British name with dishonour, turn its glory into derision, cripple or destroy its commerce, and not impossibly transfer to other hands the mastery of the ocean. If the outrageous misgovernment of Charles I. had not fairly escheated the moral claim of the Stuart dynasty to the throne of these realms, the work of disherison was surely completed by the treason of his family and their ministers during their exile on the Continent. When Charles II. returned in 1660, to take possession of the throne of his ancestors, Clarendon, the chosen minister of this profligate prince, deserved undoubtedly to have been hanged. The splendour of the career which, on the contrary, then opened upon him, was a fitting emblem of the disastrous and disgraceful policy which he initiated when in power, and which brought about the derision of this country in the eyes of Europe, during the nearly thirty years intervening between that period and the accession of William III.

The Royalist party, however, was visibly gaining strength during the sitting of the Long Parliament. The Presbyterians had, from the first, clamoured rather for reform than for revolution. They had wisely acquiesced in the Commonwealth when once established: but their hatred of Cromwell and their later experience of the anarchy which his death had introduced, served to revive their allegiance to the Stuarts. The Cromwellians, too, who were equally opposed to the tyranny of an oligarchical government and to the wild chimeras of the Republicans, now

began to support the same policy, which, since the deposition of Richard Cromwell, presented the only element of monarchical government then left to England. A generation, moreover, of younger men was now fast rising into prominence, connected by no political antecedents with any of the traditions of the civil war, growing wearied of the instability of the revolutionary governments, and instinctively desiring the return of the exiled court. In addition to the Royalist recruits thus obtained from these three different sources, several of the more considerable depositaries of power had not yet declared themselves; and were all probably possessed of the suppleness which would serve to throw their strength into the heavier scale.

But Charles and James, impatient for the natural tide of fortune, now endeavoured to conquer their doubtful rights. It appears that Condé and Turenne offered to each of them a body of troops. The latter general alone placed 5,000 men at their disposal. These forces were to embark from Calais, and to act in concert with the insurrectionary force commanded by Sir George Booth, and already in the field. It was now August, in the year 1659. Charles was at Calais—James at Bordeaux. Both were ready for their daring assault upon the independence of their country. Booth was already master of the principal towns in the west of England. But his speedy defeat by Lambert put an end once more to the day-dream of the Stuarts; and the apprehension of the Long Parliament for their return was soon changed into a fear of dissolution at the hands of their own victorious general, Lambert.

The impolicy of this scheme of the Stuarts is strikingly set forth in the following note from M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador in London, who was well versed in the state of parties in England:—

M. DE BORDEAUX TO M. DE BRIENNE.

London, Dec. 29, 1659.

SIR, . . . The most influential are of opinion that it would cause the entire ruin of their affairs if the people apprehended the return of the King of England with foreign troops; for the parties which are now in arms are not so much embittered against each other but that the slightest likelihood

of the Prince's return would reunite them; the greater number of those who wish him back do not desire to see him in a position to exercise absolute authority, but rather necessitated to grant them all the conditions they may desire. *This capitulation can only be made by a free parliament, &c. ii. p. 310.*

The wisdom of this conviction is strikingly illustrated in the actual result. The conduct of Charles, like that pursued by Bonaparte a century and a half later, would have destroyed the only hopes of his party. The divisions of the Congress of Vienna might ultimately have made way for the return of Napoleon, as the divisions of England made way for the return of Charles. But the violent policy of the one, like the violent policy of the other, would simply have presented him in the character of a common enemy.

A new phasis of fortune now darkened the hopes of the Stuarts and terminated the existence of the Long Parliament oligarchs with their committee-governments. Lambert, imitating the policy without possessing the genius of Cromwell, marched back in triumph to London, and entered the capital at the head of his troops. The Long Parliament feebly encountered his hostility, by stationing a few military detachments in different quarters of the metropolis. Now followed a scene of anarchy illustrating the complete debauchery of the army. If the Long Parliament, whose dissolution Lambert had formally proclaimed, had any legal authority whatever, the military in their pay could only regard Lambert as a traitor. Yet, what was the result? Colonel Moss, at the head of the parliamentary force, encountered Lambert in the streets of London; and there ensued, not a contest, but a parley! Some of Moss's troops went over to Lambert, and some of Lambert's to Moss! In this state of defection, Haslerig applied to the city for assistance. The city coolly replied, "that they did not wish to interfere in the quarrel." "The public," they added, "*took no interest either in the quarrel or the combatants!*" The council of state now met, Lambert being of their number. It was agreed by these functionaries that the parliament should exist no longer—in other words, the Ministers abolished their Sovereign!

Thus ended the resuscitated existence of the Long Parliament.

The end drew near. The drama of Monk—the well-known prelude of the Restoration—succeeded. To Monk the thoughts of all were involuntarily turned. He alone was in a position of real and independent authority. Lambert could not count for a moment on the fidelity of his troops, or on the cohesion of his party. England was nearer to a state of anarchy than at any former period. Fleetwood, Lambert, Fairfax, and Desborough, were divided against each other. The tendency of all this to the restoration of the Stuarts is thus illustrated:—

M. DE BORDEAUX TO CARDINAL MAZARIN.

London, Dec. 29, 1659.

MY LORD,—The duplicate of my letter to M. de Brienne will inform your Eminence of what has passed in England since my last despatch. I may add, however, that it appears to me that there is a great cabal of the nobles and principal Presbyterians; their design is to induce the Common Council, in spite of the mayor, to demand the restoration of the Long Parliament but with all the members who were excluded from it before the death of the King, *feeling sure that they will recall his son on the conditions which he granted in the Isle of Wight,* . . . and if your Eminence judges it advisable that I should make advances to any party, you will, if you please, let me know: meanwhile, in order to disoblige none, I shall continue to speak fair words to all.—Vol. ii., pp. 313-15.

The unfailing insight of Bordeaux told him that nearly every element of government was exhausted. The inevitable alternative of Monk or Charles Stuart was more and more plainly staring in the face the discomfited leaders of the Commonwealth in England.

No character is more interesting to analyze than that of Monk. "He had," said M. Guizot, with great truth, "no fixed principles, no strong passions, no great political ambition." He was, indeed, without exaggeration, the coolest scoundrel of the Commonwealth. His judgment was of an order by no means inferior to that of Cromwell: he was below him only in point of promptitude and decision, so far as civil characteristics are concerned. A less prudent man would inevitably have been lost in the diff-

culties through which he had to shape his way. Yet Monk, with all this aptitude for ruling the body politic, seemed totally unable to rule his own household. His wife was a model at once of moral and political indiscretion. She had been at first his mistress: and an extremely coarse and vulgar woman, if we may believe contemporary records, she must have been. Raised to the dignity of his wife, and entrusted with his political secrets, she proclaimed them with a success which the town-criers of Edinburgh might have fairly envied. So completely futile were the attempts of her husband to keep her within the bounds either of subjection or discretion, that Mrs. Monk was given over by the General to the prudential lectures of his chaplain Price, who was charged to exhort her into an appreciation of the danger in which imprudent disclosures would involve her husband. Mrs. Monk, we need scarcely add, was actuated to this conduct mainly by her ambition for the General. Born in very low condition, she was intoxicated with the distinction to which her husband seemed likely to be raised. But she openly favoured the Stuart cause, chiefly, as M. Guizot suspects, through an ardour common to people of very plebeian extraction when raised to positions of eminence, to identify herself with the highest classes of society. Monk, however, soon found his chaplain Price no less indiscreet than his wife whom he had set him to admonish; and once exclaimed that between the conduct of his wife and his chaplain he should be altogether undone.

Monk's natural taciturnity lent aid, no doubt, to his masterly dissimulation. But even when on occasions, that taciturnity was laid aside, his conversation and letters exhibit the coolest duplicity that we have ever encountered in history. Determined in no way to commit himself until the tide of fortune should be beyond reverse, he had watched Sir George Booth's royalist insurrection with a coolness which exasperated all classes around him. "What, Mr. Price," said he to his loquacious chaplain, "will you then bring my neck to the block for the king, and ruin our

whole design *by engaging too rashly?*" This conversation took place on the day previously to that on which the intelligence of Booth's defeat reached him. "What," said Price, on the next day, "would you have done, if the news of Lambert's beating of Booth had surprised us in the first appearance of our design?" Monk answered, "I doubt not but I could have secured the Castle of Edinburgh and Citadel of Leith: some officers and many soldiers would have followed me; and then I would have *commissioned (!)* the whole Scottish nation to rise." But the best part of the story remains to be told. Monk had a dinner party on that day. He was to entertain a cloud of Anabaptists, Quakers, and other equally luminous sectarians, who regarded Charles as the vice-gerent of the devil. This Saturnalia of dissent and fanaticism was to be held in honour of the triumph of Lambert, and the discomfiture of Booth. Taciturnity on such an occasion, by the Governor of the kingdom, was out of the question. "I could wish," said Monk solemnly, with a coolness which must have amused those behind the scenes, "that whoever should but mention the restoring of him (Charles Stuart) should be presently hanged!"\*

Monk, having now patiently witnessed the conclusion of the different dramas of Government, proceeded to action. He formally adopted the cause of the Long Parliament against Lambert, this course being consistent both with a republican and ultimately royalist policy. To the aged Lenthall, the speaker of the house, he wrote as follows, with characteristic duplicity:—

I do call God to witness that the asserting of a Commonwealth is the only intent of my heart; and I desire, if possible, to avoid the shedding of blood. *But if my army will not obey you, I will not desert you, according to my duty.*—*Monk's Letters.*

On the 18th of November, he commenced his march for London; and his open espousal of the parliamentary cause, disarmed the suspicion of his perfidy to the Republicans. He had many circumstances in his favour. His army was well provided for, well

\* This account is given in Price's Memoirs. It is also corroborated by Baker's Chronicle.

paid, well disciplined, well accoutred, and well fed. The hostile army under Lambert, meanwhile, was starved, debauched, penniless and disabled. Monk had by various means possessed himself of £70,000, which by a sacrifice without parallel on the part of so penurious a man, he was prepared to expend on the march of his army. Historians give him credit for having been honestly possessed of a sum so considerable in that age; but there is every evidence, both internal and external, to question their verdict;—it is difficult to regard it as representing the result of his legitimate savings, and it is certain that Monk was as unscrupulous as he was mercenary.

Mr. Macaulay's representation of the glowing patriotism of the Scottish army under Monk, does not appear to be more than partially borne out by M. Guizot's testimony, or by that even of other contemporary writers than those to whom he has referred. Mr. Macaulay thus describes the sentiments of Monk's army:—

The army of Scotland had borne no part in the late revolution, and had seen them with indignation resembling the indignation which the Roman legions posted on the Danube and the Euphrates felt, when they learned that the empire had been put up to sale by the Prætorian guards. It was intolerable that certain regiments should, merely because they happened to be quartered near Westminster, take on themselves to make and unmake several governments in the course of half a year.—i. 145.

It would rather seem that the troops of Monk were ready to follow their leader's behests while they were paid, without being possessed of any such magnanimity as Mr. Macaulay does them the honour to ascribe to them.

We propose to bring into contrast the characterization of Monk by M. Guizot, and Mr. Macaulay; inasmuch as we shall thus elucidate the question, whether the present work has thrown any additional light on that point of the history of the Commonwealth. Mr. Macaulay's history may fairly be held to represent the industry which, up to the period of its publication, had been devoted to the records of this period. That writer, then, describes the policy and opinions of Monk, in the juncture of his march on London, in the words:—

In the mean time Monk was advancing

towards London. Wherever he came, the gentry flocked round him, imploring him to use his power for the purpose of restoring peace and liberty to the distracted nation. The General, cold-blooded, taciturn, zealous for no polity and for no religion, maintained an impenetrable reserve. *What were at this time his plans, and whether he had any plan, may well be doubted.*—i. 147.

Now it is certain that Price's *Memoirs* describe Monk, amid a guise of the deepest dissimulation, as bent on the restoration of the Stuarts, if it could possibly be achieved without imminent danger to himself. This, in fact, appears to have been a settled understanding between Monk, and his wife and chaplain, who seemed to form his privy council. The freedom with which Monk trusted to their discretion, and the freedom with which they chattered abroad his designs, are certainly inconsistent with the usual caution and prudence of the General. But independently of any other circumstances, we should be ready to stake the settled policy of Monk in favour of the restitution of the Stuarts, on the fact that he declined to interfere in the government of England, during any of those earlier revolutions which, favourable as they would have been to his own exaltation, did not seem calculated to afford scope for a successful demonstration on behalf of the Royalists. When, however, the divisions of the army, after the second expulsion of the Long Parliament, had gradually exhausted all the powerful sources of opposition, and thereby left room for a policy either of usurpation or of restoration in the hands of Monk, we find that that General seized his opportunity, threw himself into the vortex of English politics, entered into correspondence with the Stuarts, and, assuredly without the intervention of any delay fairly chargeable on himself, effected the Restoration. It appears, moreover, from a passage which we have already quoted, that this determination was no secret from Price so early as the insurrection of Sir George Booth.

"What would you have done," said Price to his superior, "if the news of Lambert's beating of Booth had surprised us in the first appearance of our design?" This enquiry, with Monk's answer (already quoted), most clearly implies that a settled

policy had been then already enunciated by the General. And that this determination was not merely a transient scheme, created by the rise, and destroyed by the discomfiture of Booth's movement, we gather from the subsequent conversations of Monk with his chaplain. In fact, it appears that on this very journey to London, in the course of which Mr. Macaulay ascribes to him the absence of all plan or design, Price informs us that Monk said to him in a confidential tone (in speaking of the Restoration of the Stuarts), "by God's help, I will do it."

The general taciturnity of Monk, which was the secret of his success, has strangely been the cause of his disparagement. His design, saving only the instances of his indiscretion towards his chaplain and his wife, were veiled in too great obscurity to be easily detected. Monk, in fact, was an inimitable diplomatist, while he was an indifferent general. No one will pretend that he displayed the daring or the depth of Cromwell, any more than it will be pretended that he was possessed of his ambition. Essentially a soldier, he loved discipline—a love of military discipline begat a love of political order, and a love of political order sought its realisation first in Oliver Cromwell, and next in Charles Stuart. Mr. Macaulay, indeed, charges him with a want of foresight: this charge he makes no attempt to substantiate; and the manner in which Monk passed from an unconditional acquiescence in the government of the Great Protector to the countenancing of designs, not only against the generals who a second time subverted the Long Parliament—not only against the Long Parliament itself, in its session of 1659, but against the very Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, serve rather to illustrate the foresight which convinced him that (unless, indeed, he were prepared to avail himself of any crisis which should place within his own grasp the military dictatorship which had been held by Cromwell,) the only remaining alternative for England, on the death of Oliver, existed in the Restoration.

Such, then, being the settled policy of Monk, let us now observe the manner in which he outwitted the Republican leaders. These men were

the victims of every kind of dissension—of every possible division of counsel. The Committee of Safety, or the Council of State (alternately, according to the revolution of the hour, at the head of affairs in London), one day assumed towards Monk the character of open enemies, and the next that of disguised sycophants. Scarcely had these sublime authorities overruled by a narrow majority the proposal of Whitelock, that Lambert should attack the army of Monk, when they passed a resolution, on the 19th of November, appointing the Caledonian dissimulator General-in-Chief of all the forces of England and Scotland! Lambert, his rival and enemy, became at once his subordinate. One barrier alone interposed itself to the ruin of the generals of the Commonwealth. Monk had sent forward Commissioners to treat with whatever government they might find on reaching London. The Committee of Safety, now chiefly composed of anti-Parliamentary Republicans, eagerly duped these Commissioners into the conclusion of a Convention arresting the progress of Monk. This Convention reached Monk on the frontier. To ratify it, would be tantamount to an abdication of all his political designs. To repudiate it, would constitute an open declaration against the existing authority of Whitehall. In this dilemma, and disregarding the counsels of his associates who were confounded by this apparently inevitable alternative, Monk replied, that "the obscurity of the terms rendered essential a suspension of the ratification demanded," required the immediate removal of the negotiation to a frontier town, and added fresh Commissioners to those who had been so fatally infected by the Republican atmosphere of the capital—at once maintaining his pacific relations, and precipitating his march, he immediately moved on Berwick, and entered the English territory on the 1st of January, 1660.

This intelligence struck a panic among the usurpers of power in London. The city gained courage, and openly set them at defiance. Lawson, the admiral in command of the English fleet, declared that he would recognise no authority but that of the expelled Parliament. The country



declared against the Executive. In this desperate position of affairs, with avowed enemies to their usurpation on every side, the army in the capital revolted from their allegiance, and, for a third time, established the obnoxious Parliament in their stead.

The usurpers became fugitives. Desborough fled to Lambert's camp. The starving army of Lambert in turn disbanded, and he himself fled without a refuge. Fairfax had risen against Lambert, and Monk had crossed the frontier to support this move of his lieutenant. The two-and-forty oligarchs—restored neither by the Crown nor the generals, but by the common soldiery—had reassembled at Westminster on the 26th of December. All being now powerless but Monk, no diplomacy could shield their apprehension of his designs. Tyrants and sycophants in turn, they proceeded to expel and dispossess the generals who had formerly taken part against them; while they voted to Monk, whom they began to hate more than all, an estate worth £1,000 per annum. At the same time they wrote him a letter, couched in the coldest terms, and discouraging as impolitic his march on London. To complete their Venetian character, they sent two Commissioners to his camp, investing them with a power of controlling his movements, like the government of the great Italian Republic, when unable to rely on the fidelity of a foreign commander.

At St. Alban's, which Monk reached on the 28th of January, that general, we should have thought, fairly threw off his mask. From that place he demanded the immediate withdrawal of the troops then in London, and their replacement by his own. Even this concession was made! It caused, indeed, momentary alarm, allayed, in the words of Ludlow and Haslerig, "by sparks of hope that Monk could not be such a devil as to betray a trust so freely reposed in him"—(See Ludlow's Memoirs).

"Such a devil," however, was Monk. He entered London on the 3rd of February, and proceeded on the following day to the Council of State. Its President then desired him to take an oath of abjuration against the Stuarts. "I must crave leave," answered the arch-dissimula-

tor, "to demur; for I know not how this oath will relish with my army, who are very tender on that point; for many of them are of opinion that it is not lawful to swear against the Providence of God!"

Yet even now Monk's designs were inscrutable for the most sagacious. So late as the 5th of February, the day after the enunciation of this solemn and monstrous humbug, we find Mordaunt writing to the King, "Monk hath pulled off the mask; *he is clearly republican.*"—(Clarendon State Papers).

It is to be observed that the city of London, and not Monk, assumed the decisive initiative of the Restoration. They declared for a full and free Parliament, refusing the payment of taxes except by such authority. The Council of State ordered Monk to bring the refractory corporation to terms. Monk of necessity complied, unless he were ready on the instant to repudiate their authority. Scarcely had he achieved the subjection of the city, when he found himself discredited throughout the country. The destined restorer of the monarchy had degraded himself into the agent of an effete, a tyrannising, and an odious oligarchy. Monk suddenly found himself on the verge of ruin. There was no time to be lost, if he would regain his high estate. In order, therefore, to reconcile the city, he publicly declared for a free parliament, which should be convened not later than the 7th of May. The existing parliament, being the Rump, was to be opened forthwith to the ejected members. The result is too notorious to be here chronicled. But it is clear that the successful revolution against the dominance of the Rump was chiefly to be ascribed to that liberal yet conservative city of London, which had protected the Long Parliament from the tyranny of Charles I., and had risen against it in turn, when it ceased to discharge the duties of its office.

The Restoration was now a *fait accompli*. "The Court" was soon virtually transferred to Breda; there every one sought for places and for power. Cardinal Mazzarin, who had long treated Charles Stuart with contempt, vied with Monk in becoming the negotiator of the Restoration. The Presbyterians, clearly distrusting

the latter, endeavoured to make their stipulations through the French court. Charles, distrusting both the Cardinal and themselves, chose the mediation of Monk. But the following letters serve to illustrate more clearly than any other document, the conflicting sentiments of the country :

M. DE BORDEAUX TO CARDINAL MAZARIN.

London, April 19, 1660.

My Lord :—The advances which I have made both to the General (Monk) and Mr. Thurloe, not having prevented the Council of State from inclining to treat with the King of England in Holland, and by the mediation of the States General, rather than by that of His Majesty. I have, by other means, inspired the most influential members of the Council, and some of the chief nobles of the Presbyterian faction, with the desired sentiments. \* \* \* I have promised both, as soon as the present state of feeling becomes known in France, that his Majesty will take in good faith all the confidence reposed in him by the principal ministers of the English Government, that he will promote a reconciliation by every means in his power ; and that your Eminence will take particular care of their interests. (M. Guizot's work.)

But it is clear that the mass of the English people viewed with aversion any close relations with the French court, through an apprehension both of the religious and political tendencies of Charles II. We read in a letter of the same date :—

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM M. DE BORDEAUX TO CARDINAL MAZARIN.

Dated April 19, 1660.

I must not conceal from you that in the various conferences that I have had with several of them (the members of the Council of State,) they have questioned me repeatedly about the marriage of the King of England, and state that the nation felt great apprehension, respecting that alliance which public report says has been negotiated by the Abbi Montague ; being persuaded that besides the injury the Protestant nation would derive from such a union, the counsels of your Eminence might raise too high the power of the English monarch.

We may add, then, to the historical matter which the publication of these letters has brought to light, the fact that, even previous to the return of Charles, the nation were able to fore-shadow the dismal struggle both for political and for religious liberty

which clouded the twenty-nine years of the Restoration.

Such, then, was the result of the greatest political experiment which the people of Great Britain and Ireland ever submitted to the test of actual practice. The history of that experiment serves strikingly to elucidate the cause of the past and subsequent stability of a constitution which, with all its adherent faults, both of modern and of ancient date, is now the object of admiration and of envy by all the civilized populations of Europe. It shows that there has existed an irresistible and an innate repugnance throughout the English, the Irish, and the Scotch community to any extreme form of government. The people which had writhed under the tyranny of the Tudors, rose indignantly, under the social development of another age, against the maintenance of that tyranny by the Stuarts. But while the ardour of revolution drove the empire irresistibly to the institution of a republican polity, both in Ireland, in Scotland, and among the Presbyterians of England, there existed a strong desire so to check the progress of rebellion as to turn that which threatened to become destructive revolution into constructive and conservative reform. While Charles I. was expiating on the scaffold the faults, partly of his own character and partly of the traditional policy of his predecessors, a large portion of the population whom he ruled would even then, in the moment of their triumph, have arrested the arm of the executioner, and have retained their sovereign as the head of a constitutional monarchy, which should temper prescription with revolution—revolution with prescription—and establish at once the stability of the state, the claims of tradition, and the liberty of the people.

When, therefore, a republican scheme of polity had been finally adopted, scarcely had it enjoyed a trial, when the three nations began to look back regretfully on the ancient system they had destroyed, and to combine its advantages with the retention of the liberty they had won. They had already learnt that a noble people would not be degraded by the caprices of an ignominious despotism. They now learnt also that a rational

and a reflective nation would neither be ruled by alternate anarchy, fanaticism, or usurpation, in the sacred name of Liberty. They learned that their social constitution was as antagonistic to a complete democracy, as their moral independence was irreconcilable with complete monarchy. They sought a refuge from the anarchy of the Long Parliament in the despotism of Oliver Cromwell; and in recoiling from the tyrannical government of a usurping family, they endeavoured, in shadowing forth a constitutional monarchy based on a revolutionary dynasty, to realise their ideal of political excellence. When this scheme, in turn, faded from their view, it is clear that the thoughts of the great majority, amid the constant vicissitudes of public affairs, were steadfastly and constantly fixed on the *conditional* restoration of the House of Stuart. And, though the perfidy of the princes whom they too surely trusted thwarted the accomplishment of the popular wisdom, they still looked

forward, with the patience and the foresight of a nation of philosophers, to the accomplishment of the crisis which should carry into practice their long-suffering and consistent will. In the military triumphs of William, of Anne, and of George III.,—in the social prosperity and commercial growth which have characterised the glorious annals of the House of Brunswick,—in the concession of those later rights of which our own contemporaries have witnessed the accomplishment—we see the felicitous result of the practical realisation of those truths and of those convictions—uniting the stability of the State with the freedom and the energy of the people—whose political and philosophical force was indelibly graven on the mind of the empire by the innumerable convulsions which constituted the dawn of the Restoration. And such were the truths and such the convictions which were ultimately realised by the people of the three kingdoms in the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement.

#### THE BURGOMASTER.

(A VISIT TO REMBRANDT'S STUDIO.)

##### I.

Ouce, in old Amsterdam, as noon  
Shone over noisy dock and square,  
And sluggish stretch of still lagoon,  
A wealthy barge, well-oared and fleet,  
Slid smoothly down the watery street,  
With pennon streaming in the air;  
And by its stern a merchant old,—  
With raisin-coloured cap, and chain  
That crossed his garment's velvet fold—  
With clear brown eye of wrinkled glee,  
And cheek still red, though tropic-tanned  
With voyage—full-veined, courteous hand,  
And air of antique bonhommie,—  
Sat calmly:—for that day his brain  
Forgot awhile the fight for gold,  
And all his ventures on the main.

##### II.

"Good master, whither shall we row?"  
It was the bluff old steersman spoke;  
The merchant turned;—"To-day, good folk,  
I mean to pass all leisurely  
With Meister Rembrandt whom I know;—  
A famous portrait-painter he—

Late come from Leyden, as they tell,  
To fill his purse with us, and dwell  
In our old town a year or so:  
Fair be his chances with us; well  
His craft deserves of all; for me,  
I hail his presence joyously;  
For, as the sands of life *will* pass,  
However tight we grasp the glass,  
'Tis time, methinks, that my old Hall  
Should wear my picture on its wall.  
What think you?" "God withhold the day!"  
The oarsmen echoed one and all,  
"That takes that kindly face away."

## III.

'Yet must it come:'—The rowers swept  
In silence down; broad flashed the sun  
Along the glittering path that spun  
In whirls behind: by wharf and quay,  
With cask and bale redundant heaped,  
Tall merchant-barques at moorings lay,  
With streamers floating from each mast:  
Groups gathered in the leafy screen  
Of summer tree rows, dusty green;  
And busy bridges, as they passed,  
Gloomed o'er them for a second's space;  
Now oped some quaint wide market-place,  
All bustle, glare, and merchant talk,  
And heaped with motley merchant ware;  
Now some cathedral's gilded clock  
Sprinkled its chimes through the clear air,  
Merrily ringing o'er their way,  
As it were making holiday.

## IV.

At length the river broadened forth,  
And sunk the noisy town behind,  
And swept the breezy billows by,  
Fresh foaming from the distant sky,  
Where hosted shipping round the North,  
Full breasted in the steady wind,  
Came curt'seying along the sea  
From the blue spacing Zuyder Zee.  
In slanting drifts the city's smoke  
Curtained the sinking spires, and o'er  
The sidelong stretch of shelving shore  
In bursts the sunlit surges broke;  
Upon each passing headland's height  
Fantastic windmills quaint and brown  
Whirr'd busily; and, poised in light,  
The gull with red eye peering down:—  
Thus on, until at length they reached  
A watery suburb, where they beached.

## V.

Above them, girt by gnarled trees,  
Arose an antique mansion, tall  
And lonely; down each mouldering wall,  
Jutted with drowsy balconies,

Dim trailers drooping from the eaves,  
 Hooded with glossy ivy leaves,  
 O'er gable quaint and window small  
 Festooned their wind-swung draperies.  
 Around its portal grey the sun  
 Played slumbrously, and swooned the air  
 Up from the glimmering lowland there,  
 In languid pulses ; while upon  
 Its tortuous stairs of aged stone  
 The sea-sand gathered in each nook,—  
 The flaggers waved, the salt grass shook.

## VI.

Into its hall the merchant paced,  
 And from his sunny doze, beside  
 A window looking o'er the tide,  
 A quaint old varlet rose in haste ;  
 And, bowing brows of scattered grey,  
 Along the creaking dusty floors,  
 And through the echoing corridors,  
 And noiseless chambers led the way :—  
 The room is reached, the lock is turned,  
 The Painter flings his brush aside,  
 And by the lamp's red glow, that burned  
 Beside his picture, sees the friend  
 Of vanished summers o'er him bend ;  
 While hands are clasped, and on each brow  
 Dead memories kindle, as they say,  
 In cordial chorus, "Well, and how—  
 How hast thou been this many a day?"

## VII.

"'Tis twenty years since we have met,"  
 The Burgomaster cried ; "and yet  
 As hale and hearty, God be blessed,  
 Are we as when, in summers past,  
 We gave our life-sail to the blast.  
 What matters it, if silvered brows  
 Bring golden purses, and our thrift  
 Secures us plenty as we drift  
 To harbour in the sunless west ?  
 Mine are the merchant's views of time ;  
 Content to pass my day in trade,  
 Content at night if I have made  
 The means to entertain a guest :  
 A narrow view, a sordid strife,  
 More selfish, comrade, than sublime  
 This same—and your good years, I trow,  
 Are kindled with a nobler glow."

## VIII.

"It may be—but you understand,"  
 Said Rembrandt, as he touched the hand  
 Of his old comrade thoughtfully,  
 "Though heaven has turned our tide of years  
 To flow and flash in separate spheres,  
 It is for happiness alone  
 We live and work in unison ;—

Our roads diverse, but one the goal.  
 The brook and river seaward roll  
 Beneath an ever-changing sky:  
 One glides along the quiet lands,  
 And mirrors all it passes by;  
 One bears upon its broadening breast  
 The barque, and lips the golden sands—  
 And both in ocean find their rest.  
 So is it with each separate soul.  
 A sort of strange internal life  
 We painters lead: your ships at sea  
 Engross your soul's activity,  
 And calculation rules; but we  
 In dreams beneath the sun and moon  
 Dally with time, yet would imbue  
 Our labour with the just and true:  
 For us, as years steal unaware,  
 We clear the eye and guard the heart;—  
 Our only pleasure in our art,—  
 Our only care, to banish care."

## IX.

"No doubt," the other answered slow;  
 "Our need of joyance is the same;  
 I work for wealth, and you for fame,  
 The playthings of this life below—  
 And each believes his toy the best.  
 But, tell me, for I fain would know,  
 How weighs, how weighs the *treasure chest*?"  
 "Alas!" the Artist said, "my gains  
 But ill repay my painting pains;  
 My brush still toys with light and dark—  
 Just so my life: I play the witch  
 With foolish fortune; when she deems  
 A smile—why then, I sell my dreams  
 And shadowy fancies to the rich.  
 Sometimes my work is—passable;  
 Sometimes indifferent, or well;  
 Just as the transient harmony  
 Or discord, wrought by health or pain,  
 May jar with feeling, or maintain  
 The healthy chord 'twixt hand and brain.  
 In Commerce you have faith. My creed  
 Is Art—and strange it is indeed  
 That *canvases*, though of different kinds,  
 Should bear our ventures on the winds  
 Of chance or ocean. But for one  
 That *you* unfurl beneath the sun  
 To fortune westward, or to range  
 The tropic islets, I'll be bound  
 To barter all you see around,  
 Nor die a bankrupt by th' exchange;  
 For, faith, I hear that you possess  
 Fleets of uncounted preciousness."

## X.

Here, with a sad constricted frown,  
 The merchant mused as if in pain,  
 Yet comfortably crossed a knee,  
 And stroked his brown beard, looking down;—

"Alas, a troublous time," quoth he,  
 "Those winged ventures bring to me ;  
 Howe'er the day may set on gain,  
 My dreams at night are on the sea ;  
 Two barques of mine were lately hailed  
 Storm-smitten both off Barbary ;  
 Another costly cargo sailed  
 Deep freighted for the Spanish Main—  
 A year will see her back again.  
 To Egypt one has weighed for corn ;  
 A second voyages to Trieste ;  
 And one, my swiftest and my best,  
 From the Moluccas surges on  
 With diamonds, gold, and cinnamon.  
 Perchance she may arrive some morn,  
 Together with an argosy  
 From China, weighed with silk and tea—  
 Worth somewhat—worth at least the fears  
 Her lagging trip of some three years  
 Casts on the brow of industry.  
 Yes, could I charm the seas awhile,  
 My heart were easy, but"—and here  
 He paused and nodded, in th' excess  
 Of proud pretentious mournfulness,  
 And fingered the rich aureate gear  
 Along his robe, with eyebrow raised,  
 And placid lips that blandly hazed  
 A calm contented golden smile.

## XI.

"But come, old comrade, let me guess  
 How speed your ventures—*you* can make  
 From yonder coloured brush, no less,  
 As rich returns flow to the hand  
 As any barque can bring to land :  
 Methinks yon picture which I see  
 Were worth as rich an argosy  
 As ever homeward breeze may fan  
 From the blue Mediterranean :"—  
 "Well, such," said Rembrandt, "as they are,  
 Behold them—poor enough, in sooth,  
 To me they seem when measured by  
 The ray of high Conception's star ;  
 Just here and there a touch of truth,  
 But chiefly wrought to win the eye."  
 Then through a window looking north  
 He let the tempered daylight shower  
 Upon the pictures he had traced,  
 While round in critic calm they paced ;  
 The painter musing on their power,  
 The merchant pondering on their worth.

## XII.

One showed the Magian monarchs bent  
 In pilgrimage along the sea  
 And olive hills of Galilee,  
 With riches of the orient ;  
 Lured by one splend'rous sapphire star,  
 That streamed along the dusky glade ;—

Their faces wore a mystic light,  
A holy look of strange surmise ;  
Their robes were travel-worn ; their eyes  
And jewels sparkled in the night.  
Anear, a glooming frame portrayed  
Some fragment of fierce Roman war :  
Of captain slain amid the storm  
Of onset—many a bearded form,  
With sword and shield together mass'd,  
Afoot, or rolled in ranks of horse,  
Furiously intermingled ; one  
Closed in by the Barbarian,  
Though wound-weak, holding vantage still,  
While from a somberous sunset hill  
A soldier blew a warlike blast,  
To signal for the succouring force.

## XIII.

Iscaiot next, with bestial brow,  
And serpent-subtle, hateful smile,  
Told o'er the coin, that burned the while  
Like fire within his hands ; and now  
A Sibyl, by the holy springs  
That near some desert ruin flowed,  
Turned her prophetic eyes to God,  
Raptured with rich imaginings :  
There, swathed in linen's spectral fold,  
Dread Endor's Woman, gaunt and white,  
With gesture like a skeleton's,  
Called up in necromantic tones  
The long-graved, kingly ghosts of old,  
Beneath the blue Judean night :  
While, through the shadows of the place,  
Some cowed monk, with upraised face,  
Hollow'd by watching, fast, and care,  
Seemed bursting his lean heart with prayer  
Before white heaps of sainted bones.

## XIV.

With these were others ; fancy's shade  
And brilliance into pictures wrought,  
With sovereign power of patient thought :  
In full completion some displayed  
Sudden effects of glooms and glows—  
Gehenna and its star ; and some,  
Still indistinct in turbid gloom,  
With scarcely half the life dashed in,  
Before the merchant's view arose.  
A scene of revel and of sin ;  
Where, amid lamps and lemans light,  
And serpent-faces on the watch,  
A heathen King caroused at night ;  
His keen eyes blooded with debauch,  
Like rusted dagger blades. At last,  
A hideous shipwreck caught the view,  
With surges rolling o'er and o'er,  
A vessel, as it swung to shore,  
Where through the wrathful wave were seen,  
In rain and lightning's ghostly sheen,  
The anguished faces of the crew ;



While spirits malignant hovering passed  
 Through Autumn's stormy dusk to sea,  
 With indolent pinions gloomily  
 Outspread upon the maddened blast.

\* \* \* \* \*

XV.

Dark is the chamber, though 'tis day ;  
 Curtained and lighted from the blue  
 By one thin streaming ray that through  
 The domed roof falls splendrously :  
 Unlike the gloried studios  
 By Tiber's yellow wave, or where,  
 Through alder rows and banks aglare,  
 The sunny rippled Arno flows.  
 No Grecian bust or statue shews  
 Its pure ideal outline there ;  
 No Cupid smiles, no Venus glows  
 Voluptuous languors through the air ;  
 But duskily the light streams o'er  
 Rich turbans tumbled on the floor.  
 Around the stretch of shadowing walls,  
 Gloomy as Eblis' palace halls,  
 Hang garbs of many a distant land.  
 Great giant armour, casque and brand,  
 Inlaid with subtlest traceries,  
 Send forth a dim uncertain sheen  
 Beneath the skirt of ebon palls,  
 Swart cowls, and Jewish gabardine,  
 Long Moorish cloaks, and Persian shawls :  
 Nor there of instruments of pain  
 And iron anguish, screw and rack  
 Blood rusted, seemed there any lack ;  
 While draped across a mirror's disk  
 The cincture of some Odalisque,  
 Smiling the coy light to its grain,  
 Glimmer'd amid a motley train  
 Of skins, and mighty ocean bones,  
 And plumages from burning zones,  
 Skulls, shells, and arid skeletons,  
 O'erstrewn with aureate draperies.

XVI.

Then for a time the painter dashed  
 His canvass o'er with many a hue ;  
 Broad shadow-masses fell, and flashed  
 The keen lights over lip and eye,  
 As glowingly and steadily  
 The face beneath his pencil grew ;  
 Through the half-open curtain slid  
 The silent lights, and sunnily  
 Without the casement voyag'd the bee  
 With busy hum along, or hid  
 In wallflowers streaked with gold and brown ;  
 The skylark o'er the island sang ;  
 'Till faintly from the distant town  
 The bell through smoky steeples rang  
 The hour of silent afternoon.

## XVII.

But hark ! another sound of oars  
Comes timed along the dreamy shores ;  
And then, a minute past, they hear  
Sweet laughter through the corridors ;  
While treading softly through the gloom  
And tranced silence of the room,  
Advanced the merchant's daughter dear ;—  
A Belgian beauty rich arrayed,  
Blithe, buxom, fair as summer she ;  
And following close upon her train  
A bronzed cavalier of Spain—  
A mould of youngest manhood he,  
Stately as some tall pinnacle mast,  
Clothed with its sail : his ebon hair  
Flowed from his plumed cap upon  
His cloak Castilian ; from his waist,  
With belt of scarlet subtly traced,  
His diamond-hilted dagger shone.  
In sooth, a meeter, nobler two  
Ne'er blessed the sunny seas that bore  
Their hearts to beat upon one shore,  
Than Lopez and his Bertha true ;  
For matched they seemed as sun and star,  
As amulet and scimeter,  
Or as the moon, when southward rolled,  
Tempers the tropic's front of gold.

## XVIII.

Then, after greetings past, they went  
Away together through the gloom  
And stillness of the motley room,  
On tiptoe-tread, and wiled the hour  
With sweetest talk and whisperings ;  
Perused the galleries' pictured lore,  
With faces daahed in wonderment ;  
And turned the painter's trumpery o'er,  
In half-alarmed surmise. At last,  
An antique lute, touched by a hand,  
Viberates through all its dusty strings,  
Sudden as from a passing blast.  
O precious prize, O happy cast  
Of chance to find it !—Quick they stand  
Within a window o'er the meer,  
And quickly wakes the painter's ear  
To scraps of gay Castilian song,  
And ballads full of wrath and wrong,  
And Moorish ditties wild and long,  
And sad as desert wind. But soon  
The lights begin to shrink away,  
The airs to rise with drooping day,  
The shadows strengthen in the moon :  
As, dipp'd in waves of fire and grey,  
Low in the west the fading sun  
Proclaims the painter's labour done.

## XIX.

Yet, ere the group descend,—“ Behold ! ”  
The youth exclaimed, “ this lute I hold ;

In faith I would it were mine own,  
 In memories' sake, for,—master mine,  
 So sweet I fancy me its tone  
 Will sound with one sweet voice I know,  
 Mingled with moonlit air divine,  
 That here I offer for its gain  
 A goodly cask of Spanish wine.  
 Good painter, spare me that disdain—  
 We merchants deal in barter so—  
 And if the exchange may seem too poor,  
 Drink it as interest for the loan,  
 And back I'll bring the lute the day  
 When thou shalt image with thine art  
 This fairest lady of my heart."

## XX.

The artist smiled within his beard,  
 And turning on the group a weird  
 Bright eye, that shone a moment, eased  
 In comic wrinkles round it traced,  
 Said, "Faith, if you with wine will pay  
 For this poor brush and palette's use,  
 You'll turn my toil to holiday :  
 But if for such reward I paint  
 Her face—or that of other saint,  
 'Tis nectar, radiant as the skies  
 That tint the grapes of Paradise,  
 Which you must pour—not Spanish juice."  
 "Alas!" exclaimed the youth, "alas !  
 My galleon voyages not so far—  
 'Tis Spain, not Heaven, fills my glass ;  
 But if we e'er should reach the star  
 Where nectar flows, be sure we'll send  
 A cask celestial to our friend."  
 Then, taking light the lady's hand,  
 Like some sweet lily, summer fann'd,  
 A minute fondled 'twixt his own  
 Its jewelled whiteness ; with a smile,  
 Soft waved it to and fro the while,  
 Laughed, bowed, and in the pause was gone.

## XXI.

Then home they sailed by twilight capes,  
 And meadows sloping to the wave,  
 And rocky bluff, and dripping cave.  
 The clouds are washed in wave-like shapes  
 By tides of the retreating wind,—  
 Grey weather scarfs the wet iowland  
 And loamy fields, and faintly glows  
 The moon upon the stream that flows,  
 Where the dim bridge and turret stand  
 Far off on the horizon's rim,—  
 While o'er the plashy trenched flats  
 Old windmills spread their wings like bats  
 Along the twilight hovering dim.  
 Now seaward in the scattered glare  
 The fog-bank gathers thick and grey,—  
 And restlessly a rising air  
 Gusts from the beach, from sandy bay,  
 Low reach, and shadowing headland, where  
 The long wash of the waves is heard,—

And from the marshes black and damp  
The herons' cry. Far off they see  
The red dot of the lighthouse lamp  
In gloom and surge, and fitfully  
The wat'ry stillness round is stirred  
By wing of some belated bird;  
Swiftly and sullenly hurrying home  
Over the hollows of wave and foam.

## XXII.

But soon the narrowing channel spreads  
A smoother path; they glide along  
By dock and bastion green and strong,  
And seaward-fronting fortress grim,  
And tiled houses on the heights,  
With closing doors and flitting lights,  
And drawbridge clattering o'er their heads:  
Above the taper-pointing spars  
Of anchor'd shipping bleak and dim  
The night-cloud spreads, and on its rim  
A scattered line of wat'ry stars.  
Around the rolling hulls they hear  
The guttural plash of waves anear,—  
While near them too, and bright before,  
Beacons the mansion's torch-lit door.  
The pointed windows, cosy bright,  
The spacious inner all alight,  
And all alive with bells that ring,  
And homely voices echoing,  
As from the swinging barge they spring,  
Their sprayey mantles cast aside,  
And up the oaken stairs they go  
To chambers tapestried and wide,  
Where flames the broad hearth's ruddy glow  
On festal table thickly set  
With silver cup and cabinet  
Of ebon carve antique, and stirs  
A smile upon old portraits faint;—  
Reddening all window and all wall,  
And broad floor carpeted with furs,  
Up to the gilded rafters quaint.

## XXIII.

But when the feast had passed away,  
The house been hushed, the lover-guest  
Departed, and her sire at rest,  
Sweet Bertha, light of foot, and gay  
With memories of her holiday,  
Her sweet lips blossomed in a smile,  
Trips to a casement near, the while,—  
And drawing light the fluttering blind,  
Looks toward the painter's lonely home;  
But dim is all; the scattered sky  
Seems moving in a stormy swoon,  
And like a burning ship the moon  
Drowns westward, sinking slow behind  
Billows of shadows rolling by;  
Till nought is seen across the foam,  
Save one low steady streaming star,  
Piercing the north; and o'er the bar  
The widening heavens blank and blind,—  
Blue darkness, and a roar of wind.

## THE GREAT FAIR OF OBERONOPOLIS AND FRAUDS OF THE FAIRIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY UNCLE THE CURATE," ETC.

*"We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us."*—*Hamlet.*

THE Great Fair of Faeryland is held at Oberonopolis, the capital of that country, which I need not say is the most romantic on the face of the earth; resembling indeed much more a land of the imagination than a region of reality. The fair is held in a gorgeous building, not made of glass, like our Palace of Industry at Sydenham, but of the same material as the baseless fabrics of Prospero, which, we all know, was infinitely finer than glass,—“air, thin air.” Air of the very finest and thinnest description is as abundant in Faeryland as marble in Italy or glass in England; there are vast mines or quarries of it in some provinces; and it is consequently used almost universally for building purposes. The castles of the Faery noblesse are constructed with it; and the cottages of the elfin peasantry are airy edifices also, though made of the coarsest descriptions, sometimes not much thinner than the purest English atmosphere. Indeed, in one of the poor suburbs of Oberonopolis, (which I was told was the quarter of the Irish fairies) I saw a hut which seemed built of air of the consistency of a London fog. It was in fact a cabin, built of what in this aerial country corresponds to what is called mud with us. The inhabitants, however, appeared to me, notwithstanding the poverty of their abode, to be among the merriest and pleasantest elves in the commonwealth; for in Faeryland as elsewhere it is not always the most agreeable people who live in the finest and richest houses.

The Great Fair, as it is called, is held at the feast of Nevercometide (nearly coincident with the Greek Kalends); and besides an extraordinary concourse of fairies, elves, sprites, fays, sylphs, and various other tiny tribes and nations under the sway of Oberon and Titania, it is attended also by crowds of loungers, saunterers, idlers, poets, pedlars, and nobodies, from this matter-of-fact world, led thither either by motives of curiosity, or to purchase the various wares and fanciful commodities for which the artificers and manufacturers of the

faery dominions have been renowned from time immemorial.

For myself, I was one of those who had no better excuse than Horatio's, —“a truant spirit,”—for mingling in the throng; but after all a man may spend a few sunny holidays as well in Oberonopolis as in Paris; and there is something worth seeing and taking note of everywhere, if we only have our eyes open, and have cultivated the talent of observation.

Of the vast and brilliant aerial structure where the metropolitan fair is held, I can give no more accurate idea than what you may frame for yourself by imagining a crystal palace like our own; only, as I have said, of infinitely finer materials, and of infinitely more delicate and beautiful architecture. The fairy architects are as much superior to ours as the materials they employ are to our most splendored mineral or metallic substances, gold, or silver, malachite or alabaster. If a fairy builder were to erect such an enormity as the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, he would be sentenced to hard labour for life in the air-mines, or at least to a thousand years' solitary confinement in the flower of a snap-dragon. The consequence is that Oberonopolis resembles Paris more than London, and of all the public buildings the most superb is that which we are now entering.

I never before had a conception where the inexhaustible variety of objects with which we decorate our works of fancy came from, until I visited this great emporium of wares of that description, and actually saw them exposed there for sale, like the goods in the shops of Regent-Street, or in the booths of our rural fairs and markets.

The first fairy booth that drew my attention had “Moth and Peasblossom” inscribed over it in radiant characters; it belonged of course to two fairy partners of those celebrated names, with which Shakspeare has made the world so well acquainted. Here were displayed for sale all sorts of flowers such as poets have so great a demand for; and I observed several

members of the rhyming fraternity laying in their annual stock at Moth and Peasblossom's, not, however, without the usual complaints that purchasers make of high prices; and in truth the most of the flowers did appear to me exorbitantly dear, not with respect to what the poets actually paid for them (which was a mere nothing) but with respect to the intrinsic value of the commodities. I stood by while one bard in particular bought a great basket-full for half a Mab, (not four-pence of English money,) and I could perceive no perfume from them whatever, except indeed a general smell of *poppies*; the things seemed to me so faded and scentless that I cannot but suspect the Oberonopolitan flower-merchants of buying back the flowers of former years, after they have been quite used up, and reselling them to new customers who are either not very nice in their selection, or perhaps intend to impose upon *their* customers or readers in turn.

The adjoining compartment was allotted to Figures and Images, of which the assortment was prodigious; and here too I saw the poets very busy making their bargains, and not a few prose-writers also. Good figures, I remarked, were extremely dear; so much so as to be quite out of the reach of many of the purchasers; but, on the other hand, there was a commoner sort of which you might have any quantity for the merest trifle. My friend Bavius, who had just bought one of the largest cases, assured me it contained images enough for a long epic poem which he meditated; and though he affirmed he had paid a gold Oberon for it, I heard, upon more trustworthy authority than his, that it had not cost him sixpence, and was dear for the money.

A word in passing on the coinage of Faeryland. The gold Oberon, (if indeed it is not made of a still finer metal,) is about the size of a Queen Anne's farthing. There are also half Oberons, something like spangles. The silver Mab resembles one of our silver pennies. There are also Pucks and demi-Pucks. There is a great deal of false money current, and there is no law to restrain the issue or circulation of it. You receive a gift, or a payment, for instance, in Oberons, and put them up in your purse, which

when you open again you find full of violets or rose-leaves. Fairy money goes very fast, but not much faster perhaps upon the whole than money does of every kind in every part of the world.

What I remarked on the prices of Figures and Images, I had occasion to remark again in the simile department; an original simile was very expensive, a good simile expensive also, but for one that was both good and original the price demanded by Spangle, Pippin, and Co., of Elfinburgh, Simile-Makers to the Royal Family, was so high as to place it out of the reach of nine out of ten of our modern poets. Trumpery similes, however, were as plenty and cheap as blackberries. Bavius showed me a packet containing a thousand, the price marked on which was only a quarter-Mab; and I heard Pippin himself offer Mævius a bundle containing a thousand lions, the same number of swans, eight-hundred dew-drops, six-hundred rainbows, and five-hundred butterflies, (some from Cashmere,) for a still smaller coin. Mævius seemed to think it a good speculation, and was just about to jump at it, when Dot and Jot, who kept the opposite booth in the same line, offered him for the same money a parcel containing exactly the same articles, with a handful of fire-flies into the bargain.

From all I observed of the way in which this curious trade is carried on, I could not help coming to the conclusion that the fairy tradesmen are not much more upright in their dealings than the Chinese. As the people of the Celestial Empire adulterate their teas for the English market, in some instances actually painting them, as they notoriously do, so I apprehend King Oberon's manufacturers are in the habit of producing counterfeit similes, images, metaphors, and spurious poetical materials and fancy goods of all descriptions, which they palm upon respectable poets and writers of fiction as the genuine produce of Faeryland, and are thus really the responsible parties for a large proportion of the indifferent poetry and bad writing of the day.

I have my suspicions, moreover, that these roguish fairy tradesmen use opium in some form or another in their daring adulterations of fancy

wares. The same smell which I noticed in the flower booths was perceptible wherever I went; and if I am right in my conjecture as to the drug employed, the true cause of the drowsy influences and soporific effects of a multitude of modern works, both in prose and rhyme, is apparent; and the world is in the habit of unjustly accusing many writers of dullness, who ought to be pitied instead of blamed as the innocent victims of fairy tricks and impostures.

I am mistaken, too, if we cannot also trace to the systematic commercial frauds of Faeryland, another sin continually laid to the doors of literary men; I mean the sin of plagiarism, or filching from one another. The fact is, that there is a low set of itinerant fairy traders, who travel like pedlars about the commonwealth of letters, and buy up quantities of old images, figures, similes, allusions, quotations, illustrations; in short all sorts of second-hand literary wares; these they carry back with them to Oberonopolis, where they are furnished up afresh, by various processes akin to gilding or electrotyping, and then sold again as new at the Great Fair, whence in the natural course of things they find their way back again to London or Paris, where there is of course a cry of "stop thief," or "au voleur," raised at the expense of the unfortunate dupes who purchased them.

Some genuine articles, however, were cheap enough; a phial of moonbeams costs no more than a box of lucifer matches: nightingales (old birds certainly, and the most of them more melancholy than musical) are not more expensive than sparrows; and if you contract by the year with Messrs. Moth and Seedling, a celebrated house in Mabville, I was told you may have for a mere song more blushes, dimples, glow-worms, and common smiles and frowns than you could possibly make use of in a twelve-month.

They will also undertake to furnish at a very short notice, and at a most reasonable figure, a complete Allegory, as good, they state in their card, as has been brought into the literary market for many a long day. I had some conversation with Seedling, whom I found not only a most intelligent trades-fairy, and a capital fairy

of business, but very much to be commended also for his sincerity and candour. He frankly admitted that there was very little genuine now in the figure and image trade, or indeed in the poetical line generally.

"Some thirty or forty years since," he said, "there were many substantial good articles in the market, but they were secured by Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, and one or two more distinguished customers of ours, who knew what a good article was when they saw it, and were not to be imposed on by counterfeits. Since their time," added Seedling, "while the stock of genuine wares has diminished, the demand has increased to such a degree as to tempt the cupidity of some of my countrymen who are more inventive than honest; and the result is that several fairy firms in this city, and elsewhere in Faeryland, have made large fortunes by the manufacture and sale of rubbish, a thousand pounds worth of which would not produce a good stanza or a tolerable sentence."

Upon this I remarked that a reform of fairy morality would be very important to the interests of literature, and I hoped King Oberon would issue some edict to restrain the rogueries of his subjects. Seedling laughed, and replied that his Majesty was not very likely to fetter one of the most lucrative branches of commerce in his dominions. "Your best remedy," added he, "is either to improve the taste of your writers, or your readers; if your writers had any discrimination, they would not take our counterfeits off our hands; and if their readers had any judgment, they would buy very few of the books that are manufactured from the materials sold by Messrs. Spangle and Pippin, or even from those which I sell myself."

Rhymes are sold at this fair made up in little bundles like matches, cut and dry, warranted to jingle in any climate, and ready for immediate use. I bought a few bundles merely as curiosities. One was a bunch of "blisses, kisses, misses, and abysses;" another was a packet of "doves, loves, and gloves;" and a third, which cost a fraction more than the others because the rhymes were double, consisted of "gleamings, beamings, streamings, dreamings, and seemings, &c."

Seeing a booth on the point of

being closed, though containing an immense supply of goods in the emblem line, I asked the cause of the impending crash, and was told that the booth belonged to a fairy house which had during the war carried on a vast business in eagles, tridents, British lions, trumps of discord, thunderbolts, &c. ; but the peace had taken them by surprise ; not only were they left with a glut of poetical artillery on their little hands, but more than one poet, who, (reckoning on a scale of victories commensurate with the renown of England and the zeal of her people) had made imprudent investments in warlike imagery, had unceremoniously returned their superfluous thunderbolts and spare tridents, and thus reduced the unfortunate fairy firm to bankruptcy.

Over another booth in the same declining business, I saw inscribed in huge letters, nearly the tenth of an inch long, "Tremendous Sacrifice:" and you could there have had lions and eagles enough for an Iliad, almost for the trouble of carrying them off. Bavius made a considerable purchase with a view to the possible contingency of an American war.

On the other hand the little merchants in the Peace-Emblem line were full of business and full of glee. Large orders were arriving every moment for doves, lambs, olive-branches, cornu-copias, sickles made out of old swords, and flasks of fairy oil to pour upon the troubled waters. I saw many bales of these commodities lying packed up, directed to several minor minstrels of the day ; so that a deluge may soon be expected of odes to Peace and stanzas to Astræa Redux. The bales, by the bye, had in general a very heavy odour, proceeding (as I ascertained) from the flasks of oil I have just mentioned, which was evidently rancid ; and no wonder, since the most of it was what remained on hand after the peace of 1815, and probably was not very fresh upon that occasion.

I was pleased with the alacrity of the fairy artificers in taking hints from all quarters for the production of anything new in the emblematic line. In the booth of Hark and Spark I was struck by two very ingenious novelties ; one was an eagle with an olive-branch in his beak, and the other was a dove bearing a thunder-

bolt. Spark informed me that they had taken the idea of the eagle and olive-branch from the whimsical employment of the quill of the imperial bird to sign the treaty of Paris ; and Hark added that it was only fair the dove should take the eagle's office, since the eagle had usurped that of the dove.

In another part of the fair I saw a trade carried on, which afforded a clear explanation of the recent rapid multiplication of Artemisias, Corinnas, and Rosa-Matildas in every branch of literature. This was the hosiery department, in which several sections were devoted exclusively to the sale of stockings of the peculiar colour of Minerva's eyes. I asked the price of the bluest ; it was such a mere trifle that I could only wonder there was a lady anywhere to be met with, unprovided with at least one pair. You may guess how great a crowd of ambitious maids and matrons surrounded a booth so attractive to the sex as this. I saw Azurina there, Studiosa Brunetta, and Clara Cærulea, all so intent upon this one article of dress as to neglect almost every other. Azurina's shoe-strings were dangling about her heels ; Cærulea looked an impersonation of one of her own novels after six months' wear and tear of a circulating library ; and it seemed to me that Brunetta might have been laying out her money more properly at one of the booths where soaps and cosmetics of all kinds were exposed for sale.

I have already mentioned the inexhaustible supply of air of all degrees of fineness in Faeryland ; they not only build with it, but use it in the fabrication of a thousand ingenious and pretty things. A department in the fair was assigned to air manufactures. I saw exhibited judicial wigs made of air for aspiring barristers ; air-mitres for sanguine country clergymen ; air-frigates for veteran lieutenants in the navy ; and the most charming wedding dresses made of the same exquisite stuff for young ladies beginning to dream of settlements for life. Under a gas-case, also, I observed a few diadems, sceptres, and other regalia, wrought of very fine air, indeed, but rather dim, as it appeared to me ; upon enquiry I found the articles had been made expressly for the wandering princes of the House



of Bourbon ; but the manufacturer, to prove his impartiality, exhibited simultaneously a cap of liberty for modern French wear, made of the self-same vapoury material, the very thinnest that ever passed through an air-loom. I was assured and have reason to believe that this is the only cap of the kind worn at present by our fanciful French neighbours.

The Bubble booth, in the same quarter, was one of the most attractive. There I saw bubbles of all sizes, forms, and colours, for there is air in Faeryland of every tint, and the great art of bubble-making struck me to consist in dexterously mingling sober colours with brilliant ones, so as to fascinate the grave as well as the gay, and impose on the solemnest greybeard as well as on the most sanguine young enthusiast. The bubbles that seemed most attractive, judging by the crowds that stood admiring them, were in the form of Railway Companies and Provincial Banks. But there were not a few political and religious bubbles also, which I deliberately abstain from describing, lest I should be suspected of being a fairy-agent, and indirectly puffing their most objectionable wares.

Often as I had heard of poetic licences, it was now for the first time I discovered where and by whom they were granted. Observing a mob of odd-featured people of both sexes, their eyes rolling about in a frenzied manner, their attire loose and neglected, and many of them looking as if dinners were not matters of routine in their daily lives ;—observing them, I say, flocking into a place like an office, and coming out of it again with papers in their hands like writs or warrants, I enquired what all this meant, and was told that this was the Poetic-Licence-Office, and that the gentlemen and ladies going in and out were poets and poetesses from every

part of the world, (numbers from the United States) who had come to Faeryland to provide themselves with instruments so important in their vocation. King Oberon must make a handsome revenue in this way, as handsome perhaps as the Popes sometimes make by the sale of indulgences, to which indeed these licences to commit all sorts of poetical crimes bear a strong family resemblance. Unfortunately, too, the fees payable are so ridiculously small, as to place these dangerous privileges within the reach of the poorest creatures that ever stationed themselves on the Muses' Hill to beg an obolus from a passing bookseller, or at the door of Genius to catch the crumbs that fall from his rich table.

Nor (to make the matter worse) is there any power of revocation exercised. No matter how execrably the privilege may be abused, it continues in full force ; the only check consisting in the liberty which the public happily enjoys of discouraging versemongers and song-writers by steadily refusing to read them ; just as we get rid of another member of the same fraternity, the organ-grinder, from before our doors, by firmly declining to give him a doit.

The most fascinating booth of the next department was that of Messrs. Spy and Pry, the celebrated fairy opticians ; inventors and patentees, among other things, of the admirable Rosy Spectacles ; an instrument not only highly curious, but eminently beneficial to the mental vision even more than to the physical ; and confidently recommended for its success in curing one of the most unpleasant maladies to which the mind's eye is subject. The properties and uses, however, of these spectacles will be more suitably treated of in a short separate paper which I propose to devote to them.

#### MOONLIGHT.

##### 1.

It was a satyr sung under a vine,  
Shaking the grapes in the light of the moon ;  
Wet was his beard with a rare juicy wine.  
Hark to the cymbal clash ! Hark to its tune !

## 2.

Welcome he played in the mid-forest glade  
To the nymphs who danced nightly upon the green sod,  
Where the hoofs of the satyrs a circle had made,  
As they trod out a measure in praise of their God.

## 3.

The wind of the midnight crept under each leaf,  
As if it would whisper some tale that it knew,  
For long had it nestled within a wheatsheaf,  
And slept in the cup of a lily-bell blue.

## 4.

Far away in the west lay a forest of pines,  
Looking over the yellow cliffs into the sea ;  
While, perched like a white dove above their dark lines,  
A Temple of Jove held his mystic decree.

## 5.

Leapt out from earth's bondage beneath its tall fane  
The strength of a torrent all bearded with spray,  
While, like a loud trumpet, it sung to the main,  
And waved like a plume in the moonlight's bright ray.

## 6.

But hark to the cymbal-clash ! Hark to the song  
That steals thro' the trees like a spirit of life,  
To seize on the nymphs and to bear them along  
To dance on the sod in a bacchanal strife.

## 7.

Ah ! how could they linger, and hear that sweet lute,  
That the nightingale often had rivalled in vain,  
That weaned from his quarry the tawny-barred brute,  
And fell on the heart like a summer-tide rain.

## 8.

Oh ! lightly they press thro' the grape-laden vines,  
Singing sweet snatches of silvery song,  
While with a rare beauty each white bosom shines,  
As the polished swell rises each note to prolong ?

## 9.

Wrapped in a leopard skin, looped at the waist,  
Lily-bells twisted amid their dark locks,  
Oh ! where were there ever such beings as graced  
The haunts of the satyrs amid the grey rocks.

## 10.

Hark ! to the hoof-tramp that beats on the ground,  
As they greet the wood-beauties with many a freak.  
Hark ! to the shout as, with hands clasped around,  
The beards of the satyrs brush many a cheek.

## 11.

Io ! for Bacchus. Io ! for the grape.  
The trees seem to spin with their dance of delight,  
While like a bright spirit beside each rough shape  
The forms of the wood-nymphs fling back the moonlight.

## 12.

They tread like a shadow upon the green sward,  
Leaving the dainty grape plump at their feet ;  
Ripe for the hoof of their bacchanal lord,  
To crush as they nimbly keep the time-beat.

## 13.

Into the underwood, from it again,  
Winning the satyrs with many a wile,  
Glancing like rosy lights over a plain,  
 wooing the weary one many a mile.

## 14.

Foreheads all beaded like dew on a rose,  
The polish is moist on each beautiful limb,  
While brimful of langour their white eyelids close,  
And the leopard-skin droops o'er each waist, lily-slim.

## 15.

Reeling the satyr-group shout out their joy,  
Flinging their cymbals away with delight,  
Prancing and bounding as if they'd destroy  
The wine cups that mirror the Queen of the night.

## 16.

Fiercely they clutch on each beaker of wine,  
Pledging the snowy-limbed nymphs of the dance,  
Their horns twined around with the wreaths of the vine,  
And the South's sultry fire in their quick searching glance.

## 17.

Dips into the valley the white harvest moon ;  
A fleecy cloud sails o'er the brow of the night ;  
From afar on the ear comes the wild mystic rune,  
Where the reeds sway together within the moonlight.

## 18.

The stars draw around them their mantles of blue ;  
The red lips of morn kiss the hills in the east ;  
On the golden eared wheat hangs the silver white dew ;  
A bee flies away, from a lily released.

## 19.

But alas ! to the depths of the forest unknown  
Has the satyr-group fled with the bright nymphs away,  
And the scene of their revels, deserted and lone,  
Wooes the deer to its rest in the noon of the day.

## SONNETS BY JAMES EDMESTON.

## I.

Ye who, once habitant in mortal clay,  
 Are now from all its cumbrous fetters free,  
 Sweet angel spirits who around my way,  
 Although unseen, unfelt, may haply be,  
 How sweet once were and are your loves to me!  
 Do ye not still with sympathising heart  
 My earthly wanderings and my sorrows see,  
 And in each anxious feeling bear a part,  
 And haply turn aside the poison'd dart  
 Aim'd at my peace by some dark-dealing foe;  
 Or, if the barb hath struck, assuage the smart,  
 And tend in love upon the way I go!  
 Sweet is the thought to be surrounded yet  
 By those I dearly loved and never can forget.

## II.

Tomb'd in the deep sea, where the cavern'd rocks  
 Form their sepulchral chamber, low and far  
 Sleep the drown'd dead; and mighty ocean locks  
 Their prison vault with many a billowy bar.  
 There, through the green light fainter than a star,  
 Gleams the bright king of the cerulean day;  
 Their, as exulting o'er their human prey,  
 The loud resounding waters madly jar,  
 But vain their triumph; for that mighty hand  
 Which chains the wild waves in their bed of sand  
 Shall lead those prisoners from their rocky tomb,  
 And reunited love shall repossess  
 A thousand-fold its first pure blessedness,  
 Where amaranthine flowers in fields celestial bloom.

## CLUB TALK IN LONDON.

## PICTURES—POISON—PYROTECHNICS.

As a rule, nobody now makes jokes against wives. The current is all the other way, and in novels, and therefore of course in life also, which novels invariably reflect so accurately, a wife is the healer, and the missionary, and the restorer, and the paraclete, and the Angel in the House. And this is healthy, and as it should be. Half the world, and the best, and kindest, and handsomest half, are certainly not meant to be ridiculed by the inferior and uglier moiety. But now and then, in corners of clubs, and after dinner when the ladies have retired, and in the opera stalls, and in one or two other places of safety, some elderly bache-

lor with a neat wig, and a faith in King Turveydrop, deceased, will jerk out a little Joe Millerism against what the ancient creature calls "the sex." One of these people—not that one would keep such company, but stall fifty-four is next to stall fifty-five and there is no help for it—told us the other night, between the acts of the *Barbiere*, that there was once a man who had a dumb wife, of whom he was very fond. So he spent half his fortune in having her taught to speak. Thereupon she talked so much that he offered the other half to anyone who could restore her to silence. And then the old fellow took a pinch of some highly scented mixture, and

thought he had uttered an epigram. Now nothing could atone for his recounting this venerable libel. But as the philosopher can turn the vilest thing to account, let the antique slanderer's *mot* be appropriated. The dabled lady, in her two conditions, typifies the conversational position of London society in the months of April and May. We were so stupid in London all through April. There was nothing "to put a name to." We apprehended that peace was going to break out; but this was a subject rather evaded, especially as nobody knew much more about the terms than that they were to be particularly statesmanlike and unsatisfactory. There was that Naval Review, which brought out the finest crop of patriotic adjectives ever grown on newspaper-soil, but which almost everybody referred to with a mild execration for the first week after its misfortunes, and has grunted at ever since. A few people who had secured, as they believed, good accommodation for the day of the spectacle, and what was of more consequence, for the nights on each side of it, talked eagerly, and walked about town on the previous day with race-glasses hung across them; but the masses, dubious of getting down to Portsmouth, dubious whether they should see anything when they arrived, and specially dubious about getting home, held their tongues with extreme tenacity. And by common consent the subject was dropped as soon as possible after the impeachment of the Ministers and the indignant declaration of the South Western Railway people, that they ought to be publicly thanked for not having slain anybody during the whole day or night. There was really nothing else to talk about, and the very newspapers, in despair, let in correspondence of great length and fury as to whether a lady-translator of a French author, say M. Montalembert, has a right, on the grounds of the admirable execution of the rest, to mistranslate certain sentences of the original, if they be not English enough for English readers; and whether the Moon goes round on her axis while going round the Earth, as a tipsy man circumrotates while circumnavigating the table on his way to his hat; and

whether the original Lass of Richmond Hill was the same lady as the original Sally in Our Alley, with other high, great, and doubtful questions of similar vital interest. In April we were the silent lady whose husband was spending the first half of his fortune.

That is all over. We have plenty to talk about now. April showers have brought forth May flowers. Now our case is an *embarras des richesses*, and your friend no longer skulks from you as if, his conversational pocket being empty, he thought you were going to ask him to stand treat. He pours out his bounty of talk upon you at once. The club is a clack and a clatter, and out of the vocal chaos arise ever and anon the words "fine colour," "rockets," "strychnine," "the scape-goat," "remember 1814," "not a chance now," "sold at the private view," "Temple of Concord," "medical evidence," and so forth,—the phrases indicating that the Pictures, the Poison, and the Pyrotechnics are under busy discussion. If one were to say that enough and to spare had been said upon each subject, and that the other half of the husband's fortune occurs to the mind, possibly ill-nature—for there is such a thing—might hint that this present writing was inconsistent with such assertion. But ill-nature would be wrong, as it usually is,—for it is very meet that a record should be preserved of the curiously entwined "strands" of our London talk in this present stormy, chilly month of May. Shall we, therefore, disentangle them for half an hour, and hear what people have got to say for themselves?

Touching the Pictures. The opening of the eighty-eighth exhibition of the Royal Academy has, of course, opened this subject. The place has been frightfully crammed ever since the public were let in, but there was a calm quiet Friday preceding, when a good many of Queen Victoria's aristocracy, and a few of nature's, were admitted to the rooms, then so silent and orderly. One "saved a good shilling," too, as Dean Swift says of a brother ecclesiastic; and perhaps it is inhospitable to find fault with the catalogue presented with a bow, instead of sold with a snap and a glance at your possible bad money. Yet look at the motto, and ask

whether the united lore of the Academy ought not to have furnished something a little less clap-trappy and common-place. "Des artistes . . . sont les enfans de la paix, ils sont bienfaisants comme elle, et c'est par elle qu'ils prosperent." Of course we all know that the word "Paix," caught the eye of the academical gentleman who was hunting for a motto, and who wanted it to be appropriate; and as peace was to be proclaimed just as the Academy opened, here was a happy triteness readily furnished by La Harpe; and no doubt many of the old academicians—such of them, at least, as understand French—remarked, "very neat—very felicitous." And yet a national institution that assumes to teach the world what art is, ought at least have given us an art-truth, instead of telling us that artists cannot paint in a riot, or sell their pictures for good prices in war time. Even the old platitudes from Reynolds and Northcote—the fragments which, detached from their context, became foolish—were better than this; or the motto imitative thereof, to which Mr. Punch helped the Academy, "Art is in no respects dissimilar to Nature, except in the cases in which Nature herself is unlike Art." But let us have a look at the children of peace.

Mr. Ruskin, who came forth last year like a lion, and rent in pieces the academy and its works, is this year a lamb. The "notes" where-with he follows the catalogue announce that the Pre-Raphaelites have gained a victory like that of Inkerman, that the academical Russians are utterly routed, and that "the battle is completely and confessedly won by their opponents." And by this he means that nearly all the artists who are worth anything have studied in the school they used to scorn, and are now emulating its professors. Consequently he declines to find fault with men who, as he conceives, are struggling onwards to the very goal which he would set for them. Academicians growl in private places at this dictum, and declare that they did not need "a parcel of boys" to tell them how to paint, nor Mr. Ruskin to tell them how they have painted; but the public has laid hold of the proposition which is compact

and comprehensible, and uses it with all the public's habitual discrimination.

Four good names are omitted from the list altogether. The President has nothing. Sir Charles may be presumed to have been too busy in furnishing a curious advocate, Mr. James Wilson, M.P., with comprehension and arguments *in re* the new Paul Veronese, to have had leisure to finish any of his own graceful works. Daniel Maclise has nothing; where is the harp that once through Danish camps King Alfred's music shed? William Mulready, auditor, has nothing for the spectators; and Thomas Creswick has nothing that places him in the list of exhibitors, though he has lent a background or two. So here are four good men and true, who have not as yet bowed the knee to Mr. Ruskin's idol. Nevertheless, saying this, let it not be supposed that we fail to recognize the incalculable services which the Pre-Raphaelite school has rendered to art. If it had done nothing else than taught—or rather compelled—other men to let *light* into their pictures, it would have earned undying gratitude. But it has done far more than this though. To estimate what this is, go and look at some of the best Pre-Raphaelite atmospheres, beside the dismal dinginess of the men who still refuse to be taught; or even beside the dubious work of those who have given their allegiance, but not with a whole heart. The background of Hunt's picture, the "Scapegoat," looks from a distance, and in comparison with the surrounding works, as if a hole had been broken in the wall, and the real light of heaven were seen. Thanks to these young men, the academy tax on light—the conventional rule which as effectually darkened and dirtied our pictures as ever parliamentary imposts did our houses—will shortly be repealed; artists are refusing to endure it. But, we repeat, the Pre-Raphaelites have done much more. They have been as the alchemists to the men of science. Pursuing an error—or, rather, erroneously pursuing a truth, they have opened a world of discoveries. We do not, with Mr. Ruskin, desire that a group, the interest of which is human passion, should be backed by a wall whose every blade of grass, every gold-lace of moss, every chink,

and chip, and creeper, and woodlouse shall be given. But the men who have painted their pictures in this way have taught the eye of the picture-lover and picture-buyer to demand a truth; and the good old days of the good "brown tree," the distance actually mean and mechanical, while pretending to be suggestive and imaginative, the shams of the posture—and imposture—school that "lead the eye" away from what the eye hungers and thirsts for, or it is no eye at all—and the whole idolatry of melodrama, intellectual as well as vulgar—these good old days are done. The young reformers have done this, and the best thanks we can pay take the form of a *vos quoque*. You are not perfect, gentlemen reformers; and some of you have to learn to draw, and most of you have to learn to please. Do not place over-absolute faith in your apostle, John Ruskin. He writes such noble and eloquent English, that men more accustomed than yourselves to struggle through language to its meanings are often swept along in the golden flood; but keep your feet, gentlemen, keep your feet. He is so rich in illustration—his pages are the brightest of Mosaic—that you may well conceive that you are being taught when you are only being delighted (for he will always please, though you may not, except in his way), but he not you dazzled. Above all things, when he takes one of your pictures, and preaches an exquisite sermon there-upon, showing that you have all the gifts and graces in the world, do not be flattered beyond what is fit; and remember that as no woman was ever successful in arguing a man into loving her, so no lecturer will ever preach the world into the earnest belief that it is pleased when it is not. You must please on your own canvass, not *vid* the golden mouth of Chrysostom Ruskin. And when that gifted man allows himself, as in the notes of this year, to rank a "careful, brilliant, and faithful" record of one of the grandest ceremonials of a religion which is a history of mankind, as inferior to a "not first-rate" picture of a bit of a Yorkshire road, with a few ears of corn and some well-imitated wet, you must really use your own common sense; and, while honouring the artistic perceptions of

Mr. Ruskin, be allowed to regret his repudiation of what we may call moral perspective.

There is no picture, this year, which people agree to call "great," and at once hurry to, as the work to be talked of at dinner, or in the pauses of the quadrille. There is nothing—or little—of the genteelly sentimental school. There are many pictures with stories in them—indeed an unusual number—we do not mean historical pictures, although there are some of these, but works with a meaning and a purpose. There is, curiously, a lack of pictures connected with the war, nor do Crimean heroes look nobly down upon you from every other frame. The Hebrew Lord Mayor of London, painted by a Hebrew artist, is in the post of honour; and he holds out his rich robe, as has been uncivilly said, as if he was nationally anxious to shew all the beauty of the pattern. Another Hebrew, a De Rothschild, and his lovely daughter, confront his lordship. We have a Duke or two, a King Leopold, Lord Lucan, and some lawyers; but the best portraits of the year are the late Mr. David Cox, the artist, by Sir J. W. Gordon; and a Sir Colin Campbell, by Mr. H. W. Phillips. Mr. Stanfield has a grand abandoned wreck; Mr. Roberts the Christmas Day in St. Peter's—which Mr. Ruskin, praising it, subordinates to the bit of wetted road, as mentioned. Landseer has a noble dog rescuing a child from the sea, and some does licking the wounds of a stag—the usually courtly artist calls the work, *Highland Nurses*, and dedicates it to Miss Nightingale; and, then, there is Mr. Hunt with his "Scapegoat," a painful subject with an inimitable back ground—he went to the Dead Sea for it. Mr. Millais has several noble works, the finest being "*Autumn Leaves*," a twilight scene, with girls at a bonfire; and the most touching being a child, with a wounded arm, slumbering on the tomb of an old crusader—a fierce fight rages outside the church, and the soldier who has laid down the pet of the regiment to rest, has placed his coat upon it, before hurrying back to the battle. Mothers' eyes glisten as they look at this gem. A Death of Chatterton, by Mr. Waller, is a most conscientious work,

with the truth of a Pre-Raphaelite, but without his pedantry; while a new Pre-Raphaelite, Mr. Burton, an Irishman who does credit to his country, has painted a fatal duel—a cavalier has fallen by the hand of a Puritan rival, and the *terrorima causa*, a loving woman, bends over the former in misery—and has painted it most thoughtfully. If to these notes we add that Baron Marochetti has ventured on tinted marble in the sculpture-den; that Greek forms of female loveliness have been sedulously and beautifully reproduced by reverent hands; that the bust-portraits are numerous and many of them excellent—the William Russell of the Crimea, by Tussaud, the Samuel Warren, by Earle, being noticeable; and the English Attorney General and others, by that best of jolly and genial Irishmen, John E. Jones, being singularly good—and that Macdowell's exquisite grace, and Munro's original vigour are well illustrated, we had better close the list, for there are thirteen hundred and seventy-six works to talk about, and it is late in the month.

Touching the Poison, there has seldom been a criminal case since that of Thurtell and Weare, in which the intense interest taken by the nation in the investigation has been so entirely apart from any interest in the sufferer or his supposed assassin—for so the latter must be spoken of, the trial still pending as we write. They were both members of "the betting fraternity," an institution of the country which numbers its exceptional list of honourable men, but which, as a mass, represents folly, cunning, and dirty rascality. The man who was poisoned (that he was so is distinctly sworn to by the first medical talent in England, and the fact may be taken as established) was at best a weak and, as is also proved, a vulgarly immoral man, and the accused person was a sporting surgeon. Yet the excitement which the case has caused is extraordinary. The late Premier of England is daily on the bench, as is a late witty Colonial Secretary, who has once been so carried away by the interest of the trial, as to forget that he was a mere spectator, and to ask, aloud, of one of the officials whether a document contained a certain signature. Demands for admission were

poured in by the thousand; and happy is the man who is permitted to sit, day by day, in that stifling court, to watch the process by which it is to be discovered whether a country surgeon destroyed another betting man. The subject is the theme in all circles, and even the necessarily disgusting medical evidence is *rechauffé*, from day by day, and each step by which law is supposed to be gaining upon crime is carefully marked. A strong array of legal talent musters on both sides, the keen, shrewd, resolute Attorney-General being pitted against the eloquent Shea, and the juniors being nearly all men of mark. No point will be lost on either side; and if, as the lawyers say is the case, a trial by jury be the most perfect machine for disengaging truth from falsehood and error, it will seldom have been more satisfactorily worked than in the investigation now pending. Perhaps even more important than the result of the case itself are the deductions that will be drawn from the medical evidence which has been brought out. Never, since the great Oyer of poisoning, have the various means of destruction which science places within the reach of the chemist been laid open more completely to the public eye; and it is far from improbable that certain disastrous results will ere long be found to have arisen from the broadcast sowing of a knowledge better withheld from the non-professional world. Should the balance of evidence leave an impression on the public mind that a certain poison is not to be detected, we may have hereafter to regret that every syllable uttered by the witnesses has been reported so accurately and divulged so extensively. But the immediate interest of society is with the decision; and this, in suspense while these lines are being written, will be given before they are read. It is undesirable to enter more accurately into the case while it is incomplete, but it is impossible to pass it over while enumerating the elements which May has introduced into our social interchange of opinion.

And now, touching these Pyrotechnics, the last *scintilla* of which will have burned out before publishing-day. The subject occupies us very much; but we are proud to say



that London is not thinking so much of Catherine wheels and Roman candles as of another matter. For once we have perfect confidence in the government. It is matter of regret that some fatal accidents have already happened at Woolwich, and indeed more lives, it is stated, have been lost in making the peace fireworks than were sacrificed at the Arsenal during the whole war. But as regards the result of the labours at the factory we are quite calm. The government has plenty of money, and, moreover, has taken up this firework show rather obstinately as a matter of its own, and will therefore do its best to make that show a worthy one. Whether the directors have a new plan of their own, or whether we are to have a set of "Temples of Concord," modelled upon the idea of 1814, at which the best artists of the day assisted, we do not care. If the government adheres to precedents, the pictures of the old show are in the windows in Fleet-street; the effect looks fine, and our fathers declare that it was splendid. But this we leave to the authorities. What we particularly want to know is, whether London is to be given up that night to the rabble—we mean the dangerous classes—who, it is stated, are organizing for riot and burglary. There is a Latin saying about the memory of past labours being pleasant, and it will be very gratifying, on the 1st of June, to read that we have disquieted ourselves in vain. But at this present writing there is nothing vain in the matter. On that night it is idle to expect that a servant will remain at home to protect your house. If your amiable wife and excitable daughters—to say nothing of young Pickle-herring, home from the Rev. Dr. Swish-tail's—wish to see the fire-works, how are they to go without you to escort and protect them through the mob? *Argal*, the house must be left to itself. As for the police, nobody expects anything from them. Even the lesson of last year was lost upon them; and on the Trinity Sunday, when the demonstration was expected on account of the stoppage of the

"Sabbath music," they permitted the "roughs" to rush about Kensington Gardens, breaking the trees, and charging all decent persons. This was the non-interference policy. If that is to be practised on the 29th of this May, woe to London. Another cause of our trouble is concerning the illuminations. Nobody wants to light up at all; and as the shows will with everybody be the Parks, why, if you please, should we illuminate without a chance of spectators? But the government "seems to wish it," and this will be hint enough, and more than enough, for the patriotic glaziers and their accomplices, the "roughs." On the whole, therefore, we are looking forward to this national rejoicing with most uncomfortable anticipations; for while we are being crushed and trodden on in the Parks, we shall be reflecting that our houses are being pillaged and our windows smashed. "May the event prove better than our thoughts;" but we have a notion that we shall be made to remember the Peace rejoicings pretty much as King Herod intended that his subjects should remember his decease, that is, by virtue of some excessive private disagreeables. But never mind—up with the rockets! Let us have Catherine wheels in honour of Russian hereditary policy, likely to triumph in Circassia if not elsewhere; Jack-in-the-boxes for constitutional statesmen, who pop up with education schemes, and then disappear; Maroons to imitate cannon for fleets whose commanders do everything but fight; Roman candles for Austria and the glorious *concordat*; and Serpents—but no, we must not be personal. But "when we have wearied ourselves with base comparisons," it is probable that we shall see a very grand sight; and it speaks well for our gentlemanly and liberal character as a nation, that having so very little to be thankful for, we shall have testified our gratitude by so overwhelming a manifestation as that we are now preparing with the fear and trembling aforesaid.

London, May 20th.

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